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FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. XLII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1850.

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JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

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JULY, 1850.

No. CCXLVII.

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JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

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The Editor of Fraser's Magazine must decline any longer to return papers that are sent for consideration. The labour of doing so is considerable; and authors who desire to keep what they may have written, had better make copies for their own use.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1850.

THE ENGLISH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

EVERY successive generation of mankind in a country full of life and activity, exhibits changes in manners, fashions, and even in moral notions, which are rarely marked beyond momentary observation. Classes appear and disappear; all that is artificial assumes new phases; the face of nature alone remains the same.

The class which most distinguishes itself as the child of the last half century is what some style the 'aristocracy of money.' Issuing from the middle, and as often from the lower class of the people, it rises to great eminence in external splendour. The rival of persons of rank and of large property, in the contents of the coffer, if not in the possession of acres, it makes up for the polish, ease, and refinement of the old families, by assumption in manners and by rivalry in all that money can procure. Often essentially coarse, and destitute of the sensitiveness of the well-bred, it still claims the influence of riches in their stark nakedness, attracts the admiration of vulgar minds, and flings rank, talent, and virtue into the shade. Some among the upper classes, while they despise the possessors, covet their possessions. Such is the aristocracy of wealth, the creature of a concatenation of political events, too frequently the creation of loans and jobbing. It is a race indebted more to hazard than to patience and diligence in business. It aims, neck or nothing, at making or marrying its fortunes at one swoop. It knows nothing of the slow profits made by the agriculturist, merchant, or dealer. It is a class great from intrinsic littlenesses, if the last term be understood to apply to dealings not weighed by scruples, nor influenced by any other motive than interest at any expense to others.

The sound exceptions are fewer in this than in any other class of individuals in which mind and pursuit are so coincident. Its influence in the social circle increases, although it is doubtful whether it be a valuable accession to the general body of the community. It tends to separate the country into rich and poor alone, and to level every other distinction. The claims of principle, talent, and rank, are as nothing to its supremacy. It is a hoarder, not a diffuser of wealth: a public usurer. It may be the choicest jewel in a native or foreign exchequer, for it knows neither country nor class where its interests are concerned. If profit look kindly at home, it is patriotic; if otherwise, discontented. It is a class valued by financiers, because it makes the art of borrowing easy, and illustrates the saying of Montesquieu about upholding and strangling at the same time.

Another feature in the present century is the separation of the poorer part of the community into different grades. Some are well-informed, and possess superior acquirements to any of their class that preceded them, being unrivalled in mechanical arts. Others, inferior in pursuit, perform their duties with unequalled diligence and dexterity. The factory-workmen are superior to those of the olden time, and far less dissipated in their habits; but their business is, as much as it was then, a repetition of the same kind of toil. There are also the agricultural and other classes, down to the pauper. To define the difference among these between the past and present would be a voluminous undertaking. Nor would it be an unworthy task to delineate the difference between professions as they are now and as they existed half a century ago. The clergy, and the

professors of medicine and law, thus delineated, would afford a sober picture of progress; but the task would require peculiar qualifications as well as septuagenary years in the describer.

Within the memory of the individual of only fifty years of age, the changes operated by time upon character have been considerable. In the metropolis, the introduction of steam-conveyance by land and water has caused extraordinary changes in manners among the more stationary part of the population, a few of whom only paid an annual visit to Margate by water, occupying several days in going and returning; while an excursion two or three times in a year for twenty miles out of town was the limit of the citizen's topographical movements. Highwaymen infested the public roads; the streets at night possessed just glimmer enough to define a human figure; the public guardians of the dark hours slept sweetly in comfortable watch-boxes; and numerous well-lit coffee-bouses, proffering good fare and sociableness, in some measure compensated for the want of the advantages the metropolitan inhabitant now possesses without their agreeableness.

But what are Englishmen now but the same breed of contraries they were then, a little altered by circumstances? They are more universal in their views, but not less individual in their interests. They are more circumscribed in their bearing towards others, while they themselves revolve in larger spheres. All have still great pride and dissatisfaction. Habit is as much at war with reason in their judgments as ever, and custom is still their third parent. Unfriendly to any change unless the change be profitable, they oppose innovation as if it were not a natural thing. They boast of the superiority of England as much as ever, and more live out of it, the balance being generally pecuniary saving or gain that settles the point. Their views of religion and politics are generally seen through the same medium. Modest in speaking of himself, the Englishman is egotistical about his possessions and accumulations, through which alone he demands respect from others. Often original from waywardness as well as from other causes, he will be

as eccentric in exhibiting his independence as he is unshaken in his expectations of respect on that account. Often active and high-spirited, he will sometimes seem wearied of good fortune, fall into lax living, and become a negation in humanity. He will buy the idlest things his fancy directs, even halts that have strangled criminals, and believe himself a *virtuoso*. Calculating by habit, he will not be found sacrificing his self-respect in pursuit of gain; but then his self-respect is of a peculiar hue. Tenacious of the law, he shows it too often by idle appeals. Not imaginative, nor possessed of good taste, he will still demand credit for it, while he is but an imitator. In business he is often like the showman, who calculated what a large sum he should make by exhibiting a man with a wooden leg if there was but one wooden leg in the world, his main end being to turn everything to account. Admirably under the rule of common sense in business, out of it he is the slave of preconceived opinion. A stickler for morality, he averts his eyes from a trespass upon it when its reprobation would clash with his interest, lamenting how unfortunate it was he did not see it until too late. He is generous, but not always to be relied upon for the exercise of the virtue. He is charitable sometimes with great prudence, often without discrimination, and at times must have examples of rank to follow in giving his alms. A better parent than child, particularly in the higher and lower ranks. Lukewarm in the generating of his friendships, but firm if once fixed. Imperious and exacting in duties from inferiors, more particularly from servants. Insatiate in his admiration of rank and title, but more of inordinate wealth. In judgment sound in the common affairs of life. Not delicate about the moral ground of the quarrel he espouses, and ever having justice upon his lips. Fond of barbarous and childish sports; because when the country was wild and his fathers hunted bears and wolves, not having them left in a cultivated land, he endeavours to be as great as he dreams they were by imitation. He breeds vermin to hunt across green fields. Worries tame stags that have innocently licked his hand,

that he may cut their throats as a denizen of the Black Forest in Germany does its wild game. He affects to imitate the ancients in horseracing, by running useless colts of two years' old for the purpose of betting on their speed. Of every species of quackery and pretension, moral, medical, and religious, he is a great patron. Cold-water cure, animal magnetism, phrenology, and all German charlatanry, find him alike credulous and profitable. His old faith in 'Dr. Graham's Celestial Bed' and 'Goddess of Health,' has only shifted its ground. An admirable improver of the inventions of others, he knows how to apply them beyond any other individual in existence. Excelling all the world in the useful. Fond of a good table, domestic show, and of 'comfort' in all things. Capable of great exertion when excited, in all situations and under every climate. In muscular power, particularly among the better classes of his countrymen, exceeding the natives of most nations. Roused most by the example of a superior, and less by impulse. Patient of real, impetuous of imaginary grievances. Common-place in conversation, and not brilliant in idea. Equable, rarely enthusiastic, attached to method and order. Not more humane than the people of other civilized countries. Respecting individual right, but the right in property yet more. Crying out for cheap government, and paying for the dearest through his love of expensive wars. Thanking God daily he is not as other men, while rankling with pecuniary anxiety. Insensible of the value of intellectual ability, because he judges of all things only by the quantum of return in sterling money. He embellishes his mansion with the expensive products of art, regarding the merit of which he is ignorant, only through a dealer's eyes. Neither knowing nor caring about artistic or literary merit, unless he can turn them to private account. Mighty upon the ocean, which is to him but the medium of convenient carriage; while the stars afflict his fancy no otherwise than as guides for observation to the sextants of his merchant vessels. He believes most things upon credit where chapter and verse are laid down to him, without any reflection

that chapters and verses may be given him erroneously. He teaches his children to tread in his own steps, cherish his own ideas, and see with his own eyes as far as he can. In blood and language he is a medley of all races. He imports new words with his goods and continually distorts old ones. Some of his peculiarities defy delineation; it is enough that the Englishman is himself alone.

Turn, upon the other hand, to the effect that this peculiar compound islander has produced upon the world. Mark his *aggregate* in place of his *individual* action. His foibles, faults, peculiarities disappear—good, bad, indifferent vanish. All his characteristics blend and form a whole which can be paralleled nowhere among any existing people. This is no egotism, no partiality, none of the base coin before paid to offer incense to personal self-love. The truth or falsehood of the point is open to the decision of the whole world. Fact, evidence, all are clear for the use of those who choose to make use of them. The unaccountable, cool, proud, exclusive, money-making, prejudiced Englishman, is lost in the magnitude of the effect produced by his united action. It is here that he stands with his majestic front, a giant among the inhabitants of the earth, an indomitable creation viewed by his achievements, by his spoken language, by his extent of dominion. History will paint him in this light; coming nations will sketch him thus in fancy, perhaps, after he has utterly disappeared from his own seagirt land. The individuals that hewed the stones of the Egyptian pyramids were as diverse in character as the Englishman, and of as little moment individually to the work which they achieved. Those wonderful architects live in the aggregate of their stupendous labours. The labours of Englishmen will be more enduring than the pyramids, although they may not be of porphyry. The durability of the mightiest human efforts is not linked to a decomposing material, they subsist in words ever fugitive and ever perishing, but continually renewed. That which runs a race with time cannot consist of what time annihilates.

They are wrong who take the Englishman for the denizen of one

little spot; he is common to every land, and under his own flag in all climates. To the extent of his impress, and to the expansion of his language, labours, and habitudes, those of other countries lessen in the view. The United States of America claim the common law of England as an inheritance. They introduce her institutes into all their annexations in California and Oregon, from the east to the west of their vast domain. Russia with her colossal territory reckons a hundred different races with as many tongues, diverse in manner, the larger part semi-savage, or having yet large advances to make in order to reach the limit of a middling civilization. Wherever the English tongue is spoken that blessing is already felt. All civilized people multiply a hundred times faster than those which are uncivilized. In proof of this is the increase of North America, with her Anglo-American inhabitants, compared with the increase of her native tribes. Civilized man is most capable of producing those means which afford food and shelter, and under which the species increases with the greatest rapidity.

To America, Africa, and to the isles of the Pacific, the colonist from Europe went out in the full possession of his country's experience. He was an emigrant with the acquirements of thousands of years when he left his home, and his children continue to receive the augmented stores which invention and science originate in the mother-country and elsewhere. Eighteen centuries ago the fathers of the inhabitants of the banks of the Potomac, the Ohio, the St. Lawrence, the Essequibo, and Demerara, in America; of the Murray, Tamar, and Darling, in New South Wales; were navigating the Severn and the Thames in canoes or coracles. With painted bodies they marched against the legions of Rome, and learned from them the earliest lessons of that civilization their descendants are planting in all parts of the globe—founding empires in the full stature of civilization. The enlightened but stern New Englander of the United States of America sees the same champions of enlightened freedom continued in the nineteenth, with the advantage of adding to his pre-

vions knowledge whatever time has since unfolded. Numbers have quitted their native shores to sit down in New Zealand among a race of cannibals. They have arrested their savage propensity by the force of example alone, and, contrary to what happens in many similar cases, they are bringing a wild people rapidly into civilized habits at the very antipodes of the mother-country, in place of extinguishing or enslaving them. From icy Labrador to the swampy, burning shores of Guiana, connected by the West Indian Islands, one language is spoken, and that language is English. In Europe and Africa, between the same parallels of latitude, more than a dozen interpreters would be required, among races few of whom have imparted any enlightening influence from the paternal soil elsewhere. Some, indeed, are still living in Africa a life far more savage than was ever led by the aborigines of America.

Where, indeed, is the British race not to be discovered? Frozen up amid the desolation of arctic winters, where the sun divides the year into a day and a night, where the sheeted aurora casts its flickering beams upon dreary wastes of eternal snow, where the iceberg emulates the mountain, and the icefield the Siberian steppe; on the burning sands of torrid Africa, where pestilence is for ever wrestling with human existence: where is the Englishman not to be found? He inhabits the banks of the Indus and the slopes of the Himalaya, seeking, in the gushing springs of that mighty mountain chain, the coolness denied him in the sultry plains of Bengal, or the arid and scorching sands of Moultan. There, too, he rules sovereign on both banks of the Hydaspes, the river that arrested the march of the Macedonian conqueror. He is found settling and building towns on the shores of the fifth continent, where, in the childhood of the living, the least tutored of the human race roamed at large, the companion of the kangaroo and the opossum. In this place he has established a quarter of a million of civilized men. The larger isles of the Pacific Ocean, and those nearest to the Antarctic, are being peopled by him. The finest part of South Africa owns his sway,

and the ocean is so covered with his vessels, that if it can be said to be inhabited by mankind, it is by him who dwells on its bosom in thirty thousand ships. Who is so familiar with 'the ends of the earth' as the British race?

These are tokens of his present cosmopolitan movements alone, the result of a century or two of adventurous activity. Before another hundred or two of years the English tongue, history, and literature, will be the inheritance of hundreds of millions in America alone. Then it is probable a fifth continent will be half-populated by Britons. The greater Pacific isles will be covered with flourishing ports and towns. The pilot will answer in English off coasts not yet untenanted by the savage. Where the silence of primeval nature still reigns with undisputed sway commerce will be busy, and the higher improvements of man, the steam-engine and the railroad, the steam-press and the communication of knowledge, will begin to harmonize, adorn, and enrich, the remotest shores. Wherever there is room to breathe the air of Heaven with freedom the English race will be found multiplying—that race which never breathes freely but in extent of space. How great must be the moral action of such a people upon the rest of mankind, how expanded and expanding the results!

Contrary to what has happened in old countries in past time, the people have done all the wonders which connect themselves with the British name. They have made the country what it is. No single ruling power, however wise and absolute, could have effected such phenomena. It is but of late years that the Government has lent the smallest aid in contributing to the moral position of the country. The Government was occupied with foreign wars and fiscal regulations, the weight of which unhappily still acts as a drag upon the advancement of national prosperity, upon land, trade, and subsistence. Silently, stealthily, and unconsciously, those operations were pursued with invincible patience and perseverance, which contributed to the present exalted name and glorious future of England. Industry, adventure, personal exposure in un-

healthy climates, domiciliation on uncivilized shores, and the same diligent perseverance there, now in one hemisphere and now in another, almost imperceptibly planted the scion of new nations, and aggrandized the parent name. The truly great, the sublime, the enduring arts of England, were effected by the activity and energy of the popular mind. It was that mind which two or three centuries ago made the forests of America resound with the woodman's axe, reared the habitations of men by the haunts of the savage and the rattlesnake, and braved the fevers of the Virginian swamps. In those days the pursuit of free thought, not of traffic, drew the colonist from home. That motive has, happily, long ceased to exist; free-thought may now be fully enjoyed at home. The Englishman now goes to cultivate an inheritance for his children, for which his native land, from previous occupancy, allows no space. Like other nations of renown, England sends forth her sons, not to one limited spot—not, as before, to the vast wilds of Northern America alone, but east, west, and south, through the entire world, to found new empires, to extend her race, to refine and civilize, and thus fulfil an allotted task in a mighty destiny among the nations.

It is to Englishmen more immediately that the great task of peopling the earth's surface is at present confided by the supreme Governor of all things. The almost insurmountable protraction of the change from savage to civilized life, by the first slow process of nature, is now arrested by the example and instruction of those who carry with them the progresses and experiences of six thousand years. The earth will soon be nowhere desolate and uninhabited, except in places where natural causes prevent. The world seems to have taken a fresh start. In the unexpected fulness of years it will everywhere become the place of seed-time and harvest. The Englishman will have the glory of contributing the larger share to the fulfilment of this great object in creation. Imperceptibly to the individual engaged he is rearing for his country a temple of imperishable glory. That of which he remains unconscious cannot escape

the glance of the philosophic observer. The extent and the full magnificence of empire to be developed in no long period of years it is not possible to contemplate from the petty circuit that bounds the horizon of a single generation.

While thus important in agency, the position that the Englishman holds among the living races which compete with him ought to be not less flattering to his pride than the contemplation of his future glory. The power of England is nowhere disputed, judging from the effect of her past deeds. She is now more powerful than she has ever been. The people are more advanced in the principles of true freedom, and the Government also, than they ever were before, and no one denies that knowledge is power.

The unstable character of national grandeur must be admitted. The greatest of modern nations may decline under an age of merchandize, even earlier than might be expected. But England cannot die with her aboriginal island. Her records will not be engraved on brass or marble, or upon memorials like the crumbling tombs of the city of the Tiber, nor even upon imperishable written history. Her monuments will be successions of living men, ever perishing and ever renewing, covering realms that Rome never saw, and territories that in extent set the limits of the empire of the Cæsars at defiance. Omitting Asia, where traces of her power may not long remain, from her impolicy in basing her Indian empire upon sand, she has room and verge enough for a longevity of her race coeval with the existence of 'the great globe itself' while it shall continue to be the habitation of man. The population of mighty continents cannot be extinguished. Another Gothic inundation cannot overwhelm the inventions, arts, and literature, of such a mighty mass of existences. Not one, but many far-extended empires will be of the same language, habits, customs, with the reminiscence of a common origin. No neighbour will be powerful enough to subdue such empires, or to extinguish their written and spoken language, because it will prevail with numbers beyond all other tongues. Change and cor-

ruption will proceed from within alone.

But what if change did occur, the West, East, and South would remain unconquered territory, and with the ocean isles would still confess their parentage by their similitude to the father of nations. The very names of her towns, counties, and rivers, prevail even now in distant lands. The Severn, Thames, and Tamar are found in the United States and in Australia. There are Londons in Canada and New York, and Cornwalls in Jamaica, Australia, and the West. 'Thus in all that contributes to national character and race it will be 'one and indivisible,' until the lapse of a period about which even England's children's children need have no anxiety.

The people of the United States of America have been censured for speaking in somewhat enthusiastic terms of the future prospects of their country, and of its being peopled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Hudson's Bay to the Isthmus of Darien,—as it will most assuredly be by the present or future Anglo-Americans. It is a better subject for patriotic gratulation than the pride arising from the imaginary descent of individuals from the men of dark times—from semi-savage Normans, or less refined Saxons. It is a picture well worthy the contemplation of men of reason and reflection. It is based upon truth, and can only be condemned through an insensibility to all that is generous and great. The prospective picture of North American greatness is also that of English greatness. The parent cannot be severed, but will survive in the offspring. When the scene thus contemplated is realized, the inhabitants of the vast American superficies will not be ashamed of their origin, nor shrink from their share in the heirship of the parental glory. Men have a strong affection for the past, however superior the present may be. The posterities of the New World will not forget the Old, nor how their fathers crossed the sea from England to escape the remnant of feudal tyranny that infected the mother-country a little preceeding the moment when its shackles were broken there for ever. These were content to work out their

liberty by patient perseverance; these flew to the wilderness and found it. They sat down by the far-western shore, — they reared noble cities, fitted out fleets, and claim of England that renown in origin which is their rightful inheritance.

It is from the many apparently contradictory qualities which, blended together, constitute English character, and upon their united action brought to bear upon a given point, that so much has been effected, and continues to be effected, under its influence. Yet is this action very far from being the result of concentrated effort consciously directed. It is the inevitable result of a perseverance towards inferior ends which works out great things. As in the existence of railways, the motive was pecuniary gain alone. The rapidity of conveyance, the fraternization of nations, the skill of the engineer, and the enormous labour involved, were not considered by those who provided means for the work; they looked only to the mercenary effect. The philosopher and individual of reflection looked further, and saw time conquered, peace and harmony promoted by their means among mankind, and great ends in process of attainment for humanity. The world saw none of these things, but it produced them. Such appears to be the mode in which the Englishman has effected marvels of all kinds, from possessing collectively, beyond the denizens of any other land, the requisites, but above all, the habit of persevering, although with different views, in the pursuit of concurrent objects.

But is this exaggerated or hyperbolic? Is the character thus ascribed to Englishmen not well founded? Let it be tested geographically by the position of England itself and its dependencies. None can deny palpable facts, the result of her mighty collective labour. The United Kingdom and the surrounding islands contain thirty millions of people, without reckoning Gibraltar and Malta. It ranks, therefore, in this respect, as the fourth European empire, after Russia, Austria, and France. This population is concentrated in an ocean citadel, out of danger of assault while possessing a navy of preponderating power. France is exposed to attack from

Spain on the side of the Pyrenees, on the line of the Var from Piedmont, more north on that of Switzerland, then on the west along the course of the Rhine, as well as from Prussia and Belgium north-east and northward. Austria is exposed on all sides. Russia has in like manner a vast frontier open, though the chances of attack are small from the extent of desert she encloses, the inclemency of her climate in the north, and the worthlessness of her domain even to a successful conqueror. Her capital is defended by frost from September to May. Even Moscow lies as far north as Edinburgh, and the world has read the history of its destructive character, even as early in the year as October, in the fate of Napoleon Bonaparte. Neither the capitals of England nor Scotland are blocked up with ice, or see the thermometer 40° below the freezing point. Their shores and rivers are navigable in summer and winter. The fruits of the earth are produced in the British isles in great perfection. In the southern counties the myrtle and camellia need no shelter, while the open ports and rapid steam communications bring into her harbours the cocoa-nuts and ananas of the tropics and the dates of Africa in full flavour and perfection. Then where has Europe a site more happily placed for commercial purposes? On the north and east lie Norway, Denmark, the Baltic, Belgium, and Holland. England holds the key of the Mediterranean in the Straits. Through Malta and the Ionian Islands she borders upon Sicily, Italy, Greece, Africa, and the Levant, the last become the high-road to India. Thus has England the keys of the Mediterranean and Adriatic. The entrance of the Black Sea is also commanded by her navy, as well as that of the Baltic, and the Elbe is watched by her from Heligoland.

Bounded by Russia on the east and the United States on the south, her American territory extends from the St. Lawrence and the great lakes to the pole itself. More than two millions of people already inhabit that vast region; Quebec, the capital, is more than nine hundred miles south of St. Petersburg, and five hundred and fifty south of Moscow. In the West Indies there is a population

of eight hundred thousand scattered over different islands, and a hundred thousand more are in her colonies of South America. In Africa, not less than half-a-million own her sway; and in Asia alone a hundred and thirty millions are her subjects or tributaries. Some of these inhabit the richest climates, skilled in cultivation and useful arts: as soldiers, superior to all other Asiatics, when disciplined in the European manner. Thus, twelve or thirteen thousand miles from England, she possesses an empire, the revenue of which is above twenty millions sterling, maintaining an army of great numerical amount, well disciplined. In the Pacific isles and in Australia already a quarter of a million of colonists own the sovereignty of England: in all, a hundred and sixty millions of population, with eight millions and a half of square miles of territory.

Where is it that a power of such magnitude must not be felt? The conquests of Alexander the Great never reached beyond the western bound of the Asiatic possessions that an island of Europe, almost as far to the westward from Macedonia as Macedonia from the Suttlej, commands, over an ocean then scarcely navigated along shore a very little distance. What knew the world's conqueror, as he was called, of the vast empire between the Suttlej and Ganges, and from thence to the eastern bound of China, or from Ceylon northwards to the snowy ridges south of Thibet?

This separation of one part of the empire from another by intervals of such a vast space would be a source of weakness to any other empire but that of England. The native of this country is an exception to the rule that governs other states. He cannot pass the boundary of his own island without being in the medium that connects him with the more distant points of his territory, and each with the other. The ship is a part of himself, his dwelling, and the vehicle of his progression at the same time, his citadel of defence and receptacle of his property. The necessity arising out of his insular situation confers upon him his familiarity with the sea and his superior skill in navigation. This has been of late strengthened by steam power,

in the materials for which he is superior to the natives of every other nation. To attack his foreign possessions requires a naval superiority which no other country possesses; and a chance attack, if successful, though it might hurt his pride, could not seriously affect his power. Were a colony in danger, every breeze would waft succours to its aid. Steamships, running no hazard of delay from adverse winds, would bear reinforcements to cut off or baffle an attacking armament. No European power could meet England on a distant battle-field. The command of the sea, then, ensures the safety of the distant portions of the empire. It is in Canada alone that England has any reason to be apprehensive, owing to a powerful neighbour—to one alone of her numerous colonies. But on Canada, unfettered by European warfare, the conflict would not shake her strength. The United States and England, on the other hand, are so bound up in mutual interests, that such a contest is likely to be very remote. With an European war of unparalleled magnitude upon her hands, England successfully resisted such an attack some years ago.

With such advantages, and the more as wanton wars between kings, it may now be hoped, have ceased to afflict humanity, there is little ground for England to dread external aggression. It only remains that she set the example in a career of yet loftier character. It is not the remnant of past barbarism that hangs about some of her institutions, the relics of past uncivilization, that will prevent her from feeling her advantages. It is by increased activity, by perfect freedom from the shackles imposed through prejudices, by a generous rivalry with other nations in the arts connected with commerce, that she must expect to preserve her leading position, and to soar yet higher among nations. Prohibitory spirit, and perseverance must be ever awake, while, as at present, there is nothing to place in jeopardy her high and palmy state of national elevation.

Comparing to-day with yesterday, turning to the speeches and acts of public men a little time ago, we look with astonishment at the backward

state of political knowledge, and at the small quantum of principle which governed. Prejudice and precedent, twin blights of every attempt to advance human welfare, are met at every step. Our present advantage over the past has not been fortuitous. It has arisen from fearlessly carrying out simple principles for their own sake,—principles incontrovertible, long known, but resisted because

others had been used before them, and being established were deemed preferable on that sole ground. The secret of present success lies in our emancipation from what reason and experience will not justify,—in fact, in an exchange of prejudice and error for good sense in what relates to public affairs. An advance, at length, aided by the Government of the country.

AMERICAN POETRY.*

AFTER the Americans had established their political nationality beyond cavil, and taken a positive rank among the powers of the civilized world, they still remained subject to the reproach, that in the worlds of Art, Science, and Literature, they had no national existence. Admitting, or, at any rate, feeling, the truth of this tant, they bestirred themselves resolutely to produce a practical refutation of it. Their first and fullest success was, as might be expected from their notoriously utilitarian character, in practical inventions. In oratory, notwithstanding a tendency to more than Milesian floridness and hyperbole, they have taken no mean stand among the free nations of Christendom. In history, despite the disadvantages arising from the scarcity of large libraries, old records, and other appliances of the historiographer, they have produced some books which are acknowledged to be well worthy a place among our standard works, and which have acquired, not merely an English, but a Continental reputation. In the fine arts, notwithstanding obviously still

greater impediments—the want at home, not only of great galleries and collections, but of the thousand little symbols and associations that help to educate the artist—the consequent necessity of going abroad to seek all that the student requires—they have still made laudable progress. The paintings of Washington Allston are the most noteworthy lions in Boston; the statues of Powers command admiration even in London. In prose fiction, the sweet sketches of Irving have acquired a renown second only to that of the agreeable essayists whom he took for his models, while the Indian and naval romances of Cooper are purchased at liberal prices by the chary bibliopoles of England, and introduced to the Parisian public by the same hand which translated Walter Scott. In poetry alone they are still palpably inferior: no world-renowned minstrel has yet arisen in the New Atlantis, and the number of those versifiers who have attained a decided name and place among the lighter English literature of their day, or whose claims to the title of poet are acknowledged in all

- * 1. *The Poets and Poetry of America*. By Rufus Willmot Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1843.
2. *Bryant's Poems*. New Edition. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1849.
3. *Fanny, with other Poems*. By Fitz-Greene Halleck. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1845.
4. *Voices of the Night*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Cambridge: J. Owen. 1840.
5. *Ballads and Other Poems*. Cambridge: J. Owen. 1842.
6. *Poems*. By John G. Whittier. Philadelphia: 1838.
7. *The Raven and Other Poems*. By Edgar A. Poe. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845.
8. *A Fable for Critics*. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1848.
9. *The Biglow Papers*. Cambridge: George Nichols. 1848.

sections of their own country, is but small.

If we come to inquire into the causes of this deficiency, we are apt at first to light upon several reasons why it should *not* exist. In the first place, there is nothing unpoetical about the country itself, but everything highly the reverse. All its antecedents and traditions, its discovery, its early inhabitants, its first settlement by civilized men, are eminently romantic. It is not wanting in battle-grounds, or in spots hallowed by recollections and associations of patriots and sages. The magnificence of its scenery is well known. The rivers of America are at the same time the most beautiful and the most majestic in the world: the sky of America, though dissimilar in hue, may vie in loveliness with the sky of Italy. No one who has floated down the glorious Hudson (even amid all the un-ideal associations of a gigantic American steamer), who has watched the snowy sails—so different from the tarry, smoky canvasses of European craft—that speck that clear water; who has noticed the faultless azure and snow of the heaven above, suggesting the highest idea of purity, the frowning cliffs that palisade the shore, and the rich masses of foliage that overhang them, tinged a thousand dyes by the early autumn frost—no one who has observed all this, can doubt the poetic capabilities of the land.

A seeming solution, indeed, presents itself in the business, utilitarian character of the people; and this solution would probably be immediately accepted by very many of our readers. Brother Jonathan thinks and talks of cotton, and flour, and dollars, and the ups and downs of stocks. Poetry *doesn't pay*: he cannot appreciate, and does not care for it. 'Let me get something for myself,' he says, like the churl in Theocritus. 'Let the gods whom he invokes reward the poet. What do we want with more verse? We have Milton and Shakespeare (whether we read them or not). He is the poet for me who asks me for nothing;' and so the poor Muses wither (or as Jonathan himself might say, *wilt*) away, and perish from inanition and lack of sympathy. Very

plausible; but now for the paradox. So far from disliking, or underrating, or being indifferent to poetry, the American public is the most eager devourer of it, in any quantity, and of any quality; nor is there any country in which a limited capital of inspiration will go farther. Let us suppose two persons, both equally unknown, putting forth a volume of poems on each side of the Atlantic; decidedly the chances are, that the American candidate for poetic fame will find more readers, and more encouragement in his country, than the British in his. Very copious editions of the standard English poets are sold every year, generally in a form adapted to the purses of the million; to further which end they are frequently bound two or three in a volume (Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, for instance, is a favourite combination). Even bardings like Pollok enjoy a large number of readers and editions. Nor is there—notwithstanding the much-complained-of absence of an international copyright law—any deficiency of home supply for the market. Writing English verses, indeed, is as much a part of an American's education, as writing Latin verses is of an Englishman's,—recited 'poems' always holding a prominent place among their public collegiate exercises; about every third man, and every other woman of the liberally-educated classes, writes occasional rhymes, either for the edification of their private circle, or the poets'-corner of some of the innumerable newspapers that encumber the land; and the number of gentlemen and ladies one meets who have published a volume of *Something and Other Poems*, is perfectly astounding.

The true secret seems to be, that the Americans, as a people, have not received that education which enables a people to produce poets. For, however true the *poeta nascitur* adage may be negatively of individuals, it is not true positively of nations. The formation of a national poetic temperament is the work of a long education, and the development of various influences. A peculiar classicality of taste, involving a high critical standard, seems necessary, among the moderns, to high poetic

production; and such a taste has not yet been formed in America. True, there are kinds of poetry—the Ballad and the Epic, which, so far as we can trace them, are born, Pallas-like, full-grown; which sound their fullest tone in a nation's infancy, and are but faintly echoed in its maturity. But there are numbers in which lisps the infancy, not of a nation merely, but of a race. And the Americans were an old race though a young nation. They began with too much civilization for the heroic school of poetry: they have not yet attained enough cultivation for the philosophic.

If this be not the right theory of American poetical deficiency, it remains only for us to take the line which many American critics really do*—to deny the fact itself—to maintain that the American poetry of the present day is at least as good as the English; that *Marco Bozzaris* is on a par with the *Battle of the Bannockburn*, or any other pet lyric of Campbell's; that *Thanatopsis* goes a-head of anything in the *Excursion*; that the *Raven* is considerably better than *Locksley Hall*, and *Evangeline* beats the *Eve of St. Agnes* 'all to smash.' And may it not be so after all? Really the answer is not so easy to put into words, however obvious it may be to the minds of all of us. It is a very delicate matter to be judges in our own case. And an appeal to a third party, the French critics, for instance, would still be open to exceptions. It might be said that a writer in verse is slowly read and understood by those who speak a foreign language; that the necessity of waiting for a translation is a sore impediment to the growth of his fame abroad; that some of our poets would come off but badly if judged by this standard. How should we be prepared, it might be asked, to accept Tennyson's French reputation as a test of his place on Parnassus?

Making all allowances for the difficulty, we think there is one proof which the most ferociously patriotic 'States-Man' must admit. Ameri-

can productions in the other branches of literature have been received with no petty jealousy or niggard praise. The sober histories of Prescott and Bancroft; the romantic fictions of Irving and Cooper; the vivid sea-sketches of Dana and Melville, have all been deservedly approved and read by a British public, nay, some of them have acquired an English reputation at least simultaneous with, if not absolutely prior to, their native renown. Why should American poets alone be treated with injustice? Or is the public of England competent to decide in all other branches of literature, and incompetent only in this? But, in truth, the infancy of American poetry is clear to any candid and well-informed man from one single quality, setting all others out of the question—its character of imitation. Very few of the Transatlantic bards show distinctive features of originality, either in thought or expression. Take out some half-dozen from the ninety and more tenants of Mr. Griswold's poetical menagerie, and the verses of the rest might be shaken up promiscuously and re-distributed among them without its making much difference. The authors might possibly discriminate between their respective productions, but we doubt very much if the readers could. And even among the few selected poets, we should find at least as many reminiscences excited as new suggestions supplied. Thus Halleck reminds us sometimes of Byron, and more frequently of his favourite Campbell; Bryant brings up associations of Wordsworth, with an occasional dash, or rather dilution, of Collins; Whittier has evidently studied Macaulay's ballads, and so on. Poe and Longfellow perhaps exhibit the most originality of thought, and marked expression in language, of any whom the volume contains; yet the former often shows the direct influence of Tennyson, Miss Barrett, and the Keats' school generally, while the latter's quaint and pretty verses are occasionally redolent of the earlier English sacred poets.

* We have before us an article which opens with this quiet assumption:—'The fact is as undeniable as it is generally acknowledged, that, since the death of Lord Byron, the best fugitive poetry of the United States has been greatly superior to that of England.'

Among the proximate influences which impede the poetic progress of the Americans, one of the most evident, as well as one of the most active, is the great deficiency of wise and independent criticism. The tendencies of American reviewers are to undeviating eulogy—in the words of one of their number, they consider that 'books, like men, should be judged by their goodness rather than their badness'—doubtless a very charitable and engaging rule, but one likely to be productive of unfortunate consequences to the innocent who invariably adopts it in judging of either books or men. One cause of this erroneous theory and practice of criticism we have already hinted at; another is to be found in the adroit system of puffery adopted by the large American publishing-houses; and a mis-directed national vanity has, probably, its share in producing the effect. It is customary for these writers to boast, with much self-complacency, of the superiority of their 'soft sawder' over the condemnatory tone familiar to English reviewers. Certainly one of the most captivating of democratic fallacies is the idea that excellence can be best obtained by lowering the standard of it; but men of critical pretension might at least recollect, that if *nil admirari* is a deadening and chilling mistake, *omne admirari* is as dangerous an error the other way; that if the former is the mark of a *blasé* and a misanthrope, the latter is equally the attribute of the rustic who, on his first visit to town, takes all the tinsel he sees in the streets for gold, all the stucco for stone, and all the 'ladies fair and free' for great women of fashion.

To estimate the respective merits of the numerous American candidates for poetic fame, is a task not easily accomplished to the satisfaction of the reviewer, and still harder to achieve without giving grave offence to the parties most immediately interested. We have already adverted to the multiplicity of versifiers. When Halleck said of New York,—

Our fourteen wards

Contain some seven-and-thirty bards,
he rather understated than exaggerated the fact. Mr. Griswold, besides the ninety regular poets in his

collection, gives an appendix of about seventy fugitive pieces by as many authors; and bitter complaints have been made against him in various quarters for not including some seventy, or a hundred and seventy more, 'who,' it is said, and probably with truth, 'have as good a right to be there as many of those admitted.' Still it is possible to pick out a few of general reputation, whom literati from all parts of the Union would agree in sustaining as specimens of distinguished American poets, though they would differ in assigning their relative position. Thus, if the Republic had to choose a laureate, Boston would probably deposit a nearly unanimous vote for Longfellow; the suffrages of New York might be divided between Bryant and Halleck; and the southern cities would doubtless give a large majority for Poe. But these gentlemen, and some three or four more, would be acknowledged by all as occupying the first rank. Perhaps, on the whole, the preponderance of native authority justifies us in heading the list with Bryant, who, at any rate, has the additional title of seniority in authorship, if not in actual years.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is, as we learn from Mr. Griswold, about fifty-five years old, and was born in Massachusetts, though his literary career is chiefly associated with New York, of which State he is a resident. With a precocity extraordinary, even in a country where precocity is the rule instead of the exception, he began to write and publish at the age of thirteen, and has, therefore, been full forty years before the American public, and that not in the capacity of poet alone,—having for more than half that period edited the *Evening Post*, one of the ablest and most respectable papers in the United States, and the oldest organ, we believe, of the Democratic party in New York. He has been called, and with justice, a poet of nature. The prairie solitude, the summer evening landscape, the night wind of autumn, the water-bird flitting homeward through the twilight—such are the favourite subjects of inspiration. *Thanatopsis*, one of his most admired pieces, was written at the age of eighteen, and exhi-

bits a finish of style, no less than a maturity of thought, very remarkable for so youthful a production.

Mr. Bryant's poems have been for some years pretty well known on this side the water, — better known, at any rate, than any other Transatlantic verses; on which account, being somewhat limited for space, we forbear to make any extracts from them.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK is also a New-Englander by birth and a New-Yorker by adoption. He is Bryant's contemporary and friend, but the spirit and style of his versification are very different; and so, it is said, are his political affinities. While Bryant is a bulwark of the Democracy, Halleck is reported to be not only an admirer of the obsolete Federalists, but an avowed Monarchist. To be sure, this is only his private reputation: no trace of such a feeling is observable in his writings, which show throughout a sturdy vein of republicanism, social and political. In truth, the party classification of American literary men is apt to puzzle the uninitiated. Thus Washington Irving is said to belong to the Democrats; but it would be hard to find in his writings anything countenancing their claim upon him. His sketches of English society are a panegyric of old institutions; and the fourth book of his *Knickerbocker* is throughout a palpable satire on the administration of Thomas Jefferson, the great apostle of Democracy. Perhaps, however, he may since have changed his views. Willis, too, the 'Free Penciller,' who has been half his life prating about lords and ladies, and great people, and has become a sort of Jenkins to the fashionable life of New York; he also is one of the Democratic party. Peradventure he may vote the 'Locofoco ticket' in the hope of propitiating the boys (as the *canaille* of American cities are popularly called), and saving his printing-office from the fate of the Italian Opera-house in Astor Place. But what shall we say of Cooper, who, by his anti-democratic opinions, has made himself one of the most unpopular men in his country, and whose recent political novels rival the writings of Judge

Haliburton in the virulence as well as the cleverness of their satire upon Republican institutions? He, too, is a Democrat. To us, who are not behind the curtain, these things are a mystery incapable of explanation. To return to our present subject. Halleck made his *début* in the poetical world by some satirical pieces called *The Croakers*, which created as much sensation at their appearance as the anonymous *Salmagundi* which commenced Irving's literary career. These were succeeded by *Fanny*, a poem in the *Don Juan* metre. *Fanny* has no particular plot or story, but is a satirical review of all the celebrities, literary, fashionable, and political, of New York at that day (1821). And the satire was probably very good at the time and in the place; but, unfortunately for the extent and permanence of its reputation, most of these celebrities are utterly unknown, not merely beyond the limits of the Union, but beyond those of New York. Among all the personages enumerated we can find but two names that an European reader would be likely to know anything about, — Clinton and Van Buren. Nay, more, in the rapid growth and change of things American, the present generation of New Yorkers are likely to lose sight of the lions of their immediate progenitors; and unless some Manhatanese scholiast should write a commentary on the poem in time, its allusions, and with them most of its wit, will be in danger of perishing entirely. What we can judge of in *Fanny* are one or two graceful lyrics interspersed in it, though even these are marred by untimely comicality and local allusions. The nominal hero, while wandering about at night after the wreck of his fortunes, hears a band playing outside a public place of entertainment. It must have been a better band than that which now, from the Museum opposite the Astor House, drives to frenzy the hapless stranger; for it incites the ruined stock-jobber, not the most poetical of characters, to commit verse with this result:—

Young thoughts have music in them, love
And happiness their theme,
And music wanders in the wind
That lulls a morning dream;

And there are angel voices heard
 In childhood's frolic hours,
 When life is but an April day
 Of sunshine and of showers.

There's music in the forest leaves
 When summer winds are there,
 And in the laugh of forest girls
 That braid their sunny hair.

The first wild bird that drinks the dew
 From violets of the spring
 Has music in his song, and in
 The fluttering of his wing.

There's music in the dash of waves
 When the swift hawk cleaves the foam;
 There's music heard upon her deck,
 The mariner's song of home,

When moon and star-beams smiling meet
 At midnight on the sea;
 And there is music once a-week
 In Scudder's balcony.

But the music of young thoughts too soon
 Is faint and dies away,
 And from our morning dreams we wake
 To curse the coming day;
 And childhood's frolic hours are brief,
 And oft in after years
 Their memory comes to chill the heart,
 And dim the eye with tears.

To-day the forest-leaves are green,
 They'll wither on the morrow;
 And the maiden's laugh be changed ere
 long

To the widow's wail of sorrow.
 Come with the winter snows and ask
 Where are the forest-birds;
 The answer is a silent one,
 More eloquent than words.

The moonlight music of the waves
 In storms is heard no more,
 When the living lightning mocks the
 wreck

At midnight on the shore,
 And the mariner's song of home has
 ceased,

His corse is on the shore.

We will stop here, and refrain from
 quoting the unsentimental couplet
 which concludes the piece.

In Halleck's subsequent productions the influence of Campbell is more perceptible than that of Byron, and with manifest advantage. It may be said of his compositions, as it can be affirmed of few American verses, that they have a real innate harmony, something not dependent on the number of syllables in each line, or capable of being dissected out into feet, but growing in them, as it were, and created by the fine ear of the writer. Their sentiments, too, are exalted and ennobling; eminently genial and honest, they stamp the author for a good man and true,—

Nature's aristocracy. In most of his poems these pleasing characteristics are conspicuous; in none more so than his eulogy on his deceased friend and fellow-poet, Drake:—

Green be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days;
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 None named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep,
 And long where thou art lying
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven
 To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
 To elasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and woe were thine—

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow;
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

The last rhyme but one is imperfect; but such minor defects are readily overlooked in the genuine simplicity and manly pathos of the lines. *Burns* is still more to our taste, but too long to quote here. His most popular poem is *Marco Bozzaris*. Bozzaris was a Greek chieftain who fell in the war of independence. The subject is a good one and worthily treated, though marred by an unfortunate tautology at the close:—

For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's;
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

Spirited and harmonious stanzas these:—

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother's, when she feels
 For the first time her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 Which close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm
 With banquet-song, and dance, and
 wine,

And thou art terrible—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought ;
Come with her laurel-leaf blood-bought ;

Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight

Of sky and stars to prisoned men :

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land ;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-winds from woods of palm
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

For some unexplained reason Halleck has not written, or at least not published, anything new for several years, though continually solicited to do so ; for he is a great favourite with his countrymen, especially with the New-Yorkers. His time, however, has been by no means passed in idleness. Fashionable as writing is in America, it is not considered desirable or, indeed, altogether reputable, that the poet should be *only* a poet. Halleck has been in business most of his life ; and was lately head-clerk of the wealthy merchant, John Jacob Astor, who left him a handsome annuity. This was increased by Mr. Astor's son and heir, a man of well-known liberality ; so that between the two there is a chance of the poet's being enabled to ' meditate the tuneful Muse' for the remainder of his days free from all distractions of business.

LONGFELLOW, the pet poet of Boston, is a much younger man than either Bryant or Halleck, and has made his reputation only within the last twelve years, during which time he has been one of the most noted lions of American Athens. The city of Boston, as every one knows who has been there, or who has met with any book or man emanating from it, claims to be the literary metropolis of the United States, and assumes the slightly-pretending *sobriquet* just quoted. The American Athenians have their thinking and writing done for them by a coterie whose distinctive characteristics are Socinianism

in theology, a præter-Paritan prudery in ethics, a German tendency in metaphysics, and throughout all a firm persuasion that Boston is the fountain-head of art, scholarship, and literature for the western world, and particularly that New York is a Nazareth in such things, out of which can come nothing good. For the Bostonians, who certainly cultivate literature with more general devotion, if not always with more individual success than the New Yorkers, can never forgive their commercial neighbours for possessing by birth the two most eminent prose-writers of the country — Irving and Cooper ; and, by adoption, two of the leading poets — Bryant and Halleck. Nor are the good people of the ' Empire State' slow to resent these exhibitions of small jealousy ; but, on the contrary, as the way of the world is, they are apt to retort by greater absurdities. So shy are they of appearing to be guided by the dicta of their eastern friends, that to this day there is scarcely man or woman on Manhattan Island who will confess a liking for Tennyson, Mrs. Barrett Browning, or Robert Browning, simply because these poets were taken up and patronized (metaphorically speaking, of course) by the ' Mutual Admiration Society' of Boston.

The immediate influences of this *camaraderie* are highly flattering and apparently beneficial to the subject of them, but its ultimate effects are most injurious to the proper developement of his powers. When the merest trifles that a man throws off are inordinately praised, he soon becomes content with producing the merest trifles. Longfellow has grown unaccustomed to do himself justice. Half his volumes are filled up with translations ; graceful and accurate, indeed ; but translations, and often from originals of very moderate merit. His last original poem, *Evangeline*,* is a sort of pastoral in hexameters. The resuscitation of this classical metre had a queer effect upon the American quidnuncs. Some of the critics evidently believed it to be a bran-new metre invented for the nonce by the author, a delusion which they of the ' Mutual Admiration' rather winked at ; and the pa-

* See *Fraser's Magazine* for March 1848, p. 295.

rodists who endeavoured to ridicule the new measure were evidently not quite sure whether seven feet or nine made a hexameter.

It is really to be regretted that Longfellow has been cajoled into playing these tricks with himself, for his earlier pieces were works of much promise, and, had they been worthily followed out, might have entitled him to a high place among the poets of the language. Take, as a specimen, this delicious bit of quiet landscape, which opens the prelude to his *Voices of the Night*:—

Pleasant it was, when woods were green
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee
With one continuous sound—

A slumberous—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream;
As of innumerable wings;
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea.

Most of his poems have a vein of melancholy—not despairing, but resigned—melancholy running through them; their general tone and moral may be summed up in two of his own lines:—

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

Of such a cast is

The Goblet of Life.

Filled is life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen;

Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters that upstart
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage, sun-imbrowned,
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood,
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it with their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the coloured waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf,
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side.

Longfellow's poetry, whenever he really lays himself out to write poetry, has a definite idea and purpose in it—no small merit now-a-days. His versification is generally harmonious, and he displays a fair command of metre. Sometimes he takes a fancy to an obsolete or out-of-the-way stanza; one of his longest and best poems, *The Skeleton in Armor*, is exactly in the measure of Drayton's fine ballad on Agincourt,—

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor here to prove our chance
Longer would tarry, &c.

His chief fault is an over-fondness for simile and metaphor. He seems to think indispensable the intro-

duction into everything he writes of a certain (or sometimes a very uncertain) number of these figures. Accordingly his poems are crowded with comparisons, sometimes very pretty and pleasing, at others so far-fetched that the string of tortured images which lead off Alfred de Musset's bizarre *Ode to the Moon* can hardly equal them. *Endymion*, a very sweet little poem, begins thus:—

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.
And silver-white the river gleams,
As if Diana in her dreams
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

In *Evangeline* the stars are 'the thoughts of God in the heavens,' and the trees wrestle with the wind 'like Jacob of old with the angel;' and in another poem the moon going up among the stars is compared to a virgin martyr treading an ordeal through bars of hot iron! But indeed this *making figures* (whether from any connexion with the calculating habits of the people or not) is a terrible propensity of American writers, whether of prose or verse. Their orators are especial sinners in this respect. We have seen speeches stuck as full of metaphors (more or less mixed) as Burton's *Anatomy* is of quotations.

Such persons as know from experience that literary people are not always in private life what their writings would betoken, that Miss Bunions do not precisely resemble March violets, and mourners upon paper may be laughers over mahogany—such persons will not be surprised to hear that the Longfellow is a very jolly fellow, a lover of fun and good dinners, and of an amiability and personal popularity that have aided not a little the popularity of his writings in verse and prose—for he writes prose too, prettier, quainter, more figurative, and more poetic if anything, than his poetry. He is also a professor at Harvard college, near Boston.

EDGAR A. POE, like Longfellow and most of the other American poets, wrote prose as well as poetry, having produced a number of wild, grotesque, and powerfully-imagined

tales; unlike most of them he was a literary man *pur sang*. He depended for support entirely on his writings, and his career was more like the precarious existence of an author in the time of Johnson and Savage than the decent life of an author in our own day. He was a Southerner by birth, acquired a liberal education, and what the French call 'expansive' tastes, was adopted by a rich relative, quarrelled with him, married 'for love,' and lived by editing magazines in Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York; by delivering lectures (the never-failing last resort of the American literary adventurer); by the occasional subscriptions of compassionate acquaintances or admiring friends—any way he could—for eighteen or nineteen years: lost his wife, involved himself in endless difficulties, and finally died in what should have been the prime of his life, about six months ago. His enemies attributed his untimely death to intemperance; his writings would rather lead to the belief that he was an habitual taker of opium. If it make a man a poet to be

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn
of scorn,

The love of love,

Poe was certainly a poet. Virulently and ceaselessly abused by his enemies (who included a large portion of the press), he was worshipped to infatuation by his friends. The severity of his editorial criticisms, and the erratic course of his life, fully account for the former circumstance; the latter is probably to be attributed, in part at least, to pity for his mishaps.

If Longfellow's poetry is best designated as quaint, Poe's may most properly be characterized as fantastic. The best of it reminds one of Tennyson, not by any direct imitation of particular passages, but by its general air and tone. But he was very far from possessing Tennyson's fine ear for melody. His skill in versification, sometimes striking enough, was evidently artificial: he overstudied metrical expression, and overrated its value so as sometimes to write, what were little better than nonsense-verses, for the sake of the rhythm. He had an incurable propensity for refrains, and when he had once caught a harmonious ca-

dence, appeared to think it could not be too often repeated.

Poe's name is usually mentioned in connexion with *The Raven*, a poem which he published about five years ago. It had an immense run, and gave rise to innumerable parodies—those tests of notoriety if not of merit. And certainly it is not without a peculiar and fantastic excellence in the execution, while the conception is highly striking and poetic. The author in his lonely

chamber, mourning over his lost love and his departed hopes, and vainly seeking comfort in pondering Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
is aroused by what he takes for the knock of a visitor at his door. But no visitor is there. While perplexed by the mysterious knocking, he hears the sound repeated, and this time evidently at the window, to which unwonted place of ingress he accordingly betakes himself:—

Open wide I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he, not an instant stopped or stayed he,
But with mien of lord or lady perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Half-amused and half-excited by this eccentric appearance, the student makes bold to question the 'ungainly bird' as to his name and errand,—not so unreasonable a proceeding, since ravens sometimes talk; and this one talks to the extent of one word,

'Nevermore,' which it pertinaciously repeats in answer to every query, and the sad negation falls chilling and ominous on all the desolate man's hopes of forgetfulness or consolation:—

For the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, 'Other friends have flown before.
On the morrow he will leave me as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of never—nevermore.'

* * * *

And the raven, never sitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall he lifted nevermore!

The peculiar versification of the poem—showy and not ineffective—is exhibited in the above stanzas. The metre is a modification of that used in the conclusion of Miss Bar-

rett's *Lady Geraldine*. This is evident, not merely from a general comparison of the two, but from some particular resemblances of rhyme and phrase, e. g. :—

With a murmurous, stir uncertain, in the air the purple curtain
Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale brows,
While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise for ever
Through the open casement whitened by the moonlight's slant repose.

Lady Geraldine.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before,
So that now to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door.—*The Raven.*

The triple rhyme is introduced from one of his earlier ballads—a rather pretty one—on a girl who has

forgotten her dead lover, and sold herself for rank and wealth:—

And thus they said I plighted
 An irrevocable vow,
 And my friends are all delighted
 That his love I have requited,
 And my mind is much benighted
 If I am not happy now.

* * * * *
 Would God I could awaken !
 For I dream—I know not how.
 And my soul is sorely shaken
 Lest an evil step be taken,
 And the dead who is forsaken
 May not be happy now.

And his weakness for refrain induced the repetition of the last line in each verse.

This much notice seems due to a poem which created such a sensation in the author's country. To us it seems by no means the best of Poe's productions; we much prefer, for instance, this touching allegory, which was originally embodied in one of his wildest tales:—

The Haunted Palace.

In the greenest of our valleys
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace—
 Radiant palace—reared its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion
 It stood there !
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair.
 Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow,
 (This—all this—was in the olden
 Time, long ago).

* * * * *
 Wanderers in that happy valley
 Through two luminous windows saw
 Spirits moving musically
 To a lute's well-tuned law,
 Round about a throne where, sitting
 (Porphyrone !)
 In state his glory well-befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.
 And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing,
 flowing,
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.
 But evil things in robes of sorrow
 Assailed the monarch's high estate,
 (Ah, let us mourn ! for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him desolate !)
 And round about his home the glory
 That blushed and bloomed
 Is but a dim-remembered story
 Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now, within that valley,
 Through the red-lit windows see
 Vast forms that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody ;
 While like a ghastly rapid river,
 Through the pale door
 A hideous throng rush out for ever,
 And laugh—but smile no more.

In the very same volume with this are some verses that Poe wrote when a boy, and some that a boy might be ashamed of writing. Indeed the secret of rejection seems to be little known to Transatlantic bards. The rigidity of self-criticism which led Tennyson to ignore and annihilate, so far as in him lay, full one-half of his earlier productions, would hardly be understood by them. This is particularly unlucky in the case of Poe, whose rhymes sometimes run fairly away with him, till no purpose or meaning is traceable amid a jingle of uncommon and fine-sounding words. Thus from 'Ulalume,' which seems, so far as any coherent intention can be made out of it, to be a rhapsody on his wife's death, we take these two stanzas as really the most intelligible in it :—

And now as the night was senescent,
 And star-dials hinted of morn,
 In front of our path a liquescent
 And nebulous lustre was borne,
 Out of which a miraculous crescent
 Arose with a duplicate horn,
 Astarte's bediamonded crescent,
 Distinct with its duplicate horn.
 And I said, ' She is warmer than Dian,
 She rolls through an ether of sighs,
 She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks where the worm never dies,
 And has come past the stars of the Lion
 To point us the path to the skies,
 To the Lethæan peace of the skies ;
 Come up, in despite of the Lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes ;
 Come up, through the lair of the lion,
 With love in her luminous eyes.'

The rhyme of these lines may be good enough, but where is the reason of them ?

Though Poe was a Southerner, his poetry has nothing in it suggestive of his peculiar locality. It is somewhat remarkable that the slaveholding, which has tried almost all other means of excusing or justifying itself before the world, did not think of 'keeping a poet,' and engaging the destitute author from its own territory to sing the praises of 'the patriarchal institution.' And it would

have been a fair provocation that the Abolitionists had their poet already. Indeed several of the northern poets have touched upon this subject; Longfellow, in particular, has published a series of spirited and touching anti-slavery poems: but the man who has made it his *specialité* is JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, a Quaker, literary editor of the *National Era*, an Abolition and ultra-Radical paper, which, in manifold despite of

From all her wild green mountains,
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie,
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,
And clear cold sky—
From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean
Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the billow's motion
Round rock and cliff—
From the free fireside of her unbought farmer,
From her free labourer at his loom and wheel,
From the brown smithy where, beneath the hammer,
Ring the red steel—
From each and all, if God hath not forsaken
Our land and left us to an evil choice;—

and protest against the shocking anomaly of slavery in a free country. At times, when deploring the death of some fellow-labourer in the cause, he falls into a somewhat subdued strain, though even then there is more of spirit and fire in his verses than one naturally expects from a follower of George Fox; but on such occasions he displays a more careful and harmonious versification than is his wont. There is no scarcity of these elegies in his little volume, *The Abolitionists*, even when they escape the attentions of the high legal functionary already alluded to, not being apparently a long-lived class.

One of his best pieces is founded on the fearful story (already commemorated in verse by Milman) of the slave-ship smitten by ophthalmia. The crew, after throwing over their diseased cargo, nevertheless all lost their sight except one man, on the preservation of whose vision their fate depended.

Red glowed the western waters—
The setting sun was there,
Scattering alike on wave and cloud
His fiery mesh of hair.
Amidst a group in blindness
A solitary eye
Gazed from the harden'd slaver's deck
Into that burning sky.
'A storm,' spoke out the gazer,
'Is gathering and at hand—

Judge Lynch, is published at Washington, between the slave-pens and the capitol. His verses are certainly obnoxious to the jurisdiction of that notorious popular potentate, being unquestionably 'inflammatory, incendiary, and insurrectionary,' as the Southern formula goes, in a very high degree. He makes passionate appeals to the Puritan spirit of New England, and calls on her sons to utter their voice,—

Curse on't—I'd give my other eye
For one firm rood of land.'
And then he laughed; but only
His echoed laugh replied,
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.
Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy heaven,
While fiercely on that lone ship's track
The thunder-gust was driven.
'A sail! Thank God, a sail!'
And as the helmsman spoke
Up through the stormy murmur
A shout of gladness broke.
Down came the stranger vessel,
Unheeding on her way,
So near, that on the slaver's deck
Fell off the driven spray.
'Ho! for the love of mercy—help!
We're perishing and blind!—'
A wail of utter agony
Came back upon the wind.
'Help us! for we are stricken
With blindness every one;
Ten days we've floated fearfully
Unnoting star or sun.
Our ship's the slaver Leon—
We're hut a score on board—
Our slaves are all gone over—
Help, for the love of God!'
On livid brows of agony
The broad red lightning shone,
But the roar of wind and thunder
Stifled the answering groan.
Wailed from the broken waters
A last despairing cry,
As, kindling in the stormy light,
The stranger ship went by.

Toujours perdrix palls in poetry as in cookery; we grow tired after awhile of invectives against governors of slave-states and mercenary parsons, and dirges for untimely perished Abolitionists. The wish suggests itself that Whittier would not always

Give up to a party what is meant for mankind,

but sometimes turn his powers in another direction. Accordingly, it is a great relief to find him occasionally trying his hand on the early legends of New England and Canada, which do not suffer in such ballads as this:—

'To the winds give our hanner !
Bear homeward again !'

Cried the lord of Acadia,
Sir Charles of Estienne.

From the prow of his shallop
He gazed, as the sun
From his bed in the ocean
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
That shallop had passed,
Where the mists of Penobscot
Clung damp on her mast.

St. Saviour had looked
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
Remembered her well,
And had cursed her while passing
With taper and hell.

But the men of Monhegan,
Of Papists ahhorred,
Had welcomed and feasted
The Huguenot lord.

* * * *

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone,
On the plane-trees which shaded
The shores of St. John.

'Now why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love ?

Why waves there no hanner
My fortress above ?'

Dark and wild from his deck
St. Estienne gazed about
On fire-wasted dwellings
And silent redoubt.

From the low, shattered walls,
Which the flame had o'errun,
There floated no hanner,
There thundered no gun !

But beneath the low arch
Of its door-way there stood
A pale priest of Rome
In his cloak and his hood.
With the bound of a lion
Latour sprang to land,

On the throat of the Papist
He fastened his hand.

'Speak, son of the woman
Of scarlet and sin !
What wolf has been prowling
My castle within ?'

From the grasp of the soldier
The Jesuit hroke ;
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
He smiled as he spoke :

'No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
Has ravaged thy hall,
But the men of De Aulney,
With fire, steel, and ball.
On an errand of mercy
I hitherward came,
While the walls of thy castle
Yet spouted with flame.

Pentagoet's dark vessels
Were moored in the bay,
Grim sea-lions, roaring
Aloud for their prey.'

'But what of my lady ?'
Cried Charles of Estienne.

'On the shot-crumbled turret
My lady was seen.
Half veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped the pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon.
But wo to the heretic,
Evermore wo !

When the son of the Church
And the Cross is his foe.
In the track of the shell,

In the path of the ball,
De Aulney swept over
The breach of the wall.
Steel to steel, gun to gun,
One moment—and then

Alone stood the victor,
Alone with his men.
Of its sturdy defenders
My lady alone

Saw the cross and the lilies
Float over St. John.'

'Let the dastard look to it !'
Cried fiery Estienne ;

'Were De Aulney King Louis,
I'd free her again !'

'Alas for thy lady !

No service from thee
Is needed by her

Whom the Lord hath set free.
Nine days in stern silence
Her thralldom she bore,
But the tenth morning came
And Death opened her door.'

* * * *

O the loveliest of heavens
Hung tenderly o'er him,
There were waves in the sunshine
And green isles before him ;
But a pale hand was heckoning
The Huguenot on,
And in blackness and ashes
Behind lay St. John.

We have been rather liberal in our extracts from Whittier, because he is less known than several other Western bards to the English reader, and because we think him entitled to stand higher on the American Parnassus than most of his countrymen would place him. His faults—harshness and want of polish—are evident; but there is more life, and spirit, and soul in his verses, than in those of eight-ninths of Mr. Griswold's immortal ninety.

From political verse (for the Anti-slavery agitation must be considered quite as much a political as a moral warfare) the transition is natural to satire and humorous poetry. Here we find no lack of matter, but a grievous short-coming in quality. The Americans are no contemptible humorists in prose, but their fun cannot be set to verse. They are very fond of writing parodies, yet we have scarcely ever seen a *good* parody of American origin. And their satire is generally more distinguished for personality or buffoonery than wit. Halleck's *Fanny* looks as if it might be good, did we only know something of the people satirized in it. The reputed comic poet of the country at present is OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES, a physician. Whether it was owing to the disappointment caused by hearing too much in his praise beforehand we will not pretend to say, but it certainly did seem to us that Dr. Holmes's efforts in this line must originally have been intended to act upon his patients emetically. After a conscientious perusal of the doctor, the most readable, and about the only presentable thing we can find in him, is this bit of serio-comic:—

The Last Leaf.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.
They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.
But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets

So forlorn;

And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said

'They are gone.' [gorn?]

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed

In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead

Long ago!—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like the rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin

Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin

At him here;
But the old three-corner'd hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Look so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf on the tree

In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
On the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

But within the last three years there has arisen in the United States a satirist of genuine excellence, who, however, besides being but moderately appreciated by his countrymen, seems himself, in a great measure, to have mistaken his real forte. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, one of the Boston coterie, has for some time been publishing verses, which are by the coterie duly glorified, but which are in no respect distinguishable from the ordinary level of American poetry, except that they combine an extraordinary pretension to originality, with a more than usually palpable imitation of English models. Indeed, the failure was so manifest, that the American literati seem, in this one case, to have rebelled against Boston dictation; and there is sufficient internal evidence that such of them as do duty for critics handled Mr. Lowell pretty severely. Violently piqued at this, and simultaneously conceiving a disgust for the Mexican war, he was impelled by both feelings to take the field as a satirist: to the former, we owe the *Fable for Critics*;

to the latter, the *Biglow Papers*. It was a happy move, for he has the rare faculty of writing *clever doggerel*. Take out the best of *Ingoldsby*, Campbell's rare piece of fun *The Friars of Dijon*, and perhaps a little of Walsh's *Aristophanes*, and there is no contemporary verse of the class with which Lowell's may not fearlessly stand a comparison; for, observe, we are not speaking of mock heroics like Bon Gaultier's, which are only a species of parody, but of real doggerel, the Rabelaisque of poetry. The *Fable* is somewhat on the *Ingoldsby* model,—that is to say, a good part of its fun consists in queer rhymes, double, treble, or polysyllabic; and it has even Barham's fault—an occasional over-consciousness of effort, and calling on the reader to admire, as if the *tour de force* could not speak for itself: e.g.—

So whenever he wished to be quite irresistible,
Like a man with eight trumps in his hand
at a whist-table
(*I feared me at first that the rhyme was untwistable,*
Though I might have lugged in an allusion to Cristabel).

But *Ingoldsby's* rhymes will not give us a just idea of the *Fable* until we superadd Hook's puns; for the fabulist has a pleasant knack of making puns—outrageous and unhesitating ones—exactly of the kind to set off the general style of his verse. The sternest critic could hardly help relaxing over such a bundle of them as are contained in Apollo's lament over the 'treeification' of his Daphne.

'My case is like Dido's,' he sometimes remarked.
'When I last saw my love she was fairly embark'd;
Let hunters from me take this saw when they need it,
You're not always sure of your game when you've freed it.
Just conceive such a change taking place in one's mistress!
What romance would be left? Who can flatter of kiss trees?
Not to say that the thought would for ever intrude
That you've less chance to win her the more she is wood.
Ah, it went to my heart, and the memory still grieves,
To see those loved graces all taking their leaves;

Those charms beyond speech, so enchanting but now,
As they left me for ever, each making its bough.
If her tongue had a tang [twang?] sometimes more than was right,
Her new hark is worse than ten times her old hite.

Or in this catalogue of a graveyard and its contents,—

There lie levellers levelled, duns done up of themselves,
There are booksellers finally laid on their shelves,
Horizontally there lie upright politicians,
Dose-a-dose with their patients sleep faultless physicians;
There are slave-drivers quietly whipt under ground,
There bookbinders, done up in boards, are fast bound.
There the babe that's unborn is supplied with a berth,
There men without legs get their six feet of earth,
There lawyers repose, each wrapt up in his case;
There seekers of office are sure of a place.
There defendant and plaintiff are equally cast,
There shoemakers quietly stick to their last,
There hrokers at length become silent as stocks,
There stage-drivers sleep without quitting their box.

The *Fable* is a sort of review in verse of American poets. Much of the Boston leaven runs through it; the wise men of the East are all glorified intensely, while Bryant and Halleck are studiously depreciated. But though thus freely exercising his own critical powers in verse, the author is most bitter against all critics in prose, and gives us a ludicrous picture of one,—

A terrible fellow to meet in society,
Not the toast that he buttered was ever so dry at tea.

And this gentleman is finely shown up for his condemnatory predilections and inability to discern or appreciate beauties. The cream of the joke against him is, that being sent by Apollo to choose a lily in a flower-garden, he brings back a thistle as all he could find. The picture is a humorous one, but we are at a loss to conjecture who can have sat for it in America, where the tendency is all the other way, reviewers being apt to apply the butter of adulation with the knife of profusion to every

man, woman, or child who rushes into print. Some of his complaints, too, against the critic sound very odd; as, for instance, that

His lore was engraft, something foreign
that grew in him.

Surely the very meaning of *learning* is that it is something which a man learns—*acquires* from other sources—does not originate in himself. But it is a favourite practice with Mr. Lowell's set to rail against dry learning and pedants, while at the same time there are no men more fond of showing off cheap learning than themselves: Lowell himself never loses an opportunity of bringing in a bit of Greek or Latin. Our readers must have known such persons—for, unfortunately, the United States has no monopoly of them—men who delight in quoting Latin before ladies, talking Penny-Magazine science in the hearing of eldohoppers, and preaching of high art to youths who have never had the chance of seeing any art at all. Then you will hear them say nothing about pedantry. But let a man be present who knows more Greek than they do, or who has a higher standard of poetry or painting or music, and wo be to him! Him will they persecute to the uttermost. What is to be done with such men but to treat them *à la* Shandon, 'Give them Burton's *Anatomy*, and leave them to their own abominable devices?'

The *Biglow Papers* are imaginary epistles from a New-England farmer, and contain some of the best specimens extant of the 'Yankee,' or New-England dialect,—better than Haliburton's, for Sam Slick sometimes mixes Southern, Western, and even English vulgarities with his Yankee. Mr. Biglow's remarks treat chiefly of the Mexican war, and subjects immediately connected with it, such as slavery, truckling of northeners to the south, &c. The theme is treated in various ways with uniform bitterness. Now he sketches a 'Pious Editor's Creed,' almost too daring in its Scriptural allusions, but terribly severe upon the venal fraternity, whose un-virtuous indignation must have been greatly moved by the stout satire of lines like these,—

I du believe with all my soul
In the great Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal,
And in the traces lead 'em;
Palsied the arm that forges yokes,
At my fat contracts squintin',
An' withered be the nose that pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe thet I should give
Wut's hisn unto Cesar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live,
Frum him my bread and cheese ar.
I du believe thet all o' me
Duth bear his superscription,
Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
An' things o' that description.

In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing I du perceive
To hev a solid vally.
This beth my faithful shepherd been,
In pasturs sweet heth led me,
And this'll keep the people green
To feed ex they hev fed me.

* At another time he sets one of Calhoun's pro-slavery speeches to music. The remarks of the great Nullifier form the air of the song, and the incidental remarks of honourable senators on the same side make up a rich chorus, their names supplying happy tags to the rhymes.

'The mass ought to labor, an' we lay on
soffies,

Thet's the reason I want to spread
freedom's aree;

It puts all the cunninest on us in office,
An' reealises our Maker's original idee,'
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he.

'Thet's as plain,' ses Cass,

'Ez thet some one's an ass,

It's ez clear ez the sun at noon,' ses he.

'Slavery's a thing thet depends on complexion,

It's God's law that fetters on black
skins don't chafe;

Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection!)

Which of our onrable body'd be safe?'

Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he.

Ses Mister Hannegan,

Afore he began again,

'The exception is quite oppoortoon,' ses
he, &c.

But best of all are the letters of his friend the returned volunteer, Mr. Birdofredom Sawyer, who draws a sad picture of the private soldier's life in Mexico. He had gone out with hopes of making his fortune.

Afore I vullinteed I thought this
country wuz a sort o'
Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land that
flowed with rum an' water;

Ware propaty growed up like time, with-
out no cultivation,
An' gold was dug ez taters be among our
Yankee nation ;
Ware nateral advantages wuz puffictly
amazin',
Ware every rock that wuz about with
precious stuns wuz blazin',
Ware mill-sites filled the country up ez
thick ez you could cram 'em,
An' desput rivers ran about a-beggin'
folks to dam 'em ;
Thet there were meetin-houses too, chock
full o' gold an' silver,
Thet you could take, an' no one couldn't
hand ye in no bill for.
Thet's wut I thought afore I went, thet's
wut the fellers told us,
Thet stayed to hum, an' speechified, an'
to the buzzards sold us.

But he was sadly disappointed, and
equally so in his expectations of
glory, which 'never got so low down
as the privates.'

Wal, arter I gin glory up, thinks I at
least there's one
Thing in the bills we aint hed yet, an'
thet's the *glorious fun* ;
Ef once we git to Mexico, I fairly may
presume we
All day an' night shall revel in the halls
of Monterumy.
I'll tell ye wut *my* revels wuz, an' see
how you would like 'em,
We never got inside the hall : the nighest
ever I come

Wuz stan'in' sentry in the sun (an' fact,
it seemed a cent'ry),
A ketchin' smells o' biled an' roast thet
come out then the entry.
An' hearin' ez I sweltered thru my passes
an' repasses
A rat-tat-too o' knives an' forks, a clinky
clink o' glasses.
I can't tell aff the bill-o'-fare the gin'ra's
had inside ;
All I know is thet out o' doors a pair
o' soles wuz fried ;
And not a thousand miles away from ware
this child was posted
A Massachusetts citizen wuz baked, an'
biled, an' roasted.

But it is time to bring this notice
to a close—not, however, that we
have by any means exhausted the
subject. For have we not already
stated that there are, at the lowest
calculation, ninety American poets,
spreading all over the alphabet, from
Allston, who is unfortunately dead,
to Willis, who is fortunately living,
and writing *Court Journals* for the
'Upper Ten Thousand,' as he has
named the quasi-aristocracy of New
York? And the lady-poets—the
poetesses, what shall we say of them?
Truly it would be ungallant to say
anything ill of them, and invidious
to single out a few among so many ;
therefore, it will be best for us to say—
nothing at all about any of them.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

PART VII.

THE hen which was induced, good
Easy Dame Partlet, to bestow her
maternal affection upon an egg of
the wedge-tailed eagle laid in the
garden of the Zoological Society,
was—it will be in the remembrance
of those who amuse themselves by
looking into these simple annals—
'left sitting.'

The first egg was laid on the 27th
of February in this year, and was, it
will be recollected, placed under a
common hen, but was removed after
the expiration of twenty-one days in
an addled state.

The second egg—that on which
the hen was left sitting at our last
notice—was laid in the first week of
March, and was removed, after a
patient incubation of twenty-two
days, addled also.

On the 29th of March a third egg
was produced, but it was destroyed
by the parents.

April 4.—Another egg was this
day laid, but no attempt was made
to get it hatched.

The imprisoned parents made a
poor apology for a nest of birch-
broom and straw—the materials
within their reach ; but instead of
manifesting any intention to do the
parental office, the birds wanted to
destroy every one of the eggs, and
the keeper found it necessary to look
very sharp to prevent them from
carrying their ovicidal propensities
into effect.

This reversal of the great law of
Nature is not confined to birds. The
sow and the rabbit, if disturbed at
the critical moment, will not unfre-

quently devour their offspring,—as those know to their cost whose impatience has brought their prying eyes to look into the mystery. We forget that, in their natural state, the first care of all vertebrated animals is to hide their eggs or young. The same may be said of insects, crustaceans, and even of molluscous animals. In proportion as the organization is developed, the sensitiveness to the violation of this principle increases. The quadruped, in a state of morbid irritation, devours its young; the bird forsakes its nest, or destroys the eggs.

When, however, this great operation of nature is effected in secrecy, and the *storge* of the parents is unchecked, the *vertebrata*, and especially the more highly-developed classes, will risk anything short of life for the protection of their young, and not unfrequently will lay that down in defence of their offspring.

In cases of extreme urgency, gregarious quadrupeds dispose of their young with the most parental care, placing them in the middle, so that when the battle rages they may have the best chance of safety. Thus by the divine law preservation follows generation, and is most conspicuously manifested while the offspring is of tender age, and unable to provide for its own support. Among the mammiferous animals a reciprocity of benefits is established, and it may be doubted whether the mother or the child feels the greatest enjoyment in imparting or receiving the full tide of maternal nourishment. Even that grand incarnate fiend, Lady Macbeth, is compelled to say,—

I have given sucke and know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milkes me.*

Moreover, a sort of instinctive distributive justice is established in the breast of the mother, when the case requires it. Thus, as a general rule, it will be found that an ewe which brings forth two lambs at a time will not admit one to her teats unless the other be present and partaking; otherwise one might famish, while the other would grow fat.

This manifestation, for the most part, suits the tyrant man, and therefore, in all convenient cases, he very

blantly suffers Nature to take her course. The Laplander cannot afford to be so benevolent. The female reindeer drops her fawn about the middle of May, and gives milk from the end of June to the middle of October. Now few mothers are more extremely fond of their young than these does. If they lose one they seek it everywhere, and, if it be to be found, never rest till they have discovered it. The Laplander, therefore, knows better than to separate the doe from the fawn. Morning and evening the herd is brought up to be milked. A rope, both ends of which are held in the hand of the assistant, is cast over the neck of the doe, and she is thus compelled to submit, giving about a pint. This might seem to be a sufficient fraud upon the poor fawn, but no. As soon as the pint is abstracted the teats of the doe are anointed with a preparation most offensive to the fawn, which thus, notwithstanding its intense disgust, gets just enough to preserve life and no more, and leaves the poor mother with a comparatively full udder to enrich the dairy of her honest master.

All animals of a high grade show the greatest distress if their young are taken from them, and will, if necessary, fight stoutly in their defence. In that most revolting case of the vivisection of a poor bitch, she endeavoured to lick her puppies in the midst of her tortures, and when they were removed uttered the most plaintive cries.

The crew of the discovery-ship *Carcass*, sent on an exploring voyage to the North Pole in the last century, witnessed a most touching instance of maternal affection, which seems, however, to have had no effect on the hearts of some of those who beheld it.

The ship was locked in the ice, and, early one morning, the man at the mast-head gave notice that three bears were approaching over the frozen sea, invited, doubtless, by the scent of some blubber of a walrus, killed by the crew a few days before, which had been set on fire and was burning on the ice. The visitors proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs, the latter nearly as large as

* Folio.

the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, drew away part of the flesh of the walrus that remained unconsumed and devoured it. Then the crew from the ship cast great lumps of walrus-flesh, which still remained, to them. These the old bear fetched away one by one, laying every lump before her cubs, dividing it into shares and reserving only a small portion for herself. As the unsuspecting mother was fetching away the last piece, the men levelled their muskets at the cubs and shot them both dead. They then wounded the dam, but not mortally. The rest must be told in the words of the reporter:—

It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast in the dying moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces and laid it down before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up; all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off; and when she had got at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and, smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before; and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness went round one, and round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship and growled a curse upon the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket-halls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.*

Birds, at other times the most timid of creatures, will boldly attack the spoiler of their nests and young. Thrushes, and even smaller birds, have been known to do battle with magpies, jays, crows, hawks, nest-robbing school-boys, and even men. The common hen will show fight to kites, dogs, cats, and unfeathered

hipeds if they come near their chickens with sinister intentions, or even if they approach too closely. White, in his delightful book, mentions an instance of the fury with which some plundered hens wreaked their vengeance upon a reiver when, after repeated predatory acts, they had him in their power. He relates that a neighbouring gentleman, one summer, had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down between a fagot-pile and the end of his house to the place where the coops stood. The owner, vexed to see his flock diminishing, hung a setting-net adroitly between the pile and the house, into which the catiff dashed, and was caught:—

Resentment (continues the historian of Selborne) suggested the law of retaliation; he, therefore, clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. Imagination cannot paint the scene that ensued; the expressions that fear, rage, and revenge inspired were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before. The exasperated matrons upbraided, they execrated, they insulted, they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in an hundred pieces.

Ready and willing, however, as the parents are to defend their young against fearful odds, that modification of reason, which I have observed frequently to accompany mere instinct, operates occasionally to induce them to acquiesce patiently when help is required and given.

Every one has heard of partridges falling into cracks; and many have looked upon these 'accidents' as inventions of John to account for the absence of eggs and birds which have found their way to distant parts per rail. But that such misfortunes do really happen there can be no doubt.

In a clayey country in Somersetshire where the cracks, one hot summer, had become dangerous even for dogs, two old birds were seen one fine morning in June 'in great trouble.' Upon looking about near the spot where they had been disturbed, a huge crack was seen to yawn, which, though not quite so big as the gulf into which Vathek tumbled the fair boys whom he

* *Annual Register*, 1775, signed 'Marinus.'

offered to the insatiate Giaour, was all-sufficient for the purpose of swallowing up young partridges. The old birds had been scratching about the edge of the crack, where 'they had done more harm than good.' Upon looking in, a dozen young ones were seen down in the crack. They were hooked out one by one with a stick; and the parents stood, 'not more than a pole off,' anxiously watching the operation and receiving each of their offspring as it ran from the edge.

A hen, which was most pugnacious, flying fiercely at every one who came near her chickens, had wandered with her brood near a fagot-pile, into which they had scrambled, and had contrived so to entangle themselves that they could not get out. The piercing cries of the bewildered chicks were equalled by the fidgetty clucks and gestures of the mother. But when assistance came, instead of huffeting the helper, she stood patiently waiting till, after taking off some of the fagots, he caught her chickens and restored them to her.

A mare brought forth a foal some eight or ten days before its time. The foal was attacked with spasms in the stomach and bowels, and, as it generally happens in cases of premature birth among horses, died. Every aid that could be thought of was given; medicines were administered, and the mare stood quietly watching the helpers, as if conscious of the need of its offspring, as long as the foal was in her sight; but the moment it was removed she became violent.

White mentions the case of an old hunting-mare, which ran on the common, and which, being taken very ill, came down into the village, as it were to implore the help of men, and died the night following in the street.

It is a common and not very considerate practice to put duck's eggs under a broody hen; and it must be confessed that, generally speaking, a more numerous and healthy lot of ducklings are hatched than when the domestic duck herself sits upon them. For she is apt to be fidgetty, and — haunted, perhaps, by some notions of her original free state, and of the fresh nest amid the flags and herbage of the river-side — frequently

will not sit close in confinement. But no bird sits closer or better than the common wild duck, or brings out more numerous and vigorous young. Nor are there wanting instances, especially about mills and farms near some running stream or lake, of the domestic duck sitting as close and unweariedly as the most persevering hen. In many homesteads, however, which are distant from rivers or brooks, the terrestrial foster-mother is preferred; and when the young ones are hatched, the moment they see the pond, in they all go, to the unspeakable distress of the hen, which remains clucking and crying on the edge, using every call and gesture in her power to rescue them from the destruction which she thinks must be their portion; nay, the distracted parent will in her agony sometimes actually take water at the risk of her own life to preserve, as she thinks, theirs. All this time the ducklings are swimming about with the utmost complacency, catching flies and amusing themselves in the element to which their unaided instinct has led them in spite of the indignant remonstrances of their foster-mother, and the obstacles which she opposes to their indomitable will.

It was thought advisable in our poultry-yard to adopt the plan of raising ducklings under a hen; but in order to lessen the amount of suffering, one particular hen was selected for this office as long as she was fitted for the purpose of incubation. The first year was, of course, a sore trial, but experience, and that modification of reason to which I have above alluded, had their effect; and, in the subsequent years, she would lead her palmipede brood to the water, calmly see them launch out on its surface, and remain quietly dusting herself on the dry sunny bank with the utmost unconcern. She was a buff-coloured hen of the Dorking breed, and more than once brought out two broods of ducklings in the same year.

Birds, in a domesticated or semi-domesticated state, like other parents of a higher grade, appear to derive pleasure from exhibiting their hopeful offspring so as to attract observation and admiration.

On the 10th of April last, in an early walk through St. James's Park,

I saw on the gravel by the water's edge on the south side, two black swans, which had brought over their two newly-hatched, grey, downy powder-puffs of nestlings, with black bills and feet, from the island where they had first seen the light, as if to show them in their pride to the passers-by, of whom a little crowd had collected round them, apparently to the great satisfaction of the parents. To be sure, they had the lake to retreat to, if any danger had threatened. After standing to be admired a short time, the whole party again took water and rowed over to their island. In the afternoon, between five and six, I saw the old birds close to the bank, but without their young ones. They had hatched three; but the 'gander,' as the keeper somewhat irreverently called the male swan, trod on one in the nest and killed it. I say 'irreverently,' for as among barn-door fowls we have a cock and a hen, we have, among swans, a cob and a pen.

April 22.—A friend told me on Saturday that he had seen a swallow in Kent on the 18th. I looked out to-day over the water in St. James's Park, but saw none; and I was in the Regent's Park yesterday without meeting with a single *hirundo* of any species. My friends, the black swans, have contrived to kill another eyngnet, with their great splay-feet, probably, and now go about with one only. Very proud of it they seem to be. By the way, it appears that the Canada geese,* the ganders especially, are most destructive to the nestlings of other birds during the breeding season. The gander will not suffer anything to live, if it can help it, in the neighbourhood of its nest. Ducklings, goslings, cygnets, all fall before its violence. A pair are sitting in the Park, and the gander annihilates every young bird of any other species that appears on his domain, and comes within his power. Great fears are now entertained for a fine brood of fourteen young wild-ducks just hatched in his vicinity.

When this meets the eye of those who read such trifles, nidification may be considered, with few exceptions, as being over for this year. How varied are the nests, from the

merest rough collection of straw and litter to the elegant and elaborate little domicile now before me:—

What nice hand,
With twenty years' apprenticeship to
boot,
Will make me such another?

It is the work of a goldfinch; a labour of love executed in secret. How carefully constructed, with what an eye to the colour of surrounding objects, so that there may be the least risk of discovery!

The expedients to which small birds have recourse to thwart detection when they are conscious that they are surprised in the act of bearing materials for making their nests, or conveying food to their young, are amusing.

On Easter Sunday, as I was passing along the foot-way that borders the National Gallery—(thank *Punch* and *The Times*, the Vernon collection is at last to be disinterred from the vault to which a grateful Government had consigned it)—I saw a sparrow fly down to the neighbouring hackney-carriage-stand and pick up a very long straw, with which it flew, with some labour, towards the building. The long, streaming straw, attracted the attention of some of the pedestrians, who stopped and looked at the loaded little bird, which was directing its flight towards the portico of the gallery; but, finding its motions watched, it turned short round and pitched with its straw on one of the window-sills, and the people then passed on. Presently it flew again towards the portico; but the people again stopping and looking—for if one passenger stops and looks up in a great London thoroughfare, you have in a very few moments an increasing crowd—it flew back to another window; and the second lot of gazers went their way. The little bird then started again with its straw towards one of the same pillars, and, cutting round it, so as to avoid prying eyes as much as possible, bore it to the capital of one of the pilasters and disappeared, straw and all, into the snug nook, made by a part of the projecting ornament, which it had chosen as the place for making its nest. The wary bird was not disposed to let an inquisitive public

* *Anser Canadensis*; *L'Oie à cravate* of the French.

know the way to its home. On many other occasions I have observed these and other birds remain waiting about for a long time with nest-materials and food in their bills when they have perceived that I was watching them; but the moment I turned my head, they were off with their burden to the nest. This would not be worth mentioning, were it not so difficult to find persons who will use their eyes to some purpose.

The careful preparation and anxious concealment manifested by the generality of birds in the process of nidification can only be equalled by the ardour of the consequent incubation. But there is no rule without an exception, as we shall presently see.

In the Book of Job* we find mention made of the ostrich:—

Which leaveth his eggs in the earth,
and maketh them hote in the dust,

And forgetteth that the foote might
scatter them, or that the wilde beast
might brake them.

Hee sheweth himselfe cruell unto his
yong ones, as they were not his, and is
without feare, as if he travailed in vaine.

For God hath deprived him of Wis-
dome, and hath given him no part of
understanding.

The following note is appended to
v. 17:—

They write that the ostrich covereth
her eggs in the sand, and because the
countrie is hote, and the sun still keepeth
them warme, they are hatched.

The masculine gender is used in
the text, and we know that in a
kindred genus, the emen, or New
Holland cassowary,† the eggs are
hatched by the male. But there can
be no doubt that ostriches incubate,
though during the heat of the day
the parent birds may leave them to
the high temperature of the climate
in order to avoid a degree which
might be fatal to the vitality of the

eggs. Captain Lyon states that all
the Arabs agree respecting the man-
ner in which these birds sit on their
eggs. They are not, he says, left
to be hatched by the warmth of the
sun, but the parent bird forms a
rough nest, in which she covers from
fourteen to eighteen eggs, and regu-
larly sits on them in the same manner
as the common fowl does on her
chickens; the male occasionally re-
lieving the female. It is during the
breeding season, he adds, that the
greatest numbers are procured, the
Arabs shooting the old ones while
on their nests. By the way, Captain
Lyon remarks, that at all the three
towns, Sockna, Hoon, and Wadan, it
is the custom to keep tame ostriches
in a stable, and in two years to take
three cuttings of their feathers. He
imagined, from what he saw of the
skins of ostriches brought for sale,
that all the fine feathers sent to Eu-
rope are from tame birds; the wild
ones being generally so ragged and
torn, that not above half-a-dozen
good perfect ones can be found.
The white feathers are what Captain
Lyon alludes to: the black ones,
being shorter and more flexible, are
generally good.

Various statements have been
made as to the number of eggs, and
from eight to ten have been men-
tioned as found together. The latter
is the number assigned by Le Vail-
lant to a single female. But he
disturbed one from a nest containing
thirty eggs, surrounded by thirteen
others. He watched this nest, and
observed four females in succession
sit upon them during the day. This
appears to have been a sort of nest in
copartnership, such as turkeys and
other incubating birds that make
their nests upon the ground will
sometimes enter into.‡ The nest of
the ostrich appears to be nothing

* Chap. xxxix. v. 17 *et seq.*: Barker's Bible, 1613.

† *Dromaius Novæ Hollandiæ*.

‡ In the county of Somerset, the mowers found, near an outlying barn where poultry were in the habit of picking about, a partridge's nest, with several unhatched partridge's eggs and the shells of three eggs of the common hen, with all the appearances indicative of their having contained chickens. Afterwards, when they were cutting wheat, a brace of partridges and three common chickens got up and flew off; but the chickens could not keep up with the partridges, and were caught by the mowers. These were evidently the produce of the hen's eggs, which must have been laid by the hen in the nest of the partridge, the hen having been attracted most probably by the sight of the partridge's eggs. Now it is well known that the incubation of a partridge is of longer duration than that of a hen. When, therefore, the common hen's eggs were hatched, the hen partridge must have hurried to the con-

more than a pit of sand, some three feet in diameter, the sand being thrown up so as to form a raised edge round it.

From this modified and somewhat loose degree of incubation we pass to the exception to the general rule to which we have above alluded.

The visitors to the garden of the Zoological Society of London, in the Regent's Park, may see a plain-looking, sombre bird, with a considerable share of tail, of a size between a common fowl and a curassow,* walking and picking about as if it were looking for something it ought to find but cannot. It is, at present, in the great aviary on the south side, on the right after entering the gate from the road. This is the *brush turkey* † of the colonists of New Holland, the *weelah* of the aborigines of the Namoi. If any one should inform an uninitiated visitor that the bird before him never sits upon its eggs, but plants them in a hotbed, as a man might plant cucumber and melon seeds, he would be taken for the most notorious fabulist since the days of Bidpai. If he should enlighten the neophyte farther, and instruct him that the birds collect the materials for this hotbed themselves, and bide their time till the fermentation has reached the proper point, till, like the patent incubator, it is fit for hatching the eggs, he would stand a very good chance of being set down as a member of the great family of Munchausen, of adventurous and marvellous memory. But nothing is more true.

The *brush turkey* belongs to a family of birds — or, if you wish to be hypercritical, learned reader, a subfamily — which never incubate, but having collected vegetable materials — which they know will heat to a proper point without, like an ill-saved hayrick, bursting out into combustion, or getting up into a sullen baking point, which would be equally

destructive of the vital principle — leave their eggs to the genial warmth of this half-natural, half-artificial mother.

The genera of this family at present known are *Talegalla*, *Leipoa*, and *Megapodius*, all inhabitants of that marvellous country which seems to be a remnant still left to give us a notion of a very ancient state of this planet.

Talegalla Lathamii has been in its time a sore puzzle to systematists. More than one have made it a vulture, and have seized upon it as such to fill up a blank in a favourite system. It is no such thing. If you wish to see a perfect image of the bird, possess yourself of Mr. Gould's admirable work on *The Birds of Australia*. He has the merit of first clearing up this dark chapter in ornithology, and any amusement or instruction which may be derived from the perusal of this portion of this paper is due to him. He is of opinion that the natural situation of the bird is among the rasorial forms, and that it is one of a great family peculiar to Australia and the Indian Islands, of which *Megapodius* constitutes a part; and in confirmation of his view he notices the two deep emarginations of the sternum, so truly characteristic of the gallinaceous race. He is right.

The upper surface of the adult male, its wings and tail, are of a blackish brown; but, on the under surface, the feathers are blackish brown at the base, going into silver-grey at the ends. The skin of the head and neck is of a deep pink, verging on red, and thinly sprinkled with short hair, like feathers of a blackish brown. His wattle is of a bright yellow, tinged with red where it joins the red of the neck. His bill is black, and the irides of his eyes and his feet are brown.

In size the female is about a fourth

clusion that the rest of the eggs (her own) were bad, and that it was of no use to waste further time upon them; whereupon she went away with her foster-chickens, leaving her own eggs to their fate.

Here we have an instance of misled instinct. Nor is the facility with which the chickens appear to have accommodated themselves to the wild habits of their foster-parents, so far as their powers would permit, uninstrucive. They were in a fair way of returning to savage life; and, if a similar accident had happened in an uninhabited or uncultivated country, who shall say what results might have sprung from the connexion?

* Crax.

† *Talegalla Lathamii* (Gould).

less than the male, but very similar in colour, only her wattle is less extensive.

Size of well-developed specimens, nearly that of a turkey.

Now for the habits of this extraordinary feathered biped.

The brush turkey is gregarious, going in small companies, and very wary and suspicious. Like the pheasants and some others of the gallinaceous tribe it is a cunning runner, and often escapes through the mazes of the brush. The native dog is their great enemy, and when this destroyer is upon them, and, indeed, whenever they are hard pressed, if the opportunity offers, they all spring upon the lowest bough of a tree, leaping from branch to branch till they reach the top. There they either perch or take wing to another part of the cover. When undisturbed, they seek the sheltering branches of trees during the heats of the day. The sportsman knows this, and, taking advantage of their fatal siesta, knocks them over one after the other; for they take no warning from the fate of their companions, remaining to be shot at till all are bagged, or the sportsman is tired of plying his gun.

In all this there is nothing very extraordinary, surely?

Certainly not, observing sir, or madam; but patience.

It is in the reproduction of the species that the anomalous proceedings of the bird are manifested. Collecting gradually a quantity of decaying vegetables, the bird makes a hotbed. Several weeks are patiently employed in bringing the materials together, till, at length, a mound, consisting of a congeries of from two to four cart-loads, is formed. But it must not be considered as the labour of an individual, or of a pair, for many join in the work. When once established, a forcing-bed of this description does duty for many years; that is, the same site is resorted to, and as the lower part decomposes the birds superadd an additional supply previous to depositing their eggs.

In the construction of the most elaborate of bird's-nests the bill is the principal instrument of action, the feet performing a very subordinate part in the operation. In the

instance before us the case is reversed. The foot is the agent in collecting and depositing; the bill is not used for those purposes at all. The bird grasps a quantity in its foot, throwing it backwards to the common centre of deposit. The surface of the adjoining ground is thus cleared for a considerable distance so completely that hardly a leaf or blade of grass is left. When this pyramidal vegetable mound has had a sufficient time to heat, so as to be of the proper temperature, the large eggs are inserted, not side by side as in ordinary cases, but planted at regular distances from each other, some nine or twelve inches apart, perfectly upright, and with the large end downwards, each egg being buried at nearly an arm's depth. They are then covered up and left till they are hatched.

John Hunter found the temperature of a sitting hen to be 104° of Fahrenheit's thermometer, and ascertained the heat to be the same when the ball of the instrument was placed under her. Having taken some of the eggs from under the same hen, when the chick was about three-parts formed, he broke a hole in the shell, and introducing the ball of the thermometer he found that the quicksilver rose to $99^{\circ}\frac{1}{4}$. In some that were added he found the heat not so high by two degrees; so that, as he observes, the life in the living egg assisted in some degree to support its own heat. We have no statement of the heat of these procreant mounds at hatching-time, but the tale-galla, without any aid but that which comes from above, knows exactly the time when they have arrived at that degree of temperature necessary for hatching the eggs, and which, probably, closely approximates to that which Hunter found to prevail in the sitting hen.

Mr. Gould was credibly informed, both by natives and settlers living near the haunts of these birds, that it is not unusual to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time from a single heap, and delicious eating they are said to be. There seems to be some discrepancy as to the degree of care manifested by the parents for their oviposition, some of the natives stating that the females are constantly in the neighbourhood of the heap about hatching-time, fre-

quently uncovering the eggs and covering them up again, as if for the purpose of assisting the young birds that may have broken their prison, whilst others informed Mr. Gould that the eggs are merely deposited, and the young left to force their way out without assistance.

If the latter information be correct, the question arises as to how the newly-hatched birds are sustained; and Mr. Gould observes that, in all probability, as Nature has adopted this mode of reproduction, she has also gifted the young birds with the power of sustaining themselves from the earliest period; and he remarks, that the great size of the egg would lead to this conclusion, since in so comparatively large a space as that included in the area of one of these eggs it is reasonable to suppose that the bird would be much more developed than is usually found to be the case in eggs of smaller dimensions. Mr. Gould obtained some confirmation of this opinion; for, in searching for eggs in one of the mounds, he discovered the remains of a young bird, apparently just excluded from the shell, but it was clothed with feathers, not with down, as is usually the case. The upright position of the eggs, he observes, tends to strengthen the opinion that they are never disturbed after they are deposited, for it is well known that the eggs of birds which are placed horizontally are frequently turned during incubation. This may be seen by any one who will closely watch a common sitting hen. Mr. Gould was almost too late for the breeding season, but he saw several of the heaps, both in the interior and at Illawarra. They were always in the most retired and shady glens, and on the slope of a hill, the part above the nest being scratched clean, while all below remained untouched, as if the birds had found it easier to convey the materials down than to throw them up. Mr. Gould found only one perfect egg, but he saw the shells of many from which the young had escaped in the position above described. At Illawarra he found them rather deposited in the light vegetable mould than among the leaves, which were accumulated in a considerable heap above them.

The comparatively large size of

the eggs has been alluded to. Mr. Gould describes them as perfectly white, of a long oval form, three inches and three-quarters long, by two inches and a half in diameter. He saw a living specimen in the garden of the late lamented Mr. Alexander McLeay at Sydney, which had for two successive years collected an immense mass of materials, as if it had been in its native woods. Wherever it was allowed to range—borders, lawn, and shrubbery—presented an appearance that would have satisfied the most fastidious lover of garden neatness, for they looked as if they had been regularly swept, from the bird having scratched everything that lay upon the surface to add to the mound, which was about three feet high and ten feet over. On placing his arm in it, Mr. Gould found the heat to be about 90° or 95° Fahr. He saw the bird, which was a male, strutting about with proud and majestic port, 'sometimes parading round the heap, at others perching on the top, and displaying its brilliantly-coloured neck and wattle to the greatest advantage: this wattle it has the power of expanding and contracting at will; at one moment it is scarcely visible, while at another it is extremely prominent.'

Here was an instance of the uncontrollable power of instinct. This solitary bird perseveringly continued to construct its mound and keep it ready for the mate, which it was never destined to see. It was unfortunately drowned, and then its sex was discovered upon dissection.

Leipoa ocellata, the *ngow* of the aborigines of the lowland, the *ngow-oo* of those of the mountain districts of Western Australia, and the *native pheasant* of the Western Australian colonists, is the next form of this anomalous family that claims our notice.

The head and crest are of a blackish-brown hue, and a dark ashy grey pervades the neck and shoulders. From the chin to the breast the forepart of the neck is covered with black lanceolate feathers, with a white stripe down the centre of each. Three distinct bands of greyish-white, brown, and black, mark the back and wings, the marks taking an ocellated form, especially on the tips of the secondaries. The primaries are brown,

and have their outer webs pencilled with two or three zigzag lines near their tips. The whole of the under-surface is light buff, and the tips of the flank feathers are barred with black. The blackish-brown tail has a broad buff tip. The bill is black, and the feet are blackish-brown.

This species lays its eggs in a mound of sand, about three feet in height, which both sexes have contributed to raise, and to form which the natives say that the birds scratch up the sand all around for many yards. The inside of the mound presents alternate layers of dried leaves, grasses, &c.; among which twelve eggs, or more, are deposited, and covered up by the birds as they are laid, till the process is complete, when the sandy mound presents the appearance of an ant's-nest. The eggs, which are about the size of three of a common fowl, white, slightly tinged with red, are thus left to be hatched by the heat of the sun's rays, the vegetable materials retaining sufficient warmth to keep them at a proper temperature during the night; for the eggs are deposited in layers, and no two eggs are suffered to lie without an intervening division.

The hillocks are robbed by the natives two or three times in the season, and they conclude that the number of eggs in a mound are many or few by the quantity of feathers scattered about. If there be abundance of feathers it is a sign that the hillock is full, and they immediately open it and take the whole deposit. The hen then lays again, and when her complement is complete is again robbed, when she will frequently lay a third time. In the mounds ants are often found as numerous as in an ant-hill; and sometimes that part of the hillock which surrounds the lower portion of the eggs becomes so hard that a chisel is necessary to get them out.

Captain Grey, of the 83d regiment, informed Mr. Gould that he had never met with these nest-mounds except where the soil was dry and sandy, and so thickly covered with a dwarf species of *Leptospermum* as to render it almost impossible for a traveller to force his way through if

he strays from the native paths. In those close scrubby woods small open glades occur occasionally, and there he found the *ngouc-oo's* nest, consisting of a heap of sand, dead grass and boughs, three feet in height, nine in diameter, and sometimes larger.

In size this beautiful bird is less than the brush turkey. It keeps much on the ground, seldom taking to a tree if not closely pursued. When hard pressed it will often run its head into a hush, and is there taken. The food, like that of *talegalla*, consists principally of seeds and berries, and it utters a mournful note, very like that of a pigeon, but more inward in sound.

But the most remarkable of this extraordinary group is the *Ooeregoorgia* of the aborigines of the Cough Peninsula, known to the colonists of Port Essington as the *jungle-fowl*.*

The head and crest of this great-footed bird are deep cinnamon brown, the hue of the neck and all the under surface is dark grey. The hack and wings are cinnamon brown, and the upper and under tail-coverts are dark chestnut brown. The general colour of the irides is dark brown, but in some individuals light reddish brown. The reddish-brown bill is bordered with yellow edges. The legs and feet bright orange, and the size about that of the common fowl.

When Mr. Gilbert, who assisted Mr. Gould in collecting the materials for his grand work on the Australian birds, arrived at Port Essington, numerous great mounds of earth were pointed out to him by some of the residents—who, probably, belonged to the Society of Antiquaries—as being the tumuli of the aborigines. The natives told him not to listen to these wise men, and assured him, that so far from being the burying-places of the human biped, they were the nests in which the eggs of the *ooeregoorgia* were hatched. No one in the settlement believed a story that contradicted all the usual experiences of the incubation of birds, and when the natives brought in some of the large-sized eggs in confirmation of their statement, they were treated as lawyers sometimes are when they try to make their

* *Megapodius tumulus*.

case too good, and the doubt previously entertained was strengthened. But Mr. Gilbert happened to know something of the habits of *Leipoa*, so he took to himself a knowing native, and about the middle of November proceeded to Knockers Bay, a portion of Port Essington harbour very little known, but where he had been told a considerable number of these birds might be seen. He landed close to a thicket, and had proceeded but a short distance from the shore when he beheld a mound of sand and shells, with a slight mixture of black soil, whose base rested on the sandy beach, a few feet above high-water mark. The large yellow-blossomed *Hibiscus* enveloped this conical tumulus, which was some five feet high, and twenty feet in circumference at its base. He turned to his native, and asked what it was.

'Oreogorgā ramhal.' (Jungle-fowl's house or nest.)

Up scrambled Mr. Gilbert, and sure enough found a young bird in a hole about two feet deep, apparently but a few days old, and lying on a few dry leaves. The native protested to Mr. Gilbert that it would be of no use to hunt for eggs, as there were no traces of the old birds having been lately there, so our collector secured the nestling, placed it in a good-sized box with a sufficiency of sand, and fed it with bruised Indian corn, which it took rather freely; but it was wild and untractable, and on the third day it contrived to escape from its prison. But while it remained in the box it was incessantly employed in scratching up the sand into heaps, and although it was not larger than a small quail, the vigor and rapidity with which it threw the sand from one end of the place of its confinement to the other was quite surprising. Poor Mr. Gilbert got but little sleep while it was in his custody, for it was so restless at night that it kept him awake by the noises it made in endeavouring to gain its liberty. Only one foot was employed in scratching up the sand, and when the bird had grasped a footful it threw the sand behind it with small exertion, and without shifting its standing position on the other leg. This exertion seemed to Mr. Gilbert to proceed from mere restlessness, and a desire

to use its powerful feet without having much, if any, connexion with feeding; for Mr. Gilbert never detected the bird in picking up any of the Indian corn which was mixed with the sand while thus employed.

Eggs were continually brought to Mr. Gilbert; but he had no opportunity of seeing them taken from the ground till the commencement of February, when, on another visit to Knockers Bay, he saw them exhumed from a depth of six feet, in one of the largest mounds which he had seen. In this mound the holes ran down in an oblique direction, from the centre of the hillock towards the outer slope, so that although the eggs were six feet deep from the top, they were not more than two or three from the side. Mr. Gilbert was informed that the birds lay only a single egg in each hole, and that, after the egg is deposited, the earth is immediately thrown down lightly until the hole is filled up. Then the upper part of the mound is smoothed and rounded over. The top and sides of the mound betray the recent excavations of the bird, for the distinct impressions of its feet are there left, and the earth is so lightly thrown over that the direction of the hole is easily ascertained by thrusting in a slender stick, the ease or difficulty of the penetration indicating the length of time that has elapsed since the operations of the bird. But to reach the eggs is no easy task. The natives dig them out with their hands alone, making only sufficient room to admit their bodies, and to throw out the earth between their legs. By grubbing thus with their fingers, they are enabled to follow the direction of the hole with greater certainty; and it will, sometimes at a depth of several feet, turn off sharply at right angles, its direct course being thwarted by a clump of wood or some other obstacle. Persevering as the savage is, his patience is often sorely tried. Upon the occasion of extracting these two eggs the native dug down six times successively, to a depth of six or seven feet at least, without finding an egg, and came up so exhausted that he refused to try again. But Mr. Gilbert's anxiety to verify the statement made to him was now completely roused, and by

the offer of an additional reward he induced the grubbier to try again. The seventh trial was crowned with success; and Mr. Gilbert's gratification was complete when the native with pride and satisfaction held up an egg, and after two or three more attempts displayed a second. 'Thus proving,' adds worthy Mr. Gilbert, 'how cautious Europeans should be of disregarding the narrations of these poor children of nature, because they happen to sound extraordinary or different from anything with which they were previously acquainted.'

In another mound Mr. Gilbert, with the aid of his native, obtained an egg from the depth of about five feet, after excessive labour. This egg was in a perpendicular position, and the holes in this hillock—which rose to the height of fifteen feet, was sixty in circumference at the base, and like the majority of those he had seen was so enveloped amid trees of thick foliage as to preclude the possibility of the sun's rays penetrating to any part of it—commenced at the outer edge of the summit and ran down obliquely to the centre. This mound felt quite warm to the hands.

Now comes the question, How do the young birds effect their escape from the tomb where they are literally buried alive?

This seems to be a mystery. Some natives told Mr. Gould that they emerged without aid: others declared that the old birds, when the fulness of time was come, scratched down to their offspring, and set them free.

Mr. Gilbert found this megapode confined almost exclusively to the dense thickets near the sea-beach; nor does it appear to be met with far inland, except up the banks of creeks. The birds go in pairs or singly, feeding on the ground, on roots for the most part, which the powerful claws of their great feet enable them to scratch up, and on seeds, berries, and insects, especially the large coleopterous kinds of the latter. They are not easily procured, and though the whirring of their wings as they fly away is often heard by those who approach their haunts, the birds themselves are seldom seen. The flight is heavy, and does not seem capable of being long sustained.

When first disturbed the jungle-fowl invariably makes for a tree, and as soon as it there alights, stretches out its head and neck in a straight line with the body, and remains motionless in that attitude. When thoroughly roused and alarmed it flies horizontally and laboriously for about a hundred yards, with its legs hanging down. Mr. Gilbert did not hear any note or cry; but the natives described and imitated it, and according to them it clucks much in the fashion of a common domestic fowl, the cluck ending in a peacock-like scream. He observed that the birds continued to lay from the end of August to March, when he left that part of the country, and, if the natives are to be believed, an interval of only four or five months, including the driest and hottest portion of the year, occurs between their breeding seasons. Mr. Gilbert remarks that the composition of the mound seems to influence the colouring of a thin epidermis, with which the eggs are invested, and which readily chips off, showing the shell to be white. Thus eggs deposited in a black soil are externally of a dark reddish brown; those placed in sandy hillocks near the beach present a dirty yellowish-white hue. They differ in size considerably; but all are of the same form, with both ends equal. The average size may be taken at three inches five lines long by two inches three lines broad.

The geographical distribution of this singular group of birds is not confined to Australia, but extends from the Philippine Islands through those of the Indian Archipelago to Australia.

The same Fauna that exhibits the anomalous proceedings of the brush turkey, the native pheasant, and the megapode, and the rude congeries of materials in which they plant their eggs, leaving them there to be hatched by vegetable fermentation and solar heat, as the common snake consigns her eggs to the dunghill, presents the most curious examples of bird architecture hitherto discovered. The history of the elegant artificers of these structures has more the semblance of an Arabian tale than a sober statement of fact. The bower-birds* of Australia dis-

* Genera, *Ptilonorhynchus* and *Chlamydera*.

play, in the erection and decoration of their edifices for assembly and halls of amusement, an ingenuity and taste that place them far beyond any others of their race with which we are acquainted.

Their constructions and collections—for they are most ardent, assiduous, and indefatigable collectors—had attracted the attention of travellers, who were puzzled as to what cause they could attribute the phenomena presented to them occasionally in their journeys. To Mr. Gould, who has dissipated the clouds which obscured so many of the Australian animals, we are indebted for an elucidation of this most curious mystery. He watched the builders, obtained two of the bowers complete, and with his usual liberality, and not without considerable difficulty, placed one in our national museum and the other in that of Leyden.

The bower-like structures from which the birds take their name first came under the notice of Mr. Gould at Sydney. Mr. Charles Coxen had presented an example to the museum there as the work of the satin bowerbird. With his usual energy, Mr. Gould at once determined to leave no means untried for ascertaining every particular relating to this particular feature in the economy of the bird; and on visiting the cedar-brushes of the Liverpool range he discovered several of these bowers or playing-places. He found them usually under the shelter of an overhanging tree in the most retired part of the forest, differing considerably in size, some being a third larger than that represented in Mr. Gould's admirable picture (for the illustrations in this, as well as in many of his other works, are not mere figures—they are pictures), whilst others were much smaller. He shall now speak for himself:—

The base consists of an extensive and rather convex platform of sticks firmly interwoven, on the centre of which the bower itself is built; this, like the platform on which it is placed and with which it is interwoven, is formed of sticks and twigs, but of a more slender and flexible description, the tips of the twigs being so arranged as to curve inwards and nearly meet at the top. In the interior of the

bower the materials are so placed that the forks of the twigs are always presented outwards, by which arrangement not the slightest obstruction is offered to the passage of the birds. The interest of this curious bower is much enhanced by the manner in which it is decorated at and near the entrance with the most gaily-coloured articles that can be collected, such as the blue tail-feathers of the Rose-hill and Pennantian parrots, bleached bones, the shells of snails, &c.; some of the feathers are stuck in among the twigs, while others, with the bones and shells, are strewn about near the entrances. The propensity of these birds to pick up and fly off with any attractive object is so well known to the natives, that they always search the runs for any small missing article, as the bowl of a pipe, &c. that may have been accidentally dropped in the brush. I myself found at the entrance of one of them a small neatly-worked stone tomahawk, of an inch and a-half in length, together with some slips of blue cotton rags, which the birds had doubtless picked up at a deserted encampment of the natives.

Mr. Gould goes on to observe that the purpose for which these curious bowers are made is not yet, perhaps, fully understood. He is certain that they are not used as a nest, but as a place of resort for many individuals of both sexes, which, when there assembled, run through and around the bower in a sportive and playful manner, and that so frequently that it is seldom entirely deserted.

The proceedings of these birds (adds Mr. Gould) have not been sufficiently watched to render it certain whether the runs are frequented throughout the whole year or not; but it is highly probable that they are resorted to as a rendezvous or playing-ground at the pairing-time, and during the period of incubation. It was at this season, as I judged from the state of the plumage and from the internal indications of those I dissected, that I visited these localities; the bowers I found had been recently renewed; it was, however, evident, from the appearance of a portion of the accumulated mass of sticks, &c. that the same spot had been used as a place of resort for many years. Mr. Charles Coxen informed me, that, after having destroyed one of these bowers and secreted himself, he had the satisfaction of seeing it partially reconstructed; the birds engaged in this task, he added, were females.*

* *Birds of Australia*. By J. Gould, F.R.S. &c. Published by the Author, 20 Broad Street, Golden Square.

Such are the bowers constructed by the satin bower-bird, (*Ptilonorhynchus holosericeus*, Khul), the country of the aborigines of the coast of New South Wales. The plumage of the adult male is deep, shining, blue-black, well justifying that part of its name which likens it to satin, except the primary wing-feathers, whose deep black more resembles velvet, and the wing coverts, secondaries, and tail-feathers, which are also of a velvety black, tipped with lustrous blue-black. The eyes are of a light cerulean blue, with a circle of red round the pupil. The bill is of a bluish horn-colour, graduating into yellow at the tip, and the legs and feet are yellowish white.

The head and all the upper surface of the female are greyish green, the wings and tail sulphur brown. The same tints prevail on the under surface as on the upper, but are much lighter, with a tinge of yellow, and each feather of these under parts has a scale-like appearance produced by a crescent-shaped dark-brown border at its extremity. The irides are of a deeper blue than those of the male, and there is only an indication of the red ring. The bill is of a dark horn-colour; and the feet are of a yellowish-white hue, tinged with horn-colour.

The young males closely resemble the females, with this difference, that the hue of the under surface is of a more greenish yellow, and the crescent-shaped markings more numer-

ous. The irides are dark blue, the feet olive brown, and the bill blackish olive.

These birds, the male being in its transition suit, may be seen at the garden of the Zoological Society, where they have a bower, and where I have had the pleasure of watching them. But I must break off for the present, though much more remains to be noticed with regard to this most interesting group, and other temptations crowd upon my pen. The hippopotamus—thanks to his powerful highness the Viceroy of Egypt, who saith to a man 'Go, and he goeth'; and to good, zealous, indefatigable, disinterested Mr. Murray—is delighting multitudes of eager spectators, who crowd to the Regent's Park to see this most healthy, good-humoured, rollicking, pachydermatous baby of five hundred pounds weight, that has come from a distance of five thousand miles to see and be seen: for he appears to be as pleased with his visitors as they are with him. The thy-lacines—shapes such as one sees in dreams—as yet so shy and wild that they dash with horror from the sight of a human face, and remain sulkily in their dormitory, are arrived to add to our notions of Australian wonders. The Egyptian snake-charmers are come. There are, however, other things in the world besides birds, beasts, and reptiles; and the friendly reader must be no longer detained from the more interesting pages that here claim his attention.

'THE TEMPEST' AS A LYRICAL DRAMA.*

SO much has been said and written, in an exaggerated tone, and with one-sided views, about the profanation offered to the great Shakespeare, in the transmutation of his plays, by the touch of the composer's alchemy, into lyrical dramas—when, in truth, a tribute has been merely offered to the fine dramatic tastes of the illustrious poet, by the choice of the same subject which he had selected for the requirements of the stage (as it existed in his time) from some earlier legend, tale, or poem—that we are happy to read so able a

defence of this practice, of which Rossini, Bellini, Zingarelli, Pacini, Verdi, Chelard, and other composers, have availed themselves with more or less success, but certainly rather with increased than diminished honour to the fame of the mighty English dramatist, as that written upon the occasion of the production of *The Tempest* in England as a lyrical drama. We doubt, moreover, whether even the most enthusiastic of the Shakespeare purists could deny the probability of the truth of Mr. Barnett's premises, when he says:

* 'The Tempest' as a Lyrical Drama. By Morris Barnett. J. Mitchell. 1850.

Is it too much to suggest that if, in the present state of the world's civilization, in the present era of the world's art, the lofty forehead and the gentle presence of He of Avon had been familiar to us, not from antique painting or sepulchral bust, but because he walked the world a brother man among us—is it too much to suggest that the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century would have evoked all the sister arts, poetry, music, painting, to his aid in the setting forth of the sweet, airy tale of the Enchanted Isle, and that he would have written the luscious poem which, married to immortal sounds, would have been called, *The Tempest, an Opera?*

There can be surely no presumption in the supposition that, had the operatic stage existed in his time, Shakespeare would have adapted some of his more fantastic subjects entirely for musical representation, instead of only interpolating them, here and there, with those songs, the charm of which, by the introduction of music even in the midst of the declaimed drama, his artistic and excitable spirit evidently seized upon as an admirable accessory to dramatic effect.

Of these fantastic dramas, the operatic qualities of which are self-apparent in these days of musical supremacy, the most prominent are the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Tempest*. The almost utter impracticability of presenting on the stage any adequate visible demonstration of creations, so delicate and wholly unearthly, as those which pervade the former poem—for such it is rather than an actable play—especially when they are brought forward as main personages, upon whose doings the interest of the plot in a great measure depends, and not merely as accessories or subordinate agents, has rendered the task of fitting it for the represented lyrical drama one from which sensitive minds have recoiled. The poetical temperament of Mendelssohn, certainly, has shed forth some of its choicest conceptions upon the overture and music attached to the portions more evidently adapted to operatic effects in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but it is to be questioned, whether his delicate organisation did not suffer, rather than his *amour propre d'artiste* find satisfaction in the production of his music upon the stage. The

supernatural portions of *The Tempest*, however, are of a grosser (so to speak), more visible, and more palpable nature—although, it must be admitted, the delicate sprite Ariel is perhaps the most difficult of all supernatural agencies to be given, with any degree of poetical realization, in a visible and corporeal form—and so many portions of this drama—heavy to our modern notions, be it said, with all due deference, in its representation as an acted play—appear, indeed, so evidently marked out for lyrical representation, and the expression of its poetical beauties by music, that it seems almost obstinacy which could deny the premises advanced—namely, that the representation of the drama in an operatic form appears rather an attempt at a more perfect realization (of course as a represented play, and with no reference whatever to the wonderful beauties of the poem) of the intents and fancies of the immortal dramatist.

In no one of Shakespeare's plays (remarks the pamphlet before us) do stage directions occur so often as in *The Tempest*, demanding 'sweet musick,' 'solemn and strange musick,' 'soft musick.' Music, in truth, was, in the poet's imagination, an actual and necessary part of the drama. In *The Tempest* music is no accidental grace, no mere means of heightening effects produced by other means. On the contrary, music from the beginning was made part of the machinery of the play. Music unfolds ideas dimly hinted at by the poetry, elaborates ideas vaguely shadowed forth by the spoken words. Music leads *their* steps astray [we must beg leave to lay this slip of the pen, by which the word 'their' can only be made to apply to the antecedent 'spoken words,' to the author of the pamphlet, and not to ourselves], or guides them aright. Music terrifies them, lulls them, soothes them, enchants them. The whole fancy-woven world in which they live is a world of music. Music is the magic of Prospero, and the only charm which softens the bestial nature of Caliban.

In truth it is difficult to understand how any one can refuse to subscribe to the following remark:—

The very fact of Shakespeare's determination to trust the development of a great portion, not only of the sentiment, but of the actual progress of the scenes to music, comparatively miserable as the resources must have been, which he had

for this purpose at his disposal, is a very curious and convincing proof of what he must have deemed the absolute necessity of the aid of music to the interpretation of the story.

Without too much presumption, surely, it may thus be maintained that Shakespeare, fully aware of the advantages of an operatic treatment bestowed upon the magical dramatic poem of his fancy, gave to it, as far as the musical knowledge of his era went, an operatic form, and that if he had lived in more modern days, when musical declamation has been admitted as one of the more stirring, if not perfected, forms of dramatic representation, the developement of his fantastic subject might have flowed from his pen as a *libretto*, destined to be wedded to, and completed by, the strains of a lyrical composer. Nor do we think that there is any need of the many pages of elaborate, high-flown, and somewhat overstrained reasoning by which the author of the pamphlet arrives at the conclusion that, in the reproduction of *The Tempest* as an opera, a laudable attempt has been made 'to carry out the plainly-indicated idea of the poet,—to clothe that idea with the musical drapery which is necessary for the due developement and exhibition of its fair proportions.'

Although thus following and coinciding with Mr. Morris Barnett in his defence of the use of the poem of *The Tempest* as an operatic *libretto*, we must pause and endeavour to correct several misconceptions that have arisen in his pages, and are calculated to mislead his readers as to various matters of antiquarian knowledge connected with the drama and its musical annals. It is very possible that the 'musical adjuncts' employed in the Elizabethan age to set forth the musical conceptions of *The Tempest* may, 'in their then rude and unfinished condition, have afforded but a faint and maimed idea of the strains, the mental echo of which we may suppose to have arisen, in all its fitful beauty, in the poet's brain, as he wrote his directions for solemn or for strange music.' But we must protest against the supposition that the nature and use of these 'musical adjuncts' of the period are at all ignored; they are well known to the weakest antiquarian; and their enu-

meration and description would be almost useless. Not only also is it well ascertained (contrary to the assertion of Mr. Morris Barnett) 'what the orchestral and vocal resources were upon which Shakespeare had to depend,' but the very melodies adapted in his own age to his words, as sung upon the stage, have been preserved (duly scored); and those in the very drama in question among the number.

A learned antiquary, Dr. Rimhault, has, with great pains, collected most of the music used in the time of Shakespeare in the representations of his dramas; and it is to be hoped that he may be one day induced to publish this curious and interesting collection. Among other pieces, are almost all those played in *The Tempest*; and not only the melodies of the songs, but even those of the 'strange musick,' 'solemn musick,' and 'soft musick' used for the 'stage-business.' The whole music seems to have been composed 'expressly for the occasion' of the first representation of *The Tempest*, by Robert Johnson, a musician of the day, and teacher (as far as our memory serves us) to Queen Elizabeth herself. The same composer seems to have been constantly employed by the theatres for the production of the incidental music interspersed among the dramas of the period, and, among others, for that of the songs in Middleton's *Witch*. Antiquated also as those pieces of music may be in form and rhythm, and singular as may appear much of their *naïveté* in the present day, they are full of quaint and pleasing melody, the freshness of which would still render them most acceptable to the ears of English musical amateurs.

Upon another point also Mr. Barnett, who surely must be well acquainted with the modern lyrical, as well as the dramatic stage, has allowed an error to creep into his text. The inference necessarily to be drawn from the following phrases,—'One of the gorgeous fictions of Shakespeare has furnished subject-matter for modern musical inspiration' (allusion is here made to *Othello*)—and again, 'Reminiscences of a very different character will attach to the second adaptation for musical

purposes of a play by Shakespeare, is, that once only before has a drama of Shakespeare been used for the development of the musical ideas of the lyrical composer. Why has the author chosen to ignore the many versions of *Romeo and Juliet* under the titles *Romeo, Romeo e Giulietta, Montecchi e Capuletti*, &c., to which the composers Zingarelli, Pacini, Bellini, and (we believe under correction) Mercadante, as well as others, have attached their names? Pasta has made portions of the work of Zingarelli familiar to an operatic generation not gone by; and that of Bellini has passed again and again over our lyrical stage. *Macbeth* has served as the foundation for the compositions of Chelard, and, with his music, has been executed by a German company in London. The same tragedy has more recently been used by Verdi in an opera, the score of which is well known to our musical amateurs; it is to be found among the stores of our principal music-dealers in London; and portions of the opera have even frequently been executed in private concerts. Still more, the very drama of *The Tempest* itself has already been produced upon the lyrical stage in various operatic arrangements.

We have already stated that the original music was composed by Robert Johnson, Mus. Bac.; and we will pass over this arrangement, as well as those of Dr. John Wilson, Professor of Music in the University of Oxford about the year 1640, and of John Bannister and Pelham Humphries, jointly, in 1675, to come to the music of Purcell, composed in 1690, to an evidently operatic adaptation of *The Tempest*. The form given to the drama upon this occasion was that of a regular opera of the period; and, consequently, we may record this instance as that in which *The Tempest* was first produced as a decidedly 'lyrical drama.' In the music composed by Dr. Arne, and still used in the representation of the play at our modern theatres, that musician only 'set' the words of the songs written by Shakespeare himself (and we may avert here to

the fact, that his music of 'Where the bee sucks,' has received, by its use in the new opera, a tribute flattering to our English pride, and creditable to the taste and tact of the French composer); and, therefore, we will not consider his compositions as giving the play an operatic form. But in the year 1756, again, *The Tempest* was represented, under the direction of David Garrick, expressly as an opera, with music by J. C. Smith.

But it is not in England alone that the same subject has been used in an operatic form; since a *Tempesta* has already been produced in Italy; and upwards of twenty years back (as far as our recollection serves, sometime about the year 1829), the drama of *The Tempest* was used (almost scene by scene) as the foundation of a *libretto* in Germany.

So evidently an operatic subject had not escaped the attention of German *libretto* writers,* even long before the spirits of Scribe and Halévy were inspired to work jointly upon its development. The music to the opera here referred to, *Der Untersberg*, was composed by a certain Baron Poissl, at that period royal intendant of the Munich theatre, a very heavy composer, to say the best. The subject of *The Tempest*, moreover, although the construction of the drama was followed almost scene by scene, was transferred from its original fantastic regions—the vague whereabouts of which so well suits the 'fantasy' of history, linked, as it may be, to a species of reality (like the link that ties the enchanter Prospero to the earth) by being placed in relation with existing geographical names—the neighbourhood of the Bavarian highlands. Much of the vague, dreamy, fairy poetry of the subject, was thus lost; and the pine-clad heights and rocky ravines of the Untersberg, a mountain lying near the north-eastern extremity of Bavaria, which gives its title to the opera, and where, as the legendary place of resort of witches, wizards, imps, and demons, the cave of the poet's Prospero was placed, were but heavy and chilling

* We ought not, at the same time, to pass over in silence the *Euryanthe* of Weber, the *libretto* of which opera, by Madame Helmina de Czezy, is an evident adaptation of the subject, and in part of the scenes of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*.

substitutes for the southern, almost Oriental landscapes, filled with luxuriant trees of unknown form, and exuberant fairy plants of bright sunlit colours, with which the fancy naturally paints the regions of the 'Enchanted Island.' The gnomes, mountain-spirits, and impish demons of German legendary lore, of which Rübezahl and the demon of the Hartz are the types, were made also to take the place of the wondrous poetical conceptions of our Dreaming; those glittering beings, which Retzsch, albeit a German, has known far better to embody in his poetical illustrations.

The fancy was thus made to seek its embodiments in the repulsively grotesque forms of the German gnome-tale; and Ariel lost, thus, all its magic power of contrast with the grosser nature of the 'lubber fiend,' Caliban. In fact, in the production of *The Tempest* as a lyrical drama in this form, a due quantity of lead was infused, not only into the poetry and the fancy-dreams of this drama, but also into all the conceptions of scenic illustration, to meet a popular German taste, more sensually fantastic than poetically refined, more clinging to the earth than soaring into higher regions of the air. The opera of *Der Untersberg*, then, although applauded for a brief space by court favour, was a decided failure. The subject, certainly, cannot thus be said to have been forestalled by previous librettists and composers. The field was open to the genius of Scribe, as also to that of the composer, whose passionate and so highly dramatic strains in the *Juive* augured him well capable of presenting in 'sweet sounds' and 'wondrous harmonies' the poetical fancies of such a tale of enchantment. We do not attempt to deny this. But in a pamphlet, written expressly for the purpose of defending the practice of selecting the dramas of Shakespeare as subjects to be converted to the purposes of lyrical composers, and bearing the title of '*The Tempest*' as a Lyrical Drama, it was surely playing with the knowledge of its readers and the annals of operatic music to ignore entirely all the other plays of the great poet selected for the same purpose, and to set out of sight that

the very identical drama principally referred to had already 'served the turn.'

It is not to our purpose, in a review of '*The Tempest*' as a Lyrical Drama, to enter into any judgment of Monsieur Halevy's music — nor to dwell upon the gorgeous *mise en scène* of Her Majesty's Theatre; nor to expatiate upon the poetry to be found in the dancing of the ballet-sprite, who floats before the eyes to 'music in the air,' as the Ariel of our dreams, whose feet are only agents of a body, capable of giving grace to characters the most poetically vaporous, and of a mind capable of 'setting forth' in pantomimic art conceptions the most fantastic; nor, much as we might desire it, upon the wonderful realization, in look, gesture, and bearing, as the monster Caliban, of that marvellous old man, who, in spite of disadvantages of person, and necessary diminution of physical force by growing age, has shown what exceeding powers and what a versatility of genius, as an actor, he still possesses, who has so far gone beyond our expectations; nor upon the exquisite vocalization and gentle grace of the countess-artist as our boy-beloved Miranda; nor upon the many other glittering impersonations and embodiments of the dreams of a fairy tale of youth placed before us with such vividness, as far as 'earthly mould' could impersonate them or scenic art embody them. But about the *libretto* of Monsieur Scribe, as *apropos* of our subject, we have still a few words to say.

None, certainly, would be less backward than ourselves in subscribing to the sentiments of Mr. Morris Barnett in doing homage to Monsieur Scribe, 'as the dramatic genius of the age, whose invention is as fertile as Lope de Vega's,' or to the conviction that with his 'profound dramatic knowledge' and 'consummate dramatic tact,' 'this most skilful and successful of living dramatists' was the most fitting person to adapt to the purposes of an opera 'the brilliant yet the delicate play of fancy which flings its many-hued and gaily-dancing glitter over the dramatic poem of *The Tempest*.' We entertain the highest admiration, not only for the wonderful powers of invention, which seem inexhaustible, in

the great French dramatist, but for those qualities also which are generally less regarded and appreciated,—his no less wonderful talent and tact in construction and combination, in giving a whole, rounded, artistic, and essentially dramatic form to the objects of that invention. The 'working out' of any of M. Scribe's pieces, even the smallest, may always be studied as a work of art; but we cannot subscribe to the full praise awarded to his adaptation of the subject before him.

In describing a portion of the task which Monsieur Scribe had before him, Mr. Morris Barnett says,—

The problem set before the adapter to solve was the production of a play which, while it should answer the requirements of the musician, and fulfil all the conditions of the modern lyrical drama, should be also a faithful transcript, in respect to character, sentiment, and chief situation of the original poem; the changes introduced being always in the nature of natural development; a declaration of that sentiment always instinct with the elemental spirit of the whole work, and always preserving the characters in the same relative situations, and performing the same offices in the progress of the dramatic action, as were allotted to them in the first instance by the creative mind of their great originator.

So far from admitting that this problem has been fully and satisfactorily resolved, we consider that, especially in one notable instance, the contrary has been perversely and unnecessarily done. We take no exceptions to the introduction of the three wishes placed in the power of Caliban by his witch-mother, Sycorax, and more especially as this idea develops the selfish brutality of the monster in satisfying his own desires at the expense of the mother, who has bestowed upon him this grant: such means of situation and incident are by no means out of place in a fairy tale, and can be only criticized as worn-out and 'used-up' expedients. But we must utterly condemn the incident (evidently introduced for the purpose of effecting 'a strong dramatic situation') by which Miranda, persuaded by the witch Sycorax that Ferdinand is an enemy to her father, is about to murder him in his sleep, and is only

prevented in her design, when 'the dagger is uplifted and the blow descending,' by extraneous circumstances. We miss entirely in this invention the tact of Monsieur Scribe; for the situation is a *hors d'œuvre* effecting no purpose, leading to no development of the plot,—an excrescence which might be lopped off without the least detriment to the progress of the action; and Scribe generally earns one of his greatest praises in never employing unnecessary scenes to work out his conceptions. If, moreover, a strong dramatic situation had been necessary, the dramatist surely might have invented one less in striking *dis-harmony* with the pure, simple, and high-souled Miranda, whose *naïveté* is here transformed into a gross credulity which urges her to the verge of crime. We think this incident fatal in itself alone to the award of merit to be given to the adapter in his present work; and most assuredly we cannot agree with the defender of the adaptation that 'even in those portions of the *libretto* where incidents and combinations are introduced not to be found in the original play, these incidents and combinations are perfectly in unison with the tone and spirit of the text, and that they, in fact, appear to be the natural result of the chain of circumstances bent, forged by Shakespeare, and continued for a few links more by his modern adapter;' or again, that 'in all these introduced passages the spirit and sentiment of the ancient poem are carried out with the most scrupulous fidelity.'

In thus taking leave of Mr. Morris Barnett, with a most reluctant dissent to the truth of his evidence that Monsieur Scribe has written his *libretto* with the 'most perfect appreciation of Shakespeare's immortal work,' and with a still more reluctant conviction that the great dramatist has shown himself in some portions far below himself in his usual exquisite dramatic tact and spirit, we cannot but in justice add, that in witnessing the representation of Halévy's opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, the utmost gratification may be derived from 'The Tempest' as a Lyrical Drama.

RECENT TRAVELLERS.

THERE is no class of books that I ought to be more instructive than books of travels; yet, taking the bulk of them, no class is less so. The reason is obvious enough—the majority of travellers who have no specific object in view merely skim the surface, and bring back what are popularly called impressions, which mean, not an account of the things they saw and observed, but of the manner in which they were themselves affected by them. Such impressions may be occasionally true by accident; but the chances are, that in nine hundred and ninety-nine instances in a thousand they will be false, partial, or distorted. A man may make an amusing book out of very flimsy materials, but we must protest against being amused at the expense of our understanding.

When the Blind Traveller was asked how he could undertake to describe what he had not seen, he said that, at all events, he had one advantage over tourists who used their own eyes instead of collecting information from different sources—namely, that he couldn't be taken in by appearances. The whole philosophy of the business is contained in this answer. To observe the habits of a people, and thoroughly investigate their social life and institutions, it is necessary to live long enough amongst them, not merely to become familiar with their modes of thinking, but to emancipate ourselves from our own. We must neither judge hastily of strange forms and manners, nor measure them by a standard which, however proper to us, may be wholly inapplicable to them. He who flies through a country, and takes appearances at sight as conclusive evidences of national character, judges of the kernel before he has cracked the nut, or trained his palate for the flavour.

We know well that we thrust our hand into a hornet's nest when we say that the majority of modern books of travels are uninteresting. We know what a formidable legion of tourists such an assertion is likely to bring clattering down upon us—the most numerous, active, and vivacious brood of scribblers extant; men who keep diaries, and go about

with sketch-books and the newly-invented machine for making daguerreotype landscapes; who scour Switzerland in three weeks, and carry away a tremendous quantity of jargon about glaciers, avalanches, and aiguilles; who pick up statistics and national manners at *tables d'hôte*, and take bird's-eye views of agriculture, costume, and scenery, from the windows of a railway carriage. Let us not be misunderstood. The very pleasantest sketches of adventure—when they happen to be thrown off on the impulse of the moment, and are free from affectation and superciliousness—are to be found amongst the books produced in this off-hand way; but their whole attraction lies in the personal narrative, from which some amusement may be gleaned, and some useful hints touching creature-comforts, charges, and incidents of the road. Beyond that they are sheer hubble. The muse of history does not travel by rail, and the life of a people is not to be studied in the *salle-à-manger*.

Of all travellers in the world, the English are the best and the worst. To the researches of Englishmen the world is more largely indebted for important discoveries than to any nation, or to all the nations, on the face of the globe. They have penetrated to the remotest corners of the earth, clearing up the mysteries of extinct tongues, exorcising the domestic and political secrets of antiquity out of symbols and hieroglyphics, and extending the acquisitions of science in new and untrodden regions of research. But between this section of the travelling English, and that mob of tourists who migrate in summer and autumn to explore half-a-dozen kingdoms in as many weeks, a wide and warning distinction must be drawn.

It would be difficult to determine why the thousands of English who may be tracked annually up the Rhine, and over the Alps and the Pyrenees, go abroad at all. Intelligent purpose they have none, unless it be some such motive as change of scene, movement, excitement, health. These are sufficiently reasonable grounds for travelling,

but they furnish no very satisfactory reason why idleness and dyspepsia should publish their travels when they come back. To mix in the society of a country, or even to collect the traits that lie on the surface, would be absolutely impossible in these hasty trips; and if such an exploit were possible, the English of all mankind are the least qualified by nature or habit to perform it. Their insular manners stand in the way of that free intercourse which is the *passe-partout* to the life of a people; and certain lofty prejudices, which are not amiss at home in helping to impart self-reliance to the national character, lead them to depreciate or misjudge foreign customs exactly in proportion as they differ from their own. The self-same qualities of pride, reserve, and distrust, which make it so difficult for strangers to get access to an Englishman, render it equally difficult for an Englishman to blend himself up with strangers. 'An Englishman,' says a recent writer, 'carries with him, wherever he goes, two obstinate antipathies: first, a disrelish, or contempt, for everything that is *not* English; second, a freezing suspicion and distrust of everything that *is*. He moves in a repellent atmosphere, and shuts himself up in a crust of prejudices.' 'The English,' says Hazlitt, 'carry out their own defects as a standard for general imitation.' 'Everything an Englishman sees,' says Sydney Smith, 'shocks some passion, or flatters it; and he is perpetually seduced to distort facts, so as to render them agreeable to his system and his feelings.' But these peculiarities are patent to all the world, and everybody has profited by the notoriety of them—except the English themselves.

Notwithstanding all this phlegm and repulsiveness, however, the English are to be found in every nook and cranny that contains a fraction of a civilized or uncivilized population. You cannot go into a mosque, a synagogue, or a cathedral, visit a picture-gallery or a museum, climb a mountain, traverse a pass, lose yourself in a ruin, or go anywhere, in short, for society or solitude, that you may not calculate with tolerable certainty upon meet-

ing some of your wandering countrymen. And it is all the more curious that they should exhibit such a lively passion for travelling, since it seems to yield them hardly any other gratification than that of spending their money and grumbling. But these are English passions, and it is evident what a powerful influence they possess over us when we put ourselves to such extraordinary inconvenience for the sake of indulging them.

As soon as the sun enters Cancer, and the season shows a tendency to droop in London, and the days to grow sultry, and ball-rooms to develop the latent capabilities of a vapour-bath, the evidences of recent travel begin to accumulate with alarming rapidity on our tables. Just as the fashionable world is throwing out symptoms of exhaustion and moving seaward for fresh air, the market for tour-books is opened to the travelling public. Now is the moment for every man who has carried a knapsack into the valleys of the Tyrol, or lingered a week in the pleasant villages of the Jura, or pampered his lassitude over the fountains of Schlangenbad, to come out with his book, and advertise the community of his marvellous experiences by flood and field, his hairbreadth escapes of cheating landlords and commissionaires, the vile dinners he was forced to eat, the horrid beds he slept on, and the strange customs and manners he was brought into contact with. Nor is the increasing heap of volumes limited to that European field of adventure whose romantic difficulties and remote wonders have been reduced to such commonplace by the railroads; contributions are poured in from the most distant regions of the habitable and uninhabitable globe, and the tips of the earth's axis contend with our next-door neighbours for their share of popular patronage and vagrant curiosity.

We have a pile of these works before us, which we propose to explore, one by one, for the entertainment of such of our readers as happen to stay at home, content to make the grand tour of the earth in an easy chair; and some imperfect notion of the variety of their contents may be extracted from the bare fact

that they come to us from nearly every point of the compass—from France, Spain, and Greece; from America, North and Central; from Norway, Nineveh, and the Arctic Region. We consider ourselves under no sort of obligation as to our mode of working our way through these various latitudes. We will take our own time, like the dilettanti travellers whose performances we are about to chronicle; stop where, and as long or as short a time as we please; give way to whatever humours the scene or the climate, the dinner or the breakfast, the bed or the *char-à-banc*, may engender in us for the time being; and, without further preface, make an irresponsible journey through these books, much in the manner of that sort of gossip by the wayside which forms the staple of at least one half of them.

Taking our departure by the South Eastern Railway in company with Mr. Weld,* whose *History of the Royal Society* may lead the reader to suppose that we are going abroad on a scientific expedition—a supposition which, we are happy to say, is quite erroneous—we cross over to Boulogne, put up for the evening at the Hôtel des Bains, and starting at ten o'clock the next morning, find ourselves dining tranquilly at our usual hour in the Rue Rivoli, looking out with unmemorial curiosity to see how the sun sets over the gardens of the Tuileries.

Mr. Weld is familiar with Paris, and is enabled to compare former Paris with the Paris of August 1849, considerably to the disadvantage of the latter; and if we were to carry the comparison down to the present moment we could strengthen the case by illustrations more salient and striking than any he has adduced. But it is mere waste of paper to talk about Paris—we might as well enter into a minute account of Burlington Arcade or Trafalgar Square. It is quite a different business, however, when Mr. Weld sets up Paris against London, informing the quiet old gentleman in the easy chair that our metropolis is dreary and dusky in comparison. We

protest against this judgment, Mr. Weld; and, after making you a free gift of all the handsome buildings of Paris, all the excellent maxims of Vitruvius, and the sparrows' nests of Somerset House to boot, we are ready to maintain, at any time or place you choose to appoint, that we have immeasurably the advantage in every particular that contributes to the grandeur and imposing effects, and even, under existing circumstances, to the gaiety of a great city. Having relieved our scruples on this point, we despatch an agreeable dinner at Veray's, drop into a railway carriage, and, without the least flurry or excitement, have the intense satisfaction of gazing on the theatrical statue of *La Pucelle* at nine o'clock at night, in the ancient, odoriferous town of Orleans.

Of all the surprising changes France has undergone in our time, the railroads have worked, upon the whole, the most astonishing. Even the revolutions themselves have not produced half such wonderful results. What a formidable undertaking it used to be to travel from Paris to Orleans—now a mere after-dinner drive. What a dismal expedition it used to be up or down the Loire for two long sickening days, from sunrise to sunset, in one of the horrid Inexplosible boats—now a run of a few hours through woods and terraces and green pastures. The centralization system is blotted out for ever and ever. Paris is no longer a focus—it is diffused all over the country. If its vivacity and voluptuousness do not spread, its disturbing influence does, and although Orleans is as dull and stagnant as it has been any time these twenty years, the consciousness that it is within three or four hours of Paris exercises a silent action over the lives of its inhabitants which must materially modify its provincialism in the course of time. The Paris *salon*, filled by fugitives from the deserted châteaux, is amongst the traditions of the *ancien régime*; and if ever the landed proprietors should be rich enough to entertain their friends in their own seignories, the railroads will be discovered to have

* *Auvergne, Piedmont, and Savoy: a Summer Ramble.* By Charles Richard Weld. London: John W. Parker, West Strand, 1850.

given a new and, perhaps, not very welcome impulse to the hospitalities of a country life. With the existing law of property in France, we do not think this pastoral millennium will ever be realized to any great extent; but when one's friends discover that they can pay a flying visit a hundred miles off in almost as short a time as it formerly took them to go to Versailles or Fontainebleau, the rural lords will find themselves compelled at last to put their tattered mansions in order.

The main object of Mr. Weld's trip was to visit the little-frequented district of Auvergne, one of the most picturesque spots in France; and from this central point to pursue his route through Piedmont and Savoy to Geneva, and so by the Jura back to Paris and home. Looking to such an excursion as a question of time, pleasure, or expenditure, he committed a mistake in going to Orleans. The Lyons road, as far as Moulins, is the direct highway to Auvergne, and would have saved him many little inconveniences and perplexities incidental to his broken journeys from Orleans to Mont Dore les Bains. This suggestion has a peculiar propriety in reference to Mr. Weld's book, which presents so minute a narrative of his progress from place to place, and is so full of useful details, that it is not unlikely to be adopted as a guide-book by future tourists in that country; and an excellent guide-book it is,—accurate, sensible, and amusing.

The chief objects of interest in Auvergne are the extinct volcanoes, which, clustering thickly in the neighbourhood, have left tremendous traces of their ravages on the surface. Ascending to the summit of the Pic de Saney, stated to be 6171 English feet above the level of the sea, Mr. Weld enjoyed the most complete view that can be obtained of a stranger panorama than any that has yet been submitted to public inspection upon miles of canvass at the Egyptian Hall or Leicester Square:—

It is the culminating point of that vast volcanic crust, which swells and heaves through an area of fifty-six miles in circumference. Here the throes of nature were of the maddest and most stupendous description. The fundamental

granite rock—the foundations, as it were, of the world—were broken like glass, and gave way before the enormous upheaving force which brought forth mountains. The depths of hell were laid bare. Huge contorted pinnacles of pitchstone porphyry, and breccia containing sulphur, are seen immediately beneath the Pic de Saney to the N.W., shooting up from the sides of the Gorge d'Enfer. Around, nothing but volcanic mountains meet the eye, their craters—in many instances lakes—fringed with woods, gleaming like orbs of molten silver.

The mountains in this region, especially in the vicinity of Mont Dore, with their belts of impenetrable forests, will amply repay the fatigues of the intrepid pedestrian who ventures to scale their heights. Mr. Weld, inspired by a strong desire to pierce these solemn solitudes, made the pass of the majestic Puy Ferrand without a guide, ascending from the Gorge de Chauffour, and losing his way amongst the labyrinths of rocks, but successfully descending, at last, on the other side.

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Weld's time was entirely taken up with adventures of this kind, or that his book does not contain matter more applicable to the uses of travellers in general. He has a pleasant flavour in his composition of a variety of tastes, that go to make upon the whole an intelligent *compagnon de voyage*. He is a geologist, angler, and sketcher, and is by no means indifferent to the creature-comforts involved in the essential details connected with eating, drinking, and lodging—upon all of which topics his good humour and common sense are advantageously displayed. The account he gives of his sojourn at the baths of Mont Dore—one of the few places where the English rarely congregate—presents some practical particulars which will probably tempt many tourists to turn their wandering steps in that direction. Mont Dore is picturesque and cheap, the air salubrious, and the water almost as delicious as that of the Serpent's Bath. The charge at the hôtel for board and lodging was only five francs a-day, and the accommodation and supplies were excellent and ample. The life here is in some respects different from that of the German watering-places. It is a mere village, and so destitute

of shops, that visitors may be advised to bring all their idle luxuries with them. After a capital breakfast the company disperse to their rooms, and presently re-appear equipped for riding; and as the hire of a horse is only three francs a-day, nobody thinks of walking. Then off for an excursion, and home to a liberal and very lively dinner. That entertainment despatched, a salon is thrown open in the evening, for music, chess, and whist, varied by dancing on two evenings in the week. These *réunions*, at which gambling is discountenanced, are described by Mr. Weld as being extremely agreeable, and conducted in the best taste. At eleven o'clock the whole village is fast asleep, and up again at five the next morning, to resume the same round of healthy enjoyment.

Passing through Piedmont and Savoy, visiting the Grande Chartreuse, pausing at Geneva, where he is much disturbed by discovering that Voltaire's house at Ferney has fallen into the hands of a Parisian jeweller, who has stripped it of its reliques, paper, furniture, and all, and fitted it up, like a Goth, in the modern taste, Mr. Weld hurries on to Paris; and here we take leave of him to join a tourist of a different complexion, who invites us to a seat in the *banquette* of the Bordeaux diligence, *en route* for Spain.

Mr. Clark calls his book *Gazpacho*.* This requires a little explanation. Gazpacho is the name of a popular cold soup in Spain, composed of bread, pot-herbs, oil, and water. How it comes that there is no garlic in it, is more than we can conjecture; but let that pass. The book, being a mixture of many ingredients, is called after this miscellaneous soup; but Mr. Clark is very unjust to himself in likening his book to a cold mixture, of which one of the elements is water. It is a stew of a very different order—racy, rich, and piquant, and served up steaming hot.

The line of Mr. Clark's journey—completed with incredible velocity in a slender volume—may be indicated at once by an enumeration of the

principal towns that stand, like landmarks, on the road: Madrid, Toledo, Grenada, Malaga, Gibraltar, from thence a backward excursion to Seville, and home again in a steamer from Cadiz to Southampton. We do not know exactly how long our tourist lingered over this journey; but we are bound to say that he does not linger over the record of it, for a narrative so wilfully brisk and epigrammatic, and galloped through with such bounding animal spirits, has not stirred our pulses since the publication of Head's famous ride over the Pampas.

The best thing we could say about Mr. Clark, would not convey half so just a notion of his lively way of writing as a quotation or two, in which we will let him speak for himself. His style is everywhere smart; his gaiety is never put out by disappointments or misadventures; he takes his revenge upon all discomforts (a class of experiences abounding in Spain), by turning out the ridiculous side of them; and hits off the well-known characteristics of the country with a celerity of touch, for which, in these days of descriptive reiteration and monotonous integrity in the threadbare items of travel, we have much reason to be grateful.

The approach to Madrid over one of those desolate plains which are so oppressive to the spirits of a traveller, is almost the first really Spanish incident on the journey:—

Besides the diligence and its team, creeping like a long snake over the white road, there was not a living thing to be seen—not a trace of man's handiwork. The shrieks of the driver and the crack of his whip, were the only sounds which broke the stillness. The desolation of a plain is always more awful than the desolation of a mountain. If in the latter case it is natural, and a thing of course, in the former it seems the result of a curse on the place. The existence of such vast deserts within half a day's journey of the capital, points to something rotten in the state of Spain; and yet this is the country which once peopled a continent with its overplus. The Spanish monarchy is a tree which has decayed from the core outwards; the leaves, meanwhile, flutter out their season gaily enough, caring little for the old trunk.

* *Gazpacho*; or, *Summer Months in Spain*. By William George Clark, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. 1850.

The absence of everything like life or movement, until you come plump up to the walls of the capital, harmonizes with the languor and idle sensualism of the people. Instead of stretching its masonry out into the country, and gradually vanishing away into woods and fields, like other great cities, Madrid stops short at 'a mud wall, surmounted by paltry minarets and towers, with a desert all round and touching the very gates!' In this aspect it really resembles an Oriental town; and, unfortunately, the resemblance penetrates to the interior, where the sleepy existence of the inhabitants completes the analogy. Bull-fights and bandits seem to be the only active agencies that possess the power of wakening the people up out of the stupor of garlic and cigars. The best description of a bull-fight we have fallen in with for a very long time is to be found in this volume, and amateurs of that sanguinary amusement may be confidently promised rather a new view of the savage spectacle from the gay and satiric pen of Mr. Clark. The source of the pleasure which the Spaniards find in witnessing these unequal contests, the issues of which are as completely forecast and provided for as the catastrophe of a play, is to be traced, no doubt, to that wild and fearful excitement which fascinated even Mr. Clark himself, although his first sensations, when the hungry bull came lashing into the arena, amidst the thrilling silence of 15,000 spectators, were those of horror and disgust.

We English are too apt to condemn such spectacles without reflection. Certain notions obtain currency concerning foreign customs, and being adopted and echoed by one traveller after another, pass at last into axioms; and it is only when some traveller with original eyes, ears, and thinking faculties, takes the liberty of judging for himself, instead of dropping into traditional prejudices, that we begin to detect those transmitted fallacies which few people ever dream of disputing. Every traveller who runs through Spain has his fling at the bull-fights. The barbarous sport is the common target against which he fires off his virtuous indignation; and barbarous, unquestionably, are

all such sports: but when we undertake to criticise the bull-fight, we should remember that it is a national usage that has come down to the present time surrounded by imposing historical associations, and that, like most usages of that sort, it may be regarded, in more senses than one, as a safety-valve to let off the passions of the multitude. Even the bull-fight is not without its use and its moral. Nor is this all. Let us be sure that we stand clear of similar offences ourselves before we are so ready to show our horror of them to others. The Englishman who launches out against bull-fights, runs the risk of being disagreeably reminded of his dog Billy and the Cockpit. Hear Mr. Clark:—

I would give a piece of advice to travellers in Spain. However barbarous they may think a bull-fight, if they wish to keep on good terms with the natives, they had better not say so; there is no point on which the patriotism of a Spaniard is so sensitive. Only constitute yourself the apologist of the national sports, your Spanish friend is highly flattered, and out of politeness affects to take a foreigner's view of the matter, says something about 'relics of barbarism,' 'advancing civilization,' and such-like transparent cant. On the contrary, once begin to attack them, this same friend is up in arms to the rescue, and, by way of a *tu quoque*, will accuse you of having killed a man in a pugilistic encounter in the Regent's Park; or of having sold your wife, with a halter round her neck, in Smithfield Market.

This latter charge would rather weaken the Spaniard's case, by betraying a gross ignorance of our institutions; but the pugilistic encounter is an accusation not so easily answered: for although we lay the flattering unction to our souls that the exhibition in the prize-ring is a manly sport, we are afraid a Spaniard would consider it, and not without justice, a hundred-fold more revolting, and not half so picturesque or inspiring, as a bull-fight.

Turning from the Plaza de Toros to an arena of another description, we will step into the Senado, the chapel of a suppressed convent, in which the peers of Spain deliberate upon the intrigues of the bed-chamber. Here we shall see Narvaez in his glory; and often as he has sat for his portrait, it is probable

he never had it painted in this fashion before:—

On the right of the chair in front is the bench assigned to the minister; and there I had the good luck to see Narvaiz, otherwise called Duke of Valencia, and a great many fine names besides, and, in reality, absolute master of all the Spains. His face wears a mixed expression of inflexible resolve, very effective, and is garnished with a fierce, dyed moustache, and a somewhat palpable wig to match. His style of dress was what, in an inferior man, one would have called 'dandified.' An unexceptionable surt-out, opened to display a white waistcoat, with sundry chains, and the extremities terminated respectively in patent leather and primrose kid. During the discussion he alternately fondled a neat riding-whip, and aired a snowy pocket-handkerchief. Those who know him give him credit for good intentions and great courage, but do not expect that he will ever set the Thames on fire, whatever he may do to the Manzanares. He is a mixture, they say, of the chivalric and the asinine—a kind of moral mule. His personal weakness is a wish to be thought young, and hence he was actually angry when Lord Palmerston wanted to give him 'a wrinkle.'

Mr. Clark must have his joke, and is never serious enough to be proof against the contagion of a suggestive absurdity, no matter in what grave corner of a subject he finds it folded up. But, like many other quizzers we meet in the world, there is a purpose at the bottom of his fun which reconciles us to it in the long-run, even when it is most out of season.

One book upon Spain is much like another, unless it be relieved in this way by some peculiarity in the temperament of the writer. It is all Alhambras, and Murillos, and bull-fights, and ventas, and prados over and over again. Consequently, there is not much left in the way of novelty for the last comer to glean, if he have not a happy talent of his own for placing old objects in a new and bizarre light. This is exactly what Mr. Clark has done, still further enlivening the canvass by numerous personal adventures and experiences, which, in addition to the interest that attaches to such anecdotes when they are thrown off with spirit, possess the charm of giving a

direct vitality to the scene, much in the same way as if the tour were turned into a drama and acted before our eyes.

In immediate contrast with this vivacious style of tour-book are a couple of volumes of sketches in Greece, by Mr. De Vere.* The transition from that gush of waters whose air is loaded with jealous scents from the harem-gardens of Barbary to the voluptuous atmosphere of the Ægean Sea, will do no great violence to the imagination of our readers in an age when ærial mariners are ready to undertake, upon payment of an adequate douceur, to bring home Sir John Franklin and his crew in ten days or so in a balloon. But this is an episode in the annals of travelling with which we have no legitimate business at present. The mutton waits.

Mr. Clark considers it necessary (although we do not) to apologize for the frequent recurrence of 'I,' 'I,' 'I,' in his narrative. Mr. De Vere has need of no such deprecation. His 'I' appears much seldomer than we could have desired. We should have been glad to have seen a great deal more of the actual life of the Greeks, and of his own road-side relations with them, than he has given us. Restrained by a severe task which eschews much reference to self, and absorbed by classical associations, which naturally enough engage the feelings of a scholar on the soil of Greece, to the exclusion of meaner topics, his work may be regarded more as the reverie of a prose-poet amongst the monuments of antiquity, than the record of a contemporary excursion into the country of King Otho. We acknowledge how difficult it would be to travel through Greece, thinking of the miserable present, with such immortal remains of the glorious past rising up around us on all sides. The imagination is insensibly carried away to the age of Sophocles and Plato, and would come down with an ill grace from 'the height of that great argument' to investigate the arrangements of the Lazaretto, or waste its speculations on the shops of Athens.

* *Picturesque Sketches in Greece and Turkey.* By Aubrey De Vere. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1850.

But Mr. De Vere gives us some suggestive hints here and there, from which inferences may be drawn of the state of society, such as it is, and of the prospects, not quite so unclouded as the skies, of Greece. One thing is perfectly clear, that the country has not advanced under the government which was given to it by the high contracting powers who took it under their sage protection, and that it would require a deeper philosopher than the seer who does the prospective politics of the *Prophetic Almanac* to cast its horoscope just now.

The state of society at Athens (says Mr. De Vere) has in it much to interest those who are not exclusively dependent on social conventionalities. In its small compass you meet representatives of most countries in the East as well as the West; while the native population, in the midst of their unchangeable monuments, are obviously, both as to character and manners, in a state of transition as rapid as could have characterized a Greek colony in old times. How long the present order of things may last no one can guess, nor whether it will be succeeded by a better or a worse.

He is disposed to ascribe the backwardness of the country in taking advantage of her independence, and working substantive good out of it, in some measure to the establishment of a government which, whether it was adapted to the wants and genius of the people or not, laboured under the disadvantage of having been imposed upon them by foreign hands, instead of having been moulded and set up by their own. There is something in this; but we cannot see the alternative by which that extrinsic influence could have been dispensed with.

Those who give on such occasions seldom know how to give good gifts; and those who receive seldom know to work good out of evil, or even to use good without abusing it. Greece must have patience, and her destinies will shape themselves according to her internal needs, of which she probably knows as little as her advisers. If I order a coat of a tailor who never saw me I must not expect to be perfectly fitted, and have some reason to be contented if I can keep it on my back. Every beast in the forest has a coat that fits him, but then he is at the trouble of growing it.

These analogies are dangerous imple-
ments, and sometimes cut the fin-

gers that use them. If Greece could have won her own independence she might have grown her own government, although even that is doubtful; for unless her independence had been guaranteed from without, it is almost a certainty that she would not have been allowed to grow anything for her own use: but she could do neither the one nor the other, and had not a vestige of hope left of the freedom she panted after, except through the guardianship of the powers that achieved it for her. If she has not thriven under the constitutional privileges she was so restless to acquire, the fault is neither in the French party, nor the Russian party, nor the English party, but simply and exclusively in the Greeks themselves.

Dismissing these considerations, from which nobody can derive either pleasure or profit, we gladly turn to more graceful and attractive topics, which have seldom been treated with such refined and cultivated judgment, or profound enthusiasm, as in the pages of Mr. De Vere's work. His style is, perhaps, occasionally too ornate and elevated; but the theme is grand, and a large allowance may reasonably be made for the earnest outpourings of a scholar, who finds himself realizing the dreams of his boyhood on the sacred earth of Marathon and amidst the shades of the Acropolis. Every step of the ground has been described by previous writers, and nothing new can be said about it except that which is always new, and always worth saying, the impressions which the contemplation of these classical sites leave upon minds educated to feel and comprehend them.

We cannot afford to do justice by way of extract to Mr. De Vere's eloquent expositions of the scenery through which he passed, recalling a world of memories at every turn; but a passage or two may be enough to send the reader to the book itself for a feast of such scraps as the following, the opening sentences of his visit to the Acropolis:—

If there existed nothing worth seeing in Greece except the Acropolis of Athens, and if the way thither were a wilderness, it would still be one of the spots on earth most worthy of a pilgrimage. It might, indeed, be better never to see it, than to see it only once or twice, and with feelings as tumultuous as, under such circum-

stances, would naturally be those of a man treading the ground trodden of old by the greatest poets, philosophers, orators, and statesmen whom the world has ever seen. To wander there repeatedly, however,—to enjoy a silence broken but by voices from the past,—to idle there, and then to explore,—to sleep there in the sunshine and to waken suddenly,—to forget where you are, and to be accidentally reminded of it by the first object on which your eye rests,—to see your own old thoughts rising up from behind prostrate pillars or broken friezes, and hearkening you on towards a company of better thoughts but half your own,—this is to visit the Acropolis, and for this few efforts would be too great.

A traveller so entirely under the influence of what may here be fitly called the *genius loci*, can hardly miss his object in desiring to convey to others something of the delight and rapture he has himself experienced.

The classical spirit which pervades this work, is free from the slightest tincture of pedantry. The author has the good taste not to make a parade of his lore, while his familiarity with the high themes upon which he enters, and his fitness to deal with them, are visible in every page. The portion devoted to Turkey is equally excellent, fresh, and picturesque, and more attractive in the way of adventure. Mr. De Vere enjoyed a piece of good luck which falls to the chance of few Franks, having had an opportunity of visiting the interior of a harem, and seeing the wives and slaves of a wealthy Turk unveiled before him. For that strange incident, and others hardly less curious, we must refer to the volumes themselves. Our observant tourist excels in pictures. His view of Constantinople is a brilliant specimen of his powers in that way.

But we cannot afford to linger amongst these tempting scenes, and so leaving Mr. De Vere to find his way home from Constantinople by himself, we propose to penetrate into the remoter East, in company with the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, who being appointed on a mission of inquiry into the religion and literature of the Oriental Churches, has devoted himself assiduously to the

collection of information respecting the ancient state and history of Nineveh.* Two years spent upon those distant plains, and in various excursions into the less-frequented recesses of Assyria, have enabled him to produce a work which will be perused with profit by all classes of readers, but especially by the learned in the antiquities of Holy Writ.

The principal points of interest embraced by Mr. Fletcher relate to the ecclesiastical history of the Chaldeans, the moot questions in the Assyrian records, and the Babel of Genesis. The antiquities of Nineveh have been already so largely treated by Mr. Layard and Major Rawlinson, up to the present limits of our knowledge, that Mr. Fletcher judiciously curtails his notes in that direction, and addresses himself to topics upon which he is able to command a wider field of original observation.

The hypothesis concerning Babel has, at least, the merit of novelty, and is as strongly supported by conjectural evidence as the majority of such speculations. It has been generally assumed that the city of Babylon is identical with the Babel of Genesis, but Mr. Fletcher is inclined to place the latter in a more northern position. The grounds of this opinion are reasonable enough. Traveling from Nisibis to Jezirah, he passed a small village, which bears the name of Babeel, standing in the plain called Sinjar by the Arabian geographers. Upon the supposition that the Sinjar of to-day is the Shinar of Genesis—which, from its locality, is highly probable—this name of Babeel, although it appears to apply only to a petty group of hovels, presenting not a solitary vestige in evidence of any former greatness, led Mr. Fletcher to the conclusion that here upon this spot stood that mighty tower, 'whose top did reach unto heaven.' Assuming the plain to be that of Shinar, the position of this village, within a day's journey of the mountains, justifies the hypothesis. This seems to be the sum of the evidence on that side; on the other it is purely speculative. The name of the later Babel, or Babylon, may be accounted

* *Notes from Nineveh, and Travels in Mesopotamia, Assyria, and Syria.* By the Rev. J. P. Fletcher. 2 vols. London: Colburn, 1850.

for, Mr. Fletcher thinks, as having been adopted by the emigrants who colonized Egypt after the dispersion of tongues, and who, in memory of the cause of their exile, may be supposed to have built in their new country another city of the same name. He further helps out his argument by reference to the fact mentioned in Genesis, that 'they left off to build the city,' adding, that all traditions agree in affirming that the first Babel was destroyed by a storm. The case is not made much clearer by these side-lights. The leaving off building applies to the one place as properly as to the other; and the destruction of the city might be employed with equal or greater force in favour of the modern Babel, since the experience of all history shows that when one great city was destroyed it was usual to build another on its site.

Interspersed through the biblical and historical discussions which form the staple of Mr. Fletcher's volumes are some sketches of eastern life and customs, that bring out in its true aspect the sleepy and stagnant character of the people. There is no passage in their lazy existence more thoroughly Oriental, from first to last, than their mode of travelling by way of caravan. Its slow pace of about three miles an hour, its wearisome and monotonous tramp and hum, the grim desolation all around, and that silent trust in Destiny which puts an extinguisher upon self-exertion, harmonize fitly with the enervating atmosphere, and the repose of a race that dreams away its energies over the solacing chibouque. The only variety that disturbs the languid and oppressive sameness of the road is when your dull post-horse scrambles over a fragment of rock, or stumbles into a bog or quagmire—incidents of frequent recurrence in these dismal plains, and which Mr. Fletcher thinks may have suggested those passages in the Psalms where a comparison is frequently instituted between the troubles of a journey and the troubles of life. To an European these journeys are intolerable; he longs to scamper at full gallop over the broad verdure, even at the risk of losing his way or falling among thieves—two very likely contingencies; but a native makes up his mind to the protracted fatigue like a philosopher.

Nothing can exceed the solid gravity with which a true Oriental supports these inconveniences. He sits in his high-peaked saddle just as he would sit in his divan at home, and his solace, the never-failing pipe, accompanies him in a round leathern case, which hangs by his water-bottle near the pommel of his saddle. If the way is dreary, he yawns; and after two or three exclamations of 'Yallah!' he draws from his girdle a match, if he be so fortunate as to possess that luxury, and having filled his chibouque from the embroidered pouch, he lights the tobacco, and then inhaling the smoke, not hurriedly, but in a measured and dignified manner, he thinks of the prophets and saints who have traversed the same weary route before him.

The special function which drew Mr. Fletcher to the East, and for which he was excellently qualified by his attainments and his toleration, threw open to him many opportunities of observing the condition of the English in relation to the means they possess or cultivate for the observance of their religion. We are sorry to say that the result is not creditable to the Christian zeal of our countrymen. The following observations, unfortunately, derive additional importance from the profession of the writer, who must be supposed to have committed them to print with no slight reluctance:—

It seems strange when we reflect that the English, who pride themselves upon being one of the most pious nations in the world, should be infinitely behind every other in providing for the spiritual wants of those of their countrymen who reside abroad. One can scarcely find two Oriental families anywhere without a priest and a church; the Romanist has his chapels and his clergy in every inhabited spot; and even Mahomedans and Pagans rarely live long in any foreign land without raising a mosque or a temple for the services of religion. But when the English do provide such accommodations, they are generally of the meanest and most inexpensive description. Some garret, or some cheap apartment on the second floor, situated, as a matter of course, in the filthiest and most remote corner of the town, is generally pointed out as the English chapel. Nor is it surprising that, under these circumstances, the natives of Great Britain should gain the credit of having no religion. The Italian friar, the Greek or Syrian priest, who resides at Aleppo, sees a large body of our countrymen living without a church, a clergyman, or any

outward manifestation of their religious faith; and he immediately comes to the same conclusion that every other reasoning being would, namely, that the *Ingleez* are *fermaasoon*, or infidels.

We have no reason to doubt, and can only deplore, the truth of this statement. But all the world ought to be advertized, east, west, north, and south, that the travelling or colonizing English do not fairly represent the national character; that, on the contrary, they consist of fragments loosened by unfavourable circumstances from the parent society, and drifting off into hazardous courses in which they cast away their responsibility to their country; and that, like other adventurers, they must be left to take upon themselves the consequences of their conduct. Of all nations within the girdle of civilization the English at home, in their own institutions and foundations, are the most conspicuous for the zeal with which they secure the ample administration of religion, and for their orderly observance of its duties. As a people, we must not be held accountable for the negligence or apathy of our wandering fellow-countrymen, especially those who wander into the East, and who might, probably, plead the influence of surrounding associations as an excuse for sinking into moral as well as physical lassitude.

Let us change the scene. This magic lantern of travels has many slides, and a transition from the funeral landscapes of Assyria to the clattering highways of the United States, where human activity is kept up at high-pressure power, will not be unwelcome. It may be said that we have had books enough upon America. But we never can have too many books upon America, provided the writers of them possess the faculty of keen observation, and sufficient literary skill to exhibit the results in tolerable English. America exists in a condition of perpetual motion—some people call it progress, which may, or may not be, the right word; but, without stopping to ask whether Cousin Jonathan accomplishes any positive advance, nobody will deny that he throws out un-

mistakeable symptoms of what may be called, to use a choice phrase of his own, a 'rowdy' vitality. A people addicted to such alarming restlessness must continue to supply inexhaustible materials for speculation as long as they continue to go a-head in that frightful manner. We shall never be tired hearing of their singular exploits and unparalleled eccentricities; and until they settle down into a millennium—not to be hoped for any time this side of a thousand years—of settled habits, rational views, and distinct, intelligible national characteristics, they will always be new, strange, and startling to us. And to confess the truth, much as the world would gain by the sobering down of the American temperament, we should be loth to lose the fun which that happy circumstance would extinguish. Irish humour is nearly gone out owing to a similar cause, and we are anxious to keep up the American stock as long as we can.

We must be understood to speak here of the United States only in their social aspect. The book before us does not invite any graver considerations.* It is the production of a lady who visited the States before, and who gives us, in a series of familiar letters, a hasty survey of external features. She travelled too rapidly to mix much with the people, or to be able to form a safe opinion of the working of their institutions. In a country where the natives brawl so much out of doors, and wear their hearts so visibly in their sleeves for daws to peck at, these surface traits may be admitted with less risk than elsewhere. So much of the actual life of America is transacted in public and in the open air, that he who runs may read the most strongly-marked peculiarities of the people. The bar of the hotel, the *table d'hôte*, the huge railway-carriage, the steamboat, are the obvious vents of American character; and the quick-sighted traveller who keeps his eyes about him, and directs his intelligence to a simple transcript of what he sees, may readily 'catch the living manners as they rise.'

Mrs. Houstoun's work is of this

* *Hesperos; or, Travels in the West.* By Mrs. Houstoun, author of *Texas, and the Gulf of Mexico.* 2 vols. John W. Parker, West Strand. 1849.

class. It does not pretend to be profound; it does not affect topics beyond the legitimate province of an educated woman, and never falls into the error of drawing general inferences from particular examples; it is sensible, lively, and pleasant, and so candid and good-natured that the staunchest Yankee, who hails Columbia with a stave of the grand anthem every morning when he gets up, will find very little in it to put him out of humour.

Like all other English travellers in America, Mrs. Houstonn is particularly struck by the liberties taken with the vernacular in the spoken language of the country, heightened in effect by that remarkable nasal utterance, which fixes attention still more forcibly upon every departure from the original. Particular terms have a particular value in America altogether different from the value attached to them in England; yet the Americans sincerely believe that they speak English with more correctness and purity than the English themselves. Their criticisms upon our English are infinitely entertaining.

They pique themselves (says Mrs. Houstonn) on their power of 'guessing' the name of the very county in England in which you had the misfortune to imbibe what *they* consider your peculiar incorrectness in speaking your mother tongue; for instance, I was once informed by an 'officer's lady' that she was 'sure I was London raised by my talk.' After this, when I found myself making use of some term, or form of speech, not in general use in America, I have come to the conclusion that those present were of course finding as much fault with our English as we habitually do with theirs.

Of course they were; but there is this slight difference in the cases, that we form the standard of our own language, and are alone the judges of correctness or incorrectness in the use of it. You might as well go to the Havannah for the standard of Spanish, or to the banks of the St. Lawrence for the standard of French, as to America for the standard of English. The question does not admit of discussion. England alone is the depository and tribunal of the English language; and wherever the Americans depart from the usage of this country they are

wrong. It is a case for summary jurisdiction. There is no court of appeal. For instance, when an American lady says that she knows by your 'talk' that you are 'London raised,' we are justified in reminding her that she is applying to a human being a mode of expression which can properly be applied only to a vegetable. Such a phrase would be regarded in this country as a vulgarity—in America it is the custom, and defended on that ground. All that can be said in answer to such a defence is, that in America vulgarities have passed into general circulation. The current coin of the country is spurious.

The flowers of speech that are incidentally scattered through Mrs. Houstonn's volumes yield some curious exemplifications of the phraseology of the people. These are chiefly railway and hotel experiences, and illustrate the spoken language of the population at large rather, perhaps, than that of the higher and better-educated classes. As an appropriate induction to these samples, we will start in a railway-car, to which we are obliged to climb up through a door behind:—

There might be assembled in this human menagerie about sixty people, *gentlemen* and *ladies* of all descriptions and conditions (for the distinctions of first and second-class carriages are unknown here), and one and all were arranged on small horsehair seats, with wooden backs, each capable of containing two very small people, and no more. These seats were placed, to use a nautical expression, *athwart ships*, instead of *fore* and *ast*, and every two people turned their backs on the two behind, and so on to the end of the carriage. Through the middle (for the seats extend along each of the bare wooden walls of the caravan) is a narrow pathway, through which every new comer walks to his seat, by this means (and it is a trifling advantage) avoiding the foot-treading, gown-crushing, and begging-pardon process to which, under different arrangements, unfortunate travellers are exposed. At the *door-end* of the carriage a small placard was pasted on to the woodwork, and on it was a notice to the following effect,—*'Gentlemen are requested neither to smoke or spit in the carriages.'* Below this was a piece of advice, still more characteristic of the habits and manners of the country:—*'Gentlemen are likewise recommended not to hang their legs*

or heads out of the windows while the cars are in motion.'

In a car thus labelled with ominous warnings on the subject of decorum and good behaviour, we may expect to be enlivened with such scraps of dialogue as are chronicled in the following passage:—

The carriage was as crowded as usual, and a long-haired, thin-faced, unkempt man, who sat near us, having premised that he 'expected' we were *strangers*, entered into conversation. 'Well, sir, I guess yoo've no travelling like this in the old country; I do expect we've a long chalk afore you in steam, anyhow. This was said with that sort of 'Contradict me if yoo can, but I know you can't' look, which speaks more eloquently than words, and then he went on through the usual dictionary—'Go a-head!' 'Steam op!' 'Flash of lightning!' &c. &c. nearly all the way to Utica. We inquired of our voluble acquaintance, before we started, whether two o'clock was not the time when we might reasonably hope to arrive at our journey's end. 'Well, I expect that *is* about the *calculation*,' was his oracular reply, and with this we were obliged to be contented. But at this moment there was a banging of doors, a loud cry from the conductor of 'All aboard—go a-head,' and we sped away to Utica.

We have another specimen in an old man, who appeared to be labouring under great uneasiness of mind from ignorance of the locality. He wanted to stop at a place called Syracuse, and was in constant alarm lest he should be carried somewhere else. Railway travelling was apparently new to him, and the rapidity of the movement increased his consternation:—

I could see that he was quite capable of echoing D. Crockett's remark, when he first saw a swiftly-passing train, '*Hell in harness, by Jupiter!*' At every stoppage for wood his high-toned nasal voice was heard exclaiming, 'Well! I guess this *is* Syracuse' (an immense accent on the final syllable)—'well, I guess this *is* Syracuse at last; I wonder where these tarnation 'coons are going to!' No answer was vouchsafed to this remark, for every one who could have given him a satisfactory one was asleep. As for me, greatly as I commiserated his situation, I could do nothing towards relieving his anxiety—my state of ignorance being as deplorable as his own. After a short pause he began again. 'I say, yoo eternal nigger,' addressing a black man who was standing by the win-

dow, 'I say, you eternal nigger, is this Syracuse?' I tell yon I'm bound to go to Syracuse! I've bought an everlasting lot of cattle, and I tell you I could buy all the city, I could. Every one knows his own business best, and I *presume* I know mine.' To this manner he went on, whether we were stationary or not, till at last, in utter despair, he gave his next neighbour a rousing push of no gentle kind, and called out in his very ear, 'Well, sir, I ask you once more if this a'nt Syracuse, and if it a'nt, I wonder what, under Almighty compass, it is?'

If this style of phraseology were merely local, if it were peculiar to the Far West, or to some distant outlying districts on the confines of the Union, it would be as unfair to cite it in illustration of the general population as if we were to select a Yorkshireman as a sample of the bulk of the English people. But Mrs. Houstoun has only just left Boston, the Athens of America, and she is travelling by the general conveyance of the country, and wherever she goes, or wherever she stops, in the heart of the great moving masses, she hears exactly the same forms of expression, the same exclamations, and the same tone of voice, united with pretty much the same modes of breeding. Dipping a little farther into the book, and penetrating the comparative repose of the *salons*, where a more refined turn of conversation may be anticipated, we find still prevailing much the same set of words and cast of sentences, contrasted with a certain cultivation in the manner of the speakers, which only makes these verbal singularities grate the more strangely on an English ear. If we are to look for good taste in the matter of language and utterance anywhere in a country, it is amongst the ladies—especially the ladies of the capital. Upon this point hear Mrs. Houstoun:—

Some New York families had *picked up* at their villas at Poughkeepsie, and other places on the river, and were returning to the city for 'the season.' Many of these were *distinguishé* and unexceptionable in dress, manners, and appearance; ladies of whose *ladyhood* it would be impossible to doubt. But let them do anything but speak, anything but draw forth their words, and scream out their surprise, and say 'What!' and 'Ay!' and 'Ha aw!' in a lengthened tone, of which it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea. This is a great pity, for the American

ladies are often agreeable, and almost always well read; indeed, I have every reason to think that they are as superior to us in general knowledge and erudition as they are in acuteness of observation. All these good gifts, however, are marred by a want of softness of manner, and by a deficiency of those 'good gifts which grace a gentlewoman.' The 'guessing' and 'expecting' are also by no means confined to the gentlemen, and the frequent use of these favourite verbs would, in my opinion, spoil the charm of any conversation.

Mrs. Houston notices the same peculiarities everywhere. 'If I could summon up a wish about them,' she says, speaking of the pretty and delicate-looking, but rather gaudily dressed ladies she meets in the saloons of the hotels, 'it would be, that they would pitch their voices in a lower key, and, if possible, not speak through their noses. Why is it that, throughout the whole of this vast continent, the nasal twang should invariably prevail?' It would be as difficult to answer that question, we apprehend, as to ascertain why the American ladies carry Parisian finery to a height of extravagance unknown in any other quarter of the globe. The cost of every article of dress is nearly treble what it is in London or Paris, and yet these ladies dress to an excess which the most prodigal women of fashion would never dream of elsewhere. Add to this the colours in which they indulge, and the use of the gaudiest costumes on the meanest occasions, and we have a tolerably complete picture of the outside of high life in the United States:—

Such feathers as I have seen in Broadway!—pink, blue, and red, and floating high in air on the winds of a cold November day. And then the satin gowns, of light and conspicuous colours, and the splendid velvets of every hue—and all this to walk in one of the dirtiest streets in the world; the object of this promenade (always excepting the primary one, of seeing and being seen) being, in all probability, to cheapen groceries in a huckster's shop.

This is what Dr. Johnson calls walking the gutter in state.

The Americans are proverbially jealous of criticisms upon their breeding. They are not singular in this respect. Every nation is conscious of its vulnerable point, and eager to

protect it. While they resent, however, with high indignation, all such assaults from abroad, it appears that they are by no means slow to turn their own defects and absurdities into ridicule at home. We had a remarkable proof of this recently in a preposterous comedy, or, more properly, a coarse farce in five acts, called *Fashion*, which, after having made the tour of the States, was produced at one of our London theatres. This piece was written by an American actress, and professed to give a life-like reflexion of fashionable society in New York; and the truthfulness of the transcript was attested by the enthusiastic applause with which it had been received in America. As a work of art it was beneath criticism; but as a representation of American breeding, painted by a native to the *manners* born, it was not without a certain curious value. The commentaries of Mrs. Trollope, the humorous sketches of Mr. Dickens, and the animadversions of Hamilton, Hall, Mackay, and all other writers upon the social characteristics of America heaped up together, would fall short of the humiliating exposition of vulgarity, meanness, ignorance, and low affectation, laid open in that production, which had not a solitary claim upon the patience of the audience beyond the fidelity of its portraiture. Now if the Americans admit the correctness of so degrading a picture of themselves, coming from one of themselves, and, above all, from a hand so feeble and incompetent, why should they betray impatience and irritation at the honest, and certainly less offensive, criticisms of others?

A great people should never be reluctant to allow their faults and foibles to be explored by intelligent observers, and would better consult their true dignity by profiting all they can from such salutary lessons. See how we English are criticised for our *hauteur* and reserve, our frigidity and repulsiveness, and see with what good-humour and frankness we go voluntarily into the confessional ourselves. It is not upon such points—essential as they are to the social refinement and elevation of a people—that the stability of a country rests; and that country can best afford to be lectured upon its

manners, that stands the most secure upon the solidity of its institutions.

From the Northern States to the Western Republics of America, is only a step in those days; but it is a step which involves as striking a change as a transition from the common atmosphere to M. Chaubert's oven, or from a dull dinner-table to a masqued ball. Chili and Peru, with their picturesque traditions, their fanciful costumes, their climate that rains nothing but sunshine, and their life of basking idleness, are as strongly contrasted with the material features of the United States, as the gauds of the playhouse with the monotonous street outside. Mr. Byam, with whom we traversed Central America not very long ago, has been four years 'knocking about' this country, and favours us with the results of his experience in a volume which possesses at least the advantage of being compact in form and matter, and of containing nothing but the fruits of his own personal observation.* His account of the interior is graphic and amusing, and in everything that relates to its sporting capabilities may be implicitly relied upon. Some other matters are not treated quite so carefully; we allude especially to the natural productions of the soil, which, if former travellers have not exaggerated the riches of these districts, are rather underrated by Mr. Byam. Of the mines and miners, of the mode of living of the people, of government, and the machinery of travelling and intercourse, he gives us some animated sketches which confer value and novelty upon his little work; but the chief feature of interest is comprized in the chapter which he devotes to an examination of that much-discussed question—a water communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Two routes have been proposed (for we put the isthmus of Tehuantepec out of court altogether)—from Chagres to Panama, and from Port St. Juan through the lake of Nicaragua, and on by the river to the Pacific. Mr. Byam pronounces in favour of the latter, and there is no doubt he is right.

The importance of this communication to us is obvious—it would save the long and circuitous voyage round Cape Horn, and open a direct passage to Australia. But the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment have hitherto prevented our capitalists from embarking in the undertaking. These difficulties may be finally resolved into two items—cost and labour. The cost has been estimated at an amount which would clearly render the project unremunerative as a speculation; while an adequate supply of labour, supposing a sufficient capital subscribed, cannot by any means be relied upon. Free labour could not be procured. Neither Americans nor Europeans could live in the dismal swamps of Nicaragua, and native labour is too precarious and capricious for the constant work required. In this exigency, Mr. Byam says, that the only alternative is voluntary labour from the African coast. This is the labour which our English feelings shrunk from in the West Indies; and we apprehend, that if English capital have an ascendancy in the proposed project, our aversion to the apprenticeship system will operate equally here.

There is no doubt that one day or another this canal will be cut by somebody, and it certainly will be our own fault if we have not a share and a supremacy in it. A company, armed with a commission from the local Government, is already formed in America for the purpose; and it is most desirable that the enterprise should be divided with England and France. The experience we have had of the value of such concessions will, of course, make our capitalists careful how they mix themselves up with this American company; but they should be still more watchful of the danger of delay. If the American company should be able to carry out the design themselves, they will cut so small a canal that it will be accessible only to their own coasters, to the exclusion of our large East India and Chinamen. Mr. Byam's remarks upon this point are deserving of grave consideration:—

It ought fully to be understood (he

* *Wanderings in some of the Western Republics of America.* By George Byam. John W. Parker, West Strand. 1850.

observes) by all parties who contribute in any way, either by influence, personal co-operation, or subscription of capital, to a water communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, that the said communication should be available to all nations; not only with regard to the right of passage, but with respect to the size and depth of the canal, which ought to be able to float a first-class ship . . . With a small canal, the whole of the transit trade would fall into the hands of the Americans, who would reap the profit sown by British capital, as they are now doing in Cuba.

Looking at the perplexities which beset this question, the difficulty of securing the rights to be acquired by such a communication, the indefiniteness of the cost, and the precariousness attending the supply of labour, we are compelled to come to the conclusion that, important as the project is admitted to be on all hands, it never can be effectually and safely carried out by mere private enterprise, and that the only mode of achieving it successfully would be by treaty and guarantee amongst those Governments that are chiefly interested in its accomplishment. If we understand Mr. Byam's view correctly, we apprehend he is of the same opinion.

From the burning plains of the western republics, we turn to a scene of another complexion—the eternal ice of the Arctic Regions. We are not quite sure that the diary of a voyage in search of the missing expedition of Sir John Franklin can be critically considered a book of travels; but few works of adventure and exploration will be found to exceed in thrilling interest the modest little volume in which Mr. Goodsir records the incidents of an enterprise that must command universal sympathy in its most trivial details.* Mr. Goodsir has a brother who embarked with Sir John Franklin; and his anxiety to obtain some tidings of his fate induced him to offer his professional services to the master of a whaler that was about to proceed to the neighbourhood of those wintry shores where the ships are supposed to be locked up. He started on the

17th March, 1849, and about the middle of June was in the midst of the ice of Baffin's Bay. Early in July they rounded Cape York, and here, upon a brilliant day, they had the good fortune to sail past an iceberg, the description of which is one of the most remarkable passages in the book:—

It was of immense size. The south side, on which we advanced towards it, was almost perpendicular, as if a recent split had taken place; but on rounding the corner, and coming abreast of the west side, which we did almost within arm's length, we found it to be wrought into ledges,—ledge upon ledge, each feathered with a fringe of crystal icicles, which here and there reaching the ledge beneath, formed columns slender as those of a Saracenic mosque; within them ran a gallery green as emerald. Two or three cascades were tumbling from ledge to ledge, and fell with a soft plash into the water beneath, sending the pearl-like bubbles dancing from them over the smooth surface. All were glancing and glittering beneath a bright sun; and if I had had it in my power, I could have stood for hours to gaze at it. Passing the corner, the south side was seen to be cut into two deep little bays with sloping shores, a long point running out between them. The lowest ledge of the west side rounded the corner and inclined down towards the nearest bay, if so it may be called, and ending in a broad platform. *This little bay seemed so snug, and lay so beautifully to the sun, that, unnatural as it may appear, one could not help fancying it as a fit site for a pretty cottage.*

On the 8th July the whaler ran past the mouth of Lancaster Sound, where they saw quantities of ice, but were at too great a distance to ascertain whether the Sound was frozen across. Reaching Pond's Bay, which seems to be the grand field for the activity of the harpooners, all was astir on board the little vessel for a run of whales. At this point Mr. Goodsir was anxious to obtain an Esquimaux guide to Navy Board Inlet,—an undertaking which might have been easily accomplished, but which, as the event turned out, would have been useless, as they afterwards visited Navy Board Inlet, and could find no traces of the ex-

* *An Arctic Voyage to Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound, in Search of Friends with Sir John Franklin.* By Robert Anstruther Goodsir, late President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. J. Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1850.

pedition. A guide could not be obtained, and the project was given up. The account of the whale fishery is interesting, but hardly more so than the delineation of the sensations a landsman experiences upon being shut up in the greasy timbers of a whaler for months, with the shore apparently close at hand, although many miles off, without being able to enjoy the luxury of landing.

On the 1st August they heard of the Esquimaux report which produced such an effect in England. Mr. Goodsir noted it down in the words of Mr. Parker, who came on board to breakfast, and gave them the cheering intelligence. If it were true, Sir John Franklin was at that moment lying at Whaler Point. Mr. Goodsir doubted the truth of the report, but nevertheless could not restrain his hopes when the whaler set her sails, and was fairly under way for Lancaster Sound. This is the point of the narrative at which the interest rises to a height of painful suspense:—

Throughout the night a strong and favorable breeze continued to carry us rapidly into the Sound, the weather still keeping clear and delightful. A keen and anxious look-out was kept by all those on deck, for the slightest trace which might have been left by either of the expeditions. . . . A long point of ice stretched out a-head. I was standing at the fore-castle, examining with a telescope every part of the shore with an anxious eye, when, with a thrill of joy, I recognized a flag-post and ensign. I gazed earnestly at it; there could be no mistake; I could almost make out the waving of the flag. Without saying a word I put the glass into the hands of a man who was standing near me, and told him to look at the point a-head. He did so, and, with a start, immediately exclaimed that he saw a signal flying. Delighted and overjoyed I snatched the glass from his hands, and again applied it to my eyes. In an instant I saw the wished-for signal, but for an instant only—it faded, and again appeared, but now distorted into a broken and disjointed column, now into an upturned and inverted pyramid. The refraction had caused a hummocky piece of ice to assume these forms. I need not attempt to explain the sudden elevation I experienced at this moment, still less the worse depression I had to undergo when

I found my fond hopes now dashed aside.

On they went through the Sound as long as the state of the sea would permit, but heavy masses of ice began to break under their lee; and as the master of the whaler was not authorized to prosecute the search, nor justified in persevering in those dangerous waters after it had become impossible to continue the fishing in that direction, they were compelled to abandon the inquiry, and retrace their way out of the Sound.

A map is attached to this book, which will be found useful to the reader; but we must suggest, that the value of such maps would be greatly increased if they exhibited the names of all places, or, at least, all the principal points touched upon in the narrative. The map, in this instance, is not as full or explanatory as could have been wished.

One book more, and we dismiss our batch of travellers to that shelf from which no traveller returns. A pedestrian tour through Norway turns up so many features of novelty, and is so crowded with personal adventures, that we should do an injustice to Mr. Forester's able and attractive volume, if we attempted to deal with it in detail.* The reader may be advised to go at once to the work itself for a complete and minute picture of Norwegian scenery and life in the heart of the country, and in many districts hitherto unexplored by visitors; all we can do with so elaborate a narrative is to point its general character.

Mr. Forester landed on the southern coast, and made at once for the central districts of the kingdom, having no very defined plan in view beyond the intention of reaching, as opportunity might offer, certain well-known points. In this way, assured of kindness and hospitality from the honest and primitive population, and properly equipped for the journey, he penetrated forest and valley, passing through many solitary and dreary scenes, and undergoing no inconsiderable amount of toil and danger. The course of these travels

* *Norway in 1848 and 1849.* By Thomas Forester, Esq. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

afoot has the air of a highly romantic adventure. Unlike any other country to which tourists resort to while away a few weeks of leisure, Norway has few resting-places where you can take your ease at your inn, once you get out of the towns, and find yourself literally working your passage through wildernesses of trees and savage defiles in the mountains. It appears that the geography of Norway has not yet been fully explored, and that there are many unfrequented tracts which have never been trodden by strangers, and where the sublime scenery and ancient manners of the people would amply reward the curiosity of travellers. The structure, so to speak, of the country is singular, and is clearly laid down on an excellent map drawn up expressly for this work from personal observations. The coasts are deeply indented by fjords, and the central area discloses a net-work of rivers and lakes springing from the mountain ranges that bound its circumference. The great depth of the numerous valleys that intersect the interior may be estimated from the vast proportion of high land, at a level of 3500 feet above the sea, running through the country, the central chain of which is indicated on the map. The general aspect of the scenery is wild to sublimity, and although the toil is arduous by which alone you are enabled to pierce these remote and difficult fastnesses, the wonder and delight they inspire more than recompense the traveller for the fatigue by which he purchases his enjoyment. But it is only right to say that people of delicate nerves, who look for luxury, and cannot, at least, dispense with comfort in travelling, have no business to go to Norway. They had much better stay at home and read Mr. Forester's book. The 'accommodations' are of the rudest kind, and sometimes there are none. When you are lucky enough, after being soaked all day in the rain, to find shelter in a peasant's hut, you must consider yourself very fortunate to get an airing of a log fire, and to be sumptuously served with a bowl of milk and *blad-bröd*. For days and days, probably, you will get nothing else, unless your simple and nutritious diet be happily varied by sundry preparations of

meal. Such are the chief articles of consumption in the interior, and Mr. Forester assures us that he found them quite sufficient for the maintenance of his strength under great fatigue, and that he even gained from them a tone of health and spirits which stronger and more factitious beverages and viands would have failed to impart.

It is evident from Mr. Forester's testimony that the hospitable and cordial character of the Norwegians has not been overrated. They are the only people within reach of a summer tour upon whose bounty and good will a traveller may throw himself with perfect confidence. This may be attributed in part to their strict preservation of their old modes and customs, and in part to their exemption from the corrupting visits of strangers. The vices of a high civilization have not yet reached them; and if their fare is homely, you have the satisfaction of feeling that it is given with a hearty welcome, and without the slightest design upon your pocket.

It must not be inferred from this glance at the difficulties of Norwegian travel, that the country does not yield, in its more cultivated and populated parts, the usual facilities for moving from place to place, and enjoying accustomed indulgences at the end of the day's journey. There are high-roads and post-carriages in Norway just as there are elsewhere—but, as Mr. Forester observes, it is not on post-roads and at post-stations that the real character of any country and its people can be learned, much less such a country as Norway. As an example of the style and means of travelling at your ease, take the main post-road from Bergen to Christiania, a distance of 340 English miles, which is usually accomplished in seven or eight days. The whole service is regulated under the authority of Government, and is conducted on an admirable system. There are certain stations at which relays of horses can be procured, and the farmers in the neighbourhood are compelled to furnish, on the summons of the postmaster, such horses as the traveller may require. The charges are fixed by a tariff, and delays are averted by a train of messengers sent forward from one station to another through-

out the whole line of journey, to see that the horses are duly provided. We certainly know no country in Europe where the posting system is managed so well, and the whole expense for a single traveller does not exceed twopence-halfpenny per English mile. But punctuality is essential on both sides. Tickets are filled up with the day and hour, and the number of horses required at each station; and as all this is regulated in advance it must be adhered to accurately, or otherwise the whole machinery will be thrown out of order. This is no great penalty after all, as the time he may choose to allot to his journey is entirely at the traveller's own option in the first instance. Mr. Forester pronounces a panegyric upon the working of the system.

Wonderful (he says) is the precision with which the whole service is performed, considering that the post-horses are outlying, and are often bespoke for some days before; still there is no neglect or irregularity. Not only in this journey, but during the whole of our travels by post in Norway, the joint sum of which amounted to upwards of 500 miles, neither my friend nor myself were ever compelled (except on one occasion) to take the same horse an additional stage for default of being supplied with a fresh

one. Nor do I recollect being delayed for five minutes at any post-house. As we drove up to the station, there was the relay waiting our arrival.

It is not, however, by the forbud, or post-service, that Norway is to be seen in its true characteristics.

The forbud may be often used with advantage in reaching distant points, from which it is advisable to diverge for the purpose of examining in detail the most interesting features of a particular district; but the secluded däl, the primeval forest, the wild passes of mountain ranges, the upland farm, the hunter's lodge, and the sæter dairy, can only be reached by 'rambles' on foot. Slow, and often toilsome, must be the progress, but how richly is the toil repaid.

How richly may be better seen in this book than in any other work of its class on Norway with which we are acquainted. The political institutions are more largely treated by Mr. Laing, and it is curious enough to note, *en passant*, that, although Mr. Forester looks at them from a different point of sight, he arrives at much the same conclusions; but, waving politics, for a picturesque and minute account of the scenic features of the country, and the actual habits and in-door life of the people, we commend this book to the special attention of the reader.

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ASKEST thou if in my youth I have mounted, as others have mounted,
 A Galloping Hexameter, Pentameter cantering after,
 English by dam and by sire; hit, bridle, and saddlery, English;
 English the girths and the shoes; all English from snaffle to crupper;
 Everything English around, excepting the tune of the jockey?
 Latin and Greek, it is true, I have often attach'd to my phaeton
 Early in life, and sometimes have I ordered them out in its evening,
 Dusting the linings, and pleas'd to have found them unworn and untarnish'd.
 Idle! but Idleness looks never better than close upon sunset.
 Seldom my goosesequill, of goose from Germany, fatted in England,
 (Frolicsome though I have been) have I tried on Hexameter, knowing
 Latin and Greek are alone its languages. We have a measure
 Fashion'd by Milton's own hand, a fuller, a deeper, a louder.
 Germans may flounder at will over consonant, vowel, and liquid,
 Liquid and vowel but one to a dozen of consonants, ending
 Each with a verh at the tail, tail heavy as African ram's tail.
 Spenser and Shakspeare had each his own harmony; each an enchanter
 Wanting no aid from without. *Chery Chase* had delighted their fathers,
 Though of a different strain from the song on the *Wrath of Achilles*.
 Southey was fain to pour forth his exuberant stream over regions

Near and remote : his command was absolute ; every subject,
 Little or great, he controll'd ; in language, variety, fancy,
 Richer than all his compeers, and wanton hnt once in dominion ;
 'Twas when he left the full well that for ages had run by his homestead,
 Pushing the brambles aside which encumber'd another up higher,
 Letting his bucket go down, and hearing it bump in descending,
 Grating against the loose stones 'til it came hut half-full from the bottom.
 Others abstain'd from the task. Scott wander'd at large over Scotland ;
 Reckless of Roman and Greek, he chaunted the *Lay of the Minstrel*
 Better than ever before any minstrel in chamber had chaunted.
 Never on mountain or wild hath echo so cheerfully sonnded,
 Never did monarch bestow such glorious meeds upon knighthood,
 Never had monarch the power, liberality, justice, discretion.
 Byron liked new-papered rooms, and pull'd down old wainscoat of cedar ;
 Bright-color'd prints he preferr'd to the graver cartoons of a Raphael,
 Sailor and Turk (with a sack), to Eginate and Parthenon marbles.
 Splendid the palace he rais'd — the gin-palace in Poesy's purlieus ;
 Soft the divan on the sides, with spittoons for the qualmish and queesy.
 Wordsworth, well pleas'd with himself, cared little for modern or ancient.
 His was the moor and the tarn, the recess in the mountain, the woodland
 Scatter'd with trees far and wide, trees never too solemn or lofty,
 Never entangled with plants overrunning the villager's foot-path.
 Equable was he and plain, but wandering a little in wisdom,
 Sometimes flying from blood and sometimes pouring it freely.
 Yet he was English at heart. If his words were too many ; if Fancy's
 Furniture lookt rather scant in a whitewasht homely apartment ;
 If in his rural designs there is sameness and tameness ; if often
 Feehleness is there for breadth ; if his pencil wants rounding and pointing ;
 Few of this age or the last stand out on the like elevation.
 There is a sheepfold he rais'd which my memory loves to revisit,
 Sheepfold whose wall shall endure when there is not a stone of the palace.
 Still there are walking on earth many poets whom ages hereafter
 Will be more willing to praise than they are to praise one another :
 Some do I know, hut I fear, as is meet, to recount or report them,
 For, be whatever the name that is foremost, the next will run over,
 Trampling and rolling in dust his excellent friend the precursor.
 Peace be with all ! hut as far be ambition to follow the Roman,
 Led by the German uncomb'd, and jiggling in dactyl and spondee,
 Lumbering shapeless jackboots which nothing can polish or supple.
 Much as old metres delight me, 'tis only where first they were nurtured,
 In their own clime, their own speech : than pamper them here I would rather
 Tie np my Pegasus tight to the scanty-fed rack of a sonnet.

THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

WITHIN a quarter of a mile's
 ride of the metropolis is situ-
 ated a famous forest, which might
 be called No-man's land. There the
 neighboring shepherds follow their
 flocks in pastoral security, the swine-
 herd drives his grunting charge
 where they may leisurely devour
 the plentiful mast, the axe of wood-
 men rings upon the unguarded
 timber, and the hunter pursues the
 deer unchallenged and at ease. Those
 who dwell upon the borders of the
 forest, 'like fringe upon a petticoat,'
 advance slowly but steadily upon it

without let or hindrance, and swal-
 low up the ground, as they would
 the wild prairie-land of Illinois ; the
 squatter runs up his cabin in se-
 curity, and cultivates his surrepti-
 tions potato patch within sight of
 St. Paul's.

'Where is this wonderful forest ?'
 exclaims our reader, with mingled
 incredulity and astonishment ; 'one
 would think you were reading a page
 out of the *Arabian Nights* instead of
 gravely discoursing of the environs
 of London, where there are less un-
 claimed feet of ground than there

are unclaimed dividends at the Bank, and where it is good for a month on the treadmill, and bread-and-water, to trespass on a pathway, or to cut a sapling.'

'We dream no dreams of opium boon, tell no nursery tales to children, but speak the words of truth and soberness. Jump with us, unbeliever, into a Cbigwell-buss, step out at Forest-gate, and then behold the promised land!'

'Why, surely, this is Epping Forest, the strictly-preserved property of the Crown! What nonsense you are talking! Only put a spade in the ground, and see what the 'Woods and Forests' will say.'

Just hear with us, impatient friend, whilst we turn over with you the pages of a few blue-books, and there we shall see how the Crown manages to preserve its property.

Of all the blue-books since that celebrated one on drunkenness, none have appeared of late years more curious than the Reports of 1848-49, on the condition of the Woods and Forests,—none certainly have opened up such a mass of corruption, neglect, and fully in so picturesque a form. A Report of a thousand pages folio, such as the one we treat of, becomes bearable when it takes us into the depths of forests, where the shadows of centuries sleep under the enormous oaks, where we see the troops of deer glancing through the sylvan glades, and where the old forest laws, regardless of this railroad age, still linger and rule, as when Rosalind marched fearfully searching after her lover in blissful Ardenne. Even roguery puts on an air of respectability when committed among the vert and venison. Robin Hood was a common robber and highwayman, but the free air of merry Sherwood took all vulgarity from his crimes; and the imaginative mind would revolt from picturing him punished by being forced to wear one leg yellow and the other blue, and to have his brown locks cropped by the aid of a vulgar basin. Even so it is with the frauds of the freebooters of which this Report treats. Even in these days we find out that there are Adam Bells and Clyms of the Clough, who are too many for the First Commissioner of Woods as they were of old for the Sheriff of

Carlisle. What old authority could not accomplish, however, parliament, driven on by public opinion, will surely bring about; and Lord Duncan and his Committee of Inquiry will, without doubt, banish such a system as that which prevails, and which has reduced a property of old sufficient for the wants of kings to the condition of an Irish bankrupt estate.

The landed property of the Crown at present vested in the Commissioners of Woods and Forests consists of the following rather extensive 'lots':—Waltham Forest (which includes Epping and Hainhalt), in Essex; New Forest, Parkhurst, Alice Holt, Woolmer, and Bere Forests, all in Hampshire; Dean Forest and High Meadow Woods, in Gloucestershire; Whittlewood and Salcey Forests, in Northamptonshire; Delamere Forest, in Chester; Whychwood, in Oxfordshire; Lanercost Priory Woods, in Oxfordshire; Chipwell Woods, in Durham; and Eltham Woods, in Kent; containing in the whole upwards of 47,000 acres of timbered land, and 108,000 of waste and pasturage, individuals having large interests in the latter, which are growing larger every year by reason of the Crown's neglect. Of these forests three have never been disafforested, and still continue under the old laws and regulations; others, such as Epping, have their own courts; but the smaller woodlands are managed as other private property of the same nature. The officers who have charge of the larger forests rejoice in titles that must have descended from the days of Rufus,—hereditary lord-rangers, verderers, groom-keepers, agistors, bow-bearers, regards, &c. One wonders whether they wear simple coats and hats like other people, or whether they be dressed in green kirtles, like the foresters we sometimes see upon the stage. We might let this strange muster go, however, with passing wonderment, were it only for its antique air, but when we find that the manner in which it is appointed, and the conflicting interests represented by many who compose it, are among the chief causes of all the confusion and speculation which has taken place, a deeper scrutiny is imperatively called for.

At the present moment this motley executive is appointed by half-a-dozen different authorities. The rangership is held, in nearly every case, by letters-patent, and is hereditary. Deputy-surveyors (the really working-men), whose duty it is to take charge of the timber, are appointed by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests; the verderers and regarders are elected by the freeholders of the county, and take charge of the rights of the Crown and commoners. These officers appoint the different functionaries under them, such as woodmen, groom-keepers, &c. The real conservators of the forests, as far as intention goes, however, are the verderers, who are judges of the forest courts, and possess the power of adjudicating upon all minor offences; whilst a certain functionary, called the Chief-justice in Eyre, who has rested from his labours for the last forty years, is supposed to hold his courts every three years, and to give judgment upon the more serious offences referred from the lower tribunals. The appointment of verderer is at present considered purely in a political light; it is generally a step towards the representation of the county, and the person who holds it is always one of the landed gentry, and in many cases a lord of the manor, having, or claiming and exercising, *rights on his own behalf in the royal forests, which clash directly with those of the Crown and commoners*, that he is bound by virtue of his office to maintain.

To this absurd duality of duties, together with the folly of attempting to work mediæval forest laws, and the manner in which by proscription the rights of individuals have become entangled with those of the Crown, might be attributed the state of confusion and ruin to which this portion of the royal property has fallen.

Epping Forest, shabby and stunted as it is, in which Cockneys picnic and fancy themselves in the very midst of Nature unattired, seems in a peculiar degree to labour under all the evils which such a state of things is calculated to produce. As regards misrule, it is the model forest. It seems given up, in short, to the devices of the wicked. In the first place, out of the four verderers elected by the freeholders no less than three

claim manorial rights in the forest. Between them they claim unlimited possession of the soil of the 9000 acres of the open part of the forest. The character of the claims put forth (ay, and exercised too) by these gentlemen will be best understood by a quotation from the evidence of one of the verderers. He says,—

‘My house was granted with all the free warren and all the rights of the Crown. I fancy I have the same rights as the Crown, *as if I were the king of the forest*; that is my opinion, but I may be wrong.

‘As lord of the manor you claim certain manorial rights?—Yes.

‘Did you ever cut down any timber growing in the royal forest of Epping?—Yes, *I cut down my own timber*.

‘What rights do you claim?—I claim the right of enclosing, as being granted to me; my father went to the expense of searching the records in the Tower, and he found that he might enclose the whole of that part of the parish of Epping that is in this manor: *the soil, the bushes, the gravel, and everything is ours*, and has been in our family for one hundred and fifty years.’

Being asked whether as a verderer he had ever taken active steps to prevent encroachments, he answers, ‘No;’ and being further questioned as to whether he found his own claims as lord of the manor clash with his duties as a verderer, he replies by an emphatic ‘Never.’ Truly and most humorously said, for he forgot ever to exercise his office of verderer at all. Another of the verderers, it would appear, has purchased the manorial rights of Lord Mornington, the ranger, and in virtue of these lays claim to a goodly portion of the forest. He is also steward to his lordship, and to the Court of Verderers. He, too, sells the forest-land, and has a decided objection to hold a verderer’s court, where such sales would necessarily be presented. ‘I believe it is a tomfoolery concern,’ he says: ‘we cannot work forest laws in Waltham Forest in these days. I think it is an absolute impossibility * * * the legality of the forest is gone. I could not do such an absurd thing, as steward, as

complain of others for doing the same thing as I have myself done.' The judges of the forest courts thus refusing to act, enclosures go on merrily enough; indeed it is hinted that they look with a pleasant eye upon their multiplication in those parts of the forest on which their own paws are not placed. 'The more the merrier' is evidently their motto. 'We all row in the same boat, and the larger the crew the better when the state craft comes alongside to overhaul our papers.'

These enclosures go on in a certain formal manner it is true, as all business in formality-loving England does. For instance, when anybody has a fancy for a bit of land in the forest, he applies to the steward of the manor in which it is situated, who immediately calls what is called a Court of Homage, which consists in many cases of only two persons, tenants of the lord of the manor; and of course, as they are picked at the steward's complete disposal, these worthies agree accordingly to the enclosure, and enclosed it is without more ado. The original intention of the court was, of course, that no land should be granted without the full consent of all those having rights in it; but as it now works, only copyholders are eligible to it, and the poor commoners, those who have a right to feed cattle and to cut firewood, are narrowed in their rights without having a voice in the matter. Of course this is not law, and would not stand a moment in Westminster Hall, but what can poor cottagers do against the all-powerful lord of the manor?

The virtue of those who protest most strongly against this silent surrender of the public property does not seem proof against the temptation to nibble at it. One of the most emphatic denouncers of all encroachments for the sake of 'the inhabitants of the metropolis,' large parties of whom 'I saw the other day going out to have a day's pleasure in the forest,' has absolutely encroached a large piece of land himself, as one of the verderers takes care to inform us. Whilst another, who in his evidence before the committee deplores the encroachments in general, and draws particular attention to one in particular that he

watched during its progress from heath to a potato-patch, is denounced as having himself surreptitiously enclosed!

What steps, it will be asked, has the Crown taken to combat this gradual absorption of its rights? or have they any rights at all? That they have an unlimited right to graze deer over the whole extent of the forest seems to be undoubted; this fact alone is sufficient to prevent any enclosure whatever without its consent. In the late trial of *Crown v. Hallet*, in which the defendant had enclosed fifty acres of the best land of the forest, 'sloping gently to the south,' and forming the best lair for deer, a compromise was effected by which the defendant admitted the rights of the Crown, he being quieted in possession of his encroachment upon the payment of 100*l.* its real value being not less than 3000*l.*! By this action, however, the Crown did no good to itself, and committed a most flagrant injustice to the poor commoners. One of the encroachers declares that it has no force whatever as regards the general question, and that its issue will not prevent him from contesting the point hereafter. As for the commoners, those who have grazing and fuel rights, their interests were most shamefully sacrificed. What right had the Crown to agree to an enclosure without their consent? There was a time when the public had a right of way over this very ground, how could the Crown take it away? The whole course of proceeding of the Commissioners with regard to this forest have been marked by the grossest neglect and want of judgment. They keep up a large staff of officers in the forest which never rendered them a single penny of revenue, and these very officers take the orders of the verderers to destroy their own property. One verderer gives directions to kill him a deer, the other verderers do the same, without any authority for doing so. The deer get knocked on the head by everybody in fact. One man confessed to having, with others, killed 109 head in one year. There are few now to be seen where once they used to troop in hundreds. Nevertheless ten keepers are kept up, as of old, to look after ghostly

venison. Poaching goes on in the forest without let or hindrance. One of the witnesses who lives in the forest says, 'I have snares hanging up in my dressing-room that would stock half the poachers in Essex.' Parties carrying from eight to ten guns go through the forest without any license, 'sweeping everything before them;' this is done with the full knowledge of the keepers, who are bound to protect and foster the 'wild beasts' and game in the forest.

Timber, properly speaking, there is none in the 9000 acres of open waste. What between those claiming manorial rights, who fell everything to be found like a decent tree, and those having fuel rights, who begin topping and lopping at a certain season of the year, cutting a branch here and a branch there, the whole district is reduced to the most dismal wreck of a forest that can be conceived. Ghostly pollards, and trunks denuded of their goodly arms, eke out a miserable existence in all directions. To sum up all in a few words, as a property it is reduced below the level of a Galway estate; as a place of recreation for the citizens it is rendered hideous and repulsive, and instead of a source of employment for labour, it has degenerated into a nursery for crime; full two-thirds of the committals in the immediate neighbourhood arising from poaching and woodstealing within its parlious.

To remedy this desperate state of things, and if possible to disentangle the rights of individuals from those of the Crown, three commissioners were appointed last session, who for some time proceeded with their labours. They soon found, however, that their powers were inadequate to grapple with the conflicting evils, and are now about to apply to Parliament for an increase of them. The New Forest also comes under their supervision, and here perhaps the evils of neglect are of more national importance than in the smaller forest of Waltham.

With the great mass of the people the New Forest is only an historical name; all they know about it is that here, some eight centuries ago, Walter Tyrill shot King Rufus. They have never given themselves the trouble to learn that it presents

a fine national estate of upwards of 66,000 acres, nearly 10,000 of which is prime woodland, furnishing, or capable of furnishing, the finest naval timber for the use of the dockyards. Mutterings were from time to time heard in the public papers of the speculations and mismanagement which had taken place in the forest, and at last the Commissioners of Woods and Forests awoke for a moment from their long sleep, and determined, for the first time these fifty years, to look into the state of the property committed to their charge. Mr. Freeman, store-receiver at Sheerness, whose motto is evidently 'thorough,' was accordingly sent down there in July, 1848.

A gun suddenly fired in the midst of a rookery could not produce a greater commotion and clamour than the advent of this gentleman. Those who had profited by the loose government of the forest under Col. Thornhill, fancying the exposures that would inevitably take place, had the audacity to burn the Queen's officer in effigy, the lord warden's steward providing the royal wood for that purpose! realizing in another form the old metaphor of the eagle slain through his own pinion. Mr. Freeman was not the man, however, to be daunted by such proceedings. He very soon found out that for many years people around the forest had been doing pretty nearly what they liked in it; taking sand, and marl, and soil, paring the ground of all its vegetable matter in the form of sod, abusing their rights of fuel, and timber stealing to an enormous extent. A regular conspiracy had existed for some time between six or seven timber dealers and one James Reed, assistant to the deputy-surveyor of the forest. This person's duty it was to measure the timber for the sale of which warrants had been issued, and to make it up into lots preparatory to its being felled; the only check upon this officer was the regulators, whose province it was to go round with him and test his figures. The manner in which these worthies performed their duty gives such a clear idea of the way things were, and for all we know still are, managed in the forest, that we cannot resist giving that portion of the Report which

alludes to it. Mr. Thomas White, steward to the lord warden, and a regarder also, is under examination.

By the Chairman.] What is the use of a regarder being there (with the surveyor when measuring)?—To see that the timber is properly measured.

Is there no check between them?—That is supposed to be the check to see that they do right.

* * *

You said that the regarders and Mr. Reed measured together?—Yes; Mr. Reed measures and the regarders see that it is measured.

But they don't compare notes?—Yes; and the same day, as soon as it is over, they take down the different accounts.

* * *

If there is any difference between the measurement of any tree, what happens then?—If the thing is disputed Mr. Reed says, 'We must put it to rights;' and it is done, it never goes to a *dispute*.

How is it put to rights?—If there is any little mistake they alter the figures accordingly.

How is it altered; do they measure the tree again?—No.

How does the alteration take place, whose figure is supposed to be the right one?—*It is supposed that Mr. Reed's figure is the most proper*, because he is more in the habit of measuring timber than the rest of the property.

We can see in our minds this solemn sham going on in the old grey forest. The thick-thumbed regarders (only one of whom it is given in evidence knows how to take a measure even) making believe to do so after Reed, and then with a puzzled scratch-the-head air submitting to his superior judgment as being more of a scholar. A shrewd suspicion, however, comes over the mind that these very complacent individuals are, according to an old saying, 'more R. than F.' in this pretty little farce. The office of regarder, as we have before stated, is a very subordinate one, their services being only required on these occasions, and their pay seldom averaging more than 2*l.* 10*s.* a-year. But strange to say, the election to the office, which lies with the freeholders of the county, is contested in the most active manner. The very last regarder was a saddler's apprentice, and his father, who was only a simple woodsman, spent, or was supposed to have spent, 500*l.* in bringing the

dockyard men from Portsmouth up to vote for him! In other cases as much as 700*l.* have been spent for the same purpose, and it cannot be denied that such facts as these point to some special understanding in which the elected, who are generally poor men, are only the acting agents. That the most wholesale system of robbery has been carried on for years in the forest is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. Mr. Freeman found, that in all cases the actual number of trees felled was much in excess of the order issued by the Treasury—that the actual measurement of the timber was far above its estimated amount in the public sale-books, the difference in one particular case being no less than 700 cubic feet! Not content with defrauding the Crown in every bargain, many of the timber-merchants, with the collusion of the officers of the forest—for such must have been the case—were accused and prosecuted for stealing and cutting the timber in open day. One individual is charged, on pretty convincing evidence, with having chopped down fifty oak-trees of the finest character, and abstracting them from one particular spot in the forest, where to this moment the 'stools' remain to tell the damning fact. The person who committed this daring robbery was put upon his trial for the offence at Winchester, and the Crown was about to produce as evidence against him his own servant, a lad of the name of Biddlecomb, who helped to remove the timber; half an hour before he was called upon to give evidence, however, *he was abducted, and where he is gone to his own father and mother do not know to this day!* At a modest estimate the yearly plunder of the New Forest has averaged 500 trees. To complete this picture of wholesale robbery, and to show how systematically it was carried on, *all this time vessels traded merrily with ship-loads of timber between Eling, a port abutting on the forest, and Sunderland.*

When the Crown condescended to listen to the voice of public opinion indignantly expressed at such proceedings, and to put the parties guilty of such infamous conduct on their trial, the jury acquitted them one after another with the most deter-

mined perseverance; not that there was any doubt upon their minds as to the guilt of the accused, but from a feeling 'that the Crown had wantonly exposed and neglected its property;' just, in fact, as a Westminster jury refuse to convict, now and then, a poor wretch for stealing a piece of bread or bacon that has been carelessly exposed by some tradesman at his shop-door. To use the words of one of the witnesses, 'The forest was considered *fair game*;' and the Commissioners having, by their neglect, induced such an impression in the neighbourhood, they had no right to shift the responsibility off their own shoulders by a sudden application of all the powers of the law.

The thefts of timber by no means rested with these parties, however, but were committed by the keepers and woodmen themselves. Of the former officers there are fifteen in the forest; of the latter, twenty-three. The keepers are provided with lodges and ten acres of ground; whilst the woodmen have cottages and an acre and a half of land each. Upon the strength of these inclosures they set up as small farmers, and, of course, neglect their proper duties; and it were well if this were the end of the mischief. Considering the limited nature of their estates—those of the woodmen in particular—carts and horses might be considered superfluities not quite consistent with economical farming. Yet, singularly enough, they were all found to be in possession of these means of locomotion when Mr. Freeman commenced his inquiry; but as picklocks are quietly dropped by the hurglar when he sees the 'beak' after him, so these carts have gradually begun to disappear. The fatal facilities they afforded soon became apparent as the inquiry proceeded. One keeper was found to have taken some of the finest oak-trees in the forest to build houses with, and for other illicit but equally wholesale purposes. Another was found with two magnificent oak-trees in his yard. These had been felled in a part of the forest some two miles from his lodge; and the timber-merchant who drew them home for him, received two other splendid trees as payment for the job.†

To conclude this catalogue of plun-

der, the woodmen and keepers were allowed to speculate 'in cordwood and fagots;' the consequence of which judicious proceeding on the part of the Crown was, 'that they were not quite clear of the imputation of having taken the Government wood without paying for it,' as one of the witnesses very delicately expressed it. As Pistol says of thieving, 'the wise it call convey.'

In this as in Waltham Forest, the rights of the commoners are mixed up with those of the Crown in a manner most prejudicial to the latter. The whole 66,000 acres, with the exception of those small portions forming the enclosures, are subject to the incursions of many thousand cattle, horses, and hogs, which are every year turned in to graze. A vast number of persons again claim a right of cutting what is termed 'cordwood,' for fuel, which, in many cases, they sell immediately upon obtaining it. It is very evident that a great number of persons levy contributions upon her Majesty's underwood in this manner without any legal right; for it was settled in Elizabeth's time that only those who possessed houses, at certain date in her reign, had any claim to this fuel. This arrangement, of course, would dispose of the pretensions of those houses erected since that period, if it were carried out, and would get rid of much of the damage at present done to the forest. It must be clear to those who know anything of the management of woods, that the exercise of the rights of pasturage and of cutting underwood by careless persons, in a forest, must prove highly detrimental to young timber. All the saplings are necessarily grazed down; and those which escape through the protection of the underwood, fall a sacrifice to the reckless knife of the 'cordwood-cutter.' All spontaneous growth in forests subject to such treatment is, of course, out of the question. Hence the stagnant condition of all the open forest-land belonging to the Crown in which these injurious commoners' rights exist.

Before proceeding further it will be as well, perhaps, to distinguish those forests in which this detrimental admixture of opposing rights exists from those which have been disafforested by act of parliament,

and are applied solely to the purpose of nurseries for national timber. In the former category we must place the forests of Waltham, Whittlewood, Whychwood, and New Forest, all of which at the present moment present a most lamentable appearance; and in the latter the comparatively flourishing forests of Alice Holt, Bere, Parkhurst, Windsor, Delamere, and Salcey, together with the smaller woodlands. In all these forests, however, we find one source of destruction which is entirely incompatible with that fostering of the national supplies of timber which the public has a right to demand at the hands of those who have charge of them. We allude to the vast herds of deer which roam the woodlands as freely as in the time of the Normans, when *they* were the preserved, the forests merely the preservers.

The Reports of the evidence taken upon this inquiry ring from the first page to the last with the destruction these wild animals produce. In Whittlewood Forest no less than 15,804 trees have been utterly destroyed to provide 'browse' for them. In Parkhurst Forest the trees are crippled by the deer; and, in the words of one of the witnesses, get 'no heads.' Lord Churchill, the ranger of Whychwood, has taken the liberty of introducing a peculiarly destructive kind of red deer, and of lopping the oaks for their sustenance. In Salcey Forest full half of the newly-transplanted young oaks are destroyed by them. The cost of extra fencing in the New Forest alone to keep them from the young plantations, has been 30,000*l.*, without perfect success, however, as nothing avails to hinder them from the dainty enticements of the juicy young plants. In this forest also their winter comforts are provided for at an annual expense to the country of upwards of 150*l.*, the loss entailed by a farm devoted to furnishing hay for them. Their destructiveness tells, however, most formidably on the self-sown saplings. It is well known that the finest-oaks are those termed 'rook-sown,' or acorn-dropped; those, in fact, which spring spontaneously from the soil; and the reason of this is, that they possess the tap-root (so valuable as a nourisher to the tree), which is destroyed in all transplanted

saplings. These 'rook-sown' oaks, as soon as they show their heads above ground, are cropped with avidity by the deer; thus in course of years, entire forests of the finest oak have been swept off the land by these wild animals without a sign having been made.

If these deer served to find sport for the Crown, or contributed to produce those jovial scenes of old, when, with horn and hound the monarch and his courtiers swept through the sylvan glades in mad pursuit, there might be some colourable pretext for their maintenance; we should have the spectacle, if the 'getting up' were expensive: but as it is, all this destruction of national property goes for the mere purpose of finding prime cuts for gourmand officials. The list of those who are annually indebted to the 'ancient bounty of the Crown' for venison is rather amusing. The Crown itself, as it has a perfect right to do, consumes 120 fat 'bucks of the season.' Then we find the 'Chief Justice in Eyre,' the Judge of the Forest Courts, an official that has long vanished from the judgment-seat, is down for sixteen. These fall to the share of the Chief Commissioner of Woods, who takes the good things, if not the duties, of the office. The Commissioners, as a body, have fourteen hucks, which, only allowing the chief his third, gives him four and a quarter; so that twenty and a quarter hucks is the annual contribution of the nation to his larder. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Mayor of London have each six hucks, a distribution which evinces a charming discrimination on the part of the Crown. This annual distribution of venison takes place according to some occult scale among all the State officials and members of the royal household, even down to the Windsor blacksmith, the 'sum tottle' being 734 hucks. To provide this annual supply, the national timber has in many cases been utterly ruined. Oh, for thy etching-needle, Cruikshank! to show the fleets of seventy-fours, frigates, and gun-boats that have sailed down the throats of these official gourmands!

Having thus pictured the condition to which so many magnificent estates have been brought by peculation, neglect, official wastefulness, and the

evils arising out of an admixture of conflicting rights, the question naturally arises, What are we to do with them? At the present moment the following table gives a pretty accurate idea of the national property:—

	ACRES.	
	Total Area.	Wooded portion.
New Forest.....	66,000	9,279
Dean	20,000	13,504
Delamere.....	4,022	4,022
Alice Holt	1,896	1,896
Woolmer.....	2,000	1,847
Bere	1,462	1,433
Parkhurst	1,162	1,162
Salcey	1,277	1,250
Whychwood ...	3,350	3,500
Waltham.....	2,000	2,000
Chipwell Woods	879	879
Lanercost Priory	500	500
High Meadow .	3,485	3,445
Hasleborough...	486	486
	108,519	45,203

After the insight we have given our readers into the manner in which the Crown property is managed they will expect no very large return from it; we question, however, whether they will be prepared for the following balance-sheet:—

Expenditure upon the royal forests for the year 1849-50	£34,682	8	10
Income derived from do.	29,860	9	7
National loss	£ 4,821	19	3

To state the case fairly, however, some portion of this expenditure was on account of planting; and again, in consequence of the young condition of many of the plantations, they do not yet yield any return. Much, again, of what is fit to cut and to be sold, is allowed to rot as it stands, in consequence of the Admiralty having refused to purchase timber for the dockyards from the national forests. This refusal dates from the year 1833, when an official correspondence took place between the two departments, and it was shown that the cost of timber per load from the Crown property was *8l. 12s. 7d.*, whilst contractors supplied it for *6l. 6s.*; the Admiralty accordingly declined to purchase at a loss of *2l. 6s. 7d.* per load, and the consequence has been that for sixteen years the old timber in the forest has been deteriorating to the extent of five per cent,—growing ‘dotard’ and

‘stag-headed,’ as it is expressively termed in forest language.

The Government refusing to purchase its own produce, private timber-merchants have stepped in and become purchasers to a small extent, at the price the Admiralty refused to give; yet this very timber, astounding as it may seem, is sold to the dockyards at contractors’ prices! Here we have a key to the wholesale thefts in the New Forest, and see the wind that blows the merry little timber-ships trading from the ports contiguous to the grand forest plunder-ground.

We have shown pretty clearly that for purposes of revenue the royal forests are not a very eligible property, and that they are a very poor exchange for the 350,000*l.* a-year civil list which the Crown receives for its life interest in them; and in all probability they would have been disposed of long ere this, but for the prevalent belief that it is necessary to keep them up as reserves of timber, to prevent our being dependent upon foreigners for the main arm of our power—‘the wooden walls of old England.’ But it might well be replied, that if we put ourselves in the hands of foreigners for our daily bread we might surely trust to them for our timber. The question is, however, how far we are really independent of them for the supply of our dockyards. We have already shown that the royal forests and woodlands contain altogether 45,203 acres; of this breadth of land scarcely 30,000 is devoted to the growth of oak, and of this 30,000 acres, again, scarcely one-third part of its timber is fit for naval purposes, and the whole of it will not be ripe for a *hundred years at least*, so lately has it been planted. Having arrived at this fact, the next question to be answered is, What is the average war consumption of timber in the dockyards? Mr. Milne, the oldest of the Commissioners of Woods, states that in 1812 the consumption was 65,000 loads, or the yearly produce of 100,000 acres, giving forty trees of a load and a half each to the acre. Now we have not, at present, a tenth part of this annual supply, so that if we were to depend upon our own national forests our fleets would soon become crippled in the case of a

protracted naval war. Even supposing that the hundred thousand acres of land which we have were clothed with first-rate oak, we should not, according to Sir W. Symonds, the late surveyor of the navy, be a bit more independent of the foreigner, for, according to his own words, 'unless we get compass-timber from abroad, ship-building in this country would be stopped.' Compass-timber is a very large kind of curved oak, which we procure from Tuscany and the Roman states. This timber we have been using very extensively of late years, so that the Dibdin sentimentalisms about 'British oak' are now quite out of date. The supply might be said to be inexhaustible, as, in addition to the vast quantities of Italian timber procurable, there are forests in the island of Sardinia, full of the finest oaks, of eighty miles in length.

As the argument that we must not depend upon foreigners for naval timber is not tenable, we may very naturally ask, if it is well to retain the national domains in the hands of Government, knowing as we do what has already been the result of its management? Is it likely that such vast estates can be profitably carried on, when the persons appointed to manage them are not selected on account of fitness for the duties, but because they have rendered political service to a party, or on account of their connexion with persons of influence? A glance at the class of persons at present filling the responsible situations of deputy-surveyors to the different forests will at once show how little attention has been paid to the real interests of the forests in their selection.

The deputy surveyor of Holt forest is a medical man!

— of Salcey forest, was, until lately, a fraudulent auctioneer. Has since been transported.

— of Delamere forest, a clerk in the War Office.

— of Bere forest, a Knight of the Bath, who has never set his foot in the forest.

— of Chipwell woods, a Lieutenant in the West Yorkshire Militia.

These, the really working men of the forest, receive their directions from a board of commissioners, the chief of which is changed with every change of ministers, and who by vir-

tue of his office is commissioner to nine other important public trusts, besides being a trustee, a comptroller-in-chief, a member of council, chairman of three commissions, a gaveller, a chief justice, and a constable of a castle (St. Brevails). With such a director, and such a working staff, and the public purse to draw upon, we can easily account for things as they have been, and, for all we can see, as they are likely to be, as long as the old adage remains good, 'That which is everybody's business is nobody's business,' and that official zeal and economy continue upon their usual footing.

Independently, however, of the question of the maintenance of these forests, considered as a matter of profit or loss, it might be viewed in a moral and sanitary light. We might very fairly ask, Whether the Government has a right to maintain large tracts of land in a state of nature, whilst the surrounding soil evinces a progressive civilization? Whether, again, it has a right to throw temptations in the way of the peasantry such as would not be held out by any other species of property? There are at least 500 persons living in the neighbourhood of the New Forest, without any visible means of subsistence. The other large forests are infested with a similar class of idlers, who are utterly demoralized by the unguarded condition of the royal forests. Just objections might be taken again to the presence of vast extents of woodlands, which always act injuriously upon the surrounding atmosphere, producing prolific crops of ague, and an extreme relaxation in the animal fibre. Those who live in the neighbourhood of the New Forest, having means at their disposal, are obliged annually to seek change of air at a distance from its enervating influence.

Considered, then, either in a political, moral, or sanitary point of view, it seems to us that the nuisance of public forests should be abated. How we are to rid ourselves of them, however, is a question which really requires much consideration. To cut the timber at such various stages of growth at one fell swoop, would be a sacrifice of property similar to cutting a green crop of oats. Messrs. Clutton, the estate valuers, employed by the Government to estimate the

value of the timber in the larger forests, state the difference between the immediate and 'deferred' value to be as follows:—

	Present value.	Deferred value.
	£	£
Dean Forest . . .	713,868 ..	4,012,575
New " " ..	321,313 ..	2,862,650
Delamere " " ..	86,598 ..	666,009
Salcey " " ..	21,891 ..	375,275
Holt " " ..	81,945 ..	651,770
Woolmer " " ..	25,300 ..	108,485
Bere " " ..	42,000 ..	375,000
Parkhurst " " ..	15,950 ..	195,750
Hazleborough Walk	9,720 ..	145,900
High Meadow Woods	32,850 ..	355,875
		£9,749,280
		1,351,435

Loss by immediate cutting £8,397,845

The meaning of the term 'deferred' value is, the value the timber will arrive at when ripe. Now, as this time ranges between thirty and a hundred years, according to the forwardness of the different plantations, we should, of course, deduct from the deferred value the accumulations of rent and interest which would take place within that time, supposing the land were arable; and if it is worth anything reasonable for agricultural purposes, this amount would eat a pretty considerable hole in the 8,000,000*l.* odd, which we are promised in a *hundred years* from these very capably-paying estates!

Little as we are inclined to put faith in this calculation, we yet remember that the expenses of planting have been incurred, and that instead of a deficit, some income might shortly be expected to come from the forests. It would not, therefore, be advisable to make a clear board of the whole office, by converting the timber-land into arable at once, but it strikes us that the best solution of the problem would be to determine to plant no more, and to sell the land as soon as the crops of timber come successively to maturity, and are felled. Meanwhile all the forests should be disafforested, and put upon the footing of private estates, the deer, of course, being removed, and a simple method of management introduced in place

of the present extravagant, mediæval, and effete system. Some of the more inland forests, situated at such distances from the dockyards as to render them almost unserviceable, might, perhaps, be sold at once, as the Committee of Inquiry suggest; as also the waste land and pasturage, which can be separated from the forests without detriment. Of this land the New Forest alone contains upwards of 45,000 acres, some of which is known to have been cultivated in the days of the Conqueror; and the greater portion of the remainder, with our improved methods of cultivation, could be, doubtless, reclaimed from its present barren and more than unprofitable condition. The other forests contain 16,000 acres of waste land, making a total of 61,000 acres, which might give labour to the husbandman and food to the country at once, if enclosed and divided into suitable lots. Mr. Houghton, one of the largest farmers in England, some years since gave upwards of 8*l.* per acre for some portion of Bagshot Heath, which he has since brought into cultivation; the land was composed of hungry sand, and certainly inferior to the 'waste' belonging to the Crown. Here, then, at once we have a property to be dealt with representing upwards of 488,000*l.*, minus the common rights, which, if discharged in an equitable spirit, would not absorb more than the odd 88,000*l.* If the whole of the property were brought into cultivation, we might keep at home some, at least, out of the thousands of able-bodied English peasants who yearly leave our strands for distant shores. The Committee of Inquiry seem to think it advisable still to continue the Crown property in the hands of the Crown, but to plant larch and fir in place of oak. If the idea of national nurseries for timber is once given up, however, we cannot see how such a notion can for a moment obtain, as the Government would make but a wretched timber-merchant. We are inclined, therefore, for no half measures, but to say with Hamlet,—'Pray reform it altogether.'

LEDRU ROLLIN'S DECLINE OF ENGLAND.*

THOUGH in no respect admirers of M. Ledru Rollin, or of the school of public men to which he belongs, we have never sought to triumph over him in the moment of exile or of misfortune. Feeling strongly and conscientiously that he has done more than any other public man in France to discredit the cause of reform, and the amelioration of the social and political condition of his countrymen, we have, nevertheless, hitherto held our peace in his regard, not wishing in the slightest degree to embitter the exile, or to render more painful the proscription of a political fugitive. Great Britain accords to every political refugee a home and a hospitality. So long as the individual who seeks the shelter of her shores obeys the Constitution, and conforms to the social and municipal laws of the country, no human being meddles with his mode of life, with his private or public opinions, with his course of conduct or of action. But the moment an exile wishes to become a political leader, a political teacher, or a propagandist of any doctrine, social, political, or religious, Englishmen no longer observe reserve or delicacy in dealing with him and his theories. They forget his misfortunes and his persecutions, and only remember the man who is author, orator, or pamphleteer, as the case may be. Far are we from justifying that influential organ of the daily press which, immediately after the arrival of the French demagogue in England, held him up to obloquy and scorn. This was, if not unjust, at least ungenerous, and, under the circumstances, unworthy. But the moment M. Ledru Rollin, himself casting off all reserve, threw off his visor, and entered the arena as a political combatant, there was an end of all forbearance; and even the expatriated exile became the fair game of every political writer not disposed to allow his country or his countrymen to labour under the injustice and ignominy of M. Rollin's remarks. Yet, even with the provocation of this ill-purposed and most

mischievous book, we are not disposed to deal very severely with M. Rollin, or to do more than to show how very shallow, illiterate, and ill-informed, is this half-educated trihune of the people.

One thing, above all, tempts us to this course. We believe M. Rollin to be more sincere in his opinions and convictions than many of his party—to have dedicated both his time, his talents, and his fortune, to the propagation of his views, and to the service of his party; and when a man does this in modern France, distinguished as it is for selfishness and self-seeking, however much we dissent from his doctrines, we must, at least, respect his sincerity. Though we may believe him to be dangerous and destructive, we cannot think him, like so many of his fellows, utterly despicable.

Though M. Ledru Rollin has now been for more than a twelvemonth sojourning among us, yet so little do we interest ourselves about foreigners, or men mixed up with the leaven of revolutions, that but little is known of his history and antecedents. This deficiency we mean shortly to supply, before we enter into a consideration of his book.

Ledru Rollin is now in his forty-fourth or forty-fifth year, having been born in 1806 or 1807. He is the grandson of the famous *Prestidigateur*, or Conjuror Comus, who, about four or five-and-forty years ago, was in the acme of his fame. During the Consulate, and a considerable portion of the Empire, Comus travelled from one department of France to the other, and is even known to have extended his journeys beyond the Rhine and the Moselle on one side, and beyond the Rhône and Garonne on the other. Of all the conjurers of his day he was the most famous and the most successful, always, of course, excepting that Corsican conjurer who ruled for so many years the destinies of France. From those who have seen that famous trickster, we have learned that the Charleses, the Alex-

* *De la Décadence de l'Angleterre.* Par Ledru Rollin. Tom premier. Paris: Escudier Frères, Rue Richelieu. 1850.

The Decline of England. By Ledru Rollin, Vol. I. London: 1850. E. Churton.

andres, even the Robert-Houdins, were children compared with the magical wonder-worker of the past generation. The fame of Comus was enormous, and his gains proportionate; and when he had shuffled off this mortal coil it was found he had left to his descendants a very ample—indeed, for France, a very large fortune. Of the descendants in a right line, his grandson, Ledru Rollin, was his favourite, and to him the old man left the bulk of his fortune, which, during the minority of Ledru Rollin, grew to a sum amounting to nearly, if not fully, 4000*l.* per annum of our money.

The scholastic education of the young man who was to inherit this considerable fortune, was nearly completed during the reign of Louis XVIII., and shortly after Charles X. ascended the throne *il commençait à faire sur droit*, as they phrase it in the *pays Latin*. Neither during the reign of Louis XVIII., nor indeed now, unless in the exact and physical sciences, does Paris afford a very solid and substantial education. Though the Roman poets and historians are tolerably well studied and taught, yet little attention is paid to Greek literature. The physical and exact sciences are unquestionably admirably taught at the Polytechnique and other schools; but neither at the College of St. Barbe, nor of Henry IV., can a pupil be so well grounded in the rudiments and humanities as in our grammar and public schools. A studious, painstaking, and docile youth, will, no doubt, learn a great deal, no matter where he has been placed in pupilage; but we have heard from a contemporary of M. Rollin, that he was not particularly distinguished either for his industry or his docility in early life. The earliest days of the reign of Charles X. saw M. Ledru Rollin an *étudiant en droit* in Paris. Though the schools of law had been re-established during the Consulate pretty much after the fashion in which they existed in the time of Louis XIV., yet the application of the *alumni* was fitful and desultory, and perhaps there were no two classes in France, at the commencement of 1825, who were more imbued with the Voltarian philosophy, and the doctrines and principles of

Rousseau, than the *élèves* of the schools of law and medicine.

Under a king so sceptical and voluptuous, so much of a *philosophe* and *pyrrhoniste*, as Louis XVIII., such tendencies were likely to spread themselves through all ranks of society—to permeate from the very highest to the very lowest classes; and not all the lately acquired asceticism of the monarch, his successor, nor all the efforts of the Jesuits, could restrain or control the tendencies of the *étudiants en droit*. What the law students were antecedently and subsequent to 1825, we know from the *Physiologie de l'Homme de Loi*; and it is not to be supposed that M. Ledru Rollin, with more ample pecuniary means at command, very much differed from his fellows. After undergoing a three years' course of study, M. Rollin obtained a diploma as a *licencié en droit*, and commenced his career as *stagiaire* somewhere about the end of 1826, or the beginning of 1827. Towards the close of 1829, or in the first months of 1830, he was, we believe, placed on the roll of advocates; so that he was called to the bar, or, as they say in France, received an advocate, in his twenty-second or twenty-third year.

The first years of an advocate, even in France, are generally passed in as enforced an idleness as in England. Clients come not to consult the greenhorn of the last term; nor does any *avoué* among our neighbours, any more than any attorney among ourselves, fancy that an old head is to be found on young shoulders. The years 1830 and 1831 were not marked by any oratorical effort of the author of the *Decline of England*; nor was it till 1832 that, being then one of the youngest of the bar of Paris, he prepared and signed an opinion against the placing of Paris in a state of siege consequent on the insurrections of June. Two years after he prepared a memoir, or *factum*, on the affair of the Rue Transonain, and defended Dupoty, accused of *complicité morale*, a monstrous doctrine invented by the Attorney-general Hebert. From 1834 to 1841 he appeared as counsel in nearly all the cases of *émeute* or conspiracy where the individuals prosecuted were Republicans, or quasi-Republicans. Meanwhile, he

had become the proprietor and *rédacteur en chef* of the *Réforme* newspaper, a political journal of an ultra-liberal—indeed of a Republican—complexion, which was then called of extreme opinions, as he had previously been editor of a legal newspaper called *Journal du Palais*. *La Réforme* had been originally conducted by Godefroy Cavaignac, the brother of the general, who continued editor till the period of the fatal illness which preceded his death. The defence of Dupoty, tried and sentenced under the ministry of Thiers to five years' imprisonment, as a regicide, because a letter was found open in the letter-box of the paper of which he was editor, addressed to him by a man said to be implicated in the conspiracy of Quénisset, naturally brought M. Rollin into contact with many of the writers in *La Réforme*; and these persons, among others Guinand Arago, Etienne Arago, and Flocon, induced him to embark some portion of his fortune in the paper. From one step he was led on to another, and ultimately became one of the chief—indeed, if not the chief proprietor. The speculation was far from successful in a pecuniary sense; but M. Rollin, in furtherance of his opinions, continued for some years to disburse considerable sums in the support of the journal. By this he no doubt increased his popularity and his credit with the Republican party, but it cannot be denied that he very materially injured his private fortune. In the earlier portion of his career M. Rollin was, it is known, not indisposed to seek a seat in the chamber under the auspices of M. Barrot, but subsequently to his connexion with the *Réforme*, he had himself become thoroughly known to the extreme party in the departments, and on the death of Garnier Pagès the elder, was elected in 1841 for Le Mans, in the department of La Sarthe.

In addressing the electors after his return, M. Rollin delivered a speech much more Republican than Monarchical. For this he was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, but the sentence was appealed against and annulled on a technical ground, and the honourable member was ultimately acquitted by the Cour d'Assises of Angers.

The parliamentary *début* of M. Rollin took place in 1842. His first speech was delivered on the subject of the secret-service money. The elocution was easy and flowing, the manner oratorical, the style somewhat turgid and bombastic. But in the course of the session M. Rollin improved, and his discourse on the modification of the criminal law, on other legal subjects, and on railways, were more sober specimens of style. In 1843 and 1844 M. Rollin frequently spoke; but though his speeches were a good deal talked of outside the walls of the chamber, they produced little effect within it. Nevertheless, it was plain to every candid observer that he possessed many of the requisites of the orator—a good voice, a copious flow of words, considerable energy and enthusiasm, a sanguine temperament and jovial and generous disposition. In the sessions of 1845–46, M. Rollin took a still more prominent part. His purse, his house in the Rue Tournon, his counsels and advice, were all placed at the service of the men of the movement; and by the beginning of 1847 he seemed to be acknowledged by the extreme party as its most conspicuous and popular member. Such indeed was his position when the electoral reform banquets, on a large scale, began to take place in the autumn of 1847. These banquets, promoted and forwarded by the principal members of the opposition to serve the cause of electoral reform, were looked on by M. Rollin and his friends in another light. While Odillon Barrot, Duvergier d'Ilauranne, and others, sought by means of them to produce an enlarged constituency, the member for Sarthe looked not merely to functional, but to organic reform—not merely to an enlargement of the constituency, but to a change in the form of the government. The desire of Barrot was *à la vérité, à la sincérité des institutions conquises en Juillet 1830*; whereas the desire of Rollin was, *à l'amélioration des classes laborieuses*: the one was willing to go on with the dynasty of Louis Philippe and the Constitution of July improved by diffusion and extension of the franchise, the other looked to a democratic and social republic. The result is now known.

It is not here our purpose to go over the events of the Revolution of February 1848, but we may be permitted to observe, that the combinations by which that event was effected were ramified and extensive, and were long silently and secretly in motion.

The personal history of the author of the book before us, since February 1848, is well-known and patent to all the world. He was the *ame damnée* of the Provisional Government—the man whose extreme opinions, intemperate circulars, and vehement patronage of persons professing the political creed of Robespierre—indisposed all moderate men to rally around the new system. It was in covering Ledru Rollin with the shield of his popularity that Lamartine lost his own, and that he ceased to be the political idol of a people of whom he must ever be regarded as one of the literary glories and illustrations. On the dissolution of the Provisional Government, Ledru Rollin constituted himself one of the leaders of the movement party. In ready powers of speech and in popularity no man stood higher; but he did not possess the power of restraining his followers or of holding them in hand, and the result was, that instead of being their leader he became their instrument. Fond of applause, ambitious of distinction, timid by nature, destitute of pluck, and of that rarer virtue moral courage, Ledru Rollin, to avoid the imputation of faintheartedness, put himself in the foreground, but the measures of his followers being ill-taken, the plot in which he was mixed up egregiously failed, and he is now in consequence an exile in England.

Again we repeat, that such being the fact, we had and have no wish to render M. Rollin's exile more bitter by any harsh remarks. Had he remained in peaceful obscurity, had he employed himself in any laborious pursuit connected with his profession—with past or present history, in a calm and inquiring spirit, we should have applauded his resolve, and have aided him by every means in our poor power. But when we find him engaged in a mischievous attempt to libel and misrepresent England, apparently for the worst purposes, we cannot

any longer remain silent. The translator of M. Rollin's work, who appears to be in the confidence of that gentleman, announces that the work originated solely in a fit of spleen conceived in consequence of an article in *The Times*. If this be so, what measure does it not afford us of M. Rollin's capacity, judgment, and discretion? Is that man fit to lead a party, much less to govern a nation, who in a fit of spleen indites a book against the nation which harbours him, wholly and solely because he has been too summarily, and perhaps too severely, dealt with in *The Times* newspaper? Even though, however, M. Rollin were in his best humour and his best spirit, we doubt that he possesses the capacity, the requisite information, or the industry, to comprehend or describe the institutions and system of England. We believe him to be imperfectly acquainted with her language, to know little of her history, and scarcely anything whatever of her literature. We could, however, forgive M. Ledru Rollin his ignorance if he had appeared to have been actuated by a good or a kindly spirit towards the people or institutions of our country. But he does not. Because *The Times* once, or at most twice—in very bad taste we admit—charged him and his companions with being, to use his own description of the words, *forçats échappés de bagne, miserable bandits, immondices des égouts de Paris*, &c., he chooses to say 'that he had every day to submit to insult, and that the English aristocracy had dragged him and his companions under all the barrows of its journalism.' The English aristocracy is human, and therefore has its faults; but M. Ledru Rollin, notwithstanding his general ignorance, knows well enough that the English aristocracy had as much to do with these articles of *The Times* as the Reis Effendi of the Sublime Porte. *The Times* is not the journal of the English aristocracy, but the journal of the monied, mercantile, and middle classes; nor is it written in an exclusive or aristocratic sense. With the exception of *The Times*, however, what journal has said a word about M. Rollin or any of his companions? He has been in London now for more than twelve months, and in all

that period his name having been introduced once or twice in a leading article in no complimentary fashion, he chooses on that ground to fix a quarrel on the nation, and to accuse the aristocracy of insulting him, and using towards him every species of insolence. M. Ledru Rollin contends that he has found in England a new and decisive proof against the feudal system. But if he was well-informed as a jurist, he ought to know that the feudal system has long since ceased to prevail in England, and that the principal feudal tenures have been abolished by an Act of Parliament, the 12 Chas. II. c. 24, which is an act for taking away the Court of Wards and Liveries, and Tenures *in capite*, Knight Service, and Tenures by Homage, Escuage, &c. Ever since the Revolution of 1688 it is not the fental, but its very opposite, the commercial principle, that has predominated, whether that principle be represented by the import and export merchants of England, as it was till 1814 or 1815, or by the manufacturer and monied capitalists, as it has been from 1815 to 1850. M. Ledru Rollin calls England a joint-stock company of kings, whereas the Nesselrods, the Metternichs, the Schwarzenbergs, the Guizots, and others the very opposite of M. Rollin, consider her the focus and refuge of revolutionists. Now both accusations cannot be true, for they are the very opposite of each other. We believe, however, neither to be true, and that the real truth lies between both. If kings or revolutionists be unfortunate, or without an asylum in their own country, they find one in England. We have here at one and at the same time Louis Philippe d'Orléans and Ledru Rollin, the Prince de Joinville and Louis Blanc, and we should with equal pleasure afford shelter to Pio Nono and Mazzini if either landed on our shores. More than half a century ago we afforded a shelter to Louis XVIII. and the Count d'Artois; but at the very same period we sheltered Dumouriez—many Girondists who had escaped the guillotine—and Talleyrand, who was then of the party of the revolution. So in 1830 we received Charles X.; while in 1832, 33, and 34, we refused not an asylum to the Armand Marrast, the

Cabets, and other political refugees who escaped from the prosecutions and imprisonment of the King of the Barricades.

M. Ledru Rollin, with a view to depreciate England, speaks of her soil as far from equal to that of Aragon or Lombardy. But in declaring this truth he unconsciously bears testimony to the energy and industry of her inhabitants. With a soil far inferior to these fertile provinces Great Britain has, by the industry, science, and well-applied skill of her people, achieved marvels in cultivation and production.

M. Rollin compares the greatness of England to the greatness of Carthage, Tyre, Venice, Spain, and Holland, which have all passed away. But there is no analogy between the cases. It were childish to say a word as to Carthage or Tyre. But in more modern times Venice was an exclusive and conquering republic—jealous, mistrustful, and vindictive in its policy; Spain was a despotic monarchy, destroyed by religious intolerance, by the persecution of the Moors, by the ascendancy of the Inquisition, and by the discovery of the Indies; Holland of the middle ages was torn by intestine factions, domestic dissensions, and a devouring lust of gain and acquisition. We do not say that there is a principle of immutability in the institutions or commercial policy of England, or that there are not vices in our social and political systems. But in any imperfection or blot pointed out by M. Ledru Rollin, he has been the mere exponent and translator—not always the faithful translator—of the opinions of the metropolitan press. The greater part of M. Rollin's discoveries are servilely copied from the metropolitan correspondence of the *Morning Chronicle*.

It is an unquestionable truth, unfortunately, that taxation cannot be carried much higher nor wages sink much lower in England than at present, but the same observation may be predicated of France.

This state arises from a complication of causes, and not from the one solitary cause assigned by M. Rollin,—that the land, regulated by the feudal law, belongs, in hereditary fiefs, to a few hundred of privileged families. Fental tenures, as we have

already observed, have been long abolished; nor is the land of England in the hands of a few hundred or a few thousands of privileged families. In 1841 the number of occupiers of land, exclusive of the great proprietors, amounted to 141,460; the number of occupiers not employing labourers amounted to 94,883; and the number of farmers and graziers amounted to 194,596. In any one county of England, even the very smallest, there are as many proprietors as M. Rollin would assign to the whole kingdom. Of the whole country, he says, *La terre régie par le droit féodal appartient en fiefs héréditaires à quelques centaines de familles privilégiées*. Yet this would be an imperfect description of the proprietors in fee of either of the ridings of Yorkshire.

M. Rollin charges us with having fastened upon the Indies, which we have plundered for a century. Now all our conquests in India have been forced upon us unwillingly; and though the Indian Government, like every thing subliminary, is far from perfect, yet is it most assuredly one of the best governments the world has yet seen, and ten hundred thousand times a better government than the natives ever enjoyed under the best of their native princes. The Indian Government is a model to most European Governments. The civil servants of the East India Company, we hesitate not to say it, are the best educated and most instructed men in the universe. In the civil service, from which judges, magistrates, collectors of revenue, salt-agents, residents, and diplomatists are selected, aristocracy of birth, apart from seniority and merit, has no privileges. The civil servants of the East India Company are generally the sons of private gentlemen or persons in the middle walks of life, and neither parliamentary nor aristocratic interest can push them forward. The service which produced a Hastings, a Clive, a Barlow, a Colehrooke, an Elphinstone, an Adam, a Holt Mackenzie, a Rickards, must be well served and well administered. Declamatory abuse is, however, easy, and may be resorted to without previous inquiry or labour.

If M. Ledru Rollin, instead of

dealing in vague and offensive generalities, had visited the East India College at Haileybury, the *cunabula* of the civil servants of India, he would have found a course of education and training prevailing unequalled for extent and utility. It is not merely Oriental tongues that are studied, but classical and general literature, history, and political economy, pure and mixed mathematics, law, and jurisprudence.

The Company's officers are just as well trained at the East India Company's Military Seminary at Addiscombe, where the Oriental languages, mathematics and classics, fortification, military drawing, chemistry, and geology are taught. We have no desire to depreciate European armies, but we hesitate not to say that no European army exceeds, and very few equal, Indian officers in point of professional attainment.

M. Rollin talks of our having plundered India, drained her ancient domains by the prodigality of our governments and the voracity of our monopolists. Where, however, are the plunderers? and where is the plunder? No nabobs now return to England with princely fortunes, and very few civil servants after a quarter of a century's service, and very few military men after half a century's service, are able to do more than live in a state of decent competency. What, however, is the voracity of our monopolists? We permit French wines and millinery, French luxuries and *articles de Paris*, to enter Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay at a slight duty, and we secured for France in the Chinese empire the same advantages we enjoy ourselves. Such is our voracity of conquest. Quoth the author of the *Decline*, Your possessions in India have for the most part been acquired by a series of crimes.

Now, from the period when the English obtained in Bengal the first of those peculiar privileges which were the forerunners of their subsequent power, *i.e.* in 1551 and 1552, there is scarcely a transaction of the Company or the traders that will not bear the light of day and the impartial investigation of history. The English, it should be remembered, were placed in positions of great difficulty. Fierce wars raged among

the natives; and it was not only with these latter that our countrymen had to deal, but with rival European nations, — with the money-making Dutch, who wished to monopolize the carrying trade and commerce, the spices and the gums of the far East, — and with the warlike, the encroaching, and the ambitious French. Our Clives, our Cootes, our Baillies, our Cornwallises, our Hastings, our Fulartons and Lawrences, had to deal not merely with the natives, but with the Lallys, Dupleixes, Labourdonnais, Bussys, Conflans, and Suffreins of the French. It is no part of our duty, and as little our desire, to blacken or defame French commanders in the East, and we are even prepared to award the highest praise to Labourdonnais, who not only faithfully but gloriously served his country.

But the French agents in the East were not all like Labourdonnais, who, for his conduct, was rewarded with the Bastille by the Home Government; while his rival Dupleix, who shamefully broke a solemn treaty with England, was supported and sustained. The French ministry and the French East India Company of the time were sharers of Dupleix's guilt. It is evident, however, that M. Rollin is in total ignorance of the events of 1746, and that he knows no more of the history of even French deeds in India than he does of the Sanscrit or Persian tongues. That a man so rash, so shallow, and so little prone to labour, should sit down to read sufficient to give him an idea of the English dominion in the East, is not to be expected. It is easier for him to deal in general accusations of violence and perfidy, — accusations which need but to be named to be refuted. Marked by some faults and defaced by some imperfections, the government of the East by the East India Company is the most wonderful government the world has yet seen; and if it were not wonderful for its justice, its wisdom, its longanimity, and its moderation, it is impossible to think that a handful of Europeans could hold in subjection, scores of thousands of miles beyond the seas, millions and millions of subjects who have never heard of the name of England.

It is not necessary to follow M.

Rollin into his disquisitions on *Domesday Book*. Though he has dipped into Meyer, Delome, and Augustia Thierry, yet it is plain he has never read Bishop Bennett's *Parochial Antiquities*, nor Webb's *Analysis*, nor Sir Henry Ellis's *Introduction to Domesday*, and indexes of the tenants-in-chief. To suppose that this shallow gentleman had read any Saxon account, or the disquisitions of any English lawyers on the subject, would be giving him credit for an industry and a research which he does not possess. We have no doubt that he is as ignorant of the *Annotations* of Hammond, of the remarks of Camden, Spelman, Selden, Blount, Gilbert, and Sir Martin Wright, touching what Camden calls 'The Tax-book of King William,' as he is ignorant of Indian history.

When, however, M. Rollin maintains 'that the principle of pure feudalism established eight centuries ago governs England in all its rigour,' one can only lament that a man so deplorably ignorant himself assumes the office of instructing his countrymen, who cannot by any possibility be more ignorant than their instructor. We do not expect a man of the calibre of Ledru Rollin to have read Britton, *Fleta*, or the *Mirror*; to have read *Cragius de Feudis*, Madox's *Baronia Anglia*, or Wilkins's *Saxon Laws*; to have read Coke, Littleton, or Selden's note to Hengham; but one might have expected that before printing his work he would have opened a French translation of Blackstone, in the second volume of which he would have found it stated that the statute of 12 Chas. II. c. 24, abolishing tenures by knight service, was a statute which was a greater acquisition to the civil property of this kingdom than even Magna Charta itself, since that only pruned the luxuriances that had grown out of the military tenures, and thereby preserved them in vigour; but the statute of King Charles extirpated the whole, and demolished both root and branches.

The changes made in the tenure of soccage were many, and were extended to Ireland by the Irish Act of 14 and 15 Charles II. c. 19. Even Scotland was benefited by the abolition of the equivalent tenure of ward-holding, after the Rebellion of

1745, by the 20th Geo. II. c. 50. When, therefore, M. Rollin states, 'that the principle of feudalism governs England in all its rigour, as it did eight centuries ago,' he was evidently unaware that socage tenures are divided by English lawyers according to their duration, into estates in fee, for life, for years, and at will; and that the law regarding escheat and forfeiture has been amended by 4 and 5 Will. IV. c. 23.

M. Ledru Rollin is not merely totally ignorant of English works on the subject on which he writes; he totally mistakes the observations of Meyer, in the fourth chapter of his work on the *Institutions Judiciaires*.*

M. Rollin makes a considerable outcry about copyhold estates, which is a tenure of land for which the tenant has nothing to show but a copy of the rolls made by the steward of the lord's court on such tenant's being admitted to any parcel of land or tenement belonging to the manor. But in his indignation against copyhold, M. Rollin forgot to state that copyhold cannot be created at this day; for Lord Coke, both in his *Institute* and in the Reports, states, that the pillars of a copyhold estate are,—that it hath been demised time out of mind by copy of court roll, and that the tenements are parcel of or within the manor.

It grievously affects the leader of the French Mountain to know that recourse is had to *Domesday Book* to determine if land is ancient demesne or not. This is not extraordinary, considering that the most ancient inquisition among the records of the country is *Domesday Book*, and that the inquiry is made upon oaths before the king's justices appointed to conduct it. But although *Domesday Book* is the ultimate criterion for determining what lands are ancient demesne of the crown, and the trial is said to be by inspection of *Domesday*, yet it is usual to produce an examined copy in evidence, except in proceedings before the Lords, where the originals are required. The inquisition which M.

Ledru Rollin ridicules, he ought to know is of much importance in determining the parcels of manors, the pedigrees of families,† the sites of ancient mills, the abbey lands belonging to religious houses, and a variety of other circumstances incident to the proof of immemorial rights and obligations.

In his chapter on the Commercial Aristocracy of England, M. Rollin states that it is necessary for a director of the East India Company to possess shares to the amount of at least 500,000 francs, equivalent to 20,000*l.* of our money. This is but one of the numerous mistakes into which the late leader of the *Monntain* falls, and it may be taken as a sample of his general incorrectness. By the 17th Geo. III. c. 3, the pecuniary qualification for a director consists, not of a sum of 500,000 francs, but of 50,000 francs, or 2000*l.* Thus has M. Rollin committed a small mistake of 18,000*l.*, making the money qualification ten times greater than it really is.

M. Rollin, in this same chapter, talks of the English law as favouring commercial monopolies. If the man's ignorance of commerce and English law were not incredible as incurable, he could not talk thus. Why, the whole policy of the English law has for centuries been against monopolies. A monopoly, says Lord Coke,‡ hath three incidents mischievous to the public: 1st. The raising of the price; 2d. The commodity will not be so good; 3d. The impoverishing of poor artificers. All monopolies are against the ancient and fundamental laws of the realm. A bye-law which makes a monopoly is void; so is a prescription for a sole trade to any one person or persons exclusive of all others.§ Monopolies, says Hawkins, are void|| by the common law, as being against the freedom of trade, and discouraging labour and industry, and putting it in the power of particular persons to set what prices they please on a commodity.

In his chapter on Political Aristocracy, M. Rollin says, 'that arrest is

* See Meyer, vol. ii. p. 51.

† See Grimaldi *On the Genealogical Uses of Domesday*. Origines, p. 6.

‡ 11 Report, 86.

§ Moor, 591.

|| 1st Hawkins, *Pleas of the Crown*.

employed to an extent that is frightful.' We do not deny that it was so antecedently to the 1st October, 1838; but the worthy Montagnard is evidently not aware that, by the 1st and 2d Victoria, c. 110, sect. 1, it is enacted that 'from and after the time appointed for the commencement of this act, no person shall be arrested on mesne process in any civil action in any inferior court whatsoever, or except in the cases and in the manner provided in any superior court. By the third section of the statute, a judge must be satisfied by affidavit that the cause of action amounts to 20*l.* or upwards, and that the debtor is about to quit England unless forthwith apprehended.

M. Rollin is very nearly as much in error about the press as about the law. He says, a journal, which for each number has a price almost equal to a day's wages, cannot agitate the people. But it is not necessary to buy a newspaper to know what the press says. Throughout London, for the small sum of a penny, three-halfpence, or twopence, in some cases even for less than a penny, any one may hire a newspaper for an hour and a half. M. Rollin seems also to take no account of the cheap penny and threepenny press read by immense numbers of the working people. There is, however, some truth in M. Rollin's remark, that in France the press is an apostleship, while in England it is a business. The press of France has, however, greatly fallen in repute during the last fifteen years, and immeasurably fallen during the last two years and a half.

On trial by jury, it might be imagined M. Rollin would not blunder so hopelessly. But alas! no. The jury even he finds 'is the patrimony of the lesser aristocracy.' Unhappy man! It is plain he has never read the 1st sect. of the 6th Geo. IV., whereby the qualifications of jurors are defined. Every man between twenty-one and sixty, who shall have 10*l.* per annum above reprises in lands or tenements, or in rents issuing out of such lands, of 20*l.* in lands or tenements, held by lease for twenty-one years or longer, or who, being a householder, shall be rated to poor's-rates in Middlesex upon a value of 30*l.*, or in any other coun-

try not less than 20*l.*, or who shall occupy a house containing not less than fifteen windows. In London a juror must be a householder, or the occupier of a shop, warehouse, counting-house, chambers, or office, for the purpose of trade or commerce, within the city, and have lands, tenements, or personal estate, of the value of 100*l.*

As to a special jury, it is the aversion of M. Rollin. It is 'a jury of choice—a jury which, on grounds more or less frivolous, may be imposed on every party—a jury almost permanent. Beside,' quoth the French advocate, 'there is the partiality of the sheriff in special juries.'

Now special juries were originally introduced in trials at bar, when the causes were too great for the discussion of ordinary freeholders, or where the sheriff was suspected of partiality, though not upon such apparent cause as to warrant an exception to him. No mention is made of special jurors in the oldest book of practice—Powell's, printed in 1628.

Special jurors, however, so much dreaded by M. Rollin, are all those described in the jurors' book as esquires, or persons of higher degree, or as bankers or merchants. Such persons are qualified, and liable to serve.

As to the errors M. Rollin commits in his chapter on College Aristocracy, they are so numerous that they would fill an article composed of sixteen pages, or a sheet of our type. 'It is plain,' says M. Rollin's translator, 'that he never was at Cambridge;' and with this rebuke from his friend we leave that portion of the subject.

We have neither space nor inclination to follow M. Rollin into his discursive observations on English law. Many of his remarks, translated not always faithfully, from the late Jeremy Bentham, the late George Ensor of Armagh, and the late learned and able John Millar of Lincoln's Inn, are undoubtedly worthy of attention. We by no means defend the monstrous fictions with which law abounds, nor are we prepared to say a word in favour of the refined subtleties of a perverse species of special pleading, nor to defend the complicated nonsense of an action of ejectment, in which Doe and Roe

figure off so conspicuously. In stigmatizing these fictions, and the abuses of special pleading, and the delays of equity, and the expenses of law generally, M. Rollin has undoubtedly, knowing very little of the subject, hit the right nail on the head. To follow the Montagnard into this devious track, would require an exhibition of professional knowledge which our general readers could not understand, and would not, therefore, appreciate. Yet, though deviating into right by haphazard on this one particular subject, it is evident he has been wise by chance. For in the very following page, namely, the eightieth of the French edition, he confounds the custom of hotch-pot with statute law, and talks of the hotch-potch acts, which he translates *salmagondis*!

The lay reader may ask, What is the meaning of the word hotch-pot? It is thus defined by Coke and Littleton.

Hotch-pot, say these great authorities, is—

A word brought from the French *hotchpot*, used for a confused mingling of divers things together; and among the Dutch it signifies flesh cut into pieces, and sodden with herbs or roots; but, by a metaphor, it is a blending or mixing lands together given in marriage, with other lands in fee falling by descent, as if a man seised of thirty acres of land in fee hath issue only two daughters, and he gives with one of them ten acres in marriage to the man that marries her, and dies seised of the other twenty acres; now she that is thus married, to gain her share of the rest of the land, must put her part given in marriage into hotchpot, *i.e.* she must refuse to take the sole profits thereof, and cause her land to be mingled with the other, so that an equal division may be made of the whole between her and her sister, as if none had been given to her; and thus for her ten acres she shall have fifteen, otherwise the sister will have the twenty acres of which her father died seised.—*Lit. 55, Co. Lit. lib. iii. c. 12.*

Such is the old custom which Ledru Rollin would make a series of Acts of Parliament, calling them the Hotch-potch Acts. The worthy man is also possessed with the idea that neither queen's counsel nor serjeants-at-law can defend the people, because they have a salary of 200*l.* a-year. The salary is, we believe, a merely nominal sum, never received; and

as to not being able to appear against the Crown, any queen's counsel may have a license enabling him to defend any prisoner at an expense of about 9*l.* We never ourselves knew but one instance in which the Crown claimed the services of a queen's counsel as of right. This was in the instance of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, when Sir John Jervis, on the part of the Crown, claimed the knights' services *de jure*, though he had been previously engaged on the other side. But the claim was not, we believe, persisted in.

Of English literature M. Rollin appears fully as ignorant as of English law. He speaks of Milton as a noble genius, who, three centuries ago, took his place between Shakespeare and Dante. Milton was born in 1608, and died in 1674, just 176 years ago. When such a man as this tells the English people 'that they know not the depth of Shakespeare,' they are merely disposed to laugh at him.

In truth, according to this worthy, the English have no merit of any kind. They have no orators, no poets, no artists; their very language has no grammar. Our artists 'can merely paint horses and dogs,' says the self-complacent Frenchman. Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Barry, Lawrence, Harlowe, Wilson, Morland, West, Wilkie, Landseer, and so many other living artists whom we could name, have, or have had, according to M. Rollin, no conception of their vocation.

In his chapter on Ireland M. Rollin commits fewer errors than in writing about England. This may, probably, be accounted for by his being connected by marriage with Ireland. Still, M. Rollin describes Grattan as exclaiming (he does not quote the passage correctly, and we, therefore, transcribe it accurately for him), 'rank majorities may give a nation law, but rank majorities cannot give law authority,' in the time of George II. Grattan was undoubtedly born in 1750, when George II. was on the throne, but he was only ten years old in 1760, at the accession of George III., and he did not enter the Irish Parliament till 1775, when that monarch was in the sixteenth year of his reign.

It is very evident that M. Rollin

has never read the account of the landing of Humbert, published by Dr. Stock, bishop of Kilalla, if we remember rightly, in November or December 1798. From this account we learn, that on the 22d of August, 1798, 1100 French troops, including 70 officers, with a considerable quantity of arms, clothing, and ammunition, were disembarked from three French frigates at Kilalla. The garrison of the town of Kilalla, consisting of only 50 men, 30 of whom were yeomen, the remainder a detachment of the Prince of Wales's Fencibles, after a spirited attempt to oppose the entrance of the French vanguard, were obliged to retreat with precipitation, leaving two of their number killed, and Lieutenant Sills of the Fencibles, Captain Kirkwood of the yeomen, and 19 privates, taken prisoners. This, undoubtedly, gave the French an advantage, and caused many of the peasantry to join their standard; but their successes, notwithstanding the errors committed by Generals Hutchinson and Lake at Castlebar, were of short duration, and in September Humbert surrendered to Lake.

The description given by the Bishop of Kilalla of Humbert's character and person, of Charost, Boudet, and Ponison, the seconds in command, is by no means favourable. These Frenchmen were accompanied by a Major O'Keon, who had been bred in the *Collège des Irlandais* at Paris for an Irish priest, and they were joined by two Irish adventurers, one named Bellew, a confirmed drunkard, and the brother of the titular Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese. The two others were relations; one was named Ferdinand O'Donnell, the other Roger Maguire of Crosmalina.

From page 125 to page 151 of his work, M. Rollin gives what he considers a summary of British dominion in India. This is a tissue of misrepresentations and misstatements which we regret we have neither time nor space to expose. M. Rollin then proceeds to say, that Canada was wrested from France by a long series of perfidies. To this we shall merely answer, that Quebec was erected by the French in 1605. The English reduced it and all Canada in 1626, but it was

restored in 1632. In 1711 it was besieged by the English without success, but was taken by us in 1759, after a battle memorable for the death of Wolfe in the moment of victory. To us it was confirmed by the peace of Paris in 1763; and if in the acquisitions gained by conquest and secured by treaty there be anything of perfidity, we are undoubtedly guilty of perfidity,—*secus non*, as the lawyers say. This charge of perfidy and treason has, however, been levelled at us from the days of Cressy and Agincourt to the days of Waterloo. These accusations are about as true as the charging the Brunswick Manifesto on William Pitt. With this ill-judged manifesto Pitt had no more to do than M. Rollin's grandfather, the renowned Comma, who was in his prime at the period it was issued. It is now, moreover, well-known that the Duke of Brunswick denounced this manifesto to the King of Prussia—that he signed it unwillingly, and *à contre cœur*—that previous to having signed it he had opened communications with Sièyes—that, in fact, he looked himself to be elected to the throne of France. Nor were these the only faults of the English minister according to this veracious scribe. He employed agents at Coblenz, and would listen to no explanations, says M. Ledru. We know, however, from Lord Malmesbury's *Diary and Correspondence*, that Pitt was the man of the cabinet the least disposed to interfere in the internal affairs of France. But Pitt passed the Alien Bill, says our Montagnard. What then? There is nothing in the Alien Bill of which any honourable or honest man need be ashamed. The history of the Alien Bill is this. A very great influx of foreigners into England having been caused by the troubles on the Continent in 1792–3, certain acts were passed, the 33 Geo. III. c. 4, and the 34 Geo. III. cc. 43 and 67, compelling the masters of foreign ships to give an account at every port of the number and names of every foreigner aboard; appointing justices and others to grant passports to such aliens; and giving the king power to restrain, and to send them out of the kingdom on pain of transportation, and on their return of death.

Another charge of M. Rollin is that England granted a pension to Dumouriez of 1200*l.* per annum. This fact, which is undoubtedly true, is creditable to England, and not discreditable to Dumouriez, who never served against his country. The pension was given, we believe, for plans of fortification of the English coasts, and for plans of a defence of Portugal, and not for betraying four deputies of the Convention, together with Bournonville, a baseness of which the able, active, and energetic Dumouriez was incapable. M. Ledru Rollin tells us, that English judges declared in open court that the coining of forged assignats was not contrary to law, but he does not state when and where, or the names of the judges. In this charge there wants that 'convenient certainty' which lawyers deem necessary, and we shall therefore at once dismiss it.

At p. 175 of the French edition of his work, M. Rollin declares that England has no army. How obtuse most Frenchmen are on this head! Albeit for more than 600 years they have been feeling the force and valour of the English army, from Cressy to Waterloo, they will not believe in its existence.

The remainder of the first volume of M. Rollin, where it is not composed of servile translations from the *Morning Chronicle*, consists of dull and disgusting diatribes, equally offensive and false. He accuses us of being assassins and corruptors, and thus concludes three pages of the foulest abuses:—

The world is large, yet England has placed her foot in every part. From St. George's Channel to Canton—from the Euphrates and the Ganges to the Baltic Sea—search out a race, a nation, who will, before their God, bear witness to the honour of England. Nay, where is the coast, the island, even the port, which she has not disquieted, ravaged, and contaminated? find, if you can, throughout the globe, not a slavish government, for she has her parasites everywhere, but a faithful alliance, a

fraternal relation, existing between her and others, excepting, perhaps, the red skins, which she has so frequently enlisted against her own children in the American wars.

No; England is sisterless among nations. She counts her vassals by millions, either as subjects or pupils, but she has no friends. England is isolated, like the lone vulture in its eyrie.

The page of history, like the ocean, is dotted over with the ruins which she has caused. Even while affecting to serve her allies, she despoiled them, as Spain during the wars of the Empire can testify. How did the English legion act, amidst the army of independence? It razed the fortifications, destroyed the mills, ruined trades and manufactures, during its retreat; and the result of this *fraternal* execution of its good ally has been that Spain is powerless and impoverished, and that her markets are groaning under the weight of English cotton fabrics. . . . Liberty, religion, progress, civilization, and the sacred rights of conscience, are but mere words—pretexts for hypocrisy—in the vocabulary of Great Britain. It is rank blasphemy for England to pronounce such phrases.

We had marked out twenty passages, and at least sixty misstatements and misrepresentations, which we had intended to lay before the reader, but after this last it would seem to be a work of supererogation. It were vain to reason with so mischievous a madman as this, and we can only lament that one so destitute of judgment, foresight, and political sagacity, could ever have obtained a sway over any class of Frenchmen, even in republican France. In our own country we often see how fluency of speech, and considerable powers of exposition, sarcasm, and declamation, are possessed by the emptiest and shallowest of men. Ledru Rollin further proves in this book, that a man may be considered a considerable orator, and be accepted as the leader and adviser of a party, who is not only shallow and ignorant, but eminently mischievous, and entirely without judgment.

UNIVERSITY REFORM—OXFORD.*

THOSE who have gained that acquaintance with the mystery of a Magazine which only constant and devoted readers can expect to enjoy, know that the writer, though doubtless in all cases one and indivisible—a doctrine which it would be heresy to question—is yet accustomed to assume different forms or personate different characters, as occasion may serve. In the last number of *Fraser* the presiding Proteus appeared as a Cambridge man, wholly intent on the system of his own university, specially interested in its prosperity, and ardently desirous for its improvement; he is now about to put on an Oxford dress, and, as a matter of course, to adopt along with it an Oxford habit of mind, and an exclusive reference to Oxford matters, things *in esse* and *in posse*, existing evils and hypothetical reforms.

In reference to the opinion which pronounces that no sermon—not even the lay homily of a periodical preacher—can be orthodox without a text, we have headed our article with one or two of the more recent Oxford pamphlets. Nevertheless, we are bound to say that we shall take but little more notice of them than if they had not been there. Mr. Row's *Letter to Lord John Russell*, as our readers know, has a sort of historical importance, having furnished most of the data, if not for the reasons with which its noble recipient introduced the unexpected announcement of the Commission, at any rate for both Mr. Heywood's opening speech and Sir Robert Inglis's reply,—a piece of good fortune which it owes not so much to its own merits of ability or temper as to the accident of its appearance at a time when the subject was beginning to be canvassed among politicians, and any offer of systematic information was likely to be thankfully received. His second *Letter to Sir Robert Inglis*, whose marked attentions to him certainly did seem to demand an equally marked acknowledgment, is little more than a

restatement in a blue cover of those representations which had already been laid before the public in a pink one. Less fortunate than its predecessor, it did not come out till after the question had been taken up by abler hands, and accordingly we do not find that it has attracted any particular notice. As we have no *amende* to make to Mr. Row, we shall leave him to go on his way while we pursue ours, aware as we are that, to a certain extent, we are travelling along the same road with him. And while we decline unseasonable company, still less do we wish to spend time in dealing with unmeaning opposition, such as we suppose is intended to be conveyed by the instalments of pleasantries dispensed from time to time by *Lord John Russell's Post-Bag*. They are generally attributed to a well-known Oxford philosopher, who, having vainly endeavoured all his life to rival Plato, has recently shown symptoms of a wish to acquire the honours of the name in another way, and become a sort of Plato Comicus. Preferring as we do his jokes to his analogies, his imitations of Sir Robert Peel and the Artful Dodger to his disquisitions about unity and plurality, we greatly doubt whether there is enough of argument discoverable in either to justify our giving them more than a nominal place in a paper which professes to treat of the wants of Oxford and their remedies.

That which constitutes the peculiar interest of the University Question at the present moment is, of course, the prospect of the Commission. Ever since its appointment was known to be only a matter of time, the pleadings of both parties, the reformers and the anti-reformers, have been obviously directed with a view to catch the ear of the Government, to reassure and stimulate or to discourage and intimidate Lord John Russell. Before this number can possibly be in the hands of our readers, the adjourned debate on Mr. Heywood's

* 1. *A Letter to Lord John Russell*. London: Ridgway. 1850.

2. *A Letter to Sir R. H. Inglis*. By C. A. Row, M.A., author of *A Letter to Lord John Russell*. Ditto.

3. *The University Commission; or, Lord John Russell's Post-Bag*. Nos. 1. II. III. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1850.

motion, already twice delayed, will have come off in the House of Commons, if it should be so fortunate as to escape the danger of a third postponement; and it is possible—whether likely or no we are not sufficiently conversant with ministerial deliberations to be able to say,—that the names of the Commissioners may be gazetted even before that day, as the premier has not promised to wait till Mr. Gladstone has had an opportunity of making his speech, and proving, with his usual elaborate subtlety, that while a parliamentary commission would have been almost, if not quite unexceptionable, a royal commission is the very thing in the whole world most undesirable and deserving of resistance. We shall be strictly adhering to the profession with which we set out, that of regarding every thing from an Oxford point of view, if we express a somewhat less qualified sympathy in Lord John Russell's proposal. The positions which Cambridge and Oxford have respectively taken up with regard to the Commission, though apparently similar, are in reality not a little different. In each case a large majority of the students has declared against external interference; in each case the educational reforms lately consummated by each are put forward as the plea for permission to go on without inquiry. But there is one most important difference, and that is, in the persons whom the signatures represent. The Cambridge address was signed, more or less, by all parties in the University; a few distinguished names were remarked as absent, but on the whole the list showed a sufficient number of those who had come forward in support of the new triposes. The ranks of the opponents of the Commission in Oxford, large and respectable as they may be, exhibit an unfortunate deficiency in that element whose adhesion happens to be of most importance,—the body which has been active in measures of self-reform. The manifesto of the heads of houses and proctors, published about six weeks back, was unluckily drawn up in the absence of the one member who had consistently supported the new statute for its own merits, and whose exertions were the cause of its receiving at last the reluctant assent

of his colleagues. In the same way among the younger residents it is well known that those who in the spring of 1848 inaugurated the movement which is now made the pretext for averting interference, are precisely those who are most anxious that Lord John Russell should persevere in his intention to establish a really efficient commission. We believe that we are speaking their sense as well as our own when we say, that inquiry, whether conducted in the first instance under parliamentary or under royal auspices, is eminently calculated to do good to Oxford; and that in proportion to its strictness, not only by establishing a general understanding between the University and the nation, which is itself no insignificant object, but by effecting certain special changes which can only be effected by the ultimate act of the legislature, at the same time that they are absolutely necessary as a complement to the improvements going on within.

Attempts have not been wanting to represent this notion of an enabling power as a mere delusion, designed to impose upon the non-academical public. It has been triumphantly remarked, as a thing of which no University man could entertain any doubt, that whether Government interference be good or bad, it cannot possibly stand in any sort of relation to the educational reforms so lately ratified. All that has to be done, we are told, is done; and even if it were not, no ministerial inquiry could help in bringing it about. Those who, like the author of the *Post-Bag*, prefer being laughed with as jokers to being laughed at as serious reasoners, find a capital opportunity for putting extreme cases, and imagining Lord John or his nominees as moderators or examiners. It is not long, however, before an Oxford man, such as we have mentioned, a real friend to the new statute and its new schools, is able to see a point or two in which its working is impeded by obstacles which no internal exertion can remove. New subjects require new teachers; and where are these to come from? Even in the present range of study the average degree of instruction given must be called unsatisfactory. The professorial system is almost at zero,

and the tutorial, which has superseded it, is far from being as effective as it might be. The permitted existence of private tuition is a confession of weakness in more ways than one; an evidence that the public resources of Oxford are insufficient to provide either for all who wish to learn, or for all who wish to teach.

This being allowed, it surely becomes a grave question how the new examinations are to be worked. It is perfectly true, that so soon as they are set in motion some hands will be found. Over and above the fact that professorships of the several branches of study now formally recognised in part of the university course, are in actual existence, there is no doubt that the colleges will provide tutors who will be ready to lecture as they best may. The system of college elections is tolerably elastic in this particular, fellows being often chosen specially with a view to tutorships, *e.g.* for their mathematical acquirements. Still, even if it be admitted, that, as a general rule, the colleges will do all they can, it does not follow that they can do all they would. And this brings us to one great reform which nothing but the aid of the legislature can accomplish—that of college foundations. We will not stop to answer the arguments by which it has been contended that corporations are essentially inviolable, and that the civil power cannot do in 1850 what it did with the Universities themselves in the middle of the sixteenth century, and with divers other corporate bodies fifteen or twenty years ago. Such reasoning betrays the same happy insensibility to political need which we recollect once meeting with in a *brochure* by an Oxford theologian of some celebrity, who, in his zeal to stir up parliament to a rejection of Sir Robert Peel's Irish Colleges, was ready to join issue on the assertion that the then existing Government was better than no Government at all. Nor need we vindicate interference with founders' wills on the general ground, amply sufficient as that is, which represents the necessary absurdity of supposing that the detailed regulations of one period can, without violent straining, be accommodated to the uses of another, three or four centuries off. The case is

not one to be settled by appeal to presumption or to analogy, but by a simple reference to actual facts. The admirable letters of 'Oxonicensis,' which have appeared in *The Times* during the past month, establish, beyond doubt, that the present practice of fellowship elections violates not only the spirit of founders' intentions but their very letter. We are not left to argue, as we well might, that though the founder living in the fourteenth century may have naturally taken delight in close fellowships, there is good reason to believe that, with a view of modern necessities before him, he would think very differently now; we can adopt a more direct line, and contend that he never meant close fellowships, in the sense in which they now exist, or in any sense analogous to it, to exist at all. The fellowships which the Oxford founders endowed were not provisions on which graduates, their education being completed, were meant to live, either usefully as teachers or uselessly as sinecurists, but means of maintenance for learners, persons at the time of their election *in statu pupillari*, who came up to Oxford to be educated—in many cases with the condition that they should afterwards take priors' orders, pray for their benefactors' souls, and in other ways do the work of the Church. The place of education then was the University—a literary republic of lecturers on all the then defined departments of knowledge. The students probably at first lived independently—gradually it became the custom to join some hall kept by a member of the university, just as a person in modern times would naturally take lodgings at a respectable house which chanced to offer some slight advantages: the colleges were a step beyond these, not only supplying reputable board and lodging, but supplying them free of expense, and in return imposing certain domestic duties. Now then we see the rhyme and the reason of close foundations. The founder wished his own kindred, or, failing these, the natives of his own neighbourhood or county, to enjoy the benefits of good schooling and moral superintendence, if possible, to the end of time—and so he founded one or more fellowships; just as now, if such things could be bequeathed, a man might leave a no-

mination to Eton or Winchester, as a perpetual legacy, to be enjoyed by the successive generations of his family in turn. Whether this kind of bequest is desirable, and ought to be permanently respected by the State, we need not discuss, as the question would only be one of the barest abstract interest. The fellowships as they now are, and have been for two hundred years at least, are nothing of the sort. The absorption of the University into the Collegiate system has given them a fresh character. The fellows are now, practically, the teachers of the University—or, at any rate, whatever they may be, they are certainly not the learners. Such a change, whether it be thought good or bad, at any rate cannot have been foreseen by the founders. At the time when they lived there seemed no danger that the poor scholar, whose highest ultimate functions reached to works of mechanical devotion, would supersede the professor in the fountain of Oxford instruction. Limited as their wishes may have been, at any rate they never willed that their relatives or fellow-countrymen should possess perpetual privileges as integral parts of a learned body, either in active or in sleeping partnership. There have, indeed, been persons, miscalled benefactors in later years, who have entertained this wish; being anxious to secure for their posterity, not only a certain income, but a certain place in a literary society, no matter whether the nominees were likely to adorn the position or no; and there have been colleges which have accepted the benefaction avowedly on those terms, and increased the number of their fellows by these portentous additions: but originally it was not so. The great bulk of Oxford fellowships were founded expressly and ascertainably for a purpose to which that which they at present fulfil bears no kind of relation. It is not in sinecurism, properly speaking, that the deviation from the founders' wills consists. The most industrious fellow and tutor is equally an anomaly with the merest drone who receives the proceeds of his fellowship while living on the Continent, or drags on a useless life in his college rooms. We are not saying that the fellowships ought immediately to be restored to their original

purposes. Greatly as we deplore the total sacrifice of the University to the Colleges, we are far from denying that the tutorial system has done much to justify itself, and become entitled to a formal recognition, or that the existence of sinecurism is, on the whole, *the great practical abuse*. But we must insist, as strongly as we can, that if the fellowships are to be continued on their present footing, the abolition of local and personal restrictions is absolutely necessary, as a matter of justice no less than of expediency. Without it even a successful crusade against sinecurism would be but a very mixed good. We cannot desire to see those who were never intended to teach at all set upon teaching simply in order that they may do something for their money, at the same time that we readily admit that the money under the circumstances may be fairly earned by others selected for the purpose of teaching. A tutorship held by a member of a close foundation, except in purely accidental cases, is only a good thing in the sense in which anything calculated to extract work out of such a person would be good; in its other and more important aspect, as affecting not the individual himself but his pupils, it is likely to be a considerable evil. Even if competition were unlimited, the presence of any man qualified to afford only an inferior species of instruction would be an undesirable thing; but where the number of public teachers is restricted, and each tutor fills a place which but for him another would have had, the mischief becomes no longer merely negative. As we have said, under the old system, when only classics and mathematics have to be taught, the work is not done sufficiently. This, it may be easily conceived, is to a great extent owing to the part in tuition necessarily belonging to the close fellows. What, then, is to be expected under the new system, if the effort, which will of course be made to meet its requirements, is to be made only by those who are already at work, either actually or potentially? Something is always due to the atmosphere in which a man lives and to the mechanism with which he works; and so a person of inferior acquirements may

contrive to fall into the system of lecturing already existing, and be, so to speak, supported by his companions. But what are such men to do with the new *régime* now on the point of coming into operation, when the individual tutor will have to take his own line, and rely on something like creative power? An inferior mathematician will hardly start at once into a tolerable lecturer on natural philosophy, or a dull instructor in Herodotus and Thucydides into a decently-capable exponent of 'Modern History and the cognate Sciences.' Here, then, is a plain and distinct thing for the Commissioners to report upon and the Government to remedy. The colleges possess no means of opening their own fellowships; a liberal interpretation of their statutes is all that is in their power; and this, besides the fact that it is not very likely to be the received custom in a close college, is always checked by the prospect of an appeal to the visitor, who, useless as an enabling authority, has considerable disabling power. This, too, happens to be a distinctively Oxford grievance; at Cambridge, most, if not all, of the colleges have got their foundations thrown open by one means or another, and are either rejoicing in new sets of statutes or comforting themselves with the repairs of the old. The new triposes may be workable by the existing machinery; the new schools cannot succeed in any real sense without fresh powers, to be obtained from the legislature alone.

On similar grounds we are inclined to plead for a relaxation of the rule which in most cases compels the fellows to take orders. After what has just been said about founders' wills, it is clear that the question is simply one of expediency, as no one can pretend that the present conception of a fellow at all answers to that entertained by Wykeham or Waynflete. We feel, however, that we are likely to encounter more opposition here than in the matter of county restrictions, in proportion as the *status quo* rests on something more than a mere unwillingness to disturb things as they are. No one will maintain as an abstract good the desirability of committing education to members of a certain family or of a certain diocese; many, especially in

Oxford, believe that the clergy are sure to be in any case the best instructors of youth. The new functions which have been usurped by the fellows, however inappropriate to them as founders' kindred, are thought to be singularly suitable to them as clergymen. Nor would we ourselves wish to undervalue the high educational advantages which belong to a clergyman by virtue of his office, especially as a tutor, who has not only to lecture to his pupils but to superintend them generally. Still we would submit, that in claiming to be the chief, if not the only, instructors in science and literature within the precincts of the University, the clergy are somewhat exceeding their due. They have long ceased to be exclusively the learned profession; and not only this, but the learning which the laity have acquired has been in some measure at their expense. In the present state of England, holy orders are unfortunately the one calling which demands least preparation from the candidate for admission. We are not speaking, of course, of politics or landed proprietorship, but of those lines of life which, being called professions, seem to involve some professional training. A man takes orders, trusting to become a good parish priest by practice, just as he does not begin, as a general rule, his theological studies till after he has bound himself to preach certain doctrines. A certificate of orthodoxy and morality from the college, a common university degree, an attendance, perhaps, at two or three courses of divinity lectures, and, lastly, an examination passed before a bishop, are about all the preliminaries which are necessary to receiving ordination, at least for an Oxford man. It is apprehended, perhaps with some justice, that a higher standard of theological proficiency would not only exclude a large number of applicants, but by the mechanism which would be needed to support it, academical competition and the consequent premium on zealous and successful lecturing, create excitement which might be ecclesiastically dangerous, and provoke the raising of questions with which the Church is not prepared to cope. Still, this very caution, salutary as it may be for the Church, is plainly a

reason against expecting from the clergy a peculiar aptitude for intellectual education. A barrister or a physician, if set up to lecture in Greek history or moral philosophy, would, doubtless, be in danger of importing his legal or medical habits of thought and inquiry into the consideration of his new subject; but he would at any rate have the advantage of having previously gone through a course of more or less definite intellectual exertion, amounting almost to a scientific training. Yet we should certainly be sorry to see questions of general intellectual interest treated exclusively by barristers or physicians. Theology, it is true, stands on a different ground from that occupied by law or medicine. Our scholastic forefathers delighted to call it the mother and queen of sciences; and though we may differ from them in our conception both of theology and of science—two not unimportant differences, affecting as they do the two principal terms of the proposition—we will own that a man who is deeply versed in theology in its true sense, who has attentively studied and ascertained the foundations of religious faith, would have far higher claims on our confidence as a general instructor than a merely literary man, who has not troubled himself about theoretic belief. But our point is, that theology, as a study, is not pursued by the mass of the clergy. As devoted to their sacred calling they may, indeed, be expected to bring with them to their historical or philosophical researches a higher and purer morality; but this is vitiated by the professional spirit which here, as in other cases, originated by the lower natures, rarely fails to infect the higher. Some, it is true, are professed divines, and as such are not unwilling to approach the whole field of knowledge from that point of view; but they are too apt first to assume an arbitrary theology, and then, instead of working out the various problems of secular learning, and showing their coincidence with the conclusions of the mother science, to discard all ordinary methods of investigation, and discuss profane literature by the light of theological intuition rather than of grammar and dictionary. We are

speaking here, as elsewhere, especially of Oxford and its phenomena. Do any of our readers recollect a work entitled *Christian Morals*, which appeared ten years ago, and excited very general attention, as bearing the name of the then Professor of Moral Philosophy? Do they remember how in that book the anatomical structure of animals was explained by the cross, and the error of supporting an exclusively Neptunian or exclusively Vulcanian theory in geology proved by a reference to the union of fire and water in spiritual baptism? Will they believe us when we state that the same lecturer is said to be in the habit of indoctrinating his pupils with philology,—a science which he hopes one day to conquer back for the Church, after a peculiar system of his own, according to which the cardinal meaning of the Greek *ἑαυτοῦ* is represented to be, *I deck myself*? But we need not dwell on the eccentricities of a single person, though it must be remembered that he is an Oxford tutor of high reputation and somewhat ostentatiously known to the world. It is of more importance to remark the extent to which the study of Aristotle's *Ethics*, the great Oxford text-book, has suffered from the theological disputes of the place. That work has itself acted upon theology in a very considerable degree, not only in the middle ages, but quite recently, within the present century, the two principal Oxford movements, that of Hampden and Whately, and that of Newman and Pusey, having been coloured almost indefinitely by the Aristotelian philosophy; and the reaction has been no less signal, causing Aristotle to be explained throughout according to Rationalistic or Catholic views especially. The book has been made a sort of second Bible, and the consequence has been that people have inquired not what as a matter of fact the author did think, but what, as the model teacher, he ought to have thought. Nor have attempts been wanting to subject logic to theology, though the greater precision and determinateness of the science dealt with has kept tolerably independent; and the extensive use of Mr. Mill's great work in Oxford is a striking proof that his opponents are unable to resist him on their own ground.

We have treated the question of compulsory orders solely with reference to Oxford education, and must leave our readers to judge for themselves how far the Church is benefited by a practice which is constantly inducing men to join her ministry, not for its own sake, but for the secular occupation attached to it. One other view of the question, however, we may glance at, as affecting education no less than that on which we have been enlarging. The rule may be regarded with reference to those whom it excludes as well as to those whom it includes. Its operation costs Oxford yearly many valuable men, who, not intending to take orders, connect themselves at once with some lay profession. Even as a layman, a fellow of a college has many temptations to abandon Oxford and its work for some more remunerative employment, especially with a view to matrimony; how much more when he knows, that if he stays and labours upon his fellowship he will in time be compelled to take orders or resign? Thus we come to the conclusion, that the relaxation of compulsory orders is another object for Government consideration. We have used the word 'relaxation' advisedly, not wishing to commit ourselves to any definite opinion as to the extent of the change. Of course we should wish to see the clergy as a body adequately represented among the Oxford tutors, were it only that the ecclesiastical system of the place, particularly the college chapel, may be properly kept up. But we do not apprehend that there would be any difficulty in finding clergymen, even if the restriction were abolished and taking orders left strictly optional, so long as college livings and other clerical privileges continue. In the one college in Oxford in which the fellows as a body are left free to take orders or not, as they please (for in Merton and All Souls the society is under other than academical influences), there is scarcely a single fellow who has not chosen to be a clergyman. Still, as some may think it desirable that a certain number of chaplains should be statutorily secured to each college, we have no wish to stipulate for a total abolition of the rule of which we complain.

Hitherto we have spoken of the necessity of relief for the tutorial body, as if it were on them that Oxford education mainly depended. We must not forget, however, that there are other depositories of public instruction, more dignified, and possibly more important, though at the present day they are barely emerging from the shade into which the slow but sure course of academical revolutions has thrown them. The greatness of a university, in the eye of the world, must always be measured by its professors. There is something essentially local in a tutor's reputation; his functions are confined to his own college, though that college may stand at the head of the University; and as they generally consist of something more than mere lecturing, their complexity seems to preclude any decided excellence in the lectures themselves. These, if the lecturer be naturally a man of acuteness, may be admirable specimens of exposition, and eminently adapted to the purpose for which they were delivered; but they will hardly be such as can edify other nations or the non-academical part of the thinking world in England. A professor, on the contrary, being in theory, at least, devoted to his subject, may be reasonably expected to carry his researches to some depth, and produce something which may have pretensions to European fame. Besides, he is, in most cases, alone in his glory, not like a tutor, only one among many; and thus there is all the more probability that he will really be a distinguished man—the flower of the University which he is selected to represent. We have already disclaimed saying, that it would be a good thing if the University system could be entirely re-established in the place of the Collegiate. It may still be right to have instruction which, more humble and circumscribed in its scope, is at the same time more individualizing, and therefore better adapted to impress the mass of pupils, just as it may be necessary to supply the defects to which even public tuition is exposed, from the mere fact of its being public, by continuing to sanction private tutors, for the benefit of those men who require to have special pains bestowed on them. Still, whatever goes on within the walls of

colleges, it is of the greatest moment that there should be free and energetic lecturing without. The very thing which makes it unfit to do all that tuition can do is really its excellence. Those who would profit by it must have previous knowledge as well as power to extract individual benefit from a general exposition. It is a razor which does not condescend to cutting blocks. Then there is its extensiveness and universality, and as connected with that, its gratuitousness. According to its original conception, which must surely revive in proportion as the system itself revives, it was open to all without distinction. Strangers could come and listen to the teaching which Oxford provided throughout the great circle of sciences, whether matriculated students or not. Students could matriculate and go through the whole course without being obliged to enter at any college or hall, or rather, without feeling the obligation; for halls were then mere boarding-houses without tuition-fees, and colleges supported their inmates, instead of being supported by them. Thus, the gratuitous freeness of professorial instruction, save in one or two instances, which should be removed without delay, is one most important reason why it should have full currency. Poor scholars, unable to afford the luxury of collegiate superintendence, would naturally be prepared, by their quickness and zeal for learning, to profit by what they heard, far more than those who are introduced to Oxford studies for their parents' pleasure rather than for their own; and the ardour excited would be at once the lecturer's truest encouragement and the best thank-offering to the University. *Au reste*, it may be worth while to remind Sir Robert Inglis, who, in a vein of nineteenth-century vivaciousness quite unusual to him, declares professors to be superseded by books, that a living teacher has at least two advantages—he can modify his instruction as he sees occasion, explaining and developing on the spur of the moment; and his presence will give scope to that personal respect and enthusiasm which, in the reader of an admired book, is raised only to be left unsatisfied. So much, then, for what the professorial system might

do, if it were ever to exist in its efficiency. At present it must be considered as almost defunct, in spite of some recent signs of life. In moral philosophy, in logic, and in modern history, great exertions are now being made, and with signal success, especially in the case of the latter, which, being as yet not an actual part of academical study, can hardly be made popular, except by a man of real and commanding ability, like the present professor; but it remains to be seen whether these are more than isolated instances, accidental in their nature and temporary in their duration. It requires a spirit of permanent self-denial, for a man whose gifts would ensure him success anywhere, to work heartily upon an appointment not worth 500*l.* a-year. In too many cases he will feel that, as it is only his indisposition to active life which induces him to be content with so small an income, he has a good excuse for sinking into literary ease, and simply discharging his statutable duties,—perhaps not even these, if the example of his predecessors has left him any excuse for avoiding them. Yet such is the value of the great majority of the Oxford professorships—we had almost said of all; for the only exception we know, the chair of Sanscrit—is one which, in the present condition of the University, is probably of less importance than any; nay, we doubt whether there are many which exceed 300*l.* A university professor ought to command the same station in society as a leader in any other calling—a barrister or a medical man. He is not exposed to their risks, and so he may afford to sacrifice some portion of their gains; but at any rate his income should be able to bear a comparison with theirs, and no reduction of salaries should fix it lower than 1200*l.* or 1500*l.* a-year. In the case of the clerical professors, the resources of Church preferment give some means of remedying the inequality. Sometimes a valuable place, such as a canonry of Christ Church, is attached to the professorship. At all events, the professor can have something given to him by way of acknowledgment for his services. Those who excuse the silence of the Regius Professor of Greek on the score of the miserable poverty of his stipend,

should recollect that he owes his deanery to his reputation as a scholar, and that, under his circumstances, he is not fulfilling the obligation merely by presiding over the chapter and the college. Our readers will have foreseen that we are going again to invoke the Government, though this time we confess ourselves somewhat doubtful as to the way in which our wishes should be met. The Crown can hardly be expected to found new professorships on a large scale, or to raise those already in being to the level required, at least, in the present state of the question of admitting Dissenters—a question into which we expressly decline entering. On the whole we lean to the belief, that the University must be restored by the help of the Colleges. Only a portion of the fellowships in each college are needed for tutorial purposes, even if private tuition be included; and it seems as if something might be done with the remainder towards the better endowment of professorial chairs. This would, of course, necessitate an act of the legislature; and as the difficulties in execution would be considerable, it will furnish a most appropriate subject for a really extensive and dispassionate inquiry on the part of the Commissioners.

In the foregoing pages we have purposely viewed everything with reference to one point, the proposed action of the Government upon Oxford. Assuming this to be desirable, we have shown the principal ways in which it may be made to produce a beneficial result. We are well aware that many will think us far too sanguine and unsuspicious, if, indeed, they do not set us down as time-serving, cowardly, or treacherous. We must plead guilty to the first part of the charge, so far as to confess that we are in no way jealous of the intentions of the Government as we apprehend them. Nothing that we have seen, either of Lord John Russell's deportment on this particular occasion, or of his policy on kindred subjects, makes us fear that any violent and uninstructed innovation will proceed from the Commission. The dread which some entertain of a permanent Board of Enquiry settled in Oxford, pocketing large salaries and dictating to the University, appears

to us simply chimerical. Ministers are not likely just now to bring about ecclesiastical crises purely for their own amusement. They may be latitudinarian, but their latitudinarianism has shown itself in resisting rather than in introducing change. So far from being a Whig job, we suspect the Commission is likely to prove a thankless service. Our desires are not for spoliation but for help; our fears respect the arrival of the former much less than the non-arrival of the latter. The Government has far greater inducement to play King Log than King Stork. To propose any reform which shall be really efficient, and yet amount to even a temporary settlement of the question between the English Universities and the English people, is a task of infinite difficulty. A report, which, while wearing the semblance of a recommendation of improvements, shall preserve as much as possible the *status quo*, will be far the easiest solution of the problem which the Commissioners can adopt; and the genius of Lord John Russell's administration is likely to acquiesce in it only too gladly. We do not throw out this merely as a taunt; on the contrary, we are quite sensible of the peculiar perplexities in which any modern minister must find himself, especially in regard to matters affecting the Church and Education. We feel that we are asking the Government to take a view of the Universities, which though, as we believe, the true one, is likely to suit neither of the extreme parties, at the same time that it involves a decided independent course of action. All that we can allege in its favour beyond our own conviction is a belief, founded on some experience and observation, that it will satisfy those Oxford residents whom a politician like Lord John Russell ought to be most anxious to consult,—liberal Churchmen desirous not to pull down, but to reform and restore. It is easy to say that the Universities must be conformed to the spirit of the age; and we for ourselves hope that we have shown no tendency unduly to resist that spirit, or to set mediævalism above modern industrialism. But we are persuaded, nevertheless, that, Oxford higtroty apart, a University must always be, more or less, a wit-

ness against the age, and that a minister in encouraging its development must be prepared to thwart certain popular prejudices. Oxford, even under liberal auspices, will have a very hard game to play. She may enlarge her teaching till it includes first-rate instruction on the most utilitarian subjects; but even so she will be in danger of losing the commercial classes of the country. The antithesis is not so much between useless and useful learning, as between learning and practical experience. In these times, when the exigencies of society are growing hourly greater, and the chance for any man of establishing a position for life indefinitely deferred, it is sure to become more and more a question whether the three years between nineteen and two-and-twenty can be advantageously bestowed on mere learning by any one who has his way in the world to make. By a curious fatality, the time for entering the University has been gradually postponed in proportion as time has been seen to be more valuable with reference to active life. We

have no boy-bachelors like Wolsey; yet in our age an early start in the world is of far more importance than it can ever have been in his. It would seem as if the only two classes on which a University can permanently calculate are the aristocracy and the clergy. The bar is not likely long to grant special immunities in consideration of an academical degree: nor even if medical studies were revived in Oxford could they hope to hold their ground against a less exclusive and more practical preparation elsewhere. A crisis is plainly coming upon us, and it is one which should be laid to heart, both by the statesmen who superintend the Universities and by the residents who actually conduct them. That they can wholly avert it we do not say but it is possible that they may mitigate its force by bending and accommodating themselves to it, so far as it appears to be the result of a natural law of growth, and by steadily resisting and counteracting it wherever it shows itself as the harbinger of dissolution and decay.

THE HEIRS OF GAUNTRY. A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

NO one need describe the ancient cathedral-town of Salisbury, endowed as it is with two lights to tempt the traveller to turn aside, and spend, at least, a few hours on the wild plain of Stonehenge, and in the aisles and cloisters of the most graceful building that England has to boast of. No one need describe it; yet is it pleasing to recall its quaint and conventual gravity; the massive walls of the bishop's garden; the trim green, surrounded by the sedate-faced dwellings of ancient maid and widowed matron; the tall and graceful spires; the still and secluded cloisters; all beautified by the reverend repose that surrounds and sanctifies the semi-ecclesiastical atmosphere that belongs to the whole area of the Cathedral Close. A grey sobriety reigns in every nook and corner of that part of the town: you hear from hour to hour the soft, sweet chimes of the cathedral bells; and the silver-toned voices of the

choristers melt out beyond the walls, and waft the service high and anthem clear to the hearing of the wanderers beyond the doors.

No persons of any great rank or riches live in these antique and well-behaved looking dwellings. You may there find the widow of a canon, or the niece of a half-pay officer, or the relict of some churchman, keeping up a decent appearance on very small means, and, perhaps, making a short display at the time of an assize ball or race week; for there are balls and races at Salisbury, and that ancient city still retains a master of the ceremonies,—a charge now given over into the hands of a dancing-master, who perambulates the country with a fiddle in a gig, prepared to give lessons to any one in the counties of Wilts and Dorset at a very moderate expense.

On the edge of the wild, bare uplands to the south-west of Salisbury lies a property belonging to the

Welsh family of Glyn Meredith. Boscombe was the jointure-house to which the dowagers had retired from time to time as younger viscounts succeeded to the honours of Gauntry. Gauntry Castle itself was situated in one of the counties of North Wales, amid the stern and sterile mountain scenery which borders the romantic shores of Merioneth and Caernarvon; and Gauntry was the pride of the neighbourhood, as well as the chief boast of the Glyn Merediths.

It was a property of great extent. A magnificent park surrounded the castle, with a stately seclusion, and the building itself was one of the most beautiful relics of the mighty masonry of olden times; bearing on its grey and massive walls the solemnizing touch of four hundred ages, and gleaming out of the woods that surround it as a landmark to the ships sailing on the sea that flows at the foot of the hills of Gauntry.

In the year 17—, this splendid property fell to the share of a young man of nineteen. Henry Viscount Meredith succeeded his father in the spring of the year; the latter having died suddenly, when it was supposed that he was recovering from an illness that had attacked him in the preceding January. The Viscount died, however, and the property fell into the hands of his only son, then a young man at Oxford. Every one deplored the untimely death of the father, as it was meet and right to do, and every one rejoiced at the accession of the young heir, which was equally right; and when every one had compassionated the widow their duty was done, and the Glyn Merediths were dismissed from the minds of the uninterested public in distant parts of England.

It was not so in Salisbury, however; for there resided in a small, grave, quaint-faced dwelling on the Cathedral Green, a Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Meredith. The gentleman was a first-cousin of the last Lord Meredith; the lady was the daughter of a canon, who had left her sole proprietress of the dim dwelling where she and her husband resided, with two children, a boy and a girl, of the ages of five and seven.

Endowed with a very spare fortune, this couple were, at the same time, very sensible of what they

owed to themselves as branches of so splendid a tree as that of the family of Glyn Meredith. They never spoke of each other to familiar friends without the pompous use of both names—both names appeared on their small, square, parsimonious, visiting-cards; and in every room in their house there hung upon the wall an ugly coloured drawing of Gauntry—sketches by Mrs. Glyn Meredith's mother-in-law, in the very hideous style in which weak talents developed themselves about sixty years ago, when water-colour was at its mildest and meekest, and pale indigo trees looked as if their heads had been frizzed and powdered in the fashion of the day.

Mrs. Glyn Meredith was a pale, washed-out, worn-out looking creature, with kind, unmeaning eyes, like nothing but oysters, and a mouth furnished with a number of small, crushed-looking teeth, which she had a habit of half closing, and thus making her speech painfully indistinct to her acquaintances. Enjoying, as she did, only a very moderate share of health, there was a pale, saffron tinge in her complexion, which, united to light yellow hair and light eyelashes, made her conspicuously like some tortoiseshell cat well up in years; and when she sat slowly blinking her pale eyes, as she always did in sunlight or firelight, one could almost have fancied that one heard her purr. Her dress was regulated by a comely economy, as was her small household, consisting of two children and three servants, herself and her husband.

This husband was a man of about fifty. He had married Miss Wynn, the only daughter of one of the canons of Salisbury, and with her had obtained a small fortune of about five thousand pounds—if fortune so small a sum can be called,—and the house in which they lived in the pleasant Cathedral Green. There they had lived comfortably, quietly, and well; for with few wishes, and fewer children, there was nothing to make them spend their money and then wish for more. They had enough to enable them to support the name of Glyn Meredith in so sedate a place as Salisbury with a considerable dignity; and none of their neighbours were ever found

wanting in kindly respect to the minor branch of the great family that had taken root in the county of Wilts some fifteen years before. Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Meredith had been married nine years before they had any family, and Mrs. Glyn Meredith felt almost entitled to apologize for the surprise caused by the birth of Miss Glyn Meredith, so great was the astonishment expressed by the ladies of the Cathedral Close, when the fact appeared in baby-clothes and cockadeless cap of dainty lace.

'It ought to have been a boy,' said one of the Mesdames Finch, as she bustled across the green on a sunny October afternoon, after her first interview with the baby.

'Why?' said the daughter-in-law.

'Oh, my dear, the property—such a fine property, Gauntry!'

'Yes; but there is an heir for Gauntry.'

'Better have two,' said Mrs. Old Finch, as she was always called, to distinguish her from the younger lady, who resided with her mother-in-law, while Tom Finch was frying his liver to cinders in some remote part of India, on behalf of his wife and a family of dismally ugly children, who were quartered in Mrs. Old Finch's comfortable square house at the corner of the green.

Two years later, Mrs. Glyn Meredith gave a younger recruit to the heirs of Gauntry; and then Mrs. Old Finch said that she was satisfied, and she now hoped that Mrs. Glyn Meredith would have no more—two were sufficient. And it was so; Mrs. Glyn Meredith had no more; and the children grew up to the ages of seven and five without any remarkable turn of fortune occurring to direct the eyes and thoughts of the neighbourhood towards them, until the sudden death of Lord Meredith took place; and then the Glyn Merediths had something more to talk of than other people. Mr. Meredith was the next heir to the lands of Gauntry, failing the young man who now had possession of them; though, of course, his decease was not a thing to be looked for, even by the most sanguine friends of the younger branch. It was suspected by those who knew them that the Merediths had not been on the best terms with his late lordship for some time before his death;

and the suspicion was a perfectly correct one. There had been a quarrel of great bitterness between the families, on account of the smaller property of Boscombe, claimed by both, and at last obtained by the last viscount's father, to the prejudice of Glyn Meredith and his heirs. This dispute had calmed down into silent dislike and mutual alienation; although the humbler branch of the family still prided itself in its lordly root, and spoke of Gauntry as the lawful centre of its love and interest. Thus, when the Viscount died, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith appeared in a mourning deeper than the grey draperies of the modern light-affliction style of fashionable mourning establishments. The Glyn Merediths edged their cards with black, and sent round thanks for obliging inquiries, when they began to see a little company once more; and in this there was no pretence, for they felt the sorrow of the feudal days for their defunct chief, and prognosticated with gloomy triumph the speedy marriage of the young Viscount, and the retirement of the Dowager to the jointure-house of Boscombe.

This Viscountess Meredith had never been seen by the Merediths; all that was known of her was that she had been one of the seven beautiful and haughty ladies Saint Germain; that she had brought her husband a hundred thousand pounds, left to her by an uncle; and that at Gauntry she had reigned it for twenty years with the high hand and strong will that belonged to her lineage.

Mrs. Meredith was beginning to wonder how she should be enabled to go through the ordeal of visiting the Dowager when at Boscombe in her state of abdication; and though by no means comfortable in her mind on this painful point, she was beginning to take to herself no small share of glory in the prospect of the propinquity of so splendid a personage as the Dowager, with whom they claimed so near a connexion.

It was about a twelvemonth after the death of the Viscount that the inhabitants of the Cathedral Close were astounded one morning by the news that the Merediths had received a visit—a most gratifying, unexpected visit, from the Viscount. The young man had supped and slept

there, and had departed the next morning by daylight for Wales, without any one in the neighbourhood knowing anything about it. He had come and gone without any soul having seen him; and there were not a few who felt deep disappointment at having missed such opportunity for lawful gossip. Mrs. Old Finch could not help thinking that the Merediths had acted unfairly and unkindly by their old friends, in leaving them so completely in the dark as to the company they were to keep on the 26th of August; and it was with some difficulty that Mrs. Meredith contrived to clear herself of the imputation of cunning reserve by simply declaring that Mr. Meredith had met the young Viscount by chance at the inn door speaking to a mutual friend, when an introduction had followed, and the young man had kindly and cheerfully accepted the overture of reconciliation made by Mr. Meredith's offer of a bed and dinner, or supper rather; for it was six o'clock when they met, and the Viscount stated that he had dined on the road from London. Meredith had accompanied him to the cathedral, and escorted him through the cloisters and chapter-house; and all this after a rapid interview of a minute and a half with Mrs. Meredith, during which he had ordered supper and rooms, and sternly interdicted any appeal to Mrs. Old Finch for any help or countenance on the occasion. Mrs. Meredith was a calm woman. She sent the boy to bed, and freed the nursery-maid from her attendance on Master Gaspard, by placing in her stead at his bedside a girl on whom she laid hands every Saturday as a help in house-cleaning. Martha was the daughter of a neighbouring washerwoman, and being a sprightly and careful lass of fifteen, was quite capable of tending Master Gappy, as she called him in private conversation. Gappy, at the age of five years, thought her an amusing and enlivening companion, understanding as he did the Dorsetshire dialect in which she spake, and delighting in her tales and songs, delivered in a delicious *patois*, to which it is impossible to do justice on paper.

'Hushee! hushee! an' I'll tell'e the tale o' the weepen' lady;' and Gappy shook in his cot with the

transporting terrors of a ghost-story, while his sister, who was two years older, sat grave as a small judge on a high chair at Mrs. Meredith's side, while that lady made her supper acceptable and herself agreeable to the young Viscount. The cathedral was, after all, the only subject of common interest that they could conjure up between them; and to this blessed topic they returned again and again, for Mr. Meredith was a silent man—a man that might be called 'odd'—a man that might enjoy in after years the privilege of 'not being understood in his own family;' for Mrs. Meredith herself was incapable of knowing whether she did understand any one, for the simple reason that she never saw anything difficult to understand in any one. If people were silent, why, she let them be; if they were talkative, why, she could give her tidy little reply, and wait for more. She was a calm woman, and had prepared her supper that evening for her distinguished guest without sending any vain-glorious messages across the green, and without disturbing the neighbourhood by the hypocritical pomp of asking for their advice, or their plate, or their servants male and female.

A 'real butler'—a *bonâ fide* manservant out of livery—was only bestowed upon one family in the Cathedral Green. Mr. Mordaunt, with his sister and only daughter, were the great people of the Close—it is as well to say so at once. He was a rich man comparatively speaking, though he possessed no landed property, but a very handsome garden that lay to the back of his house. Having lost his wife at the birth of their only girl, Matilda, he had invited his sister Cicely to live with them; and under her care Miss Mordaunt was brought up with all the care that could be bestowed on a character full of piquant peculiarities, from the time that the tongue could utter and the lips frame words and phrases of a decided originality.

Mr. Mordaunt was very much hurt at the affront put upon him by the Merediths, in not inviting him to meet the Viscount; for Mordaunt had lived in London in his younger days, and considered himself the only courtly and patrician company to be found in the immediate neighbour-

hood; and he consequently professed himself unable to comprehend why he had been so strikingly excluded from the entertainment given by the Merediths to the young Viscount.

'But they asked no one, my dear Geoffrey,' said Miss Mordaunt.

'Never mind, Cicely! I do not care who they asked!'

'But, my dear Geoffrey, they asked no one; for Mrs. Old Finch'—And he returned to the charge,

'I do not care, of course,—it is beneath my notice; but I think the Glyn Merediths give themselves unwarrantable airs—*very!* now, I should say.'

'But Mrs. Old Finch said to me, 'They did not ask me!''

'Of course not! Ask Mrs. Old Finch and Mrs. Tom Finch! Of course not! Who would? I hope, Cicely, you would not think of any such thing. Now, I ask you, If you were in the shoes of Mrs. Glyn Meredith, would you ask Mrs. Old Finch and Mrs. Tom Finch? now I ask you;' and he stopped before her and glared on her with round, tight eyes edged with an angry pink; and Cicely meekly replied,—

'I'm sure I don't know.'

'But you *must* know if you would ask Mrs. Old Finch and Mrs. Tom Finch to meet the Viscount. Now, if you were in Mrs. Meredith's shoes —'

Cicely tried to fancy herself in Mrs. Meredith's small, neat shoes, with trim bows and ties; but she could only reply, faintly,—

'Perhaps Mrs. Tom.'

'Why Mrs. Tom?' said he.

'Because she is so chatty.'

'Chatty! oh! Upon my word —chatty! Oh, no, I'm not chatty; I would not be chatty if I could. So Mrs. Tom is chatty, and to be asked out to dinner in good society because she is chatty! Oh, Cicely, you are such a fool!' And he strode into the hall, banging the door after him, and walked three times round the Close to cool down, which he did by the time his pretty little girl came trotting out, sweet as spring, to greet him, and promenade at his side with the grace of coquettish eighteen that delights one still more in the person of a thing of four and a half.

The Merediths had received a certain accession of glory by the unexpected visit of their noble young

connexion, and this was increased tenfold when, after the lapse of a whole year, the post brought, one day in the early part of September, a letter from the Viscountess herself: it was an epistle full of a magnificent friendliness,—short, abrupt, like the invitations of royalty; and an invitation it was to Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Meredith to come to Gauntry during the following six weeks, in order to be present at the coming of age of the young Viscount, and the festivities that were to distinguish his birthnight.

Mrs. Meredith read it to seven female friends on the day of its reception,—that letter, sealed with the Gauntry arms and surmounted by the motto of the family, 'Do well, and doubt not.' The hand of the Viscountess was firm, and yet illegible, as very magnificent-looking writing very often is. She wrote on a large sheet of bluish-hued, official-looking paper; and no one ever beheld the Magna Charta, as it lies in the British Museum, with half the respect testified and felt by the Merediths to the important missive that bade them come in their best clothes to visit at Gauntry.

They must go, that was clear. Who could refuse to go when they received a letter like the following?

—Dear Mrs. Meredith,—It will give my son and myself much pleasure if you and Mr. Meredith will join us on the second of October, and pay us a visit of a fortnight. You will find conveyances to take you as far as Pwllh, where my carriage will meet you at the Gauntry Arms.

With kind regards to Mr. Meredith,

I remain, yours,

LOUISA MEREDITH.

Gauntry Castle, Pwllh,

September 8, 17—.

'I wonder how P-w-l-l-h is pronounced?' said Mrs. Glyn Meredith, in a tone of perplexity. 'I have never been in Wales, and I cannot imagine how they do it.'

This was a gentle and womanly confidence on her part towards Mrs. Tom Finch, who irreverently suggested that it was all the old lady's fun to puzzle her. The idea of a dowager-viscountess indulging in puerile fun at the expense of her relations and the post could not be received; but Mrs. Tom Finch was a graceless and opinionated young woman, and persisted in a course of ar-

gument eminently distasteful to Mrs. Meredith, who began to feel, for a fortnight before setting off, that it was a solemn jinketting on which she was bound. Her wardrobe was overlooked, and some additions made to her meek and sober stock of dresses. She procured a head-dress of some elegance by the kindness of a friend in London. She mended up her old laces and brightened up ugly old brooches; tortured her ears with re-opening them, expressly to dangle therein a pair of garnet things that bobbed about and tickled her neck, and teased her exceedingly. But one owes something to one's position; and Mrs. Meredith gave herself no rest till she had packed her things in a strong box, and all was ready for their journey to Gauntry.

'So the Merediths are going to Wales,' was the phrase most constantly repeated amongst friends in the Close during the whole of the week that preceded their departure.

'Yes, they are going, indeed,' was the equally frequent reply.

Mrs. Meredith dreaded the trip more and more as the day approached, but she kept her feelings in due subjection, and rose, calm and tearless, by daylight on the thirtieth of September to depart in a post-chaise for Pwllh, — a place to her as good as nameless, though she spelt it to each of her friends separately for the chance of finding that some one of them knew more about it than herself.

It was a sad thing to part from the children for some three weeks; but they were to be left in the solemn charge of all the female friends in the Close, who each promised to come in several times a-day, and see how they were getting on. Little Martha was to be up several times a-week to console them; they were to ride Mrs. Tom Finch's donkey, a lone animal, the victim of all the little Finches; and they were to drink tea, at least twice, with Miss Mordant. This tiny lady was the representative of wealth and position amongst the small inhabitants of the Close. No child had such smart clothes, so many toys, and so much of her own wild way, in consequence of the mild government of her aunt Cicely, who had a comfortable theory that it was no use punishing children when they knew no

better; and when they did know better it was worse than useless, and made them obstinately vicious.

'It will be an expensive business this posting to Gauntry, two hundred miles if it is a step,' said Mrs. Old Finch to Mrs. Tom, the day before the departure of Meredith and his wife. 'Two hundred miles at eighteen-pence a mile, besides inns and things, that is' — and she scratched down on the back of a letter a calculation which amounted to fifteen pounds — 'fifteen there, fifteen back — thirty.'

'Oh, but they coach a good bit I fancy,' said Mrs. Tom. 'The big lady should pay the expenses, I say!'

'My dear Mary, how can you think of anything so indecent!' cried the mother-in-law. 'How could the Merediths ask to have their bills paid? There would be quite a want of delicacy in that. It is truly kind of her ladyship to ask them; but her manners, I fancy, are quite those of the court. She wrote them a letter, a very handsome invitation: and I am glad they are going, and I am sure I hope they will enjoy themselves.'

Mrs. Finch peeped out of her bedroom window in her nightcap to witness the departure of the Merediths, and kissed her hand, though no one saw her kindly intentions, mentally resolving to go in and invite the children to tea and romps at four that very day.

When she went to the door at noon, she found the children with Martha in the sitting-room. The boy Gaspard was riding astride on a chair, 'going to Gauntry with papa and mamma,' while the girl was sitting at the window looking vacantly out at the cathedral spire, with swollen eyes and a face blurred with crying. 'Master Gaspard had been very good, but Miss Ellinor took on sadly,' was the bulletin of the nursery-maid, — and the girl's eyes filled again, and her lip squared, and big tears rolled over the round cheeks, which she brushed aside with little red hands, and a sigh burst as if from her very heart's core. Mrs. Finch took her hand and told her to be comforted, for cake, and jam, and much jelly, awaited her at tea-time, not to speak of a game of unlimited noise and duration in the lumber-room of Mrs. Finch's dwelling. The girl said nothing, but hung down her

head, with its rich tresses of fair hair, and Mrs. Finch turned to the boy.

‘Where are you going to?’

‘To Gauntry—Gauntry—a big house! we must get there ‘fore dark.’ And he lashed the wooden ribs of his steed and sped miles, in his imaginary way, before Mrs. Finch had left the room.

In the meantime the Merediths sped on their more real road, and in two days and a half were beginning to approach the edge of the wild district in which Gauntry is situated. On the afternoon of the third day they reached Pwllh, and on alighting at the inn they found the Viscount’s carriage waiting their arrival. Mrs. Meredith was in the frame of mind that wishes to apologise to every one for every thing that occurs with which they have the remotest concern; and consequently she hoped that she had kept no one waiting, and hurried into the carriage as soon as she had swallowed a short dinner of half-raw chop and hot potatoes, enlivened with small beer.

Gauntry was sixteen miles from Pwllh, and so the night had fallen before they approached the park and pleasure-grounds that lie around the castle. The country that they saw by the light of the setting sun was, however, of a character wildly romantic. The road to Gauntry leads the traveller over wide moorlands, whence, on clear days, he may see the pale brows of the snow-clad hills of Merioneth, breaking bright through melting mists at the noon of an autumn day—wide and blue gleams the distance that stretches towards the level country—rich and golden is the foliage that lingers until October on the sheltered woods that stretch for miles to the south and east of the castle of Lord Meredith.

The road was hilly, and to Mrs. Meredith exceedingly wearisome, after night had fallen; yet she persevered in looking out of the window and in admiring, to the utmost of her power, all that she saw around her: at last, after toiling for fully half an hour up a long and steep hill, the postilions mounted once more, and the carriage swung swiftly down the wooded avenue that leads to the gates of Gauntry. Three milestones does the traveller pass on his way through the park, so exten-

sive are the royal pleasure grounds that stretch around the noble castle of Glyn Meredith. When half that distance from the building the carriage stopped, and Mrs. Meredith looked out—she saw a figure with a lantern unfastening the iron gates that stand there surmounted by an iron coronet, and that flew backwards with a clanging sound to let the vehicle pass. The lady caught a brief glimpse of a bright window and a comfortable-looking lodge, at the door of which stood a woman with a light in her hand addressing some observations in an unknown language to the lad who opened the gates. Mrs. Meredith looked out intently as they drove rapidly past; she saw a grotesque and dwarfish figure mouthing, and laughing, and dancing, to attract the notice of the passengers—an exertion which was rewarded by some playful words and a gentle lashing from the whips of the postilions, who were well known to the gate-keeper.

‘What a very odd boy!’ said Mrs. Meredith: her husband was asleep, and could not, therefore, assent to the truth of her remark; and nothing more passed until they bounded over the bridge that crossed the moat and rattled beneath the arched entrance of Gauntry. A bell was rung that echoed through wide stone halls and arched corridors, and a heavy oaken door was opened, and within stood half-a-dozen servants in the white and green liveries of the Meredith family, waiting to introduce the travellers into the dread presence of the Viscountess and her son.

There are few things more trying to the nerves than arriving from a long and tiring day’s journey, and with travel-soiled clothes, to find one’s self thrust into the presence of a well-dressed, silent, and attentive group of complete strangers. This was the sad experience of Mrs. Glyn Meredith, as she stumbled and slid, with benumbed feet and dazzled eyes, over the polished oaken floor of a long bright saloon, at the end of which, by a blazing fire, stood the Viscountess and a circle of friends and relations, the faces of each and all being dismally unknown to Mrs. Meredith. She looked and felt herself to be in a state of abject fear, and it was with gladness that she heard the Viscountess ordain that she

should forthwith go to her room to take off her things—there and then partake of a meal to be sent to her dressing-room, and finally, that she was to go to bed, if she preferred it to coming down stairs again. The reader can guess her choice.

She was conducted to her room by Miss Saunders, a *dame de compagnie*, a comfortable and chatty individual, who poked up the fire—rang for a maid—advised her, by all means, to rest after her journey, enumerated the company in the house, and then gladly plunged down the big stair again and into the saloon, leaving Mrs. Meredith half frightened with the splendour of the apartment in which she found herself. It was a room called the Cathedral Room, from the Gothic shapes assumed by all the furniture, and a painted glass window that filled one end of the chamber, and which threw a yellow and saintly light through the splendid and gloomy apartment. Heavy gold-coloured damask draperies hung round the bed and windows; and on the walls, panelled with oak, were placed full-length pictures of some former Viscount and Viscountess Meredith, whose portraits were duly examined by Mrs. Meredith before she went to bed, during a promenade she made round her chamber, holding in both hands a massive candlestick of silver, and of enormous weight, and with which, in consequence of having weak wrists, she anointed three chairs and the rug with large round blotches of wax before she was joined by Mr. Meredith in a flowered calico dressing-gown, and slippers of crimson morocco, of that hue now confined to baby shoes.

'Magnificent place,' said Mrs. Meredith, timidly, for the splendour made her shiver with dread of the morrow and the Viscountess.

'Magnificent,' said her husband; and he sat down beside a noble fire of logs from the woods of Gauntry.

'I hope you have enjoyed yourself, my love?' said Mrs. Meredith.

'Oh, yes! but I am so sleepy,' and he wound up his watch like a person determined to be in his bed in a trice. Mr. Meredith had no taste for midnight confidences—his words were few after eleven o'clock at night, and Mrs. Meredith had only to crush up her curl-papers under a richly

frilled nightcap and betake herself to her pillow, with her last thoughts devoted to her children's nursery, and a trusting hope that they had eaten nothing that might disagree with them since she had parted from them three days before.

And that evening the children had gone to bed as usual, soothed with the cheerful company of their old nurse, whose poetic fancy delighted itself in depicting the glories of Gauntry as now enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Meredith. When a girl, she had lived fifty miles from Gauntry, and she knew about its grand castle, and could vie with any one in descriptions of its heroic splendours. In that grand Welsh castle there was a harper harping in the great hall for the pleasure and glory of its lord. A flag waved on the highest tower when the master was at Gauntry; there was a fine chapel at the east end of the castle; there was a park where the deer might fly fifty miles before the hounds; there was a grotto of costly shells; there were gardens full of grapes, and figs, and nutmegs, it was said; for everything grew at Gauntry, by some wonderful law of nature: and the Viscount went out driving every day of the year in a coach drawn by four cream-coloured horses; and all these fine things belonged to a young man who had remained in Ellinor's memory as a faint sketch of a slight figure, with a noble face, and long, fair hair, in a riding-dress and top-boots.

Mr. and Mrs. Meredith found themselves in the eating-room of Gauntry at the proper hour; and after breakfast Mr. Meredith was informed that he was to go out shooting if he pleased. He liked sport, and agreed to go. The party was large, and the day fine, and the gentlemen departed. Mrs. Meredith spent a weary day with people that she did not sympathize with. There were six ladies besides herself and the companion. Lady Gertrude Saint Germans, the younger sister of the Viscountess, talked in French to Lady Meredith, while she lay with indolent ease on a sofa. Mrs. Meredith retired to her room under pretence of writing her letters, but in reality with Miss Burney's *Evelina* for mental refreshment; and it was with joy that she heard the return of the

sportsmen at five o'clock. She hurried down stairs, and found the ladies in the hall looking at the game that had been brought in by the keepers and the dwarfish boy that she had seen at the gate the night before. He was speaking Welsh she supposed, and wondered no longer that she could not pronounce P-w-l-l-h. She could not help observing him attentively; and his face was one that no observer could pass over. It was ugly, and yet of a powerful kind of hideousness, that attracted the eye again and again to its forbidding outline.

'What an odd boy!' said Mrs. Meredith to Miss Saunders.

'Yes, he is deaf and dumb, and, as you see, a dwarf almost. We are very sorry for him. His mother is a widow, who keeps the west lodge,—a good, excellent creature; was the wife of a *ci-devant* butler. This lad, Llewellyn, goes out to carry the game; he knows every corner and nook of the place hereabouts. He is a good, docile creature; and Lady Meredith and the Viscount are very kind to him.'

'An idiot?' said Mrs. Meredith.

'Oh, no; but, of course, being deaf and dumb, and uneducated, he appears very strange to those who do not know him: he is a most obedient and tractable creature.' She tapped him on the shoulder, and he turned round with an attempt at speech, which Mrs. Meredith instantly classed amongst the most horrible sounds she had ever heard. His eyes were wide, dark, and of gipsy fierceness; the face was coarse, and full of deep shadows; but there was a picturesque splendour in the raven hair, the great brow, the fine eyes, and the mouth furnished with bright and dazzling teeth.

That night Mrs. Meredith took a very bad fit of the toothach. She retired to bed early, but not to sleep; she remained in a state of broad wakefulness all night, and in the early morning she rose to get some remedy for her pain. She got her bottle of some drops, name unknown (a specific of Mrs. Finch), and she pulled back the curtain to let in the daylight (Mr. Meredith abhorred having a light in his room). She stood before the window, and cast her eyes over the landscape. The day was rising over the hills of

Gantrry; the autumn foliage was illuminated by the first beams of the strengthening sun; blue, purple, and lilac were the gleams that rested on the distant well-wooded plain; the deer were lying under the stately trees of the park; there was not a breath of wind to stir the withered leaves that tapestried the turf with their fallen honours. As she looked, she saw in the distance the figure of the dwarfish boy stealing from beneath a copse, and then hurrying on with a wonderful speed towards the avenue. 'What an odd boy!' said Mrs. Meredith to herself. 'Perhaps he saw me; if I had not got on my nightcap, and if I was not afraid of waking Mr. Meredith, I would look after him. I wonder if he cleans the shoes; proper boys that clean shoes always get up early.' She soothed her toothach, and went to bed again.

A week after the arrival of the Merediths there was a great accession of company. They flowed in in that tangled knot of cousinhood,—Wynns, Glyns, Watkins, Shenkins, Jones, and a very astonishing couple named Gwmewr, from a house of the same name situated in Caernarvonshire. Directly descended from the ancient princes of Wales, they exacted honours that were almost royal; and, with a primitive pride, believed that their countenance was an addition to the splendour of Gauntry, and a favour for which the Viscountess was grateful.

That evening was the birthnight of the young lord. The tenants were feasted in the hall; ale flowed; the harpers harped; the dancing began upstairs and downstairs; and Mrs. Meredith sat meekly looking on, in a dead-leaf coloured satin, with her head on one side, and an incipient toothach from the chill damp of the autumn night. But who could have felt damps in that saloon, blazing with light, ringing with music, and filled with bright and youthful faces? The Viscountess stood looking on: her grey satin robes became her well, with her bandeau of diamonds in her hair, yet unsilvered with age. She was only just forty-four. She stood looking on at the dancing, and a smile stole over her proud face as she saw her son flying up and down the middle of a country-dance, his handsome young face flushed with

exercise, and performing his part to admiration. At her side stood Mrs. Gwmewr, waving her head, and saying at intervals, 'Very good dancing.'

Loud, and wild, and merry were the strains that rang out through the halls of Gauntry that night; the saloons rung with the mirth of hundreds flying through the crowded lines of dancers. Heavy heels there were none, if there were heavy hearts. Let the dance be prolonged till the morning breaks bright over the hills. Let the merry old dance-music of England rise triumphant above the first shrill cock-crow of early day. Nobody wants to go to bed but Mrs. Meredith, and lo! the supper-rooms are thrown open, and that is enough to occupy the most fastidious mind. The rich plate blazes on the long tables; flowers and evergreens adorn the stately rooms; the Viscount leads the way with a lady of high rank; noble ladies follow, and far behind, amongst the poor relations, comes Mrs. Meredith, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Gwmewr, whose name is still a sealed mystery to her.

Health and long life to the Viscount. How they shout, those relations, rich and poor—the wild hurras almost tear the gilded roof asunder. He rises, and speaks with a courtly and graceful ease.

'How graceful!'

'Oh, he has been in the best society,' said Mrs. Meredith.

'What, madam?' said Mrs. Gwmewr, who was deaf.

'He has been in the best society.'

'Eh?'

'He has been in the best society.'

'Beg your pardon, madam?'

'*Been in the best society,*' shouted Mrs. Watkins, who knew the proper pitch to reach Mrs. Gwmewr's sense of hearing.

'Oh! ah! yes! certainly!'

Mrs. Glyn Meredith's ears were tipped with crimson when she saw Mesdames Wynn, Glyn, and Jones, turn round and stare at her—she wished herself in Salisbury asleep in her own bed. But the cheering has recommenced, and they are drinking the health of the Viscountess.

'How grand she looks,' said Mrs. Watkins. 'Look what diamonds. Heir-looms, heir-looms—go with the property, every one of them.'

It just flashed through the tepid

brain of Mrs. Meredith,—'Then they may be mine some day.' She sat with her pale face on one side, looking like cold veal as she became more and more tired, and glad was she to see the crowd disperse, and to find herself in her nightcap and slippers ready for bed.

'What a splendid ball, my love,' she said, as her husband appeared in his red slippers at the door.

'Magnificent,' he replied. 'I am very sleepy.' And thus was she defrauded of the small portion of gossip for which she secretly pined.

Soon all was silence at Gauntry—all were sleeping as the day broke over the eastern hills; but in the park might have been seen one early wanderer. Llewellyn was skulking in the woods; in his hand he held a snared rabbit and a hare. With his prey he was hurrying down the avenue, but he might have run as leisurely as he liked, for no one was there to see him.

The next day numbers of cousins took leave of the Viscountess. Shennings, Watkins, Wynns, Glyns, and Lewins and Merediths, betook themselves to their several homes, and Mrs. Glyn Meredith found herself left in a dreary privacy with the noble ladies of whom she stood in great awe.

'What a dull woman!' said Lady Gertrude.

'He made me ask them,' was the reply of the Viscountess.

He meant the Viscount at Gauntry.

'He is an odd man,' said Lady Gertrude.

'A bad face,' said the Viscountess.

'No, I think he is handsome,' said Lady Gertrude. 'How old is he?'

'Forty, I suppose.'

'I wonder why he married her—she is such a stupid woman. Had she money?'

'A little.'

'Well, how stupid of him to marry her for a little money.'

'I think he has a nasty face,' said the Viscountess, the natural motherly dislike to the heir of an only son blazing up strongly within her.

'Nasty! Oh, no!'

'Yes! bad and cunning, I think.'

'Cunning!'

'Yes. Very. She is a harmless little thing, but he is a disagreeable man, depend on it.'

After another week had elapsed the Merediths began to think of going away. They were to go to Pwllh on the 21st, and expected to reach Salisbury on the 25th. On the 19th all the guests had departed, with exception of the Merediths. The Viscountess and her son were to go on a tour of visits after the departure of their connexions. The last day of the visit was one of intolerable dulness. A drizzling rain fell until about three o'clock, when the sun shone out; and the Viscount, throwing down the newspaper, said,—

'Now, Meredith, we will go to the places you mentioned.'

The gentlemen went out together, and Mrs. Meredith stayed patiently making conversation with the Viscountess till it was time to dress. When she had finished her toilet, she began to wonder at the non-appearance of Mr. Meredith. The dinner-hour approached, and at last he came in wet and cold.

'Where have you been so long?'

'Why, upon my word, a very odd thing—a very odd trick he played me. He said he was going to speak to a man in the park, and that he would return to me in five minutes. And I waited ten minutes—a quarter of an hour—half an hour—an hour. I walked about close to that spot, and then I sat down on the stone, near which he had left me, that I might not miss him, and he never appeared. Then I heard the summons to dress ring from the castle at five; and I hurried home about twenty minutes after it rang. I am quite wet, and very cold—very much chilled. I suppose he will come in soon.'

'I do call it quite uncivil,' said Mrs. Meredith. Keeping Mr. Meredith shivering in damp feet, was almost the only thing that she could not quite forgive and forget. She warmed his shoes, his stockings, but Mr. Meredith could not get warm; and at last they went down stairs, and found the Viscountess in the saloon with her sister and *dame de compagnie*.

'Where is Lord Meredith?' said Lady Gertrude.

'I do not know,' said Mr. Meredith, who was shivering till his teeth chattered, for he was subject to aguish attacks. He sat down, and felt inclined to be slightly sulky at

the want of courtesy shown to him that day. He had been treated like a poor relation; and, being a poor relation, he felt inclined to resent the affront put upon him. Mrs. Meredith smoothed her lavender silk, and hoped that dinner would make all things pass off pleasantly.

'Is not Meredith come in?' said the Viscountess, who was punctual as a queen. 'It is very late.'

'Nearly six,' said Miss Saunders.

Now half-past four was considered very fashionably late in the year 17—, and there was no excuse for people who did not choose to come in to meals at such a convenient hour. The bell was rung. The Viscount was neither in his room nor in the castle.

Lady Meredith rose and went herself to her son's room, to the morning-room, the library, the sitting-room, the west turret room, upstairs, downstairs—lo! there were faces gathering on the staircase and in the hall. Servants began to move quickly here and there. Tongues began to move; men were sent into the gardens, the shrubberies, the park, the lodges, the gamekeeper's house, the tenants' cottages, to the farms, to the woods; and, meanwhile, the Merediths sat without their dinner waiting in the great saloon, cold, hungry, and frightened. Once or twice they went and peeped out of the door, for Mrs. Meredith was shy and Mr. Meredith sulky; but no one was looking for them.

At last the door burst open, and the Viscountess entered, with a pale face and quivering lips.

'What did you do with Meredith?' She sank into a seat as she spoke.

'Do with him! I have not seen him these three hours!'

'You have! you must! Why, he went out with you!'

'Yes, but he left me.'

'Left you! Where?'

'In the park. I waited for two hours—more—more than two hours.'

'Where?' 'In the park, I say.'

'He left you!'

'Yes—I repeat it—he left me, and I was in the rain for two hours. I have caught cold.'

She started to her feet, and rushed from the room; but steps were heard coming along the hall. His lordship had not been seen anywhere.

'I will go to his room again;' and she went. 'Send across the river to Baronswood,' she cried.

'He can't have gone there,' said Lady Gertrude, who was not sufficiently terrified to forget her dinner.

A groom went, however, on the fleetest horse in the stable. It was dark before he set out, and it was ten o'clock at night before he returned. As the hours passed on the faces of all grew paler and paler. People hurried up and down stairs, along the passages, as if they still expected to find him hiding in some corner of the castle.

At last a voice was heard shrieking 'Meredith! Meredith!' The screams echoed through the corridors, and reached the ears of the Merediths. They clung to each other in dismay. It was the mother calling on her son; and there was madness in the agonizing cry.

'Oh, this is dreadful!' said Mrs. Meredith. 'I really wish he would come. Where can he be?'

'Meredith! Meredith!' The voice came nearer, and she burst into the saloon, her dress disordered, her eyes wild, her hands clenched in the distraction of horror.

'Hush, Louisa—dear Louisa, nothing has happened!'

'Meredith! Meredith!' was all she answered; and her screams tore the hearing of those who listened, so sharp, so piercing were the shrieking sobs and ungovernable cries of the unfortunate lady.

Confusion broke through the bonds of civilized life and the conventionalities of grandeur. The servants ran in and out of the saloon, talking, whispering, crying; asking for orders, receiving directions, and giving advice as to where the strictest search should be made. The Viscountess remained in the saloon, pacing up and down. Lady Gertrude flew about the house. Miss Saunders followed with cordials for those most likely to need them. The dinner had remained on the table, getting cold under silver covers: no one touched it. The servants were directed to search the park with torches. And so ten o'clock came, and five minutes later a horse was heard galloping to the entrance. The Viscountess rose, tottered across the saloon, reached the door, and saw the pale and haggard face of the

groom. His dress was wet, he had forded the river, and thus travel-soiled and worn he stood before her.

'Have you heard?' she cried.

'His lordship is not at Baronswood, my lady.'

She fell on the ground in a faint. They raised her and took her to her own rooms. The Merediths retired to theirs. They could not undress nor think of sleep. They remained standing, as if stunned and paralyzed with surprise. At last, at two o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Meredith said,

'My dear, where can he be?' and on looking in her husband's face she saw tears on his cheeks. 'Louis!' she cried, and threw her arms round his neck.

He was shivering in fever and ague. She begged him with tears to go to bed, and at last he consented to lie down. She chafed his hands, his feet, as well as she could, for their fire had gone black out; and at last, nodding herself with confusing sleepiness, she fell on her face on his pillow, and woke about the grey of the morning, cold to the very marrow, with aching bones, chattering teeth, and a sense of misery that made her cry softly to herself.

'This is very foolish,' she said; and went to the window.

'Jane,' said the faint voice of her husband.

'What, love?' She went to his side.

'I am very ill, Jane,—feverish; get me some water, and look out. Are there people in the park?'

She looked out, and saw six men crossing the avenue with dogs and horses. She saw that they were in full search, and told Meredith so.

'Give me the water,' he said.

He drank a tumbler-full, and turned on his side. He did not sleep, and soon she saw the shiverings of fever strengthening in his frame.

'God bless me! Shall I send for the doctor?' she thought.

She went to the bell and rang it gently. A servant-girl answered it.

'The doctor has been sent for for her ladyship. She has been very badly all night, and takes on sadly.'

'Are they looking for him still? He can't be lost.'

'Lost! No. Bless you, ma'am, they always find the bodies in the river.'

'The body!' cried Mrs. Meredith.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

THE Cuban expedition had scarcely begun ere it came to an end. One mail apprized us of the sailing of the invaders, the next announced their retreat. We had scarcely recovered from our bewilderment at the wickedness and audacity of the project, ere our surprise was excited by the suddenness of its discomfiture. Never was enterprize at once so unjustifiable in its inception and so inglorious in its termination. Could it be regarded as an isolated fact, detached from other considerations, ridicule would predominate over every other feeling in contemplating it; and it would be consigned to speedy oblivion, as a transaction too insignificant, in this age of grand and stirring events, to attach to itself any historic importance. But we can treat it neither as an accident nor as an independent fact, beginning with and ending in itself. It had a direct connexion with circumstances which still exist, and views which are still entertained. The causes which, if they did not originate, at least promoted its growth, are still in active operation; and it is this reflection which attaches a posthumous importance to an event which would otherwise have excited but a momentary interest.

The fate of Cuba has long involved a question of the deepest interest, not only to Spain, but also to the two great Anglo-Saxon powers. Like all questions difficult of adjustment, and affecting interests of the greatest magnitude, it has been left to slumber so long as nothing has occurred to excite the jealousies or the apprehensions of those most interested in its settlement. But although, for some years past, it has seldom obtruded itself into the arena of public discussion, it has nevertheless obtained a considerable share of attention from statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic. An event like that which has just occurred was all that was needed to arouse the public to a consciousness of its importance and difficulties. The Cuban question, in its broader sense, is one which that event did not originate. It shed a temporary light upon it, developing its real character and

illustrating its tendencies. The importance of the question does not subside with the defeat of the bandits and the termination of their expedition. That desperate and nefarious project at an end, the question reverts to its former position, with this exception, that the attempt has invested it with additional urgency in the minds of all thinking men, by disclosing the extent to which its dangers are being multiplied by its own natural growth and development. Iniquitous as it was, the expedition will have done some good if it precipitates attention upon the subject, and leads to some speedy understanding in reference to a question, an arrangement on which can only be indefinitely postponed at the cost of additional dangers and difficulties in the way of a final settlement. Recent events have demonstrated the imprudence of much longer leaving the matter to the hazards of fortune. We have had a lesson read to us, the moral of which we cannot safely overlook; and avoiding, for the moment, the details of the late piratical descent upon the coast of Cuba, we propose to draw the attention of our readers to the connexion of that event with the question involved in the fate of the island, to the real bearings of that question, and to the circumstances which chiefly influence it.

The island of Cuba, which, from its extent, position, beauty, and fertility, has been poetically, and not inappropriately, termed the 'Queen of the Antilles,' exceeds in length, by fully one-third, the entire length of Great Britain. From its easternmost point to its extreme western limit, it measures within a fraction of 800 miles. In width, it at no point attains 130 miles; but its superficial area is about seven-eighths that of all England. From one end to the other its surface is varied and undulating; but towards its eastern extremity its undulations swell into bold and lofty hills, which at some points fling down their masses into the sea. Towards the west, and chiefly along the southern coast, there are long belts of swampy lowland, extending between the sea and the higher

ground inland. Still further west, there are large flat tracts in the interior, which are extremely fertile, and which with parts of the lowland on the coast form, in the main, the cultivated region of Cuba. But, in its most hilly part it is intersected with fine fertile valleys, which, in the hands of an energetic people, would soon be turned to the best account. From its conformation, it is evident that Cuba can have no rivers of any magnitude. The greater part of its coast is inaccessible, but it has many points at which it can be safely approached, and can boast of many excellent harbours. Its climate, if not cooler than that of many of the adjacent islands, is, at all events, much more agreeable and salubrious than that of the parts of the continent to which it lies contiguous. It produces none of the ordinary grain crops, sugar being its chief product. It also produces cotton, but generally of an inferior quality to the best American. But this may arise from cotton cultivation having been comparatively but little attended to, Cuba possessing sea-coast tracts, on which cotton, equal to the finest sea island, might apparently be grown.

Such is the island which, for three centuries and a half, has submitted to the dominion of the crown of Spain. Discovered by Columbus during his first voyage, it was not formally colonized for nearly twenty years afterwards. The Anglo-Saxon race owe much to Cuba for having preserved for them the most valuable regions of the continent. Columbus sailed along its southern coast, under the impression that it was part of the continent. The perseverance of a few hours more in a westerly course would have enabled him to double its westernmost point, when Spanish conquest and settlement would have taken a northerly direction, instead of that which it immediately afterwards assumed. This left the whole region between the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence to be afterwards striven for by the French and English,—a struggle, the results of which will soon place the English race in undisputed possession of the entire continent. The first Spanish settlement of the island was made in 1511, from which time it began to feel that system of grinding tyranny

to which the foreign possessions of Spain were ever subjected, and which Cuba is still fated to endure. In less than fifty years after the first settlement of the island the aborigines were exterminated,—the responsibility of their extermination resting upon a single generation of Spanish colonists. The treatment experienced by the aborigines has since been extended to their wretched successors, the negroes, who would also have speedily disappeared were it not that Africa has been made regularly to supply the gaps which the brutalities inflicted upon them have annually occasioned in their ranks.

The population of Cuba has steadily, but not very rapidly advanced. In 1775 it amounted to about 170,000 souls; and in 1819, the period of the Mexican revolution, it somewhat exceeded half a million. In 1841 it had increased to 1,007,624; and may now be taken at about 1,300,000. An exaggerated notion very generally prevails as to the proportion borne by the slave to the free population of the island. Those who have not examined into the matter are led into the belief that the slaves in Cuba vastly preponderate, in point of numbers, over the free inhabitants. This is a great mistake, as may be shown by their relative proportions as laid down in the census of 1841. It is true that, since that time, events have occurred which have unquestionably given a new impetus to the slave-trade in Cuba, and which may, therefore, have disturbed the proportions given in 1841. But the disturbance, though sensible, cannot have been very great; so that, with the allowance of a slight increase in the proportion of slaves, the classification made of the population in 1841 will serve to indicate its present apportionment. The total free population of the island was, in that year, 571,129; the total slave population, 436,497. The excess of free men over slaves was then 134,634. But whilst the free population did not consist solely of whites, the slave population was not confined to negroes. Of the free population, the whites alone numbered 418,291; whilst of the slave population, the negroes alone numbered 425,521. Thus the free whites were within a fraction of being as numerous as the

black slaves. The free coloured inhabitants amounted to about 88,000, and the free negroes to 64,000. The coloured slaves scarcely amounted to 11,000. The whole negro population, both free and bond, did not exceed the whites by more than one-sixth; whilst the whole negro and coloured population, both free and bond, exceeded them by but little more than one-third. If this be taken as an indication of the proportions now borne towards each other by the different classes of the population, it is evident that, whatever may be the feelings and aspirations of the blacks, the tenure of its supremacy by the white population is not so precarious as it is generally believed to be, even supposing the whole of the coloured and negro races, both free and bond, should unite in one common cause against it. It is undeniable that there are large districts of the island in which the slaves far outnumber their masters, and in which the latter would incur great peril in case of an organized movement on the part of the former. This is the case with the slave states on the continent, in some parts of which the slaves are to their masters as four to one. But taking the slave states throughout, the free population considerably outnumbers the slave—which, as we have seen, is also the case in Cuba. No matter, then, how deep and wide-spread may be the disaffection pervading the slave population of Cuba, the cause of the whites would be anything but desperate in the event of a rising, even were the slaves to secure the sympathy and co-operation of the free coloured and free negro population. And yet it is on the assumed balance of chances against the whites, in such an event, that many have rested their speculations regarding the political changes impending over Cuba—speculations which have led some merely to contemplate its fate with interest, others to seek to influence it for their own purposes; and others, again, to regard the island as a prize, which a dexterous manœuvre might, at any time, precipitate into their hands.

That disaffection, deep-seated and wide-spread, exists amongst the slaves, is not to be doubted; for

wherever slavery exists, there disaffection must be. That the slaves in Cuba would willingly avail themselves of a good opportunity of avenging themselves of their wrongs, is undeniable, for there are few spots in the world, over which the baleful shadow of slavery has been cast, in which its severities have been more unmitigated than in Cuba. But that the disaffection of the slaves, in any event but that of foreign war, is fraught with danger to the present political relations of Cuba, is not to be entertained for a moment. Were a foreign enemy to land, with a view to the subjugation of the island, sufficiently powerful to form a safe nucleus for the slaves to rally around, they might organize with effect, and find that the hour of vengeance had come. But in no other event have they as yet a chance, either of effecting a change in their own condition, or of altering the political relations of Cuba. So long as they have to deal single-handed with the white population, they must wear their chains until their oppressors choose to knock them off; and so long as the white population remains faithful to the Spanish connexion, nothing but the strong arm of a foreign power can wrest the island from Spain.

But there are many whose anticipations of a revolution in Cuba are chiefly based upon the supposed disaffection of the Spanish section of the population. That the whites in Cuba have well-grounded causes of complaint, is as obvious as that the blacks have injuries to be redressed. It is on the Spaniards of the island—the holders of property—that the tyranny of the mother-country more immediately falls, the cruelties perpetrated by them on their slaves being, to a great degree, the result of the grinding exactions of Madrid. It is notorious that the unnatural policy of the mother-country has kindled in the minds of large sections of the Spanish population a strong desire for a new state of political existence; but it does not follow from this that they aspire to independence of Spain. Like the people of Canada, they may obtain such reforms in their political system as will hind them more closely than ever to the parent State. It

is a mistake which we ourselves have too often committed, in dealing with our colonies, to fancy that discontent is but a mask for a desire for separation. Nor does it follow, even if they aspired to independence, that they would consent to receive it at the hands of those who, coming from a foreign strand, would, under the guise of tendering aid, seek to force it upon them. Such a mode of securing his object would be at variance with the proverbial pride of the Castilian. Far less does it follow that a discontent, giving rise to a desire for independence, should make them look with favour at the proposition of annexation to another power. Cuba may be ripe for revolution, and yet not ready for revolt; and had any proof been wanting to show that the political sentiment of the island was yet favourable to the connexion with Spain, it has been furnished by the character of the reception given to the recent expedition. That reception leaves no doubt as to the piratical nature of the expedition. Had a struggle been going on in Cuba for freedom or independence, it is difficult to see, considering the precedents with which history is rife, how individuals could be prevented from transferring themselves, if they could, to the scene of action, and casting their lot with either of the contending parties. Or had a positive invitation, under promise of aid and co-operation, been given to foreigners to invade the island, with a view to liberating a manacled people from a grinding oppression, we might understand, although we might not be able wholly to excuse, an expedition fitted out for the purpose. But when such an expedition is fitted out, either in culpable ignorance of the views, wishes, and sentiments of a population, or for the purpose of carrying a particular point of its own, irrespective of these views, wishes, and sentiments, we can have no hesitation in ranking it with the most exceptionable of projects. Such was that which Lopez led, or pretended to lead, for the liberation of Cuba. Either he was himself a dupe, or he grossly deceived his associates. Whichever was the case, the people of Cuba have shown that they neither looked nor wished for him in the character of a liberator.

In either case, the character of his expedition was such as could not bring it within the laws of honourable warfare; and there is no other category in which it can be placed than that of freehooting and piracy.

However mistaken it may have been, the prevalent impression throughout the United States was and is that the Cubans are anxious for independence. This impression has led many ardent spirits into the belief that the hour of Cuban independence could not be far off. Such an idea once current, there are multitudes in the Union who, acting from a variety of motives, have been seized with a desire to hasten an event which they deemed inevitable, and whose shadow they fancied they could already discern in the not distant future. Throughout the west and south-west there are many reckless spirits, whose mere love of adventure has made them look to Cuba as one out of many arenas on which to gratify their appetite for hazardous excitement. The passion for notoriety has induced others to look in the same direction; whilst there are others, again, who have been actuated by meaner motives, and who have regarded Cuba as offering them the best opportunity of speedily enriching themselves, or retrieving their bankrupt fortunes by its spoliation. But behind all these stand another and a larger class, who, taking more extended views of the matter, treat it as one of national import, and as intimately connected with the policy of the Republic. These—amongst whom rank many of the statesmen of the Union—see or believe they see, in the supposed precarious position of Cuba, a source either of great danger or great advantage to the Union. Whether Cuba be destined for independence or not, they convince themselves that she is fast slipping from the hands of Spain. The anxious question with them is, Whither is she tending? Should she declare for independence and achieve it, could she maintain it? If not, into whose hands should she fall when she had cast herself off from Spain? Should she, instead of declaring for independence, simply aspire to freedom and a new political connexion, with whom would she contract the new alliance? These

are questions which have long elicited the anxious attention of the more sober-minded and intelligent of the American community. They involve issues of great magnitude, both to the sectional interests and the general political fortunes of the Union. They soon begot a desire to influence the fate of the island, so as to secure the double object of averting a danger and obtaining an advantage. If Cuba unequivocally declared for independence, it must be kept independent, and free from extraneous influence; if, on the other hand, it simply sought to change its allegiance, to the Union alone must it annex itself. Such was the policy, in respect to this matter, shaped out many years ago for the Republic,—a policy at first made contingent upon the voluntary movements of Cuba. Had our American kinsmen confined themselves to views like these it would have been impossible to have taken exception to them, as it cannot be denied that the fate of Cuba is a question of great national import to the American Union. But for the last ten years they have been rapidly forsaking the semi-defensive attitude at first assumed by them, and instead of waiting for the natural development of events, they have latterly sought to influence and precipitate them. The first territorial acquisition made by the Union after its independence was that of the vast province of Louisiana, which it obtained from the French by purchase. This was a transaction emanating more from the Government than from the people, for at that time the desire for territory, far less the lust of conquest, had not developed itself in the American mind to anything like the extent latterly attained by it. A large and influential section of the population was averse to the purchase, and warned the country against the danger of the precedent. Their previsions have not been falsified. The value of the new acquisition, in a commercial point of view, soon manifested itself. This event, together with the disputes which afterwards arose in connexion with the north-eastern and north-western boundaries, the cession of the Floridas, the acquisition of Texas, and the still more recent and more valuable acquisition of New Mexico and

California, have all tended to imbue the minds of the bulk of the American population with the belief that they live under a law of territorial extension,—that their destiny is to possess one of the Americas at least, and that they can realize that destiny at their own convenience. Men have committed the most heinous crimes under the influence of a morbid delusion that they were destined to commit them. Believing themselves destined to be masters of Cuba, thousands in America are impatient of the slow course of events, and are eager to take some active steps, without being very scrupulous as to their character, to bring the island without delay into their possession. The annexation of Cuba is, therefore, no longer regarded by them as an event which will ultimately work its own fulfilment, but treated as one to be facilitated, hastened, and even coerced.

This, of course, cannot be said to apply to all; but recent events have shown it to be applicable to the great bulk of the American people. And it must be confessed that many, even of those who would have some scruples as to the means to be employed, would be prevented by their creed and sympathies from criticising too closely the steps taken, when once taken, for obtaining the end. Thus many, who would have frowned upon an undertaking like that got up by Lopez, would, despite themselves, sympathize with its object once it was on foot, and be disposed to let it take its course, in the hope that it would pave the way towards the realization of their object. It is on this sympathy on the part of multitudes left behind that any gang invading the island may calculate for success, inasmuch as it is certain, in the course of a brief period, to put them in sufficient force for the attainment of their purpose, unless the Government interpose between them and so profligate a source of support. It is thus that the desire of conquest, which is fast becoming a passion with the American people, would of itself lead to designs against Cuba. But this desire is quickened, in respect to that island, by the state of social and political transition in which it is supposed to be. The knowledge that such designs exist, if it does not create or enhance disaffection in the

island itself, keeps it in a perpetual state of uneasiness and excitement, which tends to render its political relations as uncertain as they are supposed to be, and thus to make the Cuba Question a source of perpetual anxiety on both sides of the Atlantic.

In their views upon Cuba the Americans are influenced by a variety of considerations, the chief of which are such as have reference to national and sectional interests. The question assumes a national aspect to them when Cuba is considered in connexion with the commercial and political issues involved in the problem of its fate. It is in view of the particular effect which its acquisition would be likely to have upon the different and conflicting interests of the Union that the question becomes invested with a sectional importance.

The commercial advantages of Cuba are too obvious to be overlooked, particularly by a people so imbued with the spirit of trade as are the Americans. It is not only the trade which the island, in the hands of an energetic and enterprising race, who would develop its resources and multiply its wants, would carry on with a view simply to the supply of its own wants, that is to be considered, but also the extent to which the trade of other and vaster regions might be made to depend upon it. Nature seems to have designed it for what, for obvious reasons, it has never yet become,—a great commercial *entrepôt*. From its position it might be made the common market for an enormous sweep of the Continent, embracing some of the richest districts of the Union, and some of the fairest provinces of the Mexican Republic. But aside of this, Cuba is of vast intrinsic value, sufficient to excite a cupidity less torpid than that of the Americans. By them it is valued for its minerals, but chiefly for its three great staples,—sugar, coffee, and cotton. As yet but a mere fraction of the cultivable area of the island is devoted to the raising of these staples. The whole area of Cuba is estimated at about 40,000 square miles, or about 26,000,000 of acres. Of this area about 15,000,000 acres are cultivable, leaving 11,000,000 which may be treated as irreclaimable. Of the cul-

tivable portion, about 2,000,000 of acres only are under what may be called cultivation, being less than one-seventh of the cultivable area, and one-thirteenth of the whole area, of the island. Besides, more than one-half of the portion actually cultivated is in garden and fruit cultivation, leaving the lesser moiety only, or less than one-fourteenth of the whole cultivable area, employed in the production of the great staples of the island. Much of the uncultivated portion of the cultivable area is employed for the purposes of pasture. This statement shows to how small an extent the natural resources of Cuba have as yet been turned to account. Even without displacing a single Spaniard from his property, there is still ample room in the island over which an energetic race might spread, finding resources which it might turn to the best account. The value of Cuba in its present comparatively undeveloped state will serve to indicate the possible value of the prize, should its resources be properly called into play. In 1830, the value of lands vested as private property was estimated at nearly 100,000,000 dollars. The buildings, engines, and utensils of labour upon them were estimated at about 56,000,000 dollars. The live stock was taken at about 45,000,000 dollars; and plants, including the fruits, at 276,000,000 dollars. In addition to these, the slaves were estimated at 41,694,000 dollars; the total representative value of agriculture being about 510,000,000 dollars. The gross products amounted to upwards of 40,000,000, and the net produce to about 23,000,000, dollars. These were the estimates formed twenty years ago, and they are, of course, far below the mark of their present value. But they serve to show what a prize Cuba might become with its resources properly called forth. If annexed to the Union as it is, it would even now greatly enhance the sum total of its wealth, and largely augment by its trade the federal revenues. Put in the hands of the Americans, and annexed to the Union, its present condition would be but the starting-point for the development which it would speedily attain.

But it is from considerations of a different character that the question

respecting Cuba derives its chief importance in the eyes of the American people. Its bearings upon the political fortunes of the Union throw all other considerations into the shade, when it is contemplated in a national point of view. It unfortunately happens that this, which lends its chief importance to it in the estimation of Americans, is mainly that which renders it impossible for other powers to regard it with indifference. England might calmly witness the cession of Cuba to America, did Cuba only carry with it as its dowry the commercial advantages at its command. Indeed, such an arrangement would be more advantageous to her than otherwise, as she could not but benefit by the increased wealth of her great customer, whilst an almost new and expanding market would thus be opened to her industry. But the question has to be viewed by her in a totally different light, the cession of Cuba being an event which would transfer to a rival a power which is now latent, but which, in the hands of that rival, would be in the last degree inconvenient, if not irresistible. It is this which makes the Cuba Question an international one of the first magnitude, and in a broader sense than as merely affecting the sovereign rights of Spain.

The events of each year are lessening the importance to America of maintaining a standing army. Except in the direction of Canada, she will soon be without a military frontier. Except in that direction, she has no enemies on the continent whom she cannot crush by means of a few thousand raw recruits and hasty volunteers. As regards Canada, it can only be her enemy when she has made Great Britain her foe. When that is the case, the ocean and not the land will be the chief scene of conflict. In a belligerent sense America may be regarded as virtually insular. Her naval arm, therefore, is and must be her chief source of defence, if not, by and bye, her chief means of aggression. This is well understood in America, and the necessity of developing more and more the strength of that arm is becoming daily more apparent. This is particularly so from the light in which America regards England, as her greatest rival in time of peace and her greatest enemy in time of

war. It is thus that the development of their naval power has become a darling object with the statesmen and people of the Union.

America already possesses much that is necessary to render her a great naval power. She has numerous estuaries and noble rivers, far up which she can establish her dockyards, and build her fleets with safety. She has inexhaustible supplies of timber, of iron, and of coal, and can provide sails and cordage for her ships. She possesses the highest skill in point of naval architecture. She has a great and growing commerce to supply her with seamen; in addition to which, by offering them higher wages, she can get seamen from other lands. She has also a vast sea-coast, stretching, on the Atlantic, from the Bay of Fundy to the southern extremity of the peninsula of Florida, and thence along the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the Rio Grande. She has, also, from twelve to thirteen hundred miles of sea-coast on the Pacific, having thus a noble look-out upon Asia and the Eastern Archipelago. On the whole, her sea-coast line, on both sides of the continent, exceeds in length 3000 miles. But, notwithstanding this, she is deficient in the grand essential of good harbours. Not that she has not many harbours well-adapted for commercial purposes, but that she possesses few of any military importance, and these so situated and so circumstanced as to render her naval efficiency far from being proportionate to her extended line of sea-coast.

Were the military harbours which she possesses differently situated, they would be of much greater service to her, in a naval point of view, than they are. They lie chiefly between Portland, in Maine, and Hampton Roads, at the mouth of the Chesapeake. They are thus confined, on the Atlantic side, to a portion of the coast, comprising little more than a fourth of the whole line of sea-coast on the Atlantic and the Gulf. Had she even one good harbour, fitted for all purposes, on the Gulf, the distribution would have been much more favourable to her in a military sense. But they all lie in a cluster between Virginia and Maine—leaving the enormous stretch of seaboard south of Chesapeake

Bay utterly destitute in this respect. From Hampton Roads, at the mouth of the James River, southward along the whole coast of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, on the Atlantic, and along the western coast of Florida, the coasts of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, all the way to the Rio Grande on the Gulf, a distance of from 1500 to 2000 miles, there is not a single harbour of any military importance. From Cape Henry, in Virginia, to the stormy Cape Hatteras and Cape Fear, almost the entire coast of North Carolina is rendered inaccessible by the elongated sandbanks which lie parallel to it a little to seaward, and which only here and there afford openings to inlets which would be more serviceable were they only more accessible. Cape Fear stands on one side of the entrance to the harbour of Wilmington, of secondary rank even in a commercial point of view. From Cape Fear to Georgetown Entrance, another second-rate harbour, stretches a low inhospitable coast—becoming more broken and indented between that and Charleston—the harbour of which is the best for commercial purposes between Hampton Roads and the Bay of Mobile. But it is chiefly, if not solely, for commercial purposes that Charleston Harbour is available. The coast, treading southward, is again screened by clusters of low islands until we reach Savannah in Georgia, another purely commercial port. Its character is the same still further south to Alatomaha Sound, on which is the shipping town of Darien. From that to St. Augustine, in Florida, and thence to the southern extremity of that vast peninsula, it is as inaccessible as is the shore of North Carolina. The island of Key West, lying a little south of the peninsula, is the only naval station of any consequence that we meet with along this extended line; and, although valuable, it is by no means of first-rate importance. The Gulf coast of Florida is much more broken than that which it presents to the Atlantic, but none of its inlets are available for military purposes until we reach Pensacola, close to the boundary line between Florida and Alabama. This is decidedly the best naval station between Chesapeake

Bay and the Rio Grande; but it is more adapted for refitting vessels than for the general purposes of a military seaport. We then, passing westward, come to the harbour of Mobile, in Alabama; that of New Orleans, in Louisiana; and that of Galveston, in Texas. These are all more adapted for commercial than for warlike purposes. The mouth of the Rio Grande, which, for the present, terminates the American coast-line on the Gulf, is but miserably adapted even for trading purposes. Along this whole line, therefore, the only two military stations that we find are those of Pensacola and Key West, which are of but secondary importance. On the Pacific, the Union now possesses the magnificent bay of San Francisco, which lies in about lat. 38° north. But from that southward to the Mexican line there is no military station, the Bay of Monterey not being such; whilst northward, towards the British line, there is no harbour of any kind, until we reach the mouth of the Columbia, the advantages and capabilities of which have been much overrated. But close to Vancouver Island, in lat. 49°, is the spacious and splendid harbour known as Admiralty Inlet. The military value of this, however, is much diminished by the extent to which the inlet is commanded by the many good harbours of Vancouver Island. Whichever power can command the Straits of Fuca controls, for the time being, Admiralty Inlet. But it is with the harbours on the Atlantic side that we have now chiefly to deal.

So greatly disproportioned are the naval advantages possessed by America to the extent of its coast, that the possession of the seaboard of the British provinces—that is to say, the possession of the Bay of Fundy, the coast of Nova Scotia, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence—would treble her naval power; and yet the whole coast-line of these provinces is not more than one-fourth the extent of the Atlantic and Gulf coast-line of the Republic. But, in addition to the disadvantage of having the chief naval stations of the country clustered together as they are, leaving nearly destitute, in this respect, so great an extent of coast to the southward, is the other and still

greater disadvantage of having these stations so situated as to be commanded by some of the most important naval outposts of the most formidable maritime power in the world. From her magnificent station at Halifax Great Britain overhangs, with her fleets, the whole of the Atlantic seaboard of America. From Halifax she is within two days' sail of Boston, within four of New York, and within five of the Delaware. From Bermuda, that lonely watch-tower of England on the deep, which is to the southern parts of America what Halifax is to the northern, she is within five days' sail of Cape May, at the mouth of the Delaware—of Cape Henry, at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay—of Cape Fear, on the coast of North Carolina—of Charleston, the principal city of South Carolina, and chief seaport of the South—of Savannah and Darien, the main outlets of the commerce of Georgia—and of St. Augustine, on the Atlantic coast of Florida, and the chief *entrepôt* of that peninsula. Thus from Halifax she directly commands the coast from the Bay of Fundy to Cape May; and from Bermuda, the remainder of it from Cape May to St. Augustine. The Halifax squadron could blockade Boston and New York; whilst the Bermuda squadron, by cruising between the Delaware and the Chesapeake, might put Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond, in a state of blockade. It is under these circumstances that the possession of Cuba by any powerful maritime state, particularly by Great Britain, would be, in the last degree, inconvenient, if not dangerous, to America. For let us look for a moment at the position of Cuba, in a military point of view. Situated a little within the tropic of Cancer, it throws its western moiety, almost like a gate, across the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico. There are two channels leading into the Gulf, the island forming one side of both. The two channels are about equal in width; that on the Florida, and that on the Yucatan side, being less than 150 miles across. It is evident that such a position, with the harbours at its command, makes Cuba the key of the Gulf. It is in view of this that its importance assumes such magnitude in the eyes of the

American people. For what is meant by Cuba being the key of the Gulf? Neither more nor less than that it can control our moiety of the commerce of America, and the whole of the Atlantic trade of Mexico. In the hands of a weak power like Spain it is not in reality what, in the hands of a strong power like England, it would inevitably become. Their recent acquisitions have made the Gulf more an American than a Mexican sea, and their future prospects are sufficiently dazzling to lead the Americans to believe that, ere long, it will be exclusively theirs. It is no wonder, therefore, that they do not look with complacency at the bare possibility of an island falling into the hands of England, the possession of which by England would put at her control, in time of war, the commerce of some of the best cotton-growing states; a large proportion of that of the Mississippi valley, the whole of that of the valley of the Rio Grande, and also of the eastern provinces of Mexico. It would not only enable her to command the commercial ports of Mobile, New Orleans, and Vera Cruz, but also, with Halifax and Bermuda, to encircle the whole coast, from Maine to Texas, with her military outposts, so that a simple declaration of war would virtually put the whole of the American seaboard in a state of blockade. But this is not all; for, in addition to the Gulf, Cuba might be made to command the whole of the Caribbean Sea. More important still, it lies in the direct line from any of the Atlantic or Gulf ports of the Union to the Isthmus of Panama, a section of the continent rapidly rising in importance, and destined soon to be the greatest highway in the world. It is vain to conceal from ourselves that the Americans have already set their hearts upon the possession of the Isthmus. It is true that, by the Nicaragua treaty, the Government has debarred itself from colonizing the Isthmus. But what of that? The stipulation is one which favours the designs of the American people. The Government did not colonize Texas, but Americans in their individual capacity did. The result is well-known. The treaty does not preclude Englishmen or Americans from taking up their residence on the Isthmus, and for

settling upon it the Americans have greater advantages than we have. If 20 Americans can go and reside there, so may 200, 2000, or 20,000; and when there are 20,000 there the thing is done, and Panama is annexed. Towards this consummation Cuba would be a convenient stepping-stone for our ambitious kinsmen, if in their possession; whereas if it were in ours it would form a barrier to them of the most formidable kind. To this they are fully alive, and cannot tolerate the thought of our getting hold of a position which would at once frustrate their designs, and instal us in the supremacy over the West Indian seas, which they are ambitious of acquiring for themselves. A highway across the Isthmus is sought for the general convenience of the commerce of the world. It is to open up a new track for the trade between Europe and Asia. The possession of Cuba by either America or England, will put the power holding it in a position to control the greater part of the commerce of the world, particularly when we consider that the direction of the currents of the Gulf will throw the greater part of that commerce going eastward close by the coast and harbours of Cuba. Such are the considerations, both of a local and general character, which influence the American people: first in their determination to keep Cuba out of our hands; and next, in their longings to get at it with their own. Such, also, are the considerations which excite the jealousies of England against any measures which tend to throw so valuable a possession into the hands of her rival. Both in a political and a commercial point of view, Cuba would be a most valuable acquisition to England: so valuable, indeed, that she can never hope to obtain it except at the cost of a war with America. Nor can America hope to acquire it except at the cost of a rupture with England, for England must first make up her mind to strike her flag in the West Indian seas, and to put most of the foreign trade of the world, and much of her own trade, with the greatest and most valuable of her possessions, at the command of her rival, before she can consent to the transfer of Cuba to the United States.

Such, then, are the circumstances

which, in a political and national point of view, attach such importance to the Cuba Question, in the sight both of England and America. The prize is sufficiently valuable for both to covet it, and too valuable for either quietly to permit the other to secure it. The only condition under which Cuba can exist, so as to preserve anything like a balance between the two powers in question in that quarter, of the world, is that of subjection to a third and weak power, like that which now possesses it. The independence of Cuba would not suffice; for Cuba, independent, would be a greater arena of intrigue than Cuba, a Spanish possession, can well be. It has, for many years back, been the policy of the two governments to secure to Spain the possession of Cuba, mainly to keep it out of each other's hands—a policy which the events of the last few years threaten seriously to disturb.

But there exist in the United States other considerations of a local and sectional character, which have a very material bearing upon the question. The annexation of Cuba would necessarily influence, to a great extent, the institution of slavery in the Union. Hence it is that it is a contingency contemplated with mingled hopes and fears by the different parties who take an interest in that subject. The south would, from a variety of motives, gladly see Cuba annexed as a new slave-state to the Confederacy. Such an event would strengthen its hands in the councils of the nation, and rid it of the apprehensions which now haunt it of the emancipation of the blacks in Cuba, either through a successful servile insurrection, or their manumission by the mother-country, or by some other power to which the island might be ceded. From whatever quarter their emancipation may come, it is equally dreaded by the southern slave-owner; and this, together with the desire to strengthen itself at Washington, makes the acquisition of Cuba a not unpalatable policy throughout the south. In the north, the idea is not so popular, although there are many there who would wish to see Cuba annexed as a free state, so as to strike a blow upon slavery from the rear, from which it would not recover. The policy of the northern emancipa-

tionists is to surround the slave-states, if they can, with free territories; and thus, by isolation, weaken the whole fabric of slavery. There are also thousands of ardent spirits in the north and west who are ready to sanction any project, irrespective of the justice of the means or the nature of the consequences, which may appear to be in fulfilment of what they take to be the inevitable destiny of their country — the possession of the entire continent, with all the islands adjacent to it.

The danger, then, which besets the question is obvious when we consider the extent to which it appeals to the passions of the American people, and bears upon the national objects and sectional politics of the Republic. Did no doubt hang over the future of Cuba, the dangers of the question would be remotely contingent, not imminent. It is the existence of this doubt which renders them urgent and pressing, as it affords a pretext for all the jealousies and animosities, the hopes, fears, and projects to which the question may give rise. Even were there no doubt, there are many in the Union whose object it would be to excite it, as a justification for any line of conduct which they might choose to adopt. It is now supposed — at all events, it is industriously circulated — that Cuba cannot much longer be retained by Spain. It is, therefore, believed that the time for annexing it, at all hazards to the Union, has come. These views do not, it is true, actuate the Government, but they very widely prevail amongst the people of the Union. To extend them, and enlist public sympathy as much as possible in their favour, the most sinister intentions, as regards the island, are imputed to England.

It must be admitted, that these imputations derived some colour of truth from the incautious recommendations of Lord George Bentinck to seize the island in payment of the Spanish debt to British subjects. That such recommendations should be given in the British House of Commons by a man holding the high post of leader of one of the great parties in that House, no matter with what derision they were received, was sufficient to rouse into activity any latent views which American citizens might entertain with respect

to Cuba. From that time the project, which is now beginning to manifest its fruits, has been industriously hatched; and it would be a serious mistake for us to suppose that the late abortive enterprise is all, in the shape of unjustifiable aggression, to which it will give rise. It will only stimulate the appetite for Cuba. From the discomfiture of the late expedition those implicated in the project of seizing the island will only learn what is necessary to success. An Anglo-Saxon horde will never again trust itself, in such an enterprise, to the guidance of a Spanish Creole. There are many men in the United States whose military experiences in Mexico well adapt them for leading in such a case. These men refused to serve under Lopez. The Creole, however, could not be got rid of, but his abortive invasion has effectually shelved him. The Spaniard out of the way, the Anglo-Saxon has the field to himself; and we may rest satisfied that the next attempt upon Cuba, which will not be long postponed, will, in its military and moral resources, be a far more formidable affair than that which has preceded it. The invaders will reckon upon the support of their countrymen, and every day that passes enhances the probability that they will not reckon without their host. The question of Cuban annexation is already sufficiently far advanced to induce unscrupulous politicians to turn it, as they turned the Oregon question, to electioneering purposes; and stranger things have happened than that the turning point of the electoral contest for the presidency in 1852 should be the annexation of Cuba. Should the question threaten to assume such importance as this, it is to be feared that, however honest the Government may be in seeking to keep on terms of amity and good faith with Spain, it will offer but an equivocal resistance to the projects *in posse*.

It is evident, therefore, that this Cuba Question is fast generating in the western horizon a cloud which, unless speedily dissipated, will soon overspread the heavens. But how dissipate it? By removing the only semblance of justification which the projects in question have in the eyes of the American people. They have views upon Cuba from which these

projects spring; because, they say, Spain is going to lose it and we may get it, and because we have positive designs upon it, which, if they are permitted to ripen, will yet wrest it from Spain. Both these pretexts might be removed by a formal and avowed understanding between the two Governments to secure the island in perpetuity to Spain. Let them by a formal convention agree to do that which it is now the policy of either to do. The advantage of this would be obvious. Spain would be in no danger of losing the island, and all ground for suspicion of England would vanish. The desperadoes of the Mississippi might still brood over their projects, but the great mass of the American people would cease to sympathize with them. As a people, they could have no more cause to dread the military preponderance which the acquisition of the island by England would give to her—as slave owners, they would not care so much for acquiring the island as a slave state, when all apprehensions ceased of its coming into the Union as a free one; and, as emancipationists, they would not manœuvre for its annexation as a free state, when there was no longer any fear of its being brought in as a slave one. Cuba would also be relieved of that chronic excitement, from which it has so long suffered, and which has materially retarded its progress; and it would cease to be that focus of intrigue which it was fast becoming. Peace would no longer be menaced in that quarter, and the international relations of England and America would once more be without a cloud.

Such are the objects to be secured by a friendly and formal understanding like that hinted at. Unless something of the kind is done, Cuba will still be regarded as an available prey by the desperadoes of the world. And one project of the kind successful, whether Cuba be or be not the victim, no island in the ocean will be safe. Piratical expeditions will sally from the Thames as well as the Mississippi, and the high seas once more swarm with the common enemies of mankind.

So vital are the interests which England has at stake in this matter, that she cannot admit of dis-

tinctions such as are endeavoured to be drawn between the acts of a Government and of individuals. A Government is not necessarily implicated in the acts of individuals; but in this case, no matter how independently of the Government individuals may act, the matter can only be regarded in one light by England, viz. as an attempt at annexation. It will not avail to say that the object of the buccaneers is simply to render Cuba independent. If Cuba is made independent by American citizens, equipped from American resources, and fortified by American sympathy, the island, if captured, will be claimed as an American acquisition. The question, therefore, at once assumes the formidable aspect of annexation.

It is not our intention here to inquire into the complicity of the United States Government in the late transaction. We have already expressed our confidence in the good intentions of the cabinet of Washington. We regret, therefore, to find that it is reported to have adopted a course which may retrospectively involve it in the guilt of the enterprise. It is said that it has interdicted Spain from capturing American citizens and ships found on the high seas, and proceeding to aid the buccaneers. There may be some ground for saying that Spain shall not seize American citizens on any other territory but that of Spain, no matter how deeply implicated they might be in the nefarious conspiracy against her. If Spain is their enemy, it is because they have first made themselves her enemies. But it does not follow that she can capture her enemies on territory not her own. But to say that she cannot justly capture her enemies on the high seas, which are no one's territory, is too monstrous to be tolerated. It is not likely that Spain will forbear to do so; and it will then be for the American Government to decide upon its next step. It is this conduct on the part of the American authorities that imparts its chief gravity to the question at present. It is the more to be lamented, as it shows conclusively how the wind blows, and indicates too truly the direction taken by the sympathies of the American people.

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ENGLISH HEXAMETERS. BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

LEDRU ROLLIN'S DECLINE OF ENGLAND.

UNIVERSITY REFORM—OXFORD.

THE HEIRS OF GAUNTRY. A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of Fraser's Magazine must decline any longer to return papers that are sent for consideration. The labour of doing so is considerable; and authors who desire to keep what they may have written, had better make copies for their own use.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1850.

WORDSWORTH'S POSTHUMOUS POEM.*

THE recent death of the illustrious poet of Rydal Mount has fixed public expectation upon a work which is well known to have been long written by Mr. Wordsworth. The poem, although it had been read, at least partially, to some of his most intimate friends, was, by reason of the personal details and revelations which constituted its peculiarity, and now form its paramount interest, reserved by Mr. Wordsworth for publication after his decease. This great autobiographical poem has just made its appearance, and we are anxious to take the very earliest opportunity of introducing it to our readers, and of calling attention to its great and manifold beauties.

The deep interest which attaches to every production of Mr. Wordsworth's genius, will be most strongly felt for a work in which the poet has recorded the progress of his mind from early childhood, until it attained a maturity which, in his estimation, fitted it for the composition of a great philosophical poem. Mr. Wordsworth, in his preface to the *Excursion*, has thus expressed himself:—

Several years ago, when the author retired to his native mountains with the hope of being able to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far nature and education had qualified him for such employment. As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record in verse the origin and progress of his own powers as far as he was acquainted with them. That work, addressed to a dear friend most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a deter-

mination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of man, nature, and society, and to be entitled *The Recluse*, as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement. *The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a gothic church.*

This is the poem which is now before the public; and, reserving ourselves for some subsequent remarks upon Mr. Wordsworth's genius as developed in this and his other works, we proceed to give a short sketch of the poem, and to illustrate it with such extracts as may be sufficient to convey a just impression of its character and merits.

The precise period at which this poem was written, we believe to have been the beginning of the present century. It was composed, we understand, at intervals, and completed in 1805. It is divided into books, each relating to a particular phase in Mr. Wordsworth's life, commencing with the period of childhood, and pursued through school and college life, travel, residence in London, and retirement. The incidents and associations of childhood are introduced in a natural allusion to his earliest years, which occurs in the introductory part of the work, wherein he refers to the perplexities and restlessness which beset, and to the self-reproach which assailed him at one period of life, in consequence of the absence of any settled plans of intellectual effort:—

* *The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind.* An Autobiographical Poem. By William Wordsworth. London, 1850. Moxon.

Ah ! better far than this to stray about
Voluptuously through fields and rural
walks

And ask no record of the hours, resigned
To vacant musing, unreprieved neglect
Of all things and deliberate holiday.

Far better never to have heard the name
Of zeal and just ambition, than to live
Baffled and plagued by a mind that every
hour

Turns recreant to her task ; takes heart
again,

Then feels immediately some hollow
thought

Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.

* * * *

Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's
song,

And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a
voice

That flowed along my dreams ? For this,
didst thou,

O Derwent ! winding among grassy holms
While I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my
thoughts

To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and
groves.

The young imagination of the
poet was at a very early age excited
and sustained by the natural beauty
of the district in which he first drew
breath. That habitual familiarity
with the grand in nature, which in
many minds produces only insensibility
to its impressions, appears to
have kindled an early passion in his
heart, which grew by what it fed
on :—

Yes, I remember when the changeful
earth,

And twice five summers on my mind had
stamped

The faces of the moving year, even then
I held unconscious intercourse with beauty
Old as creation, drinking in a pure
Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
Of curling mist, or from the level plain
Of waters coloured by impending clouds.

The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks
and bays

Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell
How, when the Sea threw off his evening
shade,

And to the shepherd's hut on distant hills
Sent welcome notice of the rising moon,
How I have stood, to fancies such as these
A stranger, linking with the spectacle
No conscious memory of a kindred sight,
And bringing with me no peculiar sense

Of quietness or peace ; yet have I stood,
Even while mine eye hath moved o'er
many a league

Of shining water, gathering as it seemed
Through every hair-breadth in that field
of light

New pleasure like a bee among the flowers.

From the season of childhood we
are led by the poet to the period of
' school time.' In a grammar-school
situate in the pleasant vale of Esth-
waite, and near the small lake called
hy that name, he received the rudi-
ments of a classical education. His
attachment to this locality continued
through life ; and there, perhaps, he
was conscious of the first dawn of
that philosophic thought which after-
ward shone forth in such glorious
splendour :—

Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and
thus

Daily the common range of visible things
Grew dear to me : already I began

To love the sun ; a boy I loved the sun,
Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge
And surety of our earthly life, a light

Which we behold and feel we are alive ;
Nor for his bounty to so many worlds—
But for this cause, that I had seen him lay
His beauty on the morning hills, had seen
The western mountain touch his setting
orb,

In many a thoughtless hour, when, from
excess

Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow
For its own pleasure, and I breathed
with joy.

And, from like feelings, humble though
intense,

To patriotic and domestic love
Analogous, the moon to me was dear ;
For I could dream away my purposes,
Standing to gaze upon her while she hung
Midway between the hills, as if she knew
No other region, but belonged to thee,
Yea, appertained by a peculiar right
To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear
Vale !

A habit of solitary wandering was
formed at this time, when the soul
was just beginning to look inwards,
and to reflect upon herself :—

I would walk alone
Under the quiet stars, and at that time
Have felt whate'er there is of power in
sound

To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Of image unprofaned ; and I would stand,
If the night blackened with a coming storm,
Beneath some rock listening to notes that
are

The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.
Thence did I drink the visionary power ;

And deem not profitless those fleeting
moods
Of shadowy exultation.

* * * * *

A plastic power
Abode with me; a forming hand, at times
Rebellions, acting in a devious mood;
A local spirit of his own, at war
With general tendency, but, for the most,
Subservient strictly to external things
With which it communed. An auxiliary
light

Came from my mind, which on the setting
sun

Bestowed new splendour; the melodious
birds,

The fluttering hreezes, fountains that run
on

Murmuring so sweetly in themselves,
obeyed

A like dominion, and the midnight storm
Grew darker in the presence of my eye:
Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,
And hence my transport.

The poet had attained his seven-
teenth year before he left the moun-
tains and lakes of his native county.
The tone of mind acquired in soli-
tude, and his quick sensibility to
moral as well as natural beauty,
would form, it might be conceived,
but an imperfect preparation for the
first shock of things as they really
are, and for his first encounter with
the world:—

I at this time

Saw blessings spread around me like a sea.
Thus, while the days flew by and years
passed on,
From Nature and her overflowing soul
I had received so much, that all my
thoughts

Were steeped in feeling; I was only then
Contented, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth
still;

O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of
thought

And human knowledge, to the human eye
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts
and sings,

Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that
glides

Beneath the wave,—yea, in the wave itself
And mighty depth of waters.

In closing the narrative relating
to this period of his life, the poet
breaks out into a sublime and fervid
apostrophe to the natural objects
which had ministered to his early ge-
nius, given contentment to his spirit,
and sustained his moral being:—

Ye mountains and ye lakes
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds

That dwell among the hills where I was
born,

If in my youth I have been pure of heart,
If mingling with the world I am content
With my own modest pleasures, and have
lived

With God and Nature communing, re-
moved

From little enmities and low desires,
The gift is yours; if in these times of fear,
This melancholy waste of hopes o'er-
thrown,

If, 'mid indifference and apathy,
And wicked exultation when good men
On every side fall off, we know not how,
To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
Of peace and quiet and domestic love,
Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers
On visionary minds; if, in this time
Of dereliction and dismay, I yet

Despair not of our nature, but retain
A more than Roman confidence, a faith
That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
The blessing of my life; the gift is yours,
Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'tis yours,
Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou
hast fed

My lofty speculations; and in thee,
For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
A never-failing principle of joy
And purest passion.

The college career of the poet pre-
sents few incidents, and was produc-
tive of little influence upon his cha-
racter or life. A course of desultory
reading, and time passed not always
in strict accordance with the conven-
tional habits of the place, appear, in
the retrospect, to have afforded him
but little satisfaction:—

Yet from the past crude days
Of settling time in this untried abode
I was disturbed at times by prudent
thoughts,

And more than all, a strangeness in the
mind—

A feeling that I was not for that hour
Nor for that place.

The place, nevertheless, alien as it
was to his habitual tone of mind,
had for him some attractive features
and associations:—

Could I behold—

Who, less insensible than sodden clay
In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,
Could have beheld,—with undelighted
heart,

So many happy youths, so wide and fair
A congregation in its budding-time
Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at once
So many divers samples from the growth
Of life's sweet season—could have seen
unmoved

That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers
Decking the matron temples of a place
So famous through the world?

To Milton, also, he makes a beautiful and touching allusion:—

Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,
Stood almost single; uttering odious
truth—

Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,

Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged
An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling
youth—

A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.

The highest powers of his nature
seemed even likely to suffer deterioration:—

The memory languidly revolved, the heart
Reposed in noontide rest, the inner pulse
Of contemplation almost ceased to beat.

The poet's ideal conception of a
university is strikingly contrasted
with the realities he experienced:—

Oh, what joy

To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
Informed with such a spirit as might be
Its own protection; a primeval grove,
Where, though the shades with cheerfulness
were filled,

Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds
In under-coverts, yet the countenance
Of the whole place should bear a stamp
of awe;

A habitation sober and demure
For ruminating creatures; a domain
For quiet things to wander in; a haunt
In which the heron should delight to feed
By the shy rivers, and the pelican
Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought
Might sit and sun himself.—Alas! Alas!
In vain for such solemnity I looked;
Mine eyes were crossed by hutterflies,
ears vexed

By chattering popinjays; the inner heart
Seemed trivial, and the impresses without
Of a too gaudy region.

The graver faults and follies of
the place are treated with caustic
severity. Some of these were, perhaps,
peculiar to the period, others
are, in their nature, common to all
universities:—

All degrees

And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived
praise

Here sat in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from solid good;
And here was Labour, his own bond-
slave; Hope,

That never set the pains against the prize;
Idleness halting with his weary clog,
And poor misguided Shame, and witless
Fear,

And simple Pleasure foraging for Death;

Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray;
Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and
guile

Murmuring submission, and bald govern-
ment

(The idol weak as the idolater),
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
And blind Authority heating with his staff
The child that might have led him;
Emptiness

Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

The poet dwells with exultation
upon his emotions on escaping from
this domain of formality, when he was
restored again to nature, and could
pursue his meditations unchecked by
the interposition of uncongenial spir-
its, revisit his former haunts, and
luxuriate amidst the solitudes of his
native hills. The raptures of the first
days' enjoyment of his renovated
spirit are beautifully depicted:—

If ever happiness hath lodged with man,
That day consummate happiness was mine,
Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contem-
plative.

The sun was set, or setting, when I left
Our cottage door, and evening soon
brought on

A sober hour, not winning or serene,
For cold and raw the air was, and untuned;
But as a face we love is sweetest then
When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart
Have fulness in herself; even so with me
It fared that evening. Gently did my soul
Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted,
stood

Naked, as in the presence of her God.
While on I walked, a comfort seemed to
touch

A heart that had not been disconsolate:
Strength came where weakness was not
known to be,

At least not felt; and restoration came
Like an intruder knocking at the door
Of unacknowledged weariness. I took
The balance, and with firm hand weighed
myself.

At this period of his life we trace
the first germ of that moral interest
which the poet took in the inhabit-
ants of the mountains and valleys, and
which forms so striking a character-
istic of his later compositions:—

I read without design the opinions,
thoughts

Of those plain-living people, now observed
With clearer knowledge; with another eye
I saw the quiet woodman in the woods,
The shepherd roam the hills.

Nor less do I remember to have felt
Distinctly manifested at the time

A human-heartedness about my love
For objects hitherto the absolute wealth
Of my own private being and no more.

We cannot pass over the description of an event to which Mr. Wordsworth owed in so great a degree the happiness of his life, and the numberless blessings with which it was attended to its close:—

'Mid a throng
Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons staid,
A medley of all tempers, I had passed
The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,
With din of instruments and shuffling feet,
And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,
And unaimed prattle flying up and down;
Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there
Slight shocks of young love-like interspersed,
Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head,
And tingled through the veins. Ere we retired,
The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
And open field, through which the path-way wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.

Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the hrim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

Shortly after leaving Cambridge, Mr. Wordsworth, accompanied by his friend Coleridge, took a pedestrian tour among the Alps; and the book which records the incidents of the excursion, opens with a touching apostrophe to his earliest and best-beloved friend:—

Of rivers, fields,
And groves I speak to thee, my Friend!
to thee,
Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths
Of the hove city, on the leader's roof

Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure
tired,
To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
See trees, and meadows, and thy native
stream,
Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
Of a long exile.

* * * *

I have thought
Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,
And all the strength and plumage of thy youth,
Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse
Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms
Of wild, ideal pageantry, shaped out
From things well-matched or ill, and words for things
The self-created sustenance of a mind
Debarred from Nature's living images,
Compelled to be a life unto herself,
And unrelentingly possessed by thirst
Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not alone,
Ah! surely not in singleness of heart
Should I have seen the light of evening fade
From smooth Cam's silent waters: had we met,
Even at that early time, needs must I trust
In the belief, that my maturer age,
My calmer habits, and more steady voice,
Would with an influence benign have soothed,
Or chased away, the airy wretchedness
That battered on thy youth. But thou
hast trod
A march of glory, which doth put to shame
These vain regrets; health suffers in thee,
else
Such grief for thee would be the weakest thought
That ever harboured in the breast of man.

It is well-known that both Mr. Wordsworth and his friend were for a time, to a considerable extent, affected by the revolutionary enthusiasm which broke out with such violence towards the close of the last century. The great and noble spirits of most countries were wrought up to the highest excitement at the prospects which seemed to be opened up for the social and political advancement of mankind by the stupendous event of the French Revolution. Some of Mr. Wordsworth's finest and most elevated poetry was undoubtedly composed while under this state of transient exaltation of mind. The sonnets to Liberty amply attest his sympathies with all that is truly great in freedom, and his earnest aspirations for its diffusion over the world. This early enthusiasm for the new spirit which was chang-

ing the aspect of society, and the first shock which it sustained by witnessing a military desecration of the convent of Chartreuse, are finely expressed :—

Honour to the patriot's zeal !
Glory and hope to new-born Liberty !
Hail to the mighty projects of the time !
Discerning sword that Justice wields, do thou

Go forth and prosper ; and, ye purging fires,
Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,
Fanned hythe breath of angry Providence,
But oh ! if Past and Future be the wings
On whose support harmoniously conjoined
Moves the great spirit of human know-
ledge, spare

These courts of mystery, where a step
advanced

Between the portals of the shadowy rocks
Leaves far behind life's treacherous vanities,

For penitential tears and trembling hopes
Exchanged—to equalize in God's pure sight

Monarch and peasant : be the house re-
deemed

With its unworldly votaries, for the sake
Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved
Through faith and meditative reason,
resting

Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth
Calmly triumphant.

The impressions of Swiss scenery
are described with great power and
fidelity :—

The wondrous Vale
Of Chamouny stretched far below, and soon
With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,
A motionless array of mighty waves,
Five rivers broad and vast, made rich
amends,

And reconciled us to realities ;

There small birds warble from the leafy
trees,

The eagle soars high in the element,

There doth the reaper bind the yellow
sheaf,

The maiden spread the haystack in the sun,
While Winter like a well-tamed lion walks,
Descending from the mountain to make
sport

Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

We doubt whether anything in the
whole range of descriptive poetry,
not excluding even the wonderful
delineations of Alpine scenery in
Manfred and *Childe Harold*, surpass
in grandeur and truth the following :

The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and
forlorn,

The torrents shooting from the clear blue
sky,

The rocks that muttered close upon our
ears,

Black drizzling eags that spake by the
way-side

As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the
Heavens,

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the
light—

Were all like workings of one mind, the
features

Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree ;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,

The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without
end.

At the termination of his Cam-
bridge course, and on his return
from the Continent, the poet took
up his abode for a time in London,
more as a philosophic idler than with
any fixed object or definite pursuit.
It appears not to have been his first
visit to the metropolis, therefore we
lose the first impression made by the
great city on the poet's mind.

Three years had flown
Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock
Of the huge town's first presence, and
had paced

Her endless streets, a transient visitant ;
Now fixed amid that concourse of mankind,
Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,
And life and labour seem hut one, I filled
An idler's place.

In this portion of the poem we
must reluctantly confess a slight de-
gree of disappointment. We meet
with some just and finely-expressed
reflections, but we do not find all
that we might have reasonably
looked for. Mr. Wordsworth's mind
had attained a maturity which en-
abled him to speculate on some of
the loftiest subjects of human thought
and interest. The familiar objects
which meet the eye while threading
the crowded thoroughfares of Lon-
don, the drolleries and prodigies of
Sadler's Wells, the low humour and
fantastic exhibitions of Bartholomew
Fair, were each and all of them,
doubtless when viewed in certain of
their aspects, calculated to excite
ideas congenial to the poet's mind,
and not unworthy of being clothed in
the language of philosophic thought ;
but instead of these trite and rather
unsatisfactory subjects we could have
wished for reflections on some of
the grander features of the metro-

polis. The mind of Mr. Wordsworth was capable of embracing all the interests of civilization, and a heart never beat with warmer sympathies than his for the greatness and glory of his country. However, we must be thankful for what we possess in other productions of Mr. Wordsworth on these and kindred subjects, and present a few extracts from his impressions of London:—

Fount of my country's destiny and the world's:

That great emporium, chronicle at once
And burial-place of passions, and their home

Imperial, their chief living residence.

* * * *

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain

Of a too busy world! Before me flow,
Thou endless stream of men and moving things!

Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—
With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe—

On strangers, of all ages; the quick dance
Of colours, lights, and forms, the deafening din;

The comers and the goers face to face,
Face after face.

Mr. Wordsworth appears to have duly visited the chapel of St. Stephen's, and thus describes the sensation occasioned by the oratory of Burke:—

Silence! hush!

This is no trifter, no short-flighted wit,
No stammerer of a minute, painfully
Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked
The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:
Thrice welcome Presence! how can patience e'er

Grow weary of attending on a track
That kindles with such glory! All are charmed,

Astonished; like a hero in romance,
He winds away his never-ending horn;
Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense:

What memory and what logic! till the strain

Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,
Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.

Genius of Burke! forgive the pen seduced

By specious wonders, and too slow to tell
Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered men,

Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,
And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,

Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent tongue—

Now mute, for ever mute in the cold grave.
I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—
Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches start

Out of its leafy hrow, the more to awe
The younger brethren of the grove. But some—

While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,

Against all systems built on abstract rights,
Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims
Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;
Declares the vital power of social ties
Endeared by Custom; and with high disdain,

Exploding upstart Theory, insists
Upon the allegiance to which men are born—

Some—say at once a froward multitude—
Murmur (for truth is hated, where not loved)

As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,
Galled by their monarch's chain. The times were high

With ominous change, which, night by night, provoked

Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion raised;

But memorable moments intervened,
When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove's brain,

Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,

Startling the Synod. Could a youth, and one

In ancient story versed, whose breast had heaved

Under the weight of classic eloquence,
Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired?

A description of the deep contrast and solemn stillness of a night in London, although not equal in beauty to the celebrated sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge, is very fine:—

The peace

That comes with night; the deep solemnity
Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,
When the great tide of human life stands still;

*The business of the day to come, unborn,
Of that gone by, locked up, as in the grave;*
The blended calmness of the heavens and earth,

Moonlight and stars, and empty streets, and sounds

Unfrequent as in deserts.

And the insensible effect of the trivialities of society upon the mind did not escape the poet's observation:—

Living amid the same perpetual whirl
Of trivial objects, melted and reduced
To one identity, by differences
That have no law, no meaning, and no end—

Oppression, under which even highest
minds
Must labour, whence the strongest are
not free.

The superiority of the moral law,
as embodied in the political and
social institutions of mankind, was
forcibly impressed on the poet's mind
by the contemplation of London:—

Add also, that among the multitudes
Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen
Affectingly set forth, more than elsewhere
Is possible, the unity of man,
One spirit over ignorance and vice
Predominant, in good and evil hearts;
One sense for moral judgments, as one eye
For the sun's light. The soul when
smitten thus

By a sublime *idea*, whencesoe'er
Vouchsafed for union or communion, feeds
On the pure bliss, and takes her rest with
God.

Mr. Wordsworth returned to his
native county convinced that its
scenery and associations were best
calculated fully to develope his poet-
ical powers:—

Yet, hail to you
Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye
hollow vales,
Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's
voice,
Powers of my native region! Ye that
seize

The heart with firmer grasp! Your
snows and streams

Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds,
That howl so dismally for him who treads
Companionless your awful solitudes!

There, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter
long

To wait upon the storms: of their approach
Sagacious, into sheltering coves he drives
His flock, and thither from the home-
stead bears

A toilsome harden up the craggy ways,
And deals it out, their regular nourishment
Strewn on the frozen snow. And when
the spring

Looks out, and all the pastures dance
with lambs,

And when the flock, with warmer wea-
ther, climbs

Higher and higher, him his office leads
To watch their goings, whatsoever track
The wanderers choose. For this he quits
his home

At day-spring, and no sooner doth the sun
Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,
Than he lies down upon some shining rock,
And breakfasts with his dog. When they
have stolen,

As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,
For rest not needed or exchange of love,
Then from his couch he starts; and now
his feet

Crush out a livelier fragrance from the
flowers

Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill en-
wrought

In the wild turf: the lingering dews of
morn

Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he
hies,

His staff protending like a hunter's spear,
Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,
And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged
streams.

To the simple and unsophisticated
character of the people—their inde-
pendent spirit tempered with willing
respect—the unobtrusive manners,
inflexible honesty, and genuine piety,
which are characteristics of the
mountain district,—Mr. Wordsworth
expresses himself under great obli-
gations, as affording him a higher
standard of the virtues of humble life
than he could have found, perhaps,
elsewhere in England:—

Blessed be the God
Of nature and of man that this was so;
That men before my inexperienced eyes
Did first present themselves thus purified,
Removed, and to a distance that was fit;
And so we all of us in some degree
Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led,
And howsoever; were it otherwise,
And we found evil fast as we find good
In our first years, or think that it is found,
How could the innocent heart bear up
and live!

But doubly fortunate my lot; not here
Alone, that something of a better life
Perhaps was round me than it is the pri-
vilege

Of most to move in, but that first I looked
At Man through objects that were great
or fair;

First communed with him by their help.
And thus

Was founded a sure safeguard and defence
Against the weight of meanness, selfish
cares,

Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that
beat in

On all sides from the ordinary world
In which we traffic. Starting from this
point

I had my face turned toward the truth,
began

With an advantage furnished by that kind
Of prepossession, without which the soul
Receives no knowledge that can bring
forth good,

No genuine insight ever comes to her.

A second visit to the Continent
introduced the poet to the scenes and
sufferings of the French Revolution.
His sympathies were from the first
strongly enlisted on the popular side,

and there is manifest at this period of his life an inclination to embrace the republican theory of government, as harmonizing best with that 'plain heroic magnitude of mind' which was the essence of his own character, and with that knowledge of the innate dignity of man which resulted from his intercourse with the worthy dalesmen of his district.

In the regal sceptre, and the pomp
Of orders and degrees, I nothing found
Then, or had ever, even in crudest youth,
That dazzled me, hut rather what I
mourned

And ill could brook, beholding that the
best

Ruled not, and feeling that they ought
to rule.

For, born in a poor district, and which
yet

Retaineth more of ancient homeliness,
Than any other nook of English ground,
It was my fortune scarcely to have seen,
Through the whole tenor of my school-
day time,

The face of one, who, whether boy or man,
Was vested with attention or respect
Through claims of wealth or blood.

He saw in the dreadful excesses of
the time no necessary connexion of
license with popular government,—

But a terrific reservoir of guilt
And ignorance filled up from age to age,
That could no longer hold its loathsome
charge,

And burst and spread in deluge through
the land.

Even the September massacres did
not shake his firm faith in the ne-
cessity and purifying influence of
this moral tornado. His sympathies
even became enlisted against his
country when it took up arms in the
cause of the French monarchy.

As a light
And pliant harebell, swinging in the breeze,
On some grey rock—its hirth-place—so
had I

Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient
tower

Of my beloved country, wishing not
A happier fortune than to wither there :
Now was I from that pleasant station torn
And tossed about in whirlwind. Irejoiced,
Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to
record !—

Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,
When Englishmen by thousands were
o'erthrown,
Left without glory on the field, or driven,
Brave hearts ! to shameful flight.

We cannot follow the poet through
the various phases of the Revolution,

or trace the gradual influence of its
astounding events in correcting and
modifying his opinions. It seems to
have been an epoch of great moral
struggle. His mind, 'soured and
corrupted,' as he describes it, was
left in a state of hopeless perplexity,
and 'found no end in wandering
mazes lost.'

Dragging all precepts, judgments, max-
ims, creeds,

Like culprits to the bar ; calling the mind,
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day
Her titles and her honours ; now believing,
Now disbelieving ; endlessly perplexed
With impulse, motive, right and wrong,
the ground

Of obligation, what the rule and whence
The sanction ; till, demanding formal
proof,

And seeking it in everything, I lost
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
Sick, wearied out with contrarities,
Yielded up moral questions in despair.

From this melancholy aberration of
his being from its true end, he was
gently recalled by one to whom he
pays a touching tribute :—

Then it was—
Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all
good !—

That the beloved Sister in whose sight
Those days were passed, now speaking in
a voice

Of sudden admonition—like a brook
That did hut *cross* a lonely road, and now
Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every
turn,

Companion never lost through many a
league—

Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self ; for, though bedimmed
and changed

Much, as it seemed, I was no further
changed

Than as a clouded and a waning moon :
She whispered still that brightness would
return,

She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth.

We fear that we have almost ex-
ceeded the fair limits of selection,
and we must necessarily pass rap-
idly over the few remaining pages,
teeming as they do with poetry of
the grandest character. The resto-
ration of his imagination and taste
after the moral struggle through
which the poet had passed, are por-
trayed towards the conclusion of
the poem with a beauty surpassing,
if possible, that of the first portion
of the work :—

Ye motions of delight that haunt the sides
Of the green hills ; ye breezes and soft airs,
Whose subtle intercourse with breathing
flowers

Feelingly watched, might teach Man's
haughty race

How without injury to take, to give
Without offence ; ye who, as if to show
The wondrous influence of power gently
used,

Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,
And, with a touch, shift the stupendous
clouds

Through the whole compass of the sky ;
ye brooks,

Muttering along the stones, a busy noise
By day, a quiet sound in silent night ;
Ye waves, that out of the great deep
steal forth

In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,
Not mute, and then retire ; fearing no
storm ;

And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is
To interpose the covert of your shades,
Even as a sleep, between the heart of man
And onward troubles, between man him-
self,

Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart :
Oh ! that I had a music and a voice
Harmonious as your own, that I might tell
What ye have done for me.

That respect for humble life, and
that admiration for the virtues which
adorn it, which form so prominent
a feature in Mr. Wordsworth's char-
acter, received an accession of
strength after the moral struggle
through which his mind had passed.

Also about this time did I receive
Convictions still more strong than here-
tofore,

Not only that the inner frame is good,
And graciously composed, but that no less
Nature for all conditions wants not power
To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humblest face
Of human life.

* * * *

The lonely roads
Were open schools in which I daily read
With most delight the passions of mankind,
Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears,
revealed ;

There saw into the depth of human souls,
Souls that appear to have no depth at all
To careless eyes.

* * * *

Others, too,
There are among the walks of homely life
Still higher, men for contemplation
framed,

Shy, and unpractised in the strife of
phrase ;

Meek men, whose very souls perhaps
would sink

Beneath them, summoned to such inter-
course :

Theirs is the language of the heavens, the
power,

The thought, the image, and the silent joy :
Words are hot under-agents in their souls ;
When they are grasping with their great-
est strength,

They do not breathe among them : this
I speak

In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts
For His own service ; knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world.

As the poet approaches the termi-
nation of his work, the thoughts
become even more solemn, and the
language more impressive and sub-
lime :—

We have traced the stream
From the blind cavern whence is faintly
heard

Its natal murmur ; followed it to light
And open day ; accompanied its course
Among the ways of Nature, for a time
Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed :
Then given it greeting as it rose once more
In strength, reflecting from its placid
breast

The works of man and face of human life ;
And lastly, from its progress have we
drawn

Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought
Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

Before he concludes, a touching
tribute is paid to the sister whose
softening influence upon his char-
acter he greatly appreciated. Our
readers will, doubtless, have recalled
to their recollection the beautiful
lines, in which he addresses the same
relative, in his poem on revisiting the
banks of the Wye :—

Child of my parents ! Sister of my
soul !

Thanks in sincerest verse have been else-
where

Poured out for all the early tenderness
Which I from thee imbibed : and 'tis
most true

That later seasons owed to thee no less ;
For, spite of thy sweet influence and the
touch

Of kindred hands that opened out the
springs

Of genial thought in childhood, and in spite
Of all that unassisted I had marked

In life or nature of those charms minute
That win their way into the heart by stealth
(Still to the very going-out of youth),

I too exclusively esteemed *that* love,
And sought *that* beauty, which, as Milton
sings,

Hath terror in it. Thou didst soften down
This over-sternness ; but for thee, dear
Friend !

My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had stood
 In her original self too confident,
 Retained too long a countenance severe;
 A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds
 Familiar, and a favourite of the stars:
 But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,
 Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,
 And teach the little birds to build their nests
 And warble in its chambers.

A fine address to Coleridge, as a fellow-poet and a fellow-labourer in the great design of purifying the sympathies and the character of mankind, concludes the work:—
 Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
 A lasting inspiration, sanctified
 By reason, blest by faith: what we have loved,
 Others will love, and we will teach them how;
 Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
 A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
 On which he dwells, above this frame of things
 In beauty exalted, as it is itself
 Of quality and fabric more divine.

We have thus passed rapidly in review some of the most striking portions of this remarkable production of the great poet who, full of years and of earthly honours, has been recently called to the presence of Him whose glory was ever paramount in his thoughts, and by whose Spirit his own was strengthened and sustained in the highest flights of his genius. All that was mortal of the illustrious dead now reposes amidst the beauty which inspired his living strains, and which, by association with his name, acquires a touching interest as endurable as the hills which he so long 'looked upon with tenderness,' and the streams which he loved.*

His spirit wraps the dusky mountain,
 His memory sparkles o'er the fountain;
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
 Rolls mingled with his fame for ever.

The foregoing extracts from his posthumous poem can give but an inadequate idea of its sustained interest and great, we had almost said

unequalled, beauty. Mr. Wordsworth had the gratification of living to witness the complete triumph of his reputation over the petulant criticism by which some of his early productions were assailed. That sublime anticipation of fame which he seems to have possessed, in common with many other great poets, was fully realized long before he ceased to write, and his head was encircled with glory before it descended to the tomb. Into any discussion of the theory of poetical diction which he propounded it is not our desire to enter, nor could we undertake altogether to justify the principle on which he systematically excluded from many of his compositions that language of refinement and elevation which, although often a substitute for thought, forms no inconsiderable portion of the charm, if not of the essence, of poetry. That Mr. Wordsworth possessed the most unbounded command of exalted expression is abundantly manifest in this autobiographical poem, no less than in other and well-known productions of his genius; but on minor subjects he generally took as much pains to avoid what is generally considered poetical diction as others have taken in producing it.

The poetry of Mr. Wordsworth has undoubtedly effected a great revolution in public taste, nor has its influence been less observable upon individual character. A pure and noble type of excellence has been produced, and a character compounded of personal humility, of sympathy for what is excellent in humble life, and of passionate admiration for what is beautiful and grand in nature, has been presented for the moral approbation of mankind. He broke the spell in which the Circean charms of Moore and the infernal incantations of Byron had bound the public taste and corrupted the national morality; the one by directly ministering to sensuality—the other, by his persevering efforts to efface the divine image from the human mind, and to fill it with the despair engendered in the darkness of his own disconsolate soul. Mr.

* Who look upon the hills with tenderness,
 And make dear friendships with the streams and groves.

Poems on the Naming of Places, vol. ii. 289.

Wordsworth 'sought not to triumph in the tempest of the passions, but in the serenity which lies above them ; ' and, while doing justice to the poetry of greatness, cast a glory round the lowliest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest.*

Leading a life of blameless purity and simple domestic happiness, and located in a country of matchless beauty, but not unacquainted with the sublimer features of Nature as displayed in other lands ; possessed of an intimate knowledge of the manifold varieties of human character, and having a clear and philosophic insight into the deepest recesses of the soul, Mr. Wordsworth deliberately chose as a theme best adapted to his genius the grand and tranquil beauty of his own mountains and lakes, peopled them with no fantastic beings, but threw around the primitive inhabitants of a secluded district the charm of poetic sentiment, by exhibiting without exaggeration the humble virtues of which he was the daily witness, and presented them for the respect and admiration of the world in the firm persuasion that he should not appeal in vain to the indestructible sympathies of the human heart.

It is probable that the mind of Mr. Wordsworth, in common with other minds of great power and originality, had gone through many phases of opinion before it finally reposed, with all the confidence of truth, upon those sublime convictions which form the basis of his philosophical, we should rather say of his religious, faith. We think we can detect in some of his earliest productions certain visionary and obscure ideas, which imply a somewhat imperfect recognition of the personality of the Deity ; a slight tendency, perhaps unconsciously to himself, and pardonable enough in a poet labouring with the burden of thought, to a pantheistic view of creation. We select as an example of our meaning some lines in a poem composed on revisiting the banks of the Wye :—

I have felt

A presence which disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things.

The vague conceptions of Lucretius are here reproduced, or seem as it were transfused into the soul of the modern poet, and brought out in all their captivating and mystic sublimity. Mr. Wordsworth, however, soon learned to look on Nature with juster views of the relation which it bears to the great Uncreated, and the office which it is designed to fill in reference to the mind of man. His mind became thoroughly and habitually impressed with a sense of the personality of the Godhead, and he regarded the glories of the material universe as produced with a special aim to their influence upon the minds and hearts of His rational creatures. This great truth he has made the basis of his whole poetical system. Every object, every sound, every change in nature, he referred to this its high relation to the imagination and faculties of man. The starry firmament,—the lowliest flower of the field,—the ocean, whether terrific in tempest or reposing in calm,—the mountain whether shrouded in storms or illumined by the glories of a summer sunset,—the driving cloud,—the transient gleam,—the wreath of vapour slowly travelling over the mountain-slopes,—the thunder reverberating through the valleys,—the roar of the torrent,—the murmur of the brooks,—the splash of a leaping fish in the still and lonely tarn,—the scream of the eagle,—the bleat of a solitary lamb,—the hum of a vagrant bee ; every sublime, every gentle impression, is thus charged with a message to humanity if it will but open its senses to its reception, and has an important purpose to fulfil by furnishing the imagination with images of grandeur and beauty, inspiring the soul with awe or soothing it into tranquillity, and affecting and purifying the heart.

The poetry of Mr. Wordsworth is not only in direct contrast to the

* Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's Speech in the House of Commons on the Copyright Bill.

gaudy and meretricious ornament with which other writers have too often disfigured their works, but is not less opposed to the scientific and utilitarian spirit which, predominant in his day, appeared to him likely to inflict a serious injury upon the national character. Not that he was insensible to the material advancement of society, nor blind to the advantages daily conferred upon multitudes by the practical application of sound political economy, and by the modern triumphs of mechanical skill. He feared a temporary bondage of the mind to sordid pursuits, and his poetry is a solemn and continued protest against the predominance of an exclusively mercantile spirit, and an effort to redeem his country from the exclusive dominion of those passions which are fixed only on the extension of commerce and the accumulation of wealth.

His anticipations of the future progress of his art were hopeful, and he had a full confidence in the possibility of an union between the highest science and the most exalted poetry. Nor do we doubt that there will emanate, in some future age, from the indestructible greatness of the human soul, a grander form of poetical excellence than any that has hitherto been attempted, or even conceived. The world is, in the words of, we think, Bacon, itself a great poem, which will one day find its interpreter, although much of its profound and solemn meaning has hitherto been hidden from the mind of man.

We cannot better illustrate our idea than in the words of the poet himself:—

Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect efforts, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can

be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences, shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to man, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.*

We beg to offer a few remarks upon Mr. Wordsworth's prose writings. They are not numerous; and, with the exception of the well-known prefaces to his minor poems, they are little known. A paper or two in Coleridge's *Friend*, and a political tract occasioned by the convention of Cintra, form important and valuable contributions to the prose literature of the country. We would especially call attention to the introductory part of the third volume of the *Friend*, as containing a very beautiful development of Mr. Wordsworth's opinions on the moral worth and intellectual character of the age in which it was his destiny to live. The political tract is very scarce; but we may safely affirm, that it contains some of the finest writing in the English language. Many of its passages can be paralleled only by the majestic periods of Milton's prose, or perhaps by the vehement and impassioned eloquence of Demosthenes. Its tone is one of sustained elevation, and in sententious moral and political wisdom it will bear a comparison with the greatest productions of Burke. We trust that this pamphlet will be republished. A collection and separate publication of all Mr. Wordsworth's prose writings would form a valuable addition to English literature.

Mr. Wordsworth's conversation was eminently rich, various, and instructive. Attached to his mountain home, and loving solitude as the nurse of his genius, he was no recluse, but keenly enjoyed the pleasures of social intercourse. He had seen much of the world, and lived on terms of intimate friendship with some of the most illustrious charac-

* Preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*.

ters of his day. His reading was extensive, but select; indeed, his mind could assimilate only the greater productions of intellect. To criticism he was habitually indifferent; and when solicited for his opinions, he was generally as reserved in his praise as he was gentle in his censures. For some of his contemporaries he avowed the highest respect; but Coleridge was the object of his deepest affection as a friend, and of his veneration as a philosopher. Of the men who acted important parts in the political drama of the last century, the homage of his highest admiration was given to Burke, who, after Shakespeare and Bacon, he thought the greatest being that Nature had ever created in the human form.

The last few years of Mr. Wordsworth's life were saddened by affliction. They who were admitted to the privilege of occasional intercourse with the illustrious poet in his later days, will long dwell with deep and affectionate interest upon his earnest conversation while he wandered through the shaded walks of the grounds which he loved so well, and ever and anon paused to look down upon the gleaming lake as its silver radiance was reflected through the trees which embosomed his mountain home. Long will the accents of that 'old man eloquent' linger in their recollection, and their minds retain the impression of that pensive and benevolent countenance. The generation of those who have gazed upon his features will pass away and be forgotten. The marble,

like the features which it enshrines, will crumble into dust. *Ut vultus hominum ita simulacra vultus imbecilla ac mortalia sunt, forma mentis æterna*; the attributes of his mighty intellect are stamped for ever upon his works which will be transmitted to future ages as a portion of their most precious inheritance.

We shall not presume to fix the place which Mr. Wordsworth will finally occupy in the literature of his country. The productions of the highest genius have undoubtedly descended to us in a form of greater unity and condensation than the diversified results of sixty years of intellectual activity, but we confidently believe that a large portion of his writings is destined to attain immortality. 'For these abilities,' in the language of Milton, 'are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation: and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works, and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice, and to bring them back to the true worship of God.*'

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

MAN, the pomp and pride of earth
Were not merely spread for thee;
Nature hid some part have birth
For her own delight and glee.

Therefore sings the nightingale,
While thou sleepest, in the night:
Flowers, the fairest ones, unveil
All their beauty ere daylight.

And the loveliest butterfly
Soars, untracked by eye of thine;
Pearls in Ocean's bosom lie,
Hidden jewels in the mine.

Richly, child, thine eye and ear
Have been furnished—be content
That thy mother too appear
With her share of ornament.

R. C. T.

* Milton's account of his own studies.

A CHAPTER ON OUR POLITICAL RELATIONS WITH ST. DOMINGO.

HAYTIANS! twenty-six years of revolutions unparalleled in the history of the world, thirteen of the independence so gloriously acquired, have effected wonders! No, we are no longer the same men! What prodigious changes have been effected in everything that surrounds us! Formerly the dejected countenance—the look fixed upon the ground—assimilated to the brutes—and oppressed under the scourge of the tormentor, we nevertheless existed, though extinct as to the world. We had faculties, yet these faculties were annihilated under the bond of servitude and ignorance! The cry of liberty made itself heard, and suddenly we broke our irons into pieces. With a countenance erect, and the look fixed upon heaven, we could contemplate the works of divine munificence! Restored to the dignity of man, and to society, we acquired a new existence; our faculties developed themselves; a career of happiness and glory unfolds itself before us! Mighty God! supreme arbiter of the universe, thanksgiving be ever rendered unto Thee! Accept the solemn vows and adoration we offer up to Thee! Virtuous philanthropists! friends of humanity! contemplate the work of your hands, the fruit of your labour and your toils; still redouble, if it be possible, your zeal and ardour to establish the happiness of the human race! The Haytiens will justify your generous efforts by their deeds and memorable examples!

Henceforth the calumniators of the human species will have to argue by sophisms, and by cases of exception; instead of replying to them, we will make rapid strides towards civilization. Let them dispute, if they please, the existence of our intellectual faculties, our little or no aptness for the arts and sciences, whilst we reply to them by irresistible arguments, and prove to the impious, by facts and by examples, that the blacks, like the whites, are men, and like them are the works of a Divine Omnipotence!

Such was the language of Henry Christophe, liberator, president, and then king of Hayti, in a proclamation to his subjects, dated from the royal palace of Sans-Souci, on the 1st January, 1816. How signally these sanguine predictions of the future prosperity of his country have failed, the present condition of Hayti affords, alas, too painful evidence! Yet if we reflect for a moment on the past history of St. Domingo, we

cannot deem the prophecy to have been as chimerical as it has proved; since, by the unaided efforts of her own children, Hayti had, at that moment, become enfranchised from the yoke of the most powerful and warlike of European nations! The eagle of France had fled before the carrion crow of the West Indies; the troops of Buonaparte had been defeated by undisciplined negroes; and from a mass of internal anarchy and misrule, the bravery, genius, and political sagacity of a *quondam* slave, had raised the fabric of a sound and constitutional government.

Thus, in 1816, the good order, welfare, and independence of St. Domingo, were mainly attributable to self-liberated negroes and their black monarch; while, in 1850, the only hope of retaining any symptom of civilization rests in the *coloured* portion of its inhabitants. In other words, the Dominican Republic, containing principally a mulatto (or half-caste) race, is daily advancing in the arts of agriculture and commerce, while the negro population of the empire of Hayti is as rapidly sinking into a state of utter, and, apparently, hopeless barbarism.

We have entered upon this subject with a view of giving our readers a slight sketch of events that have recently occurred in St. Domingo, as affecting the interests of civilization; and pointing out the obvious necessity of fostering by all legitimate measures the tendency to commercial enterprise that exists among the Dominicans, and of suppressing the savage and predatory disposition of their Haytian neighbours, who, by the annexation of the Republic to their mock empire, would destroy the last chance of the fulfilment of Christophe's prophecy.

The first deputation from the Dominican republic came to London in 1848; and, at their earnest request, an accredited agent was appointed by the British Government to protect our commerce at St. Domingo; and Sir Robert Schomburgk being named to this office, went out as consul in the autumn of

the same year. The Foreign Office could not have made a happier selection. Combined with high talents of a literary and scientific order, Sir Robert Schomburgk possesses great energy and decision, a quick appreciation of character, and, moreover, no ordinary knowledge of the negro and coloured races, acquired during several protracted residences in the West Indies. His mission to St. Domingo is, therefore, as might have been anticipated, attended with the best results; and the present internal tranquillity of the republic may fairly be attributed, in no small degree, to his mediation, and the firmness he displayed in the midst of difficulties and dangers that threatened its very existence.

When the Dominicans threw off the Haytian yoke, and succeeded in establishing a separate and independent State, they elected as first president of their infant republic, Pedro Santana, who, from his distinguished services in the Haytian war, had fully earned this mark of their confidence. Intrigues, however, compelled him to resign office in 1848; and at the time of Sir Robert Schomburgk's arrival, General Jimenes, formerly minister of war under Santana, had replaced his master at the head of the Government. Shortly afterwards, Soulouque, now emperor, but at that period President of Hayti, again declared war against the Dominicans, actuated by an ambitious desire of bringing the whole island under his own rule. Success at first attended the Haytian arms. Treason was rife among the Dominican generals; and the President Jimenes showed signal incapacity for his office in the hour of danger. The people clamoured loudly for Santana to be placed at the head of the army, but jealousy and distrust on the part of the president delayed this appointment; till at last, when Azua, a town always considered as the key of Santo Domingo fell into the hands of the Haytians, Jimenes was compelled to yield to public opinion, and Santana was declared commander-in-chief of the Dominican forces. Santana had no easy game to play, for he found the soldiers demoralized and disheartened, and it required all his reputation and tried valour to rally

even 800 men on whom he could depend; with which small force, however, after some days' skirmishing, he attacked, and so completely routed the Haytians, that their General Soulouque narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, and retired with his horde of barbarians into their own territories, burning the town of Azua, and committing every species of devastation and cruelty on their route.

The war being thus ended, Santana, at the head of his victorious army, was in a position to gratify both his revenge and ambition, by deposing his rival Jimenes, and seizing the reins of government. The armed flotilla belonging to the Dominican republic declared in his favour; and by a simultaneous rapid movement he invested the city of Santo Domingo by land, while the flotilla blockaded the port. A considerable number of the inhabitants, who were his partisans, attempted unsuccessfully a diversion in his favour within the walls of the city, and were compelled to fly for protection to the houses of the foreign consuls; thus producing an altercation between them and the president, who insisted on the surrender of the fugitives, and threatened violent measures in case of refusal.

The consular agents, of course, declined giving up their uninvited guests, of whom there were sixty-seven in Sir Robert Schomburgk's house alone, and prepared to defend themselves in case of attack; but the well-timed arrival of an English brig-of-war in the harbour enabled our consul to command the respect due to his position, and also to interpose on behalf of the agent of the United States, whom the president had threatened to arrest. The strictness of the blockade had rendered the involuntary duties of hospitality somewhat onerous on the consuls, as the increase of the population of Santo Domingo by the influx of refugees during the Haytian invasion had caused great scarcity of food; all the fresh provisions were long since consumed, and the horrors of famine appeared imminent, when, on the strong representations of Sir R. Schomburgk, who fortunately possessed considerable influence with the president, his mediation, with that of

the French consul and the agent of the United States, which had been before offered and refused by the belligerent parties, was now accepted, and after several stormy interviews, Jimenes, finding further opposition hopeless, agreed to resign the office of president, and embarked with his followers on board the English man-of-war, which conveyed him to Cnraços, while Santana took quiet possession of Santo Domingo. According to the Dominican laws a president cannot be re-elected until the expiration of four years from the time of his last holding office; General Santana was therefore ineligible for this post, and Signor Bæz was nominally placed at the head of the republic. Bæz is a fair mulatto, who came to England with the deputation in 1848: he is well educated, gentlemanly, and mild in his demeanour, and altogether a good specimen of the more intelligent and enlightened portion of the Dominican community. At present, however, he is but a puppet in the hands of Santana, who possesses that genius for command, that great personal valour and indomitable will, which so invariably excite the veneration and obedience of a semi-civilized people. The general shortly afterwards conceived the project of revenging past injuries on the Haytians by harassing and endeavouring to destroy their coasting trade, and an armed flotilla was despatched for this purpose. The command of the expedition was unfortunately entrusted to a French adventurer called Fagalde, who committed atrocities almost too horrible to be credited. Whole villages on the Haytian coast were plundered and set on fire, and the crews of captured vessels were butchered without regard to age or sex. When informed of these cruelties, Sir Robert Schomburgk immediately remonstrated with the Dominican Government, who not only indignantly disavowed all connivance at the acts of Fagalde, but recalled and dismissed him from the service of the republic. And in justice to the Dominicans it should be mentioned, that both officers and common sailors had most strongly and urgently petitioned the president to supersede Fagalde in the command of the flotilla, and had even

declared their determination of no longer sailing under his flag.

The fate of this man was singularly retributive. When deprived of his command he resided in Santo Domingo, and led a most profligate life. During the last Sunday of his intended stay in the city he had indulged in all the pleasures of the carnival, which was at its height, and in the evening, half-mad with intoxication, went to visit one of his many mistresses: he mistook the house, and endeavoured to force an entrance into one belonging to a sergeant, a black man, who became infuriated, and rushed out with a entlass in his hand and inflicted twenty-six wounds before the unarmed wretch fell, and was left for dead. However, he rallied sufficiently to identify his murderer, who was tried by court-martial, and shot an hour before his victim (who died raving mad from the gashes in his head) was carried with military pomp to his grave. Although invited, no person belonging to the British consulate attended the funeral. To add to the horror of the affair, the advocate appointed to defend the assassin died suddenly on the day of the trial.

Meanwhile, Soulouque, after his disastrous campaign and defeat by Santana, had employed his energies in reorganizing his army, and consolidating his power at home; and succeeded so completely in gaining the confidence and affection of his savage subjects, as to induce them to abolish the Republican form of government, and give him the title of Emperor of Hayti. And the last reports from thence announce the levying of a large army of 40,000 men by the Emperor Faustus Soulouque, who has sworn by 'Warren's blacking' to bring the Dominicans under his subjection. The republic is not idle, Santana is making every preparation for the coming storm. While there is yet time we would ask, Might not European intervention be well and advisedly employed in anticipating these contemplated scenes of barbarous hutchery and pillage? which, if permitted, must destroy the reviving seeds of commerce and civilization, and condemn one of the fairest of the West Indian islands to be a mere lair for

savages but little removed in habits from their African brethren, whose ferocity in war they fully equal.

During the blockade of Snt. Domingo, a slight insult was offered to an English merchant-vessel by some of the blockading squadron. Whereupon Sir Robert Schomburgk demanded an apology, to enforce which the English brig-of-war, the *Hound*, then in port, put to sea, and in a few hours (like the Irish soldier) surrounded the Dominican flotilla, consisting of a corvette, brigantine, and three schooners, the admiral of which made a prompt and humble *amende* for the want of proper respect that had been shown to the British flag. We tell this to make it evident that, in earnestly suggesting the propriety of some intervention, to obviate a universal state of anarchy and bloodshed in Snt. Domingo, we by no means are desirous of entailing any expensive demonstration on this country to carry our views into effect. The fleet required to overawe the empire of Hayti, and bully the Dominican republic into *keeping the peace*, would call down on us the anathemas

of neither Hume nor Hntt. The much-quoted Commodore Hotham might still be spared to give the 'convincing evidence of that most distinguished officer,' alike conclusive of the arguments of both blockaders and antiblockaders; and Sir William Parker continue to seek laurels amid the myrtles of Greece. H. M. S. *Hound*, or some other craft of similar rating, would be sufficient to ensure pacification and protect commerce. But any political interference in Snt. Domingo must be the joint good-work of the French and English Governments. Already have the agents of these two powers properly refused overtures from the Dominican republic, who were most anxious to place themselves under the protection of either of these powerful flags.

To France and England it would be a consideration, not of profit or any immediate self-aggrandisement to be derived from such a step, but of promoting the principles of peace and humanity in an unhappy, but still interesting country, at the expense of a gun-boat from each nation.

TOUCHING FLY-FISHING.

BY MORGAN RATTLER.

DECIDEDLY there is not, and never was in the world, any such sport as English fox-hunting. It is the noblest, the most exhilarating, the most manly, and, in a fair way, the most dangerous of all sports—that is, dangerous within those limits which admit of the most intense self-gratulation and pleasure at avoidance and escape, when life and limb are risked on the insurance of skill and courage, and truth of heart and nerve, and eye and hand—and you feel that, though there be peril, you are still master of it, and domineer over it as though it were mere play. We have experienced the same sensation in a calmer but deeper form, when *alone* and swimming far from land amongst the billows of the Atlantic. There you are—naked as when you came into the world—a comparative atom

amidst the terrific immensity and primal grandeur of the scene around you—ocean, the cradle and the grave of all things; the heavens, the first-horn of creation—helpless, if it were not for intellect and courage, as the weed torn from the rock, and liable to be in like manner tossed about, the scornful sport of winds and waves, and yet conscious of safety in your own proud self-positing unity. It is one of the most dread, and at the same time loftiest, sensations of which human nature is capable. Curious and well-nigh appalling it is at one moment to gaze upwards from the trough of the sea and observe the stars in the firmament, though you are aware that far above you on either side of the watery barrier the sun is shining in full splendour; and in the next moment, as you perceive the haughty

crest of foam on the giant billow before you about to crackle and burst, to be ready to strike out, lest worse befall you, and scale it with bold breast—or else to penetrate the mysteries of its gleaming bulk, by diving through a network of coloured light into the silence and gloom of the chasm at the other side of the rolling mountain. This is a cognate sensation, however different the scene and circumstances; but let us return to the chase, referring those passing observations to psychologists, and addressing ourselves now for the confirmation of our opinions and statements to the experience of fox-hunters. Well, then!

Lion-hunting, tiger-hunting, boar-hunting, wolf-hunting, otter-hunting, ay, even stag-hunting, and all other hunting, however terrible the name of the animal pursued or circumvented may be, and however grand the closing scene, either in the stern reality or upon the pictured canvass of a Schneiders or a Landseer, is sheer humbug and grown-up children's play in comparison with a genuine English fox-hunt over a good stiff open country. A twenty minutes' burst at a fox-chase is at once the most intense and longest excitement of which human nature is capable. There is no dodging or ducking, or shifting or shillying, or shrinking, or skulking or craning. Stop an instant for any of these manœuvres, and the whole chase will have vanished from before you, as though it were a vision of Grammerye. All is fair, straightforward work: even Reynard himself has no leisure to employ any one of his thousand stratagems; for he is followed by the noblest animals in creation—the perfect sacrifices to the Ve-Jove, and to thee, O Gradyve Pater!—the dog, the horse, and the man, all bred to the turning of a hair. No moment, moreover, of exhilarating and healthful enjoyment is lost in fox-hunting. There is great delight in rattling through the keen, embracing air, to cover, on *your own* priceless hack—fleet as friendship, but safe as a church—who makes you feel a solicitous pull every yard of the way to get on and on, while your seat on his back is as easy as it would be in that 'old

arm chair' which Eliza Cook, or Elihu Burritt, or Alexis Soyer, or some other domestic poet, has rendered sempiternal, as poor old Cicero fancied he had done with respect to the Marian oak, which it was declared

Canesceret sæclis innumerabilibus.

High-wrought expectation, and a thrilling flutter of anxiety, enliven you while your merry men are drawing the cover. And then hurrah! hark away! away! And lastly, there is a holy calm as you wend your way to your home slowly, with the reins loose on the neck of your long-strided hunter, whilst you yourself are under the easy influence of a gentle spirit tamed, though yet tingling from the fulness of satisfaction. Much pleasure is there, too, in English shooting, whether on the mountain or in the turnip-field; where again all is fair, and the shooting is for sport, and not for the pot, as in all foreign countries. Charming is the exercise; genial the excitement in the familiar converse with the varying features of the landscape; exquisite the pleasure of seeing your beautiful dogs well at work, and displaying their marvellous discipline, instinct, and sagacity. Coursing, moreover, has its own charms and graces. The symmetrical forms and motions of the animals engaged in it, and the fierce struggle of the run while it lasts, are glorious to behold. But in comparison with the others it is poor play. We do not go the whole length with the poet who exclaims,—

Let the dull courser take his sport;

May I be hanged if I see what's in it!

Whoop! dead! dead! Ay! that's your sort,

Dull for an hour and merry for a minute!

We certainly, however, do look upon the sport as of an order and character not sufficient to requite a man for the trouble and expense to which it will put him. The expense! Ay, that's the rub! In fact two great disadvantages attend each and all of these field sports. For their enjoyment you are dependent upon the continuous labour and personal services of a number of others—grooms, stable-boys, earth-stoppers, whippers-in, huntsmen, gamekeepers, attendants, dog-boys, watchers, and so forth, which are

things of great cost, and which must be paid for directly or indirectly, and that largely, by whoever may partake of the pastime. The means and appliances proper to a man's person are also very costly—horses, dogs, guns, and all thereto pertaining, with their necessary establishments—so that these sports are exclusively for the rich, or the comparatively rich. They are entirely out of the reach of men of moderate means; unless it be for an odd mount, or a day's shooting, or the like, from a friend. Accordingly they must be left, in obedience to the old parochial division of physical pleasures, to the rector; while the curate, and all other sportsmen poor in pocket as he, must be content with the cheaper gratifications, the most healthful and recreative of which is fishing. We mean fly-fishing: for all other fishing we look upon either as a labour—a business, even when, as in deep-sea fishing, an exciting one—an unrequiting toil, except for the gridiron or the stewpan—or a dullard's dozy pastime—or anything, gentle piscator, you will, rather than a pure sport. But angling, as we understand it, is a pure sport, and accessible to the enjoyment of pretty nearly all classes of the community rich and poor, excepting only those who have no leisure to bestow on anything saving downright rest after physical labour, and who would regard bodily exercise as anything but an amusement.

It would be very hard, for example, to indoctrinate a penny postman with an enthusiasm for fly-fishing. Yet as poor a man, whose occupation was during the greater part of the day sedentary—M^r Flea the cobbler, or M^r Puce the tailor—might not only be an ardent lover, but a proficient in that exercise of the 'gentle craft,' which his limited means deny him not upon occasion. Go a little higher in the social scale, and there is scarcely an individual who has the fancy who may not contrive to have some share of amusement as an angler. The outfit for the sportsman, unlike that necessary in the grander pursuits, is very trifling, and may be made even less by the industry and ingenuity of the poorer votary: the wear and tear of materials, and the keeping up of tackle and so forth, is

not worth mentioning. A fishing-rod eats no oats, and consumes no powder. The fisherman, moreover, is not dependent for his sport upon the costly services of a multitude of men and a number of trained animals. No, he is quite independent of any extraneous assistance the whilst he takes his sport,—excepting, at his option, from the services of a guide when he proceeds to a strange place. A fishing-rod is no more of a cumbrance to the pedestrian tourist than a walking-stick. In fact, it is more of a companion, and bespeaks good-will towards the bearer rather than otherwise, as showing that he has an innocent object in view, the indulgence of which few even of the most niggardly owners of piscaries would begrudge him,—unlike in this respect to the gun, which sets the whole district in commotion, and forthwith conjures up visions of game certificates, and trespass, and poaching, *et alia enormia*, as the lawyers have it. A fishing-rod, on the contrary, as you bear it in your hand before use, is a sort of locomotive calumet of peace in strange places. 'Behold, I am a man of calm temperament, of gentle mood, and of quiet contemplative pursuits!' And when you do ply your craft, even in the chariest of Nature's retired scenes, you are the least rude of all possible intruders—the most reverent of the genius of the place; you do not ruffle, no more than the brook that murmurs by, the repose of the very echoes.

'Oh, but,' quoth burly Wisdom and shabby Utilitarianism, 'fishing is a solitary vice,—a cruel, finical, coxcombical pastime!' Doctor Johnson, who knew nothing of any sport except eating, drinking, and talking, declared angling to be a silly pursuit, practised with a fool at one end of a rod and line and a worm at the other; and numbers of people adopt to this day this snobbish piece of flippant arrogance and ignorance as an oracular saying. They associate angling with some drowsy dullard in a punt, moored 'like a fat weed near Lethe wharf,' a case of sandwiches and a can full of stout, or a jorum of cold punch, and a number of worms, gudgeons, and other live bait impaled, to the infinite disgust of the compassionate bowels of humanity—

mongers, who patronize only the gastronomic cruelties of the kitchen. Now, as to the real nature of the solitariness of the pursuit, the genuine angler knows how much more truly the moral of it is set forth in the simple and beautiful language of Paley, when he says, 'I have been a great follower of fishing myself, and in its *cheerful solitude* have passed some of the happiest hours of a sufficiently happy life.' Little do those who so superciliously condemn angling know what it truly is, either in the essence or the practice. Well does 'Ephemera' (two of whose excellent little manuals are now before us), observe,—

Other field sports may be more exciting, but there is not one requiring more skill, or calling into exercise more intelligence and adroitness of mind and body. A quick eye, a ready and delicate hand, an apprehensive brain, delicacy in the senses of touch and hearing, activity of limb, physical endurance, persevering control over impatience, vigilant watchfulness, are qualifications necessary to form the fly-fisher. His amusing struggles, teeming with varying excitement, are with the strongest, the most active, the most courageous, the most beautiful, and most valuable of river fish; and his instruments of victory are formed of materials so alight, and some of them so frail, that all the delicacy and cunning resources of Art are requisite to enable feebleness to overcome force. The large, vigorous, nervous salmon, of amazing strength and wonderful agility,—the rapid trout of darting velocity, hardy, active, untiring, whose dying flurries shows almost indomitable resistance, are hooked, held in, wearied out by the skilful and delicate management of tackle, that would, if rudely handled, be bent and strained by the strength and weight of a minnow. 'Tis wonderful to see hooks of only Lilliputian largeness, get finer than hair, and a rod some of whose wooden joints are little thicker than a crow's quill, employed in the capture of the very strongest of river fish. The marvel lies in the triumph of Art over brute force. If the sporting gear of the fly-fisher were not managed with art—on the mathematical principle of leverage—he could not by its means lift from the ground more than a minute fraction of the dead weight of that living, bounding, rushing fish, he tires unto death,—nay, drowns in its own element.

Fly-fishing, then, wherever it may be carried on, is a highly pleasurable pursuit; sometimes it is a graceful and valuable resource. For the intelligent, curious, and free traveller through a foreign land, angling supplies an admirable mode of satisfactorily filling up the *tempora subseciva*, often so difficult to be dealt with. It has all the charms of *idlesse*, without the weary, loadsome, and loathsome self reproachingness of idleness; and it introduces you into those scenes, and ways, and paths, by river and streamlet, in gorge, and glen, and mountain torrent, which otherwise you had never trodden, and where, in the earlier world, men met nymphs and goddesses, and are still conscious of their benign, inspiring, though unrevealed presence. But, to use the more downright, though still glowing language of the author of the *Hand-Book of Angling*,* 'the ordinary paths of the fly-fisher, who at home and in our own country pursues the trout and salmon, will be amidst the most charming and the noblest scenery.'

The brook that runs along the hill-side, the swift stream that dashes through the valley, the mountain waterfalls, the currents foaming between moss-grown rocks, or hawling over a pebbly bottom, are the scenes of the fly-fisher's triumphs. The salmon and salmonide, the most frequent prizes of the fly-fisher's skill, are not to be found in the sluggish, turbid waters that flow through flats and fens, but breed in, and inhabit in due season, those delightful streams that play over the table-lands. Their food is not the offal of slime or mud, but the insects that disport upon the surface of clear water. There the bounding salmon tribe seek them, and in that search they encounter the fatal artificial insect of the fly-fisher, and all the deadly resources of his craft. The shape, the colour, the flavour of the fly-fisher's fish, do not misbeem the beauties that surround salmon, trout, and grayling streams. The plain nutritious sheep thrives well upon Leicester pasturage lands. In their waters breed prolifically the heavy carp, chub, and tench. The heather of the highlands is the haunt of the dainty doe and wild stag; the crystal waters of their inland cliffs produce the aristocracy of the finny race.

The actual pursuit of your game,

* *A Hand-Book of Angling*. Teaching Fly-fishing. Trolling. Bottom-fishing, and Salmon-fishing; with the Natural History of River Fish, and the best mode of Catching them. By Ephemera. London: Longman and Co. 1847.

then, is no unworthy occupation for the man of enterprize, skill, and intellect.

At night, too, as you sit alone in your inn, though if you be blithe of cheer and high of heart—not lonely—you have something to do, as well as to think of—something mechanical, we mean—and that is much—mind you me—much, in the pleasurable putting in of a day for us who are half elod, half soul, and with the elod demanding very imperiously its rough share of the general occupation and enjoyment. You can look after your tackle—if you have an artistic finger, you may fiddle with your flies—and indulge in delicate fancies for the fairy-like construction of new ones. The occupation is a dainty one, and is well associated by Sir Walter Scott with the study of heraldry in Sir Thomas Rofsart's old hall. In our opinion it is far superior to chess, for it does leave you some visible and tangible results to be proud of after your trouble. We speak not as though we were ourselves masters of the nice art of tying flies, which requires the most skilful and delicate manipulation.

The fly-dresser is a modeller of no mean attributes. He has to represent by means of the most delicate substances, of varied tissue and colours, insects, often complete atomies, and of changeable shapes and hues. Extreme neatness characterizes all the paraphernalia of the fly-fisher. His sport requires the handling of nothing that will soil the best-bred hand.

In short, Ronalds and Blacker* are as great men in their way as most of your sculptors and painters, and probably men of more original powers, inventive and artistic, as they certainly are men of equal and more varied information. Certain it is, your fly-fisher, like the sailor, must be something weather-wise—cognoscent of signs and seasons. He ought also to be a good deal of an ichthyologist. At least, he ought to know the physiology, habits, and peculiarities of the various fish he pursues. He ought to be a good entomologist; and with him entomology really raises itself into the dignity of a science. In angling for trout, gray-

ling, and other less noble game (the lordly salmon, by the way, does not care a rush about the verisimilitude of the artificial bait thrown before him to anything in nature) to make, or to select and adapt his artificial fly so as to answer the requirements of the time being and the particular case, he should be acquainted with the real insects and other live baits that have to be imitated; and, moreover, to borrow the words of 'Ephemera,'—

The angler, to know that his baits are good, must, to a certain extent, be a naturalist. He must be acquainted with the outward appearances of several sorts of insects; he must know the divisions of the seasons in which they live and cease to be; he must know the climates and localities, peculiar or otherwise, to each species; he must know their names and be able to classify them, if not scientifically, at least piscatorially; he must know those that prove the most attractive food for each kind of fish he angles for; in ~~fact~~ he must possess a fund of knowledge that will cause him to be considered an accomplished man by the members of every rational society.

But enough of this. There is one paramount recommendation of fly-fishing which we have reserved to be last noted. It can be taken up and acquired at any period of vigorous manhood, up to the point described by the friend of Juvenal,—

Dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus,

Dum superest Lachesi quod torquat et pedibus me

Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

Probably, at an advanced age, the student may not become a proficient, but he can easily make himself expert enough to derive large and intense pleasure from the sport. This he could not do with respect to other field-sports. No man that we ever yet heard of was an accomplished horseman across a country who had not begun in childhood; and we believe in like manner that the gun has invariably been an early plaything in the hands of all good shots.

Having now said so much in favour of fly-fishing, let us proceed to provide some practical lessons and useful

* Mr. Ronalds, author of *The Fly-Fishers' Entomology*. Longman and Co. Mr. Blacker, fishing-tackle maker of 54 Dean Street, Soho. Both excellent in the practice of fly-fishing, as well as in the theory and appliances.

information for those who may feel disposed, whether in youth or middle age, or even in the more sombre autumn of life, to become pupils of the gentle art. And for this purpose we shall avail ourselves of two little volumes (one of them just published), in which there is a vast fund of all manner of piscatorial lore, conveyed in an easy and familiar manner by one who writes from his own observation and experience, and not as a collector and expounder of the theories of others; at the same time that his works embody all that is soundly and practically good in those of his distinguished predecessors; such as Walton, Cotton, Blaine, Scrope, Stoddart, Colquhoun, Shaw, Young, Ronalds, Blacker, Harker, Williamson, and others.

The books we allude to are *The Hand-book of Angling* (already mentioned in this paper) and *The Book of the Salmon*, both the production of Mr. Fitzgibbon, better known by the modest *sobriquet* he has adopted of 'Ephemera.' The *Hand-book* treats generally of angling as the art of taking fish with rod, line, and hook, or with line and hook only. Now this art is divided into three main branches. The first embraces angling at the surface of the water, and comprehends fly-fishing with natural or artificial insects, the latter being of more general use. The second, angling at midwater or thereabout, and includes trolling or spinning with a live, a dead, or an artificial bait, with a small fish, mouse, frog, or their representatives. The third includes bottom-fishing, which is angling at or near the bottom of the water with worms, gentles, and many sorts of inanimate baits. We propose to deal almost exclusively with the first, as alone worthy of a dissertation in print. Trolling we may just touch upon, bottom-fishing we shall leave to practice and a punt, and oral lectures from some learned pundit, who is an authority upon worms and gentles, caterpillars and caddis, and the imitations thereof.

The first thing to be acquired and the most difficult is, how to throw the line and flies. 'Ephemera' correctly observes,—

Throwing well the line is an indispensable fly-fishing qualification, the first to be learned, always called into play, and

without which other attributes are nearly valueless. You may hook a fish well, play a fish well, land a fish well, but you will seldom have an opportunity of doing so unless you throw a line well. We judge of a fly-fisher by the manner in which he casts his line. If he does so with ease and elegance, and efficiently, we set him down as an adept in all the minutiae of the art; if he does not, we conclude he is a tyro.

In this first stage we recommend the aspirant for piscatory prowess to put himself under a private tutor; he will thus learn more in a day by the river-side, than he would from printed precepts in an eternity. We will presume, too, that being under a competent instructor, you will be taught properly, and thus avoid contracting at the first a bad habit, which once acquired is most peculiarly difficult to correct. And why? Because in throwing a line really well you always do so in obedience to what the French style *une sensation*, a peculiar impulse and feeling of the mind and nervous organization which inspires and directs your motions, but which cannot be described. You experience this in making fancy-strokes at billiards; in shooting occasionally, and especially in snipe-shooting, when you blaze away with both barrels right and left; and in snap-shooting, with your pistol at a mark when you fire at the one! two!—in many things, in short, wherein you act under the influence of the maxim, and a right good one it generally is—*Suivez vos sensations!* You begin with a line no more than about four yards long from the last ring of the top joint of your rod. When you have learned to cast that neatly at a given point, you may proceed to practise with double the length; when you are an adept with that, you may add the casting-line, and after some further practice you may put on the flies. The great objects to attain are, to be able to throw your gut-line or casting-line with freedom, and to make it alight first on the water—to prevent the top of your rod from descending too low, and to prevent any part of your reel-line from making a more rapid descent than your casting-line.

A coachman, driving four-in-hand, with a long limber whip-handle and, tapering thong, makes use of the fly-fisher's motions, but does so in a manner

too cramped, sudden, harsh, and violent. Observe him touching playfully the heads of his leaders with the point of the lash—now the off leader to the right side, and then the near leader on the left side, about the ear, and you will see how he works from right to left, and from left to right. Imitate him, but most cautiously. Try and catch his ease and neatness; avoid the narrowness of the circles he describes with the whip-handle and thong, and the rapidity and jerking of his wrist-motions.

This is good advice; and if the learner has any true vocation to the pursuit, not difficult to follow. We need not detain you with any dissertation upon the character and quality of the reel-line or the casting-line. Go to a good maker, and pay a good price, and you will be sure to be well served. Anything, by the way, like niggardliness in your expenditure for flies, tackle, and apparatus generally, is despicably silly. There is a difference of opinion as to how a stream had best be fished; whether by beginning at the head of the stream and fishing it downwards, or by beginning at the tail of the stream and fishing it upwards. Circumstances in many cases will direct your proceedings, and leave you no choice; but when you have a choice, we agree with 'Ephemera' in thinking it best to fish upwards. He says,—

There is but one main objection to commencing at the head of a stream, and I do not see how it can be well got over. You hook a fish at the head of a stream, and must, of course, play him downwards. What is the consequence? Is it not plain that you must disturb many fish below you, over which you have not yet thrown your flies? I think it is evident; and if I did not think so, I should be decidedly in favour of downstream fishing, as being the most rapid, and apparently the most natural way. At the head of a stream you hook a large and game fish. He darts across it, down it, through it, in every direction; at one time plashing on the surface of the water, at another doggedly struggling beneath it, or rushing through it, as if an otter were at his tail. His struggles are, at any rate, extraordinary; and think you not instinct tells other fish, perhaps shoal companions, that there is something wrong? Surely they hear and see—not usual sights and sounds, but something alarming ones, because they are not customary. May we not infer that they dread an enemy at hand—that they

see a fellow-being in danger, and are cowed into skulking for safety, at least for a time? All anglers will acknowledge something like this; but then some of them argue, the effects of the disturbance are only temporary, and not so lasting, as the fish seeing you as you fish a stream upwards. You can avoid their seeing you, amongst other devices, by keeping as far as you can from the banks; but you cannot, unless you whip a fish out of the water the instant he is hooked, prevent the more or less disturbance he will cause according to his strength and unflinching struggles, his weakness or his want of game. It is argued, you can remedy it by not fishing for some time after you have been playing a fish, or by removing to some other spot, and coming back again in due time to the place you had disturbed. This plan will cause you to lose time at all events, and, maybe, the very nick of it, during which fish are rising freely. I have always succeeded best by fishing a stream from tail to head. Excellent anglers have told me they did best by doing the contrary. I dispute no man's word, but I advise the student to try both ways, and then judge for himself.

Here we have the question fairly stated on both sides. For ourselves, as we happen to know of our personal knowledge that fishes, though proverbially mute, are neither blind nor deaf, we say ditto to Mr. Fitzgibbon. A very important point in practice is, what is technically styled *humouring* your flies. The object of this is to make them appear, if not life-like, at least natural. What the fish think of our artificial flies we shall never know until some of the tribe become vocal, like the tunnies (if we recollect rightly) in the second part of *Lazarillo di Tormes*. Assuredly these flies can hardly be mistaken by trout and grayling for real, live, natural insects. The salmon, we are positively in a condition to declare, never condescends to reason at all upon the matter; when he is 'i' the vein, he will make at the gaudiest compilation of silk, and bair, and feathers, as a bull would at a red cloak. But possibly the artificial flies with which—made as nearly as may be in imitation of the originals in nature—we endeavour to entice trout and grayling, may present to them the appearance of drowned or drowning natural flies, or of living insects struggling on, or underneath, the water.

At any rate (quoth our author) the fly-fisher should endeavour to present his artificial baits to the fish as deceptively as possible; that is, by giving them as natural an appearance as may be. He must cause them to drop lightly on the water, because the natural fly does so; he must cause them to swim down as near the surface as he can, because the natural fly moves upon the surface of the water; and he must impart motion to his flies,—a species of fluttering, generally speaking, being the best. All this is comprehended by the expression '*hum-mouring*' one's flies.

Take as a maxim appendant to this, that you should never drag your flies straight across the water towards you, and never work them against the current; there is a good deal of calmness, self-possession, and nicety, required in properly striking and hooking your fish. Our authority declares,—

The critical fish-stroke is made by a very quick, but very gentle wrist motion, by which the hand is canted upwards, being displaced about two inches only. Such a stroke, made instantly the fish actually reaches the fly (*which is learned by habit*), at the moment he has closed his mouth upon it, and before he has time to throw it out again, is sure to secure the entrance of the hook within the substance of the mouth, without causing great alarm to the fish by any unnecessary violence; for it cannot have escaped the observant angler, that when a trout has been harshly tugged in striking, he commences at once a more determined resistance than when the stroke has been less violent, and his alarm less sudden.

The most exciting passages of the sport are in playing your fish; and if you have hooked a lordly salmon, or a game trout, most intensely exciting it is, and well worthy all your previous toil and trouble. Some few rules respecting this process deserve attention:—

Having hooked a fish (which, if it be a salmon, is best done by striking deliberately, and a little sideways, so that the hook may fasten in the fleshy part of the mouth), your first business is to determine what may be his size, and whether he is hooked firmly or loosely. You can scarcely be mistaken with respect to size and strength, except when you have hooked a fish foul; that is, outside the mouth, in the fin, or in some other exterior portion of the body. Then a small fish may be taken for a large and strong one. There is a general rule for judging how a fish is hooked. If slightly, the fish on being struck generally struggles

for a few moments on the surface of the water before he darts off into its depths. If firmly hooked, the fish sinks rapidly and heavily towards the bottom, as if he knew that the only way of getting rid of the barh that holds him was by attrition against stump, or stone, or some such thing, at the bottom of the water. You must prevent the slightly-hooked fish from struggling on the surface, by lowering the point of your rod; and you must prevent the firmly-hooked fish from sinking to the bottom, by elevating its point. These two general rules are easily practised.

I see your recently-hooked fish plashing about upon the water, endeavouring to shake off the hook, or at any rate to loosen its hold, which he will do if you allow him too much freedom. Point your rod downwards towards him, and the slackened heaviness of your line will cause him to quit the surface. The moment he does so raise the point of your rod so as to feel your fish, and keep him in hand gently or strongly according to his size. If small, allow him just so much play as will deprive him of any power of straining your rod, wind up, and lift him out of the water. If large, which you will soon find out, give him line, tightly though, as he darts through the water—just tightly enough to enable you to check him instantaneously as he nears some foul portion of the water. As he rushes from you keep going with him, holding him gently 'under huckle,' as they say, and at each pause he makes after every rush, feel him more fully by presenting towards him the butt-end of your rod. The lower joints of your rod will then incline backwards over your shoulder, and the upper pieces will be bent like the one-half of a strained bow, the weight of the fish being thrown on every part of the tackle, and equalized according to its strength, the thickest parts of course having the severest strain upon them. If, while your rod is in this position, you find your fish still vigorous, do not press upon him by holding the butt-end of your rod too much pointed forwards; but letting it fall into an easy, perpendicular position, give a little line, and move onward with your fish. The greater the length of line he drags after him through the water the sooner he will be tired. Still you must take due care that the line be not too long to prevent you from making it taut by a turn or two of your winch at an instant's notice, or by inclining your rod backwards over the shoulder. After you have checked your fish a few times, and you find his struggles wavering to weakness, wind up and make him show himself on the top of the water. If he bears

this languidly, shorten your line to a convenient length, and guide your fish, not against the water, but with it, to some easy landing-spot if it can be found. Whilst you play a fish never show yourself to him if you can help it, and request any one who is with you, or who may be looking on, to keep away from the water until your fish is landed. When a fish on being struck darts to the bottom and then away, you may be sure that the hook is firmly fixed, and then you may play him more confidently than when his first struggles are made on the surface of the water. Still be cautious, and do not play too roughly. Rough play is never necessary. It is always dangerous. Checking a fish rudely whilst he is strong, increases his obstinacy and his strength at the very time they ought not to be exerted. If you let him go carefully when he is first struck, he will not plunge desperately, as he most certainly will if you strongly bear upon him whilst his vigour is as yet fresh. Reduce this vigour by degrees, and as it wastes away by your repeated checks, your causing him to haul a long length of wet line after him, hold more tightly; and when you see him turn upon his side, bring his opening mouth to such contact with the surface of the water that more of that element will enter than can pass out by the gills. These safety-valves having lost their natural action, something very like suffocation, or asphyxia by drowning, will ensue. Your victory is then complete.

Remember, however, as the grand cardinal rule in playing a fish, never when it can be helped to allow the line to slacken. An over-slack line is worse than an over-tight line.

When a fish is hooked foul, that is, on the outside of the mouth, he has his head free, and you will find great difficulty in tiring him down. A small fish so hooked will show more strength than a large one fairly hooked. You have not got the hit in his mouth, but are forced to manage him with, as it were, a halter round his neck. Give him as much line as you can, bearing upon him as heavily as the strength of your tackle will with safety admit, and having no fear that your hook will tear away, as it often does from the brittle fibrous parts of the interior of the mouth. Be prepared for several swift rushes of a fish hooked foully, and do not bring him near you until you have softened down his struggles. Use much patience, and should your line, as it not unfrequently does, get coiled round the fish's body, hold hard and shorten line, for you will now have little more than his weight to con-

tend with, the power of his fins being impeded. I repeat again, eschew violence. Always play with a light hand, making its strength gradually felt in the ratio of the decline of that of your fish. That is the killing rule to be observed in playing a fish. In doing so, never seize your line in either hand to shorten it, unless (and the occasion will not often occur) you cannot wind up rapidly enough to prevent the fish from darting into some dangerous place. Playing a fish with the line in your hand, without having recourse to your rod, is the very worst habit you can adopt. I should say, avoid it altogether, which you will be able to do if you fish with a perfect winch. The best sort of winch is a carefully London-made multiplier.

In landing your fish, you should to the utmost of your skill and ability endeavour to keep out of his sight, and choose the clearest spot you can find for landing him. Place the landing-net in the water immediately under the head of the fish, and let his nose drop into it, and he is sure to fall towards the bottom head foremost when fatigued after being well played. If you gaff a fish, which it will be advisable to do if he be a large salmon or heavy trout you may do so by laying the point of the instrument either under him or over him. It may be done with precision either way. The best place to gaff him by a sharp stroke is beneath the gills whilst he is gasping; the next best is beneath one of the pectoral fins. You should completely tire your fish before you attempt to bring him home. If you cannot reach him whilst holding your rod in either hand wind up tightly, and put the stop on your winch. Then stick the spear or spike in the ground, your rod inclining back from the river, and sinking your net behind the fish (the net is better than the gaff for trout, grilse, and small salmon), bring it in tailwise under him, and lift him out. If you frighten your exhausted fish by the clumsy use of the net, showing it to him, touching him with it, or making a noise in the water with it, you may awaken in him a death-flurry fatal to some portion of your tackle and your success. 'Ephemera' is of opinion that the generality of landing-nets are too small, and that on an average they should be one-half as large every way as the largest

that are commonly sold in the shops. The thread the meshes are made of should be stained of a water colour, and if frequent immersion in the water should wash the dye out they should be dyed again.

I have seen (he observes) many a fish break away through the dreadful vigour with which he has been inspired by the sight of a net bleached almost white by constant exposure to sun and water.

As a matter of proper caution, you should never fly-fish without your net and gaff; and though occasionally, as on a low shelving strand, you may land your fish without the aid of either, it is not desirable to do so, as in hauling the fish ashore over sand or gravel you may very probably strain your rod or damage your flies, or perhaps do both. In case, however, it should happen that you have no landing-net or gaff, the following means may be generally resorted to. The reel may be stopped from running back, the rod stuck up in the ground by the spike, and both hands being disengaged, the fisherman may stoop down and grasp the fish firmly behind the gills.

Mr. Alfred Ronalds, in his book, judiciously observes, and it is well to mark him, that the principal differences between trout and grayling-fishing are, that the latter requires a more delicate hand, a quicker eye, and the use of smaller flies upon the finest gut. The strike must be made on the instant of the rise. The fish may be sometimes seen, if he be of a good size and the water bright, a few inches before he gets up to the fly, and the fisherman must strike immediately that he does so, for his motion at the instant of seizure is too rapid to be visible. When the fisherman comes upon a favourable place for grayling, he should recollect that this fish does not *follow* the fly as the trout does, and should, therefore, allow it to float down the stream in a natural way; for should a grayling be waiting for it and it is drawn away, 'the fish will be disappointed of that which it was the fisherman's intention to entertain him with.' It must also be remarked here, that the mouth of the grayling is much more tender than that of the trout, therefore much more care in landing is required; and a landing-net is gene-

rally indispensable, especially when the banks are high, for the month will seldom bear his weight out of the water. It should be remembered that this graceful and beautiful fish is not, like the trout, indigenous to this country. They are not to be found in Scotland or Ireland at all. Their chief localities and resorts are in the rivers of the midland counties of England; and it has been conjectured they were brought over from the Continent by the monks of old, or some other learned gastronomers, as they are an exquisite fish, like the trout, and have the advantage of being in season in winter, when the trout is not. The scientific name is *Salmo thymallus*, as it is fancied by some they smell like thyme; others are of opinion the smell more nearly resembles that of a cucumber. Mr. Blaine observes,—

The name of *umbræ*, which this fish also bears, has a far better derivation than that of *thymallus*; for it is so swift a swimmer as to disappear like a passing shadow. Graylings are in great esteem, and their flesh is white and palatable nearly all the year. They are in season from September to January (some say they are best in October, others in December), and they cannot be dressed too soon after they are caught. They lurk close all the winter, and begin to be very active and to spawn in April or early in May, at which time and during the summer, near the sides and at the tails of sharp streams, they will take all the flies that trout are fond of. They rise better than the trout, and if missed several times will still pursue: yet although they are so sportive after the fly, they are an inanimate fish when hooked; and the sides of the mouth are so very tender, that unless nicely treated when struck, the hold will frequently be broken. In September they retire in shoals to the lower end of still holes.

The finest grayling are produced in the river Temc. These fish grow slowly, and very seldom exceed three pounds in weight. They do not thrive in mountainous streams, and could never stem their rapid torrents or surmount their natural obstacles as salmon do. They cannot bound out of the water, and never jump at a bait after the manner of trout. He, however, rises with great velocity, and almost perpendicularly, to seize his prey at the top of the water, and descends as quickly after making a snimmersault. Sir Humphry Davy says,—

Besides temperature (they require water of the mean temperature of the atmosphere), grayling require a peculiar character in the disposition of the water of rivers. They do not dwell, like trout, in rapid shallow torrents; nor, like the char or chub, in deep pools or lakes. They require a combination of stream and pool; they like a deep and still pool for rest, and a rapid stream above and gradually declining shallow below, and a bottom where marl and loam are mixed with gravel; and they are not found abundant except in rivers that have these characters.

April is one of the best months for fishing for grayling with the fly. But the months of September and October, if the weather be favourable, are still better. The flies they like best are duns and palmers, tipped with tinsel. They may be caught in winter, too. 'Ephemera' says, 'I have killed grayling in the heart of winter, with frost and snow on the ground, when the water was not tinged with 'snow-broth,' but ran low and clear. The time was from twelve to two o'clock with the sun out, and the atmosphere tolerably temperate.' Our friend the trout, the most exquisitely and delicately-flavoured of all river-fish—the handsomest, and, after the salmon, the choicest game for the angler—is fortunately found in great abundance in many of the streams, rivers, and lakes of the three kingdoms. He is found in peculiar abundance and variety in all parts of Ireland, and especially in counties such as Clare, Galway, and Mayo, where there are streams, and rivers, and chains of lakes that have rarely if ever been poached, and have scarcely ever had an artificial fly cast upon their bosoms. Some positively never have; and there is the richest sport in store for the adventurous anglers in those counties, and most especially in Clare. In the lakes there trout as large and as fine as the renowned trout of Thames abound. Trout are spawning between September and March, and should never then be taken. They are in season in May, and in prime condition in June. As to their haunts, 'Ephemera' points out that in the spring months they are found in the shallow and the rough streams; in the summer months they seek deeper water, and the best fish are then caught in pools with the fly or worm on gloomy, breezy

days, when the water's surface is strongly ruffled. They are also found in whirlpools and holes, into which sharps and shallows fall, and near to locks and flood-gates, rocks, large stones, weirs, under bridges, or between two streams running from under their arches, and likewise in the returns of streams where the water seems to hoil; and in the decline of summer they are to be found near mill-tails. In September they run up to the shallow part of streams, and enter brooks and even ditches to spawn.

To conclude this branch of the subject, as a general rule your tackle cannot be too fine for trout-fishing. Your rod should be about twelve feet long, consisting of either three or four joints; the butt to be made of ash, the centre-piece of hickory, and the top bamboo. The whole weight should not exceed one pound. As we are upon the subject of rods, we may as well cite the opinion to which we incline about the salmon-rod. It should consist of four joints,—the butt of the best-grained solid ash, the second and third joints of well-seasoned hickory, without a flaw, and the top joint should be made of bamboo; and the whole length of the rod should not exceed eighteen feet. The butt and middle piece to be very powerful, lest it be top-heavy. The joints to be double-braced, having large and strong rings from butt to top, that the reel-line may run through them with ease. A prepared silk line is recommended. Due balance in the rod from butt to tip is most especially to be secured. There should also be provided two small pieces and three tops, one of which, for strong work, should be made of rent and glued bamboo cane.

It will be perceived that, in what we have heretofore written, we have chiefly had the trout and grayling in our eye. But our observations, with rare exceptions, apply equally to the salmon. Mr. Fitzgibbon, in his *Book of the Salmon*, says,—

Many a trout fly-fisher is deterred from fishing for salmon by the accounts—the highly exaggerated accounts—he has heard of the agility and strength of the fish. That it is strong and agile cannot be gainsaid; if it were not, angling for it would not be the exciting sport that it

is. But, with all its strength and agility, it must succumb to the good rod and line. In my opinion it is as easy, and frequently more so, to catch by fly-fishing a salmon of fifteen pounds weight with a good rod of seventeen feet in length, and other tackle to match, than it is to kill a three-pound trout with the ordinary trouting fly-tackle. The strength and enduring powers of salmon are not to be calculated by size. I have seen a four-pound grilse combat with the angler for twenty minutes, and a twelve-pound salmon yield to the same rod and line in less than ten minutes. I just now used a term *black grilse*. I'll explain why I did so. I hold that, generally speaking, a *black grilse* of seven or eight pounds in weight is stronger, and certainly more agile, than a fresh-run salmon of eighteen pounds. This seems strange, particularly when the salmon is not only by far the larger, but is the better conditioned fish of the two. Yes, in better condition for the table, but not for a struggle with the angler. The fatted calf, forced to extraordinary effort, will soon pant and flag; whilst the lean one of the hill-side is almost as nimble as a hind, and strong and stout in proportion. When salmon first come from the sea obesity impedes their muscular powers, and their fins are white and soft, just as if they had been parboiled. After a sojourn of a couple of weeks in fresh water, their fibres or muscles become nearly divested of fatty matter; the rays of their fins assume the colour and consistency of whalebone: in fine, they become a thin, black, ugly, but strong, active, and enduring fish. They have left the rich pasture for the strengthening, but not fattening food of the stable. I dare say the trout-fisher, seeing one of these small black gentlemen on a fish-monger's slab, would fancy it a thing easily landed with rod and line, whilst he would shudder at the thought of a tussle with the fat silver-sided eighteen-pounder lying beside the black dwarf. Let him undeceive himself; but, at the same time, let him take courage by reflecting that, what is possible for one man to execute, is possible for another.

What has been said about playing a fish under ordinary circumstances may suffice. But a word remains to be said about dealing with a hooked salmon under extraordinary and difficult circumstances, albeit in each particular case a man must be guided by his own tact and judgment, and the instinct of the moment. But for a matter of general advice, Mr. Fitzgibbon's remarks are worth attending to. He observes:—

I have generally, indeed invariably, found that a fish firmly hooked descends *instantly* towards the bottom, and fights under water; whereas, on the other hand, a fish slightly hooked forthwith commences his struggles on the surface, and very speedily takes it into his head to show you what a very clever *voltigeur* and tumbler he is, by throwing summersaults out of the water. I like not these exhibitions—they are proofs of consciousness on the part of the *Salmon-salt-in-banque*, that he has the power of disappearing through some trap-door. I know but of one way to undeceive the silver-bedecked harlequin. When he has made his vault I should do nothing to impede it; and in his descent I should offer no check of tightened line. On the contrary, the point of the rod should be lowered until the fish had descended into the water, and then it should be elevated, but not so much as to produce extreme tightness of line. Nothing can be more dangerous than to hold hard on a springing fish, particularly in its descent. The mere weight of the falling fish, if resisted, will break the hook-hold. If you can manage by gentle treatment to persuade a slightly-hooked fish to contest the matter with you for a moment or two beneath the water's surface, there is every probability of the hook's getting more firmly fixed, and then you will have nearly the usual chance of success. I have sometimes hooked a salmon, and seen him, to my dismay, throw, in rapid succession, several summersaults six feet high and more, and then, with a species of ferocity, plunge beneath the water, and there '*jigger*' away, making the rod quiver, as though he who held it were stricken with the palsy. The summersaults would be repeated, and finally, the fish would have recourse to a desperate and lengthened rush. At length, after a protracted struggle, my quarry would yield and be bagged. I would then find that he was hooked foul, that is, outside of the mouth, in some part of the body; and my dismay and wonderment would cease at one and the same time.

We said something before about '*humouring*' flies. With regard to the salmon flies, Mr. Fitzgibbon recommends the gentle working thereof through and against the water, with no more action than is required to display before the eyes of the fish the artificial bait attractively; with no more speedy power than can be compassed by a pursuing fish:—

The salmon fly is always to be worked or '*humoured*' *against* the current, never with it; to be worked up and

down beneath the water's surface, head foremost, and onwards towards the angler, or rather in the direction of the point of the rod. This is done by moving your hands and arms up and down, somewhat in the way you would work a light and free pump-handle. The up-and-down motion of your hands will communicate a similar motion to your rod, line, and fly—similar in appearance, but not in degree. The casting-line and fly will be less influenced by the action of the hands and arms than the rod; and the winch-line—at least the portion of it in the water—will feel the action less than the rod, but somewhat more than the casting-line and fly. In performing this up-and-down action the line must be drawn in a little, by directing the upward motion of the rod a little towards yourself.

And now let us say a few words about the salmon, his ways and haunts; and upon some future occasion, perhaps, we may be tempted to dilate a little about his natural history, which is most abundantly curious and interesting, and which, until recently, was very imperfectly known, while many erroneous opinions were current with respect to him—the salmon, the most glorious, and the most available upon table of all fish. He is excellent boiled (the Severn, in our opinion, is much the best), and served up with lobster sauce; and in boiling him, let the cook take a hint from Sir Morgan O'Doherty's maxims, and if he be thick in the shoulder, split him before you put him down. Excellent he is cut in slices, and broiled in oiled paper; excellent cold, with oil and capers; excellent dried, boiled, and served with egg sauce, or dried and pulled into flakes, and mashed up with potatoes and butter; excellent pickled, and eaten with plenty of oil, vinegar, and fennel; excellent potted; excellent collared; excellent baked, with grated parmesan and a coronal of pastry; excellent boiled or grilled immediately after being taken out of the water, on the embers of arbutus twigs; and excellent roasted in his entirety, impaled for choice on an arbutus wand, and done before a wood fire, and next day to be eaten cold with oil, capers, and Chili vinegar; excellent in cutlets, in every form, as served at Greenwich and elsewhere; excellent,

in short, in every shape the culinary art can make him assume; and, at the same time, in his native simplicity, as independent of the gastronomic art, and of all adjuncts, as any fish that swims in sea or river.

One word about trolling, according to promise, and then we have done. 'Ephemera' makes a strong plea for it. He says, when neither fly-fishing nor bottom-fishing can be practised, in consequence of certain forbidding circumstances of water and season, trolling can be resorted to as a first-rate substitute. The largest-sized river-fish are killed by trolling, and I have no doubt that this mode of angling would prove very successful in the sea. A knowledge of it must be a great resource to the angler who visits foreign climes, and there dwells by large rivers and wide lakes. Numerous letters, addressed to me by Englishmen sojourning by the lakes in the north of Italy, as well as on the banks of the lakes and rivers of several parts of Germany, in which immense trout are found, have assured me of their success by means of trolling, and particularly by practising that branch of it called 'spinning.' They have frequently killed from six to ten very large trout, as large as salmon, before noon, by spinning with the bleak, gudgeon, or some other small fish. Trolling is very successful in taking the gigantic trout of the New World. An angler finding himself without the delicate tackle necessary for fly-fishing in some remote part of the world where fish abound, may, if he have a few hooks only, and anything to make a line with, very soon cut a rod out of the next wood, ring it, adjust his hooks into 'a flight of spinning tackle,' and work successfully away with this rude gear. Towns are generally built by large rivers, and most of the latter in this land of ours breed pike, and some of them, like the Thames and Trent, very large trout. Such fish generally refuse the fly, are seldom taken by bottom-fishing, but commonly fall before the prowess of the troller. These are strong reasons in favour of trolling, which is easily learned, is a good wholesome exercise, and a pleasant one too if Fortune favour you.

Now, gentle reader, *rade! rade!*

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

IN the gallery of the Louvre at Paris there is, or was some few years ago, a crayon drawing by La Tour, which represents Madame de Pompadour in all the pride and lustre of her early beauty. The marchioness is seated near a table covered with books and papers, among which may be distinguished Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws* and the *Encyclopædia*, two of the remarkable works which appeared during her reign of favour. An open album shows an engraving of Gay dissembling some portrait of Louis XV., or his mistress. The marchioness is represented with her hair slightly powdered; she is clad in an open, flowered brocade robe, and wears red-heeled shoes, of a delicacy, as regards size, worthy of an Oriental foot. In this portrait there is much to admire: the neck, which is slender and well-shaped, springs most gracefully from the shoulders; the head, which is also admirably proportioned, is a model of feminine beauty; the brow is lofty and severe; the lips, slightly compressed, express at the same time decision and irony; the eyes are of a most vivid brilliancy; and the nose is perfection itself: in short, there reigns throughout every lineament of this most striking countenance an air of nobility, and even of dignity, which qualifies in some measure the accounts left us by history of the share she bore in the *petits soupers* of Versailles, the masked balls of the Hôtel de Ville, and the thousand other orgies got up for the entertainment of the most dissolute monarch of, at that period, one of the most dissolute courts of Europe.

The history of Madame de Pompadour is not generally known in all its particulars, though much has been written of her by persons of every shade of opinion. Some have exalted her virtues, while others have multiplied her crimes. Both parties are right, and both wrong. A courtier, and a man seeking to be revenged, are not historians when they write. With a little patience, and by a careful study of the writers of the eighteenth century, we are enabled to seize here and there a faithful trait of this extraordinary,

yet most fascinating woman, and by diligently sifting conflicting opinions arrive at something approaching the truth. That Madame de Pompadour was a woman endowed with great talents, many virtues, and as many vices, is not to be denied; that she employed those talents in general for her country's good we think is equally true, though many writers have unjustly contended that all the defeats and reverses of France are to be traced to the influence exercised by her over the mind of Louis XV. Beyond a doubt the ruling passion of her heart was ambition, and yet even this passion, which according to many writers of her day was boundless, she kept so skilfully concealed from all her intimates, that not one of the many courtiers, philosophers, and men of letters, who thronged her antechambers—with the exception, perhaps, of the Abbé de Bernis, of whom more anon—was ever enabled to discover the secrets of that heart which, in the words of a writer of the time, 'she ever kept closely hidden beneath an eternal smile.'

Madame de Pompadour was born in Paris in the year 1720. She herself always said, in 1792. We are told that Poisson her father, at least her mother's husband, was employed in the commissariat department of the French army: some historians affirm that her father was a butcher of the Invalides, who was condemned to be hung; according to Voltaire she was the daughter of a farmer of the Ferté-sous-Jouarre. But this is of slight consequence, as her true father was the Fermier-général, Lenormand de Tournheim. This individual having taken a fancy to Poisson's daughter when she was quite an infant, took her to his house, and brought her up as his own child. Having from her earliest years displayed quite a passion for music and drawing, the first masters of the day were engaged by Lenormand de Tournheim for his adopted child. Under a diligent course of study the little Jeanne Antoinette made rapid strides towards perfection in the arts she loved, and her intellectual acquire-

ments were vaunted by all who knew her. Fontenelle, Voltaire, Duclos, and Crebillon, who, in their character of *beaux esprits*, had the *entrée* of the house, spread everywhere abroad throughout the fashionable world the praises of her beauty, her grace, and her talents.

Madame de Pompadour offered in her person the model of a woman, at the same time beautiful in the strict acceptance of the word, and simply pretty. The lines of her features possessed all the purity of one of Raphael's creations, but there it must be said the resemblance ceased; the spirit which animated these features was of the world worldly: in short, it was the true spirit of a Parisian woman. All that gives brilliancy, charm, and play to the physiognomy she possessed in the happiest degree. Not a single court lady could at that period boast an air at the same time so noble and yet so coquettish, features so imposing and yet so delicate and playful, or a figure at once so elegant and yet so supple and undulating: her mother used always to say that a king alone was worthy of her daughter. Jeanne, it is said, had at an early age what might be called the presentiment of the throne, at first on account of this frequently-expressed opinion of her mother's, and afterwards because she fancied she loved the king. 'She owned to me,' says Voltaire, in his *Memoirs*, 'that she had a secret presentiment that she would be loved by the king, and that she had herself a violent inclination for him.' There are certain days in life in which destiny permits itself for a moment, as it were, to be divined. And all those who have succeeded in climbing the rugged mountain of human vanities relate, that from their earliest youth certain visions and presentiments have ever warned them of their future glory.

But how was she to attain to this throne of France, the object of her ambition? This was a difficult question to solve. In the meanwhile she familiarized herself with what might be considered the life of a queen, a part which, it must be allowed, she could play to admiration. Beautiful, witty, intellectual, ever admired, and ever listened to, she soon beheld at her feet all the

courtiers of her father's fortune; she gathered around her, consequently, a brilliant crowd of poets, artists, and philosophers, over whom she reigned with all the dignity of majesty.

The Fermier-général had a nephew named Lenorman d'Etiolles, a young man of amiable character, and with the feelings and habits of a gentleman. This was the reputed heir of the immense wealth of the old Fermier-général, according to the established laws, though Jeanne had on her side also some claims to a share of the property. A very simple means was, however, devised to prevent all after litigation, namely, by arranging a marriage between the two young people. Jeanne, as we have already seen, loved the king, and she married D'Etiolles without her feelings in this respect undergoing any change: Versailles was her horizon, the goal to which she aspired. D'Etiolles, it is said, became deeply enamoured of his young bride; but this passion, which amounted almost to fanaticism, never touched her heart. To use her own words, 'She accepted him with resignation, as a misfortune which was not to last long.'

The hôtel of the new-married couple was organized upon a lordly footing; the best society in Paris was there to be found, for all those whose company was worth having deserted the *salons* of the fashionable world for those of Madame d'Etiolles. Never until then had such a lavish display of luxury been seen. The young bride hoped by these means to make a noise at court, and thus pique the curiosity of the king. The days passed in fêtes and entertainments of every kind. The celebrated comedians of the day, the popular poets, artists, foreigners of distinction, all had ready access to the splendid mansion of Lenorman d'Etiolles, of which the mistress was the life and ornament; every one visited there, in short, except the king.

Ever since the celebrated *réunions* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, there have always been in France a succession of circles of *beaux esprits*, presided over by some queen of fashion. Louis XIV. hated these *réunions*, saying that the court was spread abroad into all the hôtels of Paris. In fact, for many, the circles

of the Duchesse de Maine or of the Marquise de Lambert, of Madame de Tencin or of Madame Geoffrin, possessed far greater attractions than the already superannuated festivals of Versailles. The French Revolution took its rise in these very circles, for in them they laughed a little at the great powers of the earth, and there philosophy and liberty were allowed elbow-room. Thus, at Madame d'Étioles' might be seen old Fontenelle, who believed in nothing, not even in his own heart; Voltaire, still young, and armed with the keen weapons of his ready wit, prepared to make war upon those whose reign was of this world, above all upon the Jesuits; Montesquieu and Mauptuis, born sceptics and mockers; along with many others of a kindred spirit who had beheld the decline of royalty and religion, when Louis XIV., in the latter years of his reign, had permitted Scarron's widow to make religion fashionable, by cloaking France with the mask of hypocritical piety—a mask soon, however, to be torn aside by Philippe of Orleans in the wild saturnalia of the Regency. The Abbé de Bernis was also a constant visitor at the house of Madame d'Étioles; he was, in the parlance of the time, the *Abbé de la Maison*—it is true he had no other benefice—but little thought then, either the abbé of the house or the mistress of the house, that within ten years from that time they would reign over France as absolute ministers. There was one other individual of this brilliant circle worthy of a passing notice, and this was an amiable and simple-minded poet, of good appearance and the best temper in the world, named Gentil Bernard.* Madame d'Étioles used to pet him like a spoiled child.

Some said he was her lover: however that may be, Madame de Pompadour, who, whether she had or had not a secret penchant for the poet, never forgot her old friends, procured for him, as soon as she came into power, the appointment of librarian to the king at the château of Choisy, where she built him, at her own expense, a little cottage *ornée*, named by the poets of the time, the Parnassus of the French Anacreon. This appointment was a complete sinecure, for we know that the king never opened a book, and we are equally assured that Bernard never put his foot inside the library.

We have already named the Abbé, afterwards Cardinal, de Bernis; and as he was the only individual who ever succeeded in being admitted into the entire confidence of the royal favourite, a brief notice of his birth, and rise and fall at court, may not be altogether out of place, so closely linked for many years were his fortunes with those of Madame de Pompadour.

Joachim de Pierres, abbé de Bernis, was born at Saint-Marcel, near Narbonne, in the month of May, 1715. His family, which was of the most ancient noblesse, was allied to the king through the house of Rohan; a circumstance, however, which did not prevent it being one of the poorest in the kingdom. As his relatives had nothing to give Joachim, they made him an abbé. Like Bernard, he came when very young to Paris, confiding in his lucky planet, smiling on every one, and reaping a plentiful harvest of smiles in return. He was then a handsome young man, with a bright eye and an animated mouth. In figure he was herculean, and here we find, in contradiction of

* Pierre Bernard, nicknamed Gentil Bernard by Voltaire,¹ was born at Grenoble about the same time as Louis XV. 'It is strange,' said Madame de Pompadour later, 'that two lovers should be born for me during the same season—a king and a poet.' Bernard ever refused all favours, and was singularly devoid of ambition. 'What can I do for you, my dear poet?' Madame de Pompadour is reported to have said on her coming into power. Bernard contented himself with kissing the hand of the marchioness. 'Go to,' returned she, 'you will never get on in the world.'

¹ This nickname was given in a poetical invitation to a supper party at Madame Duchatelet's, sent by Voltaire to the poet:—

'Au nom du Pinde et de Cythère
Gentil Bernard est averti,
Que l'Art d'Aimer doit Samedi
Venir souper chez l'Art de Plaire.'

Buffon's saying, that the style was not the man, no more than it was with Bernard, who was also of large stature.

Joachim passed the winter at Saint-Sulpice, but, like Boufflers a little later, far from singing the Canticles, he employed his time in the more mundane occupation of scribbling love-songs. At the end of the winter he was appointed vicar in a little town of his native department. 'Vicar!' said Joachim; 'I'll not disturb myself for such a trifle.' Shortly afterwards he was nominated Abbé de Bernis; but not a step would he budge from the capital. In Paris then he remained, penniless it is true, but without a care or thought for the future, and full of confidence in his lucky planet—a confidence which, it must be said, was not misplaced. His acquaintance with Madame d'Etioles began through an intrigue which he had with a certain *marchande des modes*, who worked for the future favourite. Having perceived the young girl one night at the theatre in company with her lover, Madame d'Etioles summoned her the following morning to her house, and in the course of conversation inquired if that handsome young man she had with her at the theatre was her cousin.

'No, madame,' replied the milliner; 'he is my lover.'

'Ah, indeed! he is your lover is he? And what does he do?'

'No great things, madame; he makes verses.'

'A maker of verses!' said Madame d'Etioles; 'that is amusing. Do not forget my cap, and tell your young poet to come and see me.'

In consequence of this invitation Bernis called on Madame d'Etioles, who received him with all the graces in the world, and from that hour commenced a friendship which lasted for many years, and was the origin of De Bernis' future advancement in the world.

Despite his great acquaintances, our abbé was none the richer; but he laughed gaily at his poverty, and waited for better times. According to all accounts the garret which he inhabited was in a wretchedly dilapidated condition; his furniture consisted of a 'bad bed covered with some mules' saddle-cloths, which M.

de Ferriol had brought from Constantinople, a rickety table covered with books and papers and faded bouquets, and an old worm-eaten arm-chair.' Our abbé's purse was no better garnished than his lodgings; and so well-known was this fact in the world, that Senac de Meilhan tells us, that 'when the Abbé de Bernis supped out some one of the party always gave him a crown to pay his coach-hire. At first this gift had been invented as a pleasantry, on the abbé invariably refusing to stay to supper, alleging as an excuse that he had no carriage; but it was a pleasantry which continued for some time.'

In society, however, De Bernis was a general favourite, and was everywhere welcomed with open arms. They doated on Bernard, and they doated also on De Bernis. Voltaire wrote in verse to both, Duclos spoke of their wit, Helvetius gave them suppers, and the women did their best to spoil them.

From Cardinal de Fleury, however, our abbé received a rebuff. Having, in order to humour his relative the Princess de Rohan, who had lately taken him by the hand, applied to the minister for a convent, the latter sternly replied,—

'Monsieur l'Abbé, your debaucheries render you unworthy of the favours of the Church. As long as I remain in power you shall obtain nothing.'

'Well, monseigneur,' replied De Bernis, 'I'll wait.'

This repartee was an event; it was repeated and applauded everywhere until it reached the ears of royalty itself.

On Madame de Pompadour coming to power, the Princess de Rohan deigned to write to her in behalf of her dear abbé. 'Madame la Marquise,' she wrote, 'you have not forgotten M. l'Abbé de Bernis; you will deign, I trust, to do something for him, he is worthy of your favours.' A propos of this letter, Madame de Pompadour wrote the following to some minister of the day: 'I forgot, my dear Nigaud, to ask you what you have done for the Abbé de Bernis; write me word, I beg of you, as I shall see him on Sunday.' Like Voltaire, Madame de Pompadour had the mania of nicknaming

her friends and acquaintances; even the king himself figured more than once in her grotesque vocabulary.*

Madame de Pompadour presented her dear poet to the king, with a smile which so charmed Louis XV. that he offered De Bernis, in the first instance, an apartment in the Tuileries, and a pension of 1500 livres a-year; and so cleverly did the future cardinal play his cards, by insinuating himself into the good graces of both the king and his mistress, that, after a sojourn of two years at the château, he was appointed ambassador from the court of France at Venice.

But it would appear that the Queen of the Adriatic did not suit the inclinations of our abbé; he sighed for Versailles, and the *petits soupers* of Louis XV. After a very short sojourn in Venice he demanded his recall from Madame de Pompadour, and on his return composed an epistle to his fair protectress, the opening lines of which we give as a fair specimen of his powers of versification:—

On avait dit que l'enfant de Cythère

Près du Lignon avait perdu le jour;

Mais je l'ai vu dans le bois solitaire

Où va rêver la jeune Pompadour.

Il était seul; le flambeau qui l'éclaire
Ne brillait plus; mais les près d'alentour
L'onde, les bois, tout annonçait l'amour.

For the space of ten years the Abbé de Bernis was the shadow of Madame de Pompadour; he followed her everywhere, sometimes even too far. Louis XV. would meet him in all parts of the palace, in the private as well as the state apartments, which would make him say sometimes,—‘Where are you going, Monsieur l’Abbé?’ Our abbé would bow and smile, but say nothing. True to his character of abbé, he would listen at all the doors, saying that the château of the Tuileries was for him but one huge confessional. He ended, however, by knowing all things, and by sitting in council with the king and his mistress; and a precious trio it must be owned they made.

But evil times were coming on

our abbé. In the ministry he was assailed by showers of *chansons* and epigrams. The Count de Tressan, above all, overwhelmed him with a violent satire. He could no longer hold his ground. Every one began to grow tired of him, even the fair president of the council; this was the *coup de grace*. The Duc de Choiseul, after replacing him in the good graces of Madame de Pompadour, succeeded also to his portfolio as minister. As some compensation, however, they gave him the cardinal’s hat; a circumstance which elicited from some wit of the day the following couplet:—

On dirait que Son Eminence

N'eut le chapeau de cardinal

Que pour tirer sa révérence,

Shortly afterwards he was appointed Archbishop of Alby; but, according to custom, he never appeared in his diocese. In 1769 he departed for Rome, being nominated ambassador at the conclave for the nomination of Clement XIV., that priest so gay, so gentle, and so witty, who has written that sad people are like shrubs which never flower. Pope and cardinal understood each other admirably well. Our cardinal never returned to France; he had found in Rome a second fatherland, as sweet to his old age as France had been to his youth. He inhabited a magnificent palace, which was for a length of time the hospitable refuge for all French travellers. All had ready welcome, from the humble priest and poor artist to the princes and princesses of the blood royal. To use his own words,—‘He kept an *auberge* of France in a square of Europe.’ He died in 1794, faithful to his God and to his king, and hitlerly denouncing the French Revolution, which had despoiled him of his half million of francs per annum, and had swept disdainfully away all the pretty artificial flowers of his most artificial poetry. He died solitary and poor,—a strong contrast to the style in which he had lived. But to return.

Madame d’Etiolles passed in the

* She always called De Bernis her *pigeon pattu* (splayfooted pigeon—on account of his large feet and his love-songs). Voltaire had previously nicknamed him *Babé le bouquetière*, at first because the abbé always introduced flowers into his poetry; afterwards, on account of the resemblance he bore to a flower girl who used to sell bouquets at the doors of the Opera.

eyes of the world as a perfect model of a virtuous wife. She swore eternal fidelity to her husband, unless Louis XV. should fall in love with her,—a reservation her husband was the first to laugh at. At first this strange condition was spoken of as an excellent joke in the house; from thence it spread abroad, and finally reached Versailles. But the king, wishing to joke in return, contented himself with saying,—‘I should like very much to see this husband.’

M. d’Etiolles possessed an abandoned château in the forest of Senart; Madame d’Etiolles having learned that the king frequently hunted in the forest, persuaded her husband to have the château newly furnished, and put into a habitable state, alleging that the physicians had recommended a change of air for her vapours. The husband, suspecting nothing, had the château re-furnished and decorated in the most superb style. Once installed in her new abode, Madame d’Etiolles gave orders for the building of three or four carriages of a most fairy-like lightness and elegance of form, in which she might drive away her vapours. According to her expectations, she frequently met the king in the forest; at first Louis XV. passed her by without bestowing the slightest attention, either on her or her equipages; afterwards he remarked her horses,—‘What a pretty phaeton!’ said he, on meeting her for the third time. At length he remarked the lady herself, but it was merely to bestow a passing remark upon her beauty.

Madame d’Etiolles, however, was not to be repelled; she continued to pass before the eyes of the royal sportsman: ‘sometimes as a goddess from Olympus, sometimes as an earthly queen; at one time she would appear in an azure robe seated in a rose-coloured phaeton, at another in a robe of rose colour in a phaeton of a pale blue.’*

In after days, Madame de Pompadour recalling to mind all these follies—serious though for her—said to the Prince de Soubise,—‘I can imagine myself reading a strange

book; my life is an impossible romance, I cannot believe in it.’

At Etiolles, private theatricals were the fashion; Madame d’Etiolles was the Clairon, the Camargo, and the Dangeville of the troop, which counted among its members some of the most illustrious personages of the day. Marshal de Richelieu, who was to be found wherever gallantry flourished, was an assiduous and constant spectator at these *réunions*. Madame d’Etiolles, it is said, endeavoured on more than one occasion to entice the king behind the scenes; but Louis, kept constantly in view by Madame de Chateauroux, never once left the royal box.

Two summers thus passed away without Madame d’Etiolles obtaining aught from the king save a cold and distant glance, or a passing word or two; and this, for a woman of her ambition, was not sufficient. She returned to Paris at the close of the summer season, determined to change once more her plan of attack. A good opening was now before her, for Madame de Chateauroux was dead, the throne of the favourite vacant; not an hour was to be lost, for, with Louis XV. who could tell how soon a successor might be appointed?

The wished-for opportunity at length presented itself. In the month of December, 1744, a series of magnificent *fêtes* were given at the Hôtel de Ville; the women were masqued. In the course of the evening Madame d’Etiolles succeeded in approaching the king,—

‘Sire,’ she said, ‘you must explain to me, if you please, a strange dream. I dreamt that I was seated on a throne for an entire day; I do not affirm that this throne was the throne of France, yet I dare assert that it was a throne of purple, of gold, and of diamonds: this dream torments me—it is at once the joy and torment of my life. Sire, for mercy’s sake, interpret it for me.’

‘The interpretation is very simple,’ replied the king; ‘but, in the first place, it is absolutely necessary that that velvet masque should fall.’

‘You have seen me.’

‘Where?’

* Soulasie, *Mémoires Historiques de la Cour de France pendant le règne de Madame de Pompadour*.

'In the forest of Senart.'

'Then,' said the king, 'you can divine that we should like to see you again.'

About a month or two after this interview, according to some biographers, Madame d'Étiolles, being determined by a *coup de main* to attain her grand object, namely, the securing a permanent footing at Versailles, arrived one morning at the palace in a state of violent agitation, and demanded an audience of the king. One of the gentlemen ushers, a certain M. de Bridge, who had been a guest at Étioles during the festivities of the preceding season, conducted her into the presence of Louis XV.

'Sire,' she exclaimed, 'I am lost; my husband knows my glory and my misfortune. I come to demand a refuge at your hands. If you shelter me not from his anger he will kill me.'

From that hour she took up her residence at Versailles to quit it no more.

We know that Louis XV. passed his life in a state of constant lassitude and *ennui*, from which it was almost impossible to arouse him; indolence, indeed, may be said to have been the predominant trait in his character: he hated politics and political matters, and all allusions to State affairs were most irksome to him.

'Your people suffer, sire,' said the Duke de Choiseul to him one day, after a long political harangue.

'*Je m'ennuie!*' replied the king.

By skilfully and constantly varying the amusements of her royal lover, with hunting parties, promenades, fêtes, spectacles, and *petits soupers*, Madame d'Étiolles was enabled to strengthen her empire over the heart of Louis XV., by making him feel how necessary she had become to his happiness. One striking advantage she had over her predecessors, and this was, the art she possessed of being able to metamorphose herself at all hours of the day. No one could better vary the play of her physiognomy than Madame de Pompadour. At one time she would appear languishing and sentimental as a madonna; at another, lively, gay, and coquettish, as a Spanish peasant girl. She possessed also, in a marvellous degree, the gift

of tears; none knew better than she did when to weep, or how many tears it was necessary to shed. As a poet of the time has said,—'She wept with so much art that she was enabled to give to her tears the value of pearls.' Those who had seen her in the morning superb, imperious, a queen in all the splendour of power, would find her in the evening gay, whimsical, capricious, presiding over one of these *petits soupers* with all the exuberant and madcap gaiety of an actress after the theatre. The Abbé Soulavie, who saw her often, has left us a well-studied portrait of the favourite:—

In addition to the charms of a beautiful and animated countenance, Madame de Pompadour possessed also, in an eminent degree, the art of transforming her features; and each new combination, equally beautiful, was another result of the deep study she had made of the affinity between her mind and her physiognomy. Without in the least altering her position, her countenance would become a perfect Proteus.

With intuitive tact, Madame de Pompadour very quickly perceived that, in order to amuse a king who took neither interest nor pleasure in arts and letters, other and more material enjoyments were necessary. She commenced, then, by transforming herself into an actress. The king was there like a wearied spectator of life; she felt that, in order to interest and enliven him, it was necessary to diversify frequently her character, and the spirit of her character. Twenty times a-day would she change her dress, her appearance, and even her manner of walking and speaking; passing from gaiety to gravity, from songs and smiles to love and sentiment; with syren-like voice, and a heart as light as the bird of the air, she would invent a thousand graceful blandishments for the amusement of her royal lover. Her beauty, which was marvellous, served her well in all these metamorphoses. She dressed, too, with exquisite art. Among the many costumes which she has invented, we may cite one which made quite a *furor* in its day, and this was the *négligé à la Pompadour*: a robe in the form of a Turkish vest, which designed with peculiar grace the contour of the figure. She would frequently pass entire mornings at her toilet in company with Louis XV.,

who would stand by giving his opinion and advice respecting the different costumes she adopted. The king, however, grew tired at length of having but one comedian. In vain would she disguise herself, sometimes as a farm girl, sometimes as a shepherdess; at one time as a peasant girl, at another as a nun, in order to surprise him, or rather, to allow herself to be surprised by him in some one or other of the many turnings and windings of the park of Versailles. The king had at first been charmed by the novelty of the amusement, but by degrees he discovered that it was always one and the same woman under a thousand different disguises.

Perceiving that the king began to grow tired of this species of comedy, she had a theatre constructed in the medal-room of the palace, she herself nominating the actors and actresses whom she considered worthy of performing with her on a stage which was to have but the king and a few favourite courtiers for audience. The Duc de Vallière was appointed stage-manager and director; for prompter they took an abbé, most probably the Abbé de Bernis; the company consisted of the Duc d'Orléans, the Duc d'Agén, the Duc de Nivernais, the Duc de Duras, the Comte de Maillebois, the Duc de Coigny, the Marquis d'Entraigues, the Duchesse de Brancas, the Comtesse d'Estrade, and Madame d'Angevilliers. The theatre opened with a *pièce de circonstance*, by Dufresny the poet, entitled *Le Mariage fait et rompu*, in allusion to the marriage of Madame de Pompadour with M. d'Étiolles. The little troop commenced with comedy, but soon descended to opera and ballet. In song and dance, as well as in the representation of the passions, Madame de Pompadour was the only actress of real talent. In the characters of peasant girls she was unsurpassed; but her *chef d'œuvre* was the part of Collette in Rousseau's *Devin de Village*, which she played with a *naïveté* and tenderness that won all hearts.

Nothing was more difficult than

to gain admission to this theatre of dukes and duchesses, the tickets of admission for which were given by the king alone; and it must be said that Louis showed himself a much more rigorous janitor of his theatre than he was of his palace: consequently it was no slight favour for Voltaire, who had for a length of time aspired to the pleasures of Versailles, to see his *Enfant Prodigue* played on the boards of the court theatre. Voltaire had, like all men, the weakness of wishing to govern the State; intoxicated with literary successes, he now aspired to political honours. He hoped to become minister or ambassador through the favour of Madame de Pompadour; and with a little more tact he might have become ambassador, minister, or even cardinal had he wished it, but at the very moment when he fancied he had attained the object of his ambition, he lost it for ever by writing the famous lines, commencing,—

Pompadour, vous embellissez
La cour, le Parnasse, et Cythère.

These verses, as we know, provoked a little remonstrance from the queen and her daughters: all was lost for Voltaire, despite the goodwill of Madame de Pompadour, who, for the rest, seeing that the cause was a bad one, cared not to risk her own favour by imprudent attempts. Voltaire never pardoned the marchioness her lukewarm intercession; and, like a true poet, revenged himself by a succession of madrigals, chansons, and rhymes, without number,—all levelled, though in a playful way, at the head of the favourite.

Duclos and Rousseau were more severe. Duclos, fully impressed with the idea that he was a great historian, as impartial as he was passionless, judged her harshly. He feared passing for a courtier, and he was unjust. She had attempted to attach Rousseau to herself; but the proud Genevese Republican wrote her a letter which cut short all further negotiations.* She always esteemed him, however, in a high degree. One day, when Marshal de Mirepoix, in the

* Madame,—I had fancied for a moment that it was through error that your messenger had remitted me 100 louis for copies which are charged but twelve francs. He has undeceived me. Permit me to undeceive you in my turn. My savings enable me at present to enjoy a revenue of about 540 livres, all deductions made. My work

course of conversation, advised her not to trouble her head about that owl, she replied,—

‘It is an owl, certainly, but it is Minerva’s owl.’

Madame de Pompadour, with the design of still further strengthening her power at court, conceived the idea of calling in the powers of the Church to her aid. The Prince de Soubise, who was one of her most devoted courtiers, took upon himself the task of procuring an indulgent Jesuit, who would consent to confess and absolve her from all the sins she had committed at court. Père de Sacy, the priest alluded to, had, though a Jesuit, preserved in some sort the habits and feelings of a man of the world; he could, when it suited his purpose, be of his century, and would occasionally laugh a little at the severities of his order. To him, then, the Prince de Soubise proceeded. At first he showed himself rather reticent.

‘Recollect,’ said the prince to him, ‘from the confessional of the marchioness to the confessional of the king there is but a step.’

Père de Sacy could not resist the temptation of such an attractive position; he went to the marchioness. Madame de Pompadour, proud of having for a confessor a man who had been appointed Procureur-général of the Missions, received him most graciously. She had other reasons also for seeking to conciliate the Jesuit—her principal one was this:—Up to this time the Jesuitical party that had risen against her at Versailles, the queen, the dauphin, Père Griffet, Cardinal de Luynes, the Bishop of Verdun, and M. de Nicolai, had hoped to drive her from court as a miscreant. Now, once declared worthy of heaven by a Jesuit of such high standing as Père de Sacy, would she not become in some sort inviolable and sacred? With these designs, then, she put in force all her arts of seduction against her confessor; never did she display more grace, wit, or beauty. Père de Sacy, who allowed himself to be

taken captive unresistingly by the battery of charms thus brought to bear upon him, visited her seven or eight times to speak of confession, without, however, coming to any conclusion upon the subject. As the good city of Paris had not at the moment any matter of graver importance wherewith to occupy its attention, it began to grow witty on the subject of this confession; a thousand *chansons* were composed upon the father confessor and his fair penitent. Piron arrived one evening at the Café Procope, exclaiming that he had news from Versailles.

‘Well,’ inquired some one, ‘has the marchioness confessed?’

‘No,’ replied Piron; ‘Madame de Pompadour cannot agree with Père de Sacy as to the style of confession.’

The following day there was a great uproar among the Jesuits; the procureur-général of the missions was summoned before their Council of Ten, and was obliged to confess himself. He received a severe reprimand from the superior of the order, and, as the price of his absolution, was commanded to refuse his counsels to the marchioness, and to excuse himself in the best manner he could for his previous delay.

Père de Sacy accordingly presented himself for the last time before Madame de Pompadour, and the following conversation took place:—

‘We cannot grant you, madame,’ began the holy father, ‘the absolution you desire; your sojourn at court far from your husband, the public scandal relative to the favour which it is alleged the king accords you, does not permit of your approaching the holy table. The priest who would sanction such a proceeding, in place of absolving you, would pronounce a double condemnation—yours and his own; whilst the public, accustomed to judge harshly the conduct of the great, would confirm the sentence beyond appeal. You have testified to me, madame, that you are desirous of fulfilling the duties of a good Christian; but example is the first of these duties, and

brings me in annually a sum almost equal to this amount; I have then a considerable superfluity; I employ it to the best of my power, though I scarcely give any alms. If, contrary to all appearances, age or infirmities should some day incapacitate me from following my usual occupations, I have a friend.

Paris, August 18, 1762.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

in order to obtain and merit absolution, your first proceeding must be to return to M. d'Etioles, or at least quit the court and seek, by penitence and charity, to repair the sins you have committed against that society whose laws you have outraged, and which declares itself scandalized at your separation from your husband.'

Madame de Pompadour heard these words with the calmness and immobility of a statue; but as soon as the priest had terminated she burst forth,—

'Père de Sacy,' she exclaimed, violently, 'you are a fool, an impostor, a true Jesuit. Do you understand me? You have sought to enjoy a triumph over me by witnessing the state of embarrassment in which you imagined I was placed; you would gladly, you and yours, see me far from the king: but, poor short-sighted mortals that you are! know that I am here as powerful as you imagine me weak and tottering; and in spite you, in spite of all the Jesuits in the world, I shall remain at court, whilst you and your pack will not only be banished from court, but driven ignominiously out of the kingdom.'

From that hour the fall of the Jesuits was decreed. The holy fathers imagined that the marchioness, like Madame de Chateauroux, was but the queen of a day; but they were mistaken. To do them justice, it must be allowed they believed that nothing was to be feared from such an enemy; for it is very certain that had they seen the power of this woman, who had all the firmness and decision of character of a man, or rather of a revengeful woman, they would, beyond a doubt, have permitted her to approach the holy table, or even have canonized her had she been desirous of the honour.

Madame de Pompadour was born with noble instincts; her bitterest enemies have never denied that she possessed the most refined taste in all matters connected with the arts or letters. She sought to make of Louis XV. an artist-king; and it must be said to her praise that she ever strove to rouse him from his habitual indolence and lassitude by leading his inclinations into healthy channels. But, unfortunately, Louis XV., unlike his predecessor, could

never understand that great monuments often make the glory of kings.

The *petite soupers* of Versailles would occasionally shed a ray of sunshine, or rather lamp-light, over Louis the Fifteenth's habitual ennui. After supper, chansons, sallies, and repartee, would be the order of the night. Occasionally at these supper-parties some brilliant things would be said. One evening, when some one sang a complaint upon the misfortunes of our first father Adam, the king improvised the following couplet worthy of the best chansons of Collé:—

Il n'eut qu'une femme avec lui,
Encor c'était la sienne;
Ici je vois celles d'autrui,
Et ne vois pas la mienne.

Louis XV. had, as we see, his moments of poetical inspiration. Anacreon could not have sung better than this.

Madame de Pompadour, born in the ranks of the people, and seating herself unceremoniously on the throne of Blanche of Castille—Madame de Pompadour, protecting philosophers and suppressing Jesuits, treating the great powers of the earth with the same *sans façon* as she did artists and men of letters,—was one of the thousand causes, petty and trifling in themselves, which eventually accelerated the great French Revolution. Madame Dubarry had imitated her predecessor when she called a noble duke a *sapajou* (ape). The *mot* is pretty well known: '*Announcez le sapajou de Madame la Comtesse Dubarry,*' said a great lord of the court of Louis XV. one day. It would be a curious and most amusing task to enrich the French peerage with all the *sobriquets* bestowed by the mistresses of Louis XV. as titles of nobility upon the courtiers of Versailles. More than one illustrious name, which has been cited by France with pride, has lost its lustre in the tainted atmosphere of Versailles.

'Not only,' said Madame de Pompadour one day to the Abbé de Bernis, — 'not only have I all the nobility at my feet, but even my lap-dog is weary of their fawnings.' In short, Madame de Pompadour reigned so imperiously, that once at Versailles, about the conclusion of dinner, an old man approached the

king and begged him to have the goodness to recommend him to Madame de Pompadour. All present laughed heartily at this conceit; except, however, the marchioness.

Madame de Maintenon had not more difficulty in amusing Louis XIV. when grown old and devout, than had Madame de Pompadour in diverting his successor, who, though still young, seemed like a man who had exhausted all the pleasures and enjoyments of life. About the time when the marchioness used to transform herself into milkmaids and peasant girls, she commenced building a very romantic hermitage in the park of Versailles, on the outskirts of the wood near the Saint Germain's road: viewed from without it seemed a true hermitage, worthy in all points of an anchorite's abode; but within it was a dwelling more suited to some old *roué* of the Regency. Vanloo, Boucher, and Latour had covered the walls and ceilings with all the images of pagan art. The garden was a *chef d'œuvre*; it was a grove rather than a garden; a grove peopled with statues, intersected by a multitude of winding paths and alleys, and abounding with a number of arbours, recesses, and 'shady blest retreats.' In the middle of the garden there was a farm—a true model-farm—with its cattle, goats, and sheep, and all the paraphernalia of husbandry. The marchioness presided daily at the construction of this hermitage.

'Where are you going, marchioness?' Louis XV. would say on seeing her going out so frequently.

'Sire,' she would reply, 'I am building myself a hermitage for my old age. You know I am rather devout: I shall end my days in solitude.'

'Yes,' replied the king, 'like all those who have loved deeply, or who have been loved deeply.'

About the time when spring gives place to the first advances of summer; when the trees were in leaf, and the plants in flower; when the bright greensward, enamelled with its countless flowrets, carpeted the alleys of the park, Madame de Pompadour one morning begged Louis XV. to come and breakfast with her at the hermitage.

The king was conducted thither by

his valet. His surprise was great. At first, before entering, at the sight of the humble thatched roof, he imagined that he was about to breakfast like a true anchorite, and began to fear seriously that the marchioness had not displayed much taste in the adornment of her retreat. He entered the court and proceeded straight to the door of the hermitage. At this instant a young peasant girl advanced to meet him; as she was well made, delicate, and pretty looking, the king began to find the hermitage more to his taste. With a deep reverence his guide begged of him to follow her to the farm.

As he approached the farm, another peasant girl, more delicate still than the former, advanced to meet him, and, with a thousand reverences, presented him a bowl of milk. At the sight of this pretty milkmaid, with her little straw hat coquettishly disposed on one side of her head, her white corset and blue petticoat, the king was charmed. Before taking the milk from her hands, he gazed at her a second time from head to foot. Her arms, which were uncovered, were white as lilies; she wore suspended from her neck a little gold cross, which seemed to lose itself in a magnificent bouquet of flowers which she wore in her bosom; but what above all astonished the king were two little stockingless feet encased in a pair of the most rustic *sabots*. With a motion of innocent coquetry, the pretty milkmaid drew one of her feet out of its wooden prison and placed it on the *sabot*. All at once the king recognized the marchioness, and avowed to her that for the first time in his life he had felt the desire of kissing a pretty foot. Madame de Pompadour returned with her royal lover to the hermitage, where he could not sufficiently admire the refined taste which had been displayed by the fair architect in the planning and arrangement of the building and grounds. This was the origin of what was afterwards known as the notorious Parc-aux-cerfs.

It would be a difficult matter to study the political system of Madame de Pompadour; if, indeed, she can be said to have acted on a system. It cannot be denied that she possessed ideas, but more frequently her mind

was a perfect chaos of caprices. It is well known, however, that the Duc de Choiseul, who united in his own person the portfolios of three departments of the ministry, and who disposed of all power, followed to the letter the policy of Madame de Pompadour; namely, in reversing the system of Louis XIV., in allying himself to Austria, and in forming a league, or rather a family pact, between the Bourbons of France, Italy, and Spain. The policy of Madame de Pompadour it was which annexed Corsica to France, and, consequently, Buonaparte, who was born at the decease of the marchioness, owed to her his title of French citizen.

Women look not to the future; their reign is from day to day: women of genius, who have at various epochs sought to govern the world, have never contemplated the clouds which might be gathering in the distance; they have been able to see clearly enough within a narrow circle traced around them, but have never succeeded in piercing the shadows of futurity. '*Après moi le déluge*,' was Madame de Pompadour's motto.

The eighteenth century was a century of striking contrasts. The prime minister after Cardinal de Fleury was Madame de Pompadour. With the cardinal, a blind religion protected the throne against the parliament; with the rise of the marchioness's power we perceive the first dawnings of philosophy, tormenting in turns both the clergy and the parliament. Under Madame de Pompadour's direction the king, had he been only as bold and determined as his mistress, would have become a greater king than ever. The cardinal was miserly and avaricious, the marchioness liberal to prodigality; she always said, and justly too, that money ought to flow freely from the throne like a generous stream, fertilizing and humanizing the entire State. The cardinal had been hostile to Austria, and favourable to Prussia; the marchioness made war with Frederick to humour Marie-Thérèse. The battle of Rosbach certainly belied her policy, but, to use her own words, 'Had she the privilege of making heroes?'

And after all, is the historian justified in accusing this woman of all the dishonours and defeats of the

reign of Louis XV.? She attained to power just as the old legitimate royalty—the royalty, as the French would call it, *par la grace de Dieu*—was fast giving way before the royalty of opinion. There was nothing left to be done at Versailles, simply because in Paris the power was already in the hands of Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Diderot. And so well did Madame de Pompadour comprehend this future royalty, that, far from seeking to arrest its progress, she, on the contrary, sought to meet it half way. For do we not find her openly protecting and encouraging the philosophers of the day; those very men who, by the mere force of ideas, were destined to overthrow that throne on which she herself was seated? Thus we find also the various painters of the time, in their several portraits of the favourite, never failing to represent her surrounded with all the more celebrated revolutionary books of the day, such as the *Encyclopædia*, the *Philosophical Dictionary*, the *Spirit of Laws*, and the *Social Contract*.

Madame de Pompadour, woman-like, loved revenge; and this, it must be said, was her worst vice. For a word she sent Latude to the Bastille; for a couplet she exiled the minister Maurepas. Frederick of Prussia took it into his head one day, in a moment of gaiety, to call her *Cotillon II.*, instead of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, and styled her reign of favour *le règne de Cotillon*; a witticism which so incensed her, that, according to some writers, we may trace to this petty cause the origin of the disastrous seven years' war.

The position of Madame de Pompadour at court as first favourite was, by all accounts, far from being an enviable one; as years rolled on she found herself necessitated to stoop to all kinds of meannesses, and to endure all sorts of humiliations, to preserve her already tottering empire. In order to make friends for herself in the parliament, she suppressed the Jesuits; and she afterwards exiled the parliament in order to conciliate the clergy. Again, to prevent her royal, but most fickle-minded lover, from choosing another mistress out of the ranks of the court ladies, she contrived that seraglio, the notorious

Parc-anx-cerfs, 'the pillow of Louis the Fifteenth's dechaucheries,' as Chateaubriand called it; at the last, hated and despised by all France, Madame de Pompadour said to Louis XV., 'For mercy's sake, keep me near you: I protect you; I take upon myself all the hatred of France; evil times are come for kings; so soon as I am gone, all the insults which are now levelled at Madame de Pompadour will be addressed to the king.'

Among the many desperate attempts which were made from time to time to dethrone Madame de Pompadour, the following is the most curious:—

M. d'Argenson and Madame d'Estrade had resolved upon raising to the throne of the favourite the young and beautiful Madame de Choiseul, wife of the court usher. The intrigue was conducted with so much art that the king granted an interview. At the hour fixed upon for the meeting a great agitation reigned in the cabinet of the minister. M. d'Argenson and Madame d'Estrade awaited the event with anxiety; Quesnai, physician to the king and to the favourite, was also present. All at once Madame de Choiseul rushed into the room; Madame d'Estrade ran to meet her with open arms.

'Well!' she exclaimed.

'Yes,' replied Madame de Choiseul; 'I am loved; she is going to be dismissed. He has given me his royal word on it.'

A burst of joy resounded through the cabinet. Quesnai was, as we know, the friend of Madame de Pompadour; but he was at the same time the friend of Madame d'Estrade. M. d'Argenson imagined that in this revolution he would remain neuter at least, but he was mistaken.

'Doctor,' said he, 'nothing changes for you; we trust that you will remain with us.'

'Monsieur le Comte,' coldly replied Quesnai, rising from his seat, 'I have been attached to Madame de Pompadour in her prosperity, and I shall remain so in her disgrace;' and so saying he left the room.

This Quesnai, of whom we have just made mention, was a man of uncouth and rustic manners, a true Danubian peasant. He inhabited a little *entresol* above the apartments

of Madame de Pompadour at Versailles, where he would pass the whole of his time absorbed in schemes of political economy. Quesnai, however, did not want for friends, as he could boast of the esteem of all the most illustrious philosophers of the day. For those persons who did not go to court would come once a-month to dine with the court physician. Marmontel, in his *Memoirs*, relates that he has dined there in company with Diderot, D'Alembert, Duclos, Helvetius, Turgot, and Buffon,—a goodly array of intellect. Thus on the ground floor they deliberated on peace and war, on the choice of ministers, the suppression of the Jesuits, the exile of the parliament, and the future destinies of France; while above stairs those who had not power, but who possessed ideas, laboured unwittingly at the future destinies of the world. What was concocted in the *rez-de-chaussée* was demolished in the *entresol*. It would frequently happen, too, that Madame de Pompadour, who could not receive the guests of Quesnai in her own apartments, would ascend to those of her physician to see and chat with them.

Every Sunday morning Madame de Pompadour received at her toilet all the artists, literary men, and great personages of the court, who had the *entrée* of her apartments. Marmontel relates that on the arrival of Duclos and De Bernis, who never missed a single Sunday, she would say to the first, with a light air, '*Bon jour*, Duclos;' to the second, with an air and voice more amiable, '*Bon jour*, abbé;' accompanying her words occasionally with a little tap on his cheek. Artists and men of letters were invariably better received than the titled courtiers of France; while many of the nobility were truly lords-in-waiting, the two Vanloos, De la Tour, Boucher, and Cochin, had never to remain in the antechamber. The account of her first and only interview with Crebillon is interesting. Some one had informed her that the old tragic poet was living in the Marais, surrounded by his cats and dogs, in a state of poverty and neglect. 'What say you!' she exclaimed; 'in poverty and neglect?' She ran to seek the king, and asked for a pension for the

poet of one hundred louis a-year from her privy purse. When Crehillon came to Versailles to thank her, she was in bed. 'Let him come in,' she exclaimed, 'that I may see the grey-headed genius.' At the sight of the fine old man—Crehillon was then eighty years of age—so poor and yet so proud, she was affected to tears. She received him with so touching a grace that the old poet was deeply moved. As he leaned over the bed to kiss her hand, the king appeared. 'Ah, madame,' exclaimed Crebillon, 'the king has surprised us! I am lost!' This sally amused Louis XV. vastly: Crebillon's success was decided.

Madame de Pompadour passed her last days in a state of deep dejection. As she was now in the decline both of her favour and of her reign, she no longer had friends; even the king himself, though still submitting to her guidance, loved her no more. The Jesuits, too, whom she had driven from court, overwhelmed her with letters, in which they strove to depict to her the terrors of everlasting punishment.* Every hour that struck seemed to toll for her the death-knell of all her hopes and joys. On her first appearance at court, proud of her youth, her beauty, and her brilliant complexion, she had proscribed rouge and patches, saying that life was not a masked ball. She had now reached that sad period of life when she would be compelled to choose between rouge or the first wrinkles of incipient old age. 'I shall never survive it,' she used to say, mournfully.

One night, during the year 1760, she was seized with a violent trembling, and sitting up in bed, called Madame du Hausset.

'I am sure,' she said, 'I am going to die. Madame de Vintimille and Madame de Chateauroux both died as young as myself: it is a species of fatality which strikes all those who have loved the king. What I regret least is life,—I am weary of flatteries and insults, of friendships and hatreds; but I own to you that I am terrified at the idea of being

cast into some ditch or other, whether it be by the clergy, by Monseigneur the Dauphin, or by the people of Paris.'

Madame du Hausset took her hands within her own, and assured her that if France had the misfortune to lose her the king would not fail to give her a burial worthy of her rank and station.

'Alas!' rejoined Madame de Pompadour, 'a burial worthy of me!—when we recollect that Madame de Mailly, repenting of having been his first mistress, desired to be interred in the cemetery of the Innocents; and not only that, but even under the common water-pipe.'

She passed the night in tears. On the following morning, however, she resumed a little courage, and hastened to call to her aid all the resources of art to conceal the first ravages of time; but in vain did she seek to recover that adorable smile which twenty years before had made Louis XV. forget that he was King of France.

From this time forth she showed herself in Paris no more; and at court she would only appear by candle-light, and then in the apparel of a Queen of Golconda, crowned with diamonds, her arms covered with bracelets, and wearing a magnificent Indian robe, embroidered with gold and silver. She was always the beautiful Marchioness de Pompadour, but a closer inspection would show that the lovely face of former days was now but a made-up face, still charming, but, like a restored painting, showing evident symptoms of having been here and there effaced and retouched. It was in the month that she first lost her beauty. She had in early life acquired the habit of biting her lips to conceal her emotions, and at thirty years of age her mouth had lost all its vivid brilliancy of colour.

Some persons have stated that Madame de Pompadour died from the effects of poison, administered either by the Jesuits, who never ceased persecuting her with anonymous letters, or by her enemies at

* The fear of losing her power, and of becoming once more a *bourgeoise* of Paris, perpetually tormented her. After she had succeeded in suppressing the Jesuits, she fancied she beheld in each monk of the order an assassin and a poisoner.—*Mémoires Historiques de la Cour de France*.

Versailles; but this story is not deserving of credit. Most persons are agreed that Madame de Pompadour died simply because she was five-and-forty years of age; and owing as she did all her power but to the charm of her beauty, its loss she was unable to survive. She suffered for a length of time in silence, hiding ever under a pallid smile the death she already felt in her heart. At length she took to her bed—that bed from which she was fated to rise no more. She was then at the château of Choisy; neither the king nor his courtiers imagined that her disease was serious, but she herself well knew that her hour was come. She entreated the king to have her removed to Versailles; she wished to die upon the throne of her glory—to die as a queen in the royal palace, still issuing her orders to the troop of servile courtiers who were accustomed to wait humbly at her footstool.

Like Diana de Poitiers, Gabrielle d'Estrées, and Madame de Maintenon, she died in April. The curé of the Madeleine was present during her last moments. As the old man was preparing to retire, after giving her the benediction, she rallied for a moment, for she was then almost dead, and said to him, 'Wait a bit, Monsieur le Curé, we will go together.' These were her last words.

Up to this time the king had testified at least the semblance of friendship and gratitude towards Madame de Pompadour, but no sooner had she breathed her last than he began to consider how he could, in the speediest manner possible, get rid of her mortal remains. He gave immediate orders for the removal of the body to her house in Paris. As the conveyance was about to start, the king, who was standing at one of the windows of the château, seeing a violent hailstorm breaking over Versailles, said, with a smile, half sad, half ironical, 'The marchioness will have bad weather for her journey!'

That same day Madame de Pompadour's will was opened in his presence. Although she had long since been far from his heart, he could

not restrain a tear at the reading of the document.

The marchioness, in her will, had forgotten none of her friends, nor any of her servants; the king himself was named. 'I entreat the king,' she wrote, 'to accept the gift I make him of my hôtel in Paris, in order that it may become the palace of one of his children: it is my desire that it may become the residence of Monseigneur le Comte de Provence.' This hôtel of Madame de Pompadour has since then been inhabited by illustrious hosts, for it is better known at the present day under the designation of the Elysée Bourbon, or rather the Elysée National.

Madame de Pompadour had several residences: she had received from the king an hôtel at Paris and one at Fontainebleau; the estate of Crecy, the château of Aulnay, Brimborion sur Bellevue, the seigniories of Marigny and of Saint-Rémy; an hôtel at Compiègne, and one at Versailles; without counting the millions of francs in money bestowed at various times in addition to her regular income, for they never counted francs at Versailles then.* For all this, we find Louis XV. giving the Marquis de Marigny, her brother, an order for two hundred and thirty thousand francs, to assist him in paying the debts of the marchioness. (*Journal of Louis XV.*, published at the trial of Louis XVI.)

The marchioness was interred in a vault of the church of the Capuchins; by dint of interest and money her family had obtained the privilege of having a funeral oration pronounced over her mortal remains. This oration was a *chef d'œuvre*, which ought most certainly to have been preserved for the honour of the Church. Unfortunately, this curious and most remarkable piece of eloquence was never printed, and history has inscribed but a few lines in its annals. When the priest approached the bier, he sprinkled the holy water, made the sign of the cross, and commenced his discourse in the following terms:—'I receive the body of the most high and powerful lady, Madame la Marquise de

* Except Louis XV., who, it is said, used to amuse himself by making a private treasury. When he lost at play, he used always to pay out of the royal treasury.

Pompadour, maid-of-honour to the queen. She was in the school of all virtues,' &c. The remainder of this most edifying discourse is lost in oblivion, but surely the force of humbug could no further go.

Montesquien's prediction concerning two remarkable personages of the eighteenth century (Voltaire and Madame de Pompadour) is curious,—curious alike for its truth, and for the knowledge of the world displayed by the speaker.

One day, while on a visit to Ferney, Montesquieu being alone in Voltaire's magnificent saloon, which opened on the Lake of Geneva, was surprised by Marshal Richelieu (who had come over from Lyons to see how Voltaire would play in the *Orphan of China*) standing in deep thought before a pair of portraits which hung upon the wall.

'Well, Monsieur le Président,' said he, 'you are studying, I perceive, Wit and Beauty.'

'Wit and Beauty, marshal!' replied Montesquieu; 'you see before you the portraits of a man and a woman who will be the representatives of our century.'

And has not this prediction of Montesquieu's been in some sort ful-

filled? Historians have styled the seventeenth century the century of Louis XIV. Could not the eighteenth be with more justice designated the century of Voltaire and Madame de Pompadour? For if these two characters be carefully studied, the entire spirit of the age will in them be found faithfully depicted.

But, O vanity of vanities! Madame de Pompadour, with all her wit, and grace, and beauty, after having strutted and fretted her little hour on life's fitful stage, has vanished from the theatre of the world into utter oblivion, leaving, literally speaking, scarcely a trace behind. In the words of Diderot we may ask, 'What now remains of this woman, the dispenser of millions, who overthrew the entire political system of Europe, and left her country dishonoured, powerless, and impoverished, both in mind and resources? The Treaty of Versailles, which will last as long as it can; a statue by Bouchardon, which will be always admired; a few stones engraved by Gay, which will astonish a future generation of antiquarians; a pretty little picture by Vanloo; and a handful of ashes.'

SWINDON.

AT Swindon, when the night drew nigh,
Few were the trains that went thereby,
And very dreary was the sigh
Of damsels waiting dolefully.

But Swindon saw another sight,
When the train came at dead of night,
Commanding oil and gas to light
Much stale confectionary.

By soups and coffee fast allured,
Each passenger his choice secured,
Excepting those locked in, immured,
By sly policeman's treachery.

Then rushed the mob, by hunger driven;
Then vanished buns, in pieces riven;
And louder than the orders given
Fast popped the beer-artillery.

But farther yet that train shall go,
And deeper yet shall be their woe,
And greater horrors shall they know,
Who bolt their food so speedily.

Time's up! but scarce each sated one
Can pierce the steam-cloud, rolling
dun,
Where curious tart and heavy bun
Lie in dyspeptic sympathy.

The combat thickens. On, ye brave!
Who scald your throats, in hope to
save
Some spoonfuls of your soup, the
knave
Will charge for all he ladles ye!

Few, few, digest where many eat,
The nightmare shall wind up their
feet,
Each carpet-bag beneath their seat
Shall seem a yawning sepulchre.

STRICTURES ON A PAIR OF PUBLIC STRUCTURES.*

NOT very long ago there appeared in one of the Quarterlies an article from the pen of Earl Lovelace, in which his lordship animadverted with no little degree of severity on the new Houses of Parliament, *alias* new 'Palace of Westminster;' and more recently Mr. Fergusson—a gentleman who has distinguished himself by several publications on architectural subjects, and who is also a member of the Institute of British Architects—has pounced upon the British Museum, thoroughly probed and dissected it, and shown it to be in every respect as ill-devised a structure for its purpose as it well could be, besides being exceedingly unsatisfactory in point of architectural design; and he also agrees with Earl Lovelace in condemning that exceedingly costly edifice, the new Palace of Westminster,—although he mentions it only incidentally and briefly, merely saying that we are already tired of it before it is finished: which reproach, however, he qualifies, by telling us that 'it is no discredit to these architects (viz. Sir Robert Smirke and Mr. Barry) that they have not succeeded,'—or, in other words, have failed in making anything satisfactory of two excessively costly structures. To us, the seeming excuse seems to be no more than a single drop of honey infused into a gallon of gall; and whether the architect will be galled by them or not, there is certainly a good deal of very galling stuff in Mr. Fergusson's cutting remarks on the British Museum.

Of the last-mentioned we will speak presently, for Mr. Barry's edifice may surely claim precedence, if only on the score of much greater cost. And in doing so we shall deviate from the practice of your small and flunky critics, which is

To spare the prosperous, and most nobly
wreak

Their vengeance only on the poor and
weak.

For our part, we think it is precisely such men as Mr. Barry and

Sir Robert Smirke who can best endure to have the plain truth told them, since the utterance of it cannot, at all events, injure their *prospects*. A very sorry compliment would it be to them to say that what they have done is unable to bear the scrutiny of criticism, and must, therefore, be treated very tenderly.

Mr. Fergusson affects to be of opinion that the failure—although he does not exactly so call it—has in each case been occasioned by the architect being compelled to adopt a style involving 'chronological falsehood;' which seems to us to be but a very awkward and unsatisfactory sort of excuse in itself, and moreover to partake of hypercriticism: for, at all events, there is not more of chronological falsehood in either of the two structures in question than in those of the present day generally, and churches more especially, the mediæval character being now invariably affected for them,—greatly, perhaps, to the perplexity of future antiquaries. As the style of the new 'Houses of Parliament' was to be Gothic or Elizabethan, the very latest species of Gothic was the best that could be adopted. As a style, it has hitherto been almost universally admired, both for its ornateness and regular consistency of character. Whether it will continue to be so is somewhat doubtful, because one who is likely to become henceforward a great authority in matters of architectural taste has pronounced the style in which the new 'Palace of Westminster' is built to be—'detestable!' Probably the author of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* forgot just at the time that 'our detestable perpendicular' was the very style in which Mr. Barry is rearing that sumptuous and costly national edifice. He also calls it 'an ugly and impotent degradation,'—which strong terms of wholesale reproach would, doubtless, have incurred for him some severe reproach in return from his reviewers, had

* Observations on the British Museum, National Gallery, and National Record Office, with Suggestions for their Improvement. By James Fergusson, M.R.I.B.A. Author of *An Historical Inquiry into the True Principles of Beauty in Art, &c.* London: J. Weale.

they not been dazzled by the excessive brilliancy of his lamps. Elsewhere, again, he remarks,—

I have always spoken with contempt of the Tudor style; for this reason, that having surrendered all pretence to spaciousness and breadth—having divided its surfaces by an infinite number of lines, it yet sacrifices the only characters which can make lines beautiful,—sacrifices all the variety and grace which long atoned for the caprice of the Flamboyant, and adopts for its leading feature an entanglement of crossbars and verticals, showing as much invention or skill of design as the reticulation of the bricklayer's sieve.

Many odd comparisons have been made by critics in the plenitude of their teeming fancy: window pediments, for instance, have been likened to *cocked hats*; spires to *extinguishers*; the Trafalgar Square fountains to *dumb-waiters*; and the vases on the new Treasury building to *tea-urns*; but Mr. Ruskin overtops them all, and, by way of climax, compares such multiplicity of panelling as that with which Barry has covered the whole exterior of his pile to a 'bricklayer's sieve!' which is surely enough to make the architect himself *cross-Bar-ry*, indeed. Of what it pleases Mr. Ruskin to call *reticulation*, there is such a superabundance in Mr. Barry's river front, that a good deal of money must have been sifted away through it. Excess of cost has been rendered still more excessive by very needless decoration,—by so much of it, in fact, that it amounts to fritter, it being unaccompanied by anything of that breadth and repose which would give it value. Still the building ought to have one great merit in Mr. Ruskin's eyes, inasmuch as he makes a particular merit of cost and labour for their own sake, and of both the one and the other there is there quite enough to satisfy even him.

Let us, however, now inquire how Mr. Barry has, under existing circumstances, displayed judgment. It is no fault of his that the situation is what it is,—not only highly unfavourable in itself, but also incapable of any material improvement. The river cannot be cleared away, nor can the building now be raised to a higher level, as it might have been at first,—at least on its east side, by carrying up the terrace as high as what is now the level of the first-floor. Most fortunate would it have been—let our readers prepare for an awful shudder—most fortunate would it have been, at least for Mr. Barry and his building, had Westminster Hall and all the other buildings, Henry VII.'s Chapel included, been swept away by the conflagration, so as to afford him *carte blanche* for his plan,—in which case he would, no doubt, have set his building considerably backward from the river, so as to obtain a wide quay or public terrace, from which the east front—which, though it is made the principal one as to architectural composition, cannot now be approached—might have been distinctly viewed, and its elaborate details and sculptural decoration leisurely inspected. Again, but for the Hall and Henry VII.'s Chapel, he would have been able to carry out that uninterrupted extent of line which he so greatly affects, on the land side, and would have made the west rather than the east front his principal architectural façade. The Hall and the Chapel have proved a stumbling-block in his way: could he have got rid of but even one of them, he might have carried the whole of the west side along as a single and unbroken façade,* and plauted the Victoria Tower in the centre of it as the architectural focus of his composition, and so as to shew itself placed

* This will be clearly enough evident to any one acquainted with the, or by reference to any plan that shews the, actual locality of Mr. Barry's building, and its relative position to others around it. Strange, however, to say, no such *situation's-plan*, indispensable as it is for fairly judging how far the architect has been controlled by untoward circumstances, is given in the *Illustrations of the New Palace of Westminster*, notwithstanding that that work professes to omit no description, either architectural or historical, which may be 'useful or interesting'; yet a plan of the kind would surely have been both. For want of the information that might have been so conveyed, foreign architects will be sadly puzzled to understand how the building is really situated; and having no other than a mere plan of the principal floor, may be likely to imagine that the west side forms only a back-front, nearly shut out from view. The omission is the less excusable, because plans shewing the entire

centrally with regard to the river front; whereas now that tower, which should be a very conspicuous object from every point of view, comes in at one corner of the general pile. Yet whatever sufficient reason there may have been for placing the royal porch in that situation, there certainly was no necessity for carrying up such a lofty mass as the tower will be immediately over it, more especially as that tower is in itself of very questionable utility.

The principal façade should certainly have been on the land side, or towards Margaret Street; for besides inaccessibility, the river front labours under the further disadvantage of a most unfavourable aspect. It being always in shadow, the decorations so profusely lavished upon it, and which require to be touched up and brought out by sunshine, produce scarcely any effect,—certainly not that which the design, as shown upon paper, promises. On the other hand, that façade is deficient in those bold markings and vigorous touches which would have told at a distance, and would have produced deeper tones of shadow. Were it not known to the contrary, it might very well be supposed that the architect was unacquainted beforehand with the locality and site, and considered his façade merely in *elevation*, without giving a thought to the particular circumstances under which the structure itself would be seen, and quite undisturbed by any disagreeable misgivings of that nature. While it is usual to insist upon the influence of climate, and the necessity of adapting architectural style to climate, it does not seem to be considered at all necessary to adapt individual buildings to their respective individual sites, as far as embellishment is concerned, by be-

stowing elaborate ornament where it can shew itself satisfactorily after it is executed, and there only. That the entire exterior of such an important national pile as the 'Palace of Westminster' should be of a piece as regards material and general design is not to be disputed. Sorry, indeed, should we have been to see such excessive frugality and cheese-paring economy consulted for it as have given us the huge, ugly brick carcass of the British Museum. But the reverse of wrong is not always right, and if our readers will excuse such a mere schoolboy quotation,—

Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines.

As, however, the proverb says, 'it never rains but it pours.' Therefore, by way of making amends for excessive architectural parsimony and starvation* on former occasions, we are now petting our 'Palace of Westminster,' and heaping upon it a great deal of finery, and what might be much better bestowed elsewhere. No wonder, therefore, should that fondled and extravagantly petted darling turn out in the end to be no better than a 'spoilt child.' It is very well known that Mr. Barry's *forte* lies chiefly in scrupulous attention to finish and detail, and that he relies—perhaps more than he ought to do—upon exuberance of decoration; in which last he is apt to indulge without much regard to its cost—or perhaps out of regard to cost—and sometimes without much artistic calculation as to the actual *quantum* of effect that will be produced by it. He may be said to fire away a great deal of architectural ammunition that might just as well be saved. His new façade of the Treasury buildings affords a tolerably strong proof of this, for a great

locality might have been easily obtained, they having been published in some of the parliamentary reports; and it is also all the more singular, because the *Illustrations—lucis a non lucendo*—have been brought out, if not under the immediate superintendence, yet with the full concurrence, of Mr. Barry himself.

* Of architectural starvation and cheese-paring economy the National Gallery is one very strong instance; and Somerset Place is another, for the backs of the buildings on the west side, which though originally never intended to be seen at all, but now fully exposed to view by the formation of Wellington Street, exhibit a degree of meanness and ugliness, all the more scandalous because both aspect and situation are there peculiarly favourable for architectural display. That, however, is but one among many instances which too clearly shew that here is no sort of system whatever adopted in the management of our government and national buildings; but that every thing of the kind is, if not actually made a *job*, looked at by itself, and treated accordingly as extravagance or parsimony may happen to be in the ascendant at the time.

deal of very minute enrichment has been bestowed upon it, which does not tell at all, partly in consequence of the front being always in shadow, and partly of the great width of the street, which is such that the detail does not shew itself from the opposite side of the way, while on the side next to the building the spectator is much too close to it to be able to view it properly.

Unlike as they are in style, the façade just mentioned and the river front of the Palace of Westminster are alike as to unfavourableness of aspect, and in being treated less in accordance with such circumstance than they ought to have been. Intended to display Mr. Barry's *forte*—although as to display, that which is actually made is comparatively little—they also betray his foible, his fondness for minute and excessive embellishment, and his greater attention to mere decoration than to general architectural physiognomy and effect. Most assuredly he is not one of your 'That'll do' designers; never does he slur over anything, or turn out his work half-finished, which, as matters go, at any rate have generally gone hitherto, is no small praise—is, in fact, the particular merit by which he first distinguished himself at a time when proper finish and regard to detail were grossly neglected by others. Yet there may be error on the side of Toomuch, as well as on that of Toolittle. The employment of means excessive in proportion to the end and to the effect obtained does not, in our opinion, evince any very extraordinary artistic power or skill. A victory that is gained merely by the overpowering force of numbers does not say much for either the generalship or the bravery of the conquerors.

People are apt to judge erroneously, and to speak as if the circumstances which favour an architect, such as the magnitude of an edifice and the beauty of the materials employed for it, were positive merits, not only in the work itself, but in him personally, as the planner and producer of it, even though he should have fallen, more or less, short of what, with the opportunity and means afforded him, he ought to have accomplished. To constitute a

man in the opinion of the public a great architect, little more seems to be requisite than that he should be employed upon a great building; perhaps upon the principle that, as he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat, he who has great opportunities and erects great structures *must*, as matter of course, be a 'great architect.' Though, as to that, instances might be mentioned of great opportunities having been frittered away by great architects of that stamp, and made little or not at all better than great failures. People are apt to talk as if the architect's own labour, in his capacity of artist or designer, was increased in proportion to the actual magnitude and extent of his work. With more of *naïveté* than *nous*, some have expressed, or else feigned, astonishment at the prodigious quantity of detail with which Mr. Barry has covered the exterior of his building at Westminster. The amount of detail executed may fairly enough be called astonishing, yet a comparatively few drawings by the architect must have sufficed for the whole of it—at least for the whole of the principal front; because, as far as actual design is concerned, it is limited to a few variations for some of the compartments, and it is obvious that for parts which are repeated, no matter how numerous they may be, a single pattern is sufficient. The really wonderful part of the matter is not that Mr. Barry should be prodigal of decoration, which it costs him little time or study to design—for after all the detail does not shew much original thought,—but that he should have applied it so unsparingly where sobriety would have answered the purpose just as well, or better; also that he should have been allowed to have his own way entirely without check or hindrance, and without regard to cost. Now, indeed, when it is found that the expenditure already nearly trebles his estimate, there begins to be some grumbling; and it is very little excuse to say that a very considerable extra sum beyond what Mr. Barry had first calculated upon was, 'in consequence of the extraordinary nature of the site,' required for forming the embankments and extra foundations. Such, then, being the case, it surely

behoved him to endeavour to keep down cost to come by retrenching, as he very well might have done, elsewhere. At all events, he ought not to be allowed to profit by his own miscalculations, or claim his professional commission for any larger sum than that named as his own estimate.

The subject of architectural remuneration is such a very ticklish and 'delicate' one, that those who would keep upon good terms with the profession do not care to agitate it at all. At the same time it is such an important one that, as no one else will do so, we may be excused for here touching upon it. If we take a false view of it, we shall be glad to be corrected; but it does appear to us that the present system is in many respects so preposterous as to call, loudly for reform. What, in fact, can be more preposterous than to pay an architect, like a mere tradesman or man of business, by a *percentage* on actual cost, without taking merit of design at all into account? Of two buildings that cost precisely the same, one shall exhibit careful and successful artistic study, and the other be the merest Pecksniffian production, yet their authors are rewarded just alike; the former obtains no more, the latter no less, than the other. There is, besides, something absurd, if not unjust, in establishing a fixed and uniform rate of *per centage*, because either what is a fair and sufficient scale of remuneration for small works becomes excessive and extravagant where hundreds of thousands, or even millions, are expended, or else it is very inadequate where the cost of the building amounts only to a few thousands. A commission of five *per cent* is in some cases as far too little as in others (such, for instance,

as the Palace of Westminster and the British Museum) it is greatly too much. According to the present system—let those defend it who can—a mere commonplace design may produce its author more than a painter or other artist can earn during the whole of an industrious and successful career. What may be the practice in other countries we know not, but the mode adopted here is open to serious objections, one of them being that it renders the respective interests of architect and employer directly opposed to each other. While it is to that of the latter that the work should be executed, and we mean well-executed, at the minimum of outlay, it is, on the contrary, to the interest of the former that ultimate expenditure should attain a maximum; which hardly operates upon him as a stimulus to the exercise of that judicious economy which makes the most of the means afforded it. Hence those unlucky *mistakes* in first estimates, which are so frequent that they have come to be regarded almost as matter of course. Accordingly we need not wonder that mistakes of the kind are perpetually occurring, and invariably to the disadvantage of employers; but it is astonishing that architects should be allowed to find their own advantage in them, when the remedy is so exceedingly simple, because only let employers make it a condition that they will pay no commission on any excess beyond the estimate, and such disagreeable miscalculations would hardly ever occur, at least the difference between estimate and cost would not be by any means so frightful as it now sometimes is.*

Another desirable change in the existing system would be the adop-

* Mr. Barry's original estimate was not given in round numbers, but for the precise sum of 724,986*l.*—a degree of precision truly marvellous, yet at the same time truly suspicious also, for how any man could possibly pretend to calculate beforehand, within a thousand or even five thousand pounds, in a work of such magnitude, we do not perceive. The present calculation of the 'probable expense' of completing the works is 2,045,923*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.*; so that we may set down two millions for suspense, and the *one penny* for amusement. And surely that odd penny is droll and amusing enough in a beforehand calculation of 'probable' expense. It will be well if that penny be not transformed into another million when probability shall have been transformed into certainty. As matter of curiosity we insert here the estimates of some of the other architects who competed for the Houses of Parliament:—

Cockerell	£535,000
Hakewill	400,000
Pennethorne	350,000
Cottingham	350,000
Robinson	275,000

tion of a 'sliding scale' for the rate of commission, which should diminish in some sort of ratio to the increase of cost; cost itself being no criterion whatever of what would be a fair remuneration to the architect, if only because cost is greater or less according as expensive or cheaper materials are employed. Although one fixed rate of per centage looks at first to be perfectly fair, it will on examination be found to be in many instances quite the reverse. Its equality is only nominal, just like that of a five-shilling fine, which, though a serious matter to a poor devil, is no fine at all to a rich one, but rather a good joke, the mere fun of which is well worth five pounds. Therefore, either a commission of five per cent is a very inadequate remuneration where the cost of building does not amount to more than two or three thousand pounds, or it is enormous where a hundred thousand and upwards are expended; and even some railway buildings, though large as to cost, have not cost their architects much much labour of thought, or time in designing; whereas, on the other hand, a moderate-sized house produces comparatively a mere nothing of remuneration to its architect, although—and that owing to its limited size—it may have required more than ordinary contrivance, and together with superior contrivance may also exhibit superior taste and study of design in every part of it. Further than this we will not pursue a topic on which we could say very much more; and also *non dictum prius*, for, as far as we are aware, it has not yet been touched upon by any one else. And to others we now leave it to take it up—provided they can muster sufficient courage to do so—and to go into it more fully than we can here do.

After the Palace of Westminster, the next most important and most costly public edifice erected in our time in the metropolis is that which forms the main subject of Mr. Fergusson's *Observations*, viz. the British Museum. Alike, it would seem, in being unsatisfactory, the two structures and their respective architects are the antipodes to each other. Sir Robert Smirke and Mr. Barry stand at the opposite poles of architectural design,—the former being as frigid

and severe as the other is luxuriant—as parsimonious with regard to ornament, or even detail, as the other is prodigal. Sir Robert seems to delight as much in blankness as Mr. Barry does in elaborate richness. In one respect, indeed, Sir Robert has a decided advantage over Mr. Barry; or, to speak more correctly, the 'Museum' has a decided advantage over the Westminster Palace, inasmuch as its façade is infinitely better situated for display, and is also favoured by a south aspect; but then the display which it does make is exceedingly poor, and by no means answering either to the situation or the opportunity. Notwithstanding that the peculiar purpose of the building as the repository of our national collections of sculpture, antiquities, &c. to which all the classes of the public have free access, rendered it desirable that it should be made a worthy work of art itself, and should exhibit, for the improvement of public taste, a striking degree of architectural refinement and *recherché* embellishment, the Museum is as a production of architecture particularly plain and cold, dull and insipid. Nevertheless, severe as he is upon the building itself—and so far from sparing it, Mr. Fergusson not only condemns it as 'cold and inartistic' to design, but has taken some pains to prove that it is as ill-devised for its purpose as could well be—he lays the blame entirely upon the trustees, and on the style chosen for the edifice.

How far the trustees interfered, and by ignorant and obstinate dictation thwarted Sir Robert Smirke's views, is a secret between him and them. He has not complained of injudicious interference on their part; and until something transpires that will serve to shift blame, or some portion of it, from himself to others, he alone stands before the public as the party responsible for all the defects and short-comings of his work, in like manner as he would have reaped all the praise in case of success. It certainly does not look as if the trustees had not sufficient confidence in Sir Robert's taste and ability, for they called him in at once as their architect, instead of having even so much as a limited competition for the purpose of ascertaining who among the leading men

in the profession could produce the best ideas for the express occasion. Therefore, so far at least, they placed themselves entirely in the hands of an individual; accordingly, so long as there is nothing to convince us of the contrary, the presumption is, that they allowed themselves to be guided and governed by him. As to style, again, we cannot at all agree with Mr. Fergusson in imputing the defects of the design to the style adopted for it. We really do not know what other than the classical style could have been chosen for a museum of classical antiquities; we therefore say, as Mr. Fergusson does, 'Let the blame rest on the right shoulders,' and the failure of the Museum, as a work of architecture, be attributed not to the style itself, but to the 'inartistic' treatment of it. In fact, Mr. Fergusson himself says as much when he remarks that, 'instead of the gay, cheerful architecture of the Greeks, there is a dismal, funereal look about this specimen, which, to my mind, is singularly repulsive.' As to 'funereal,' that is an epithet which we should hardly apply, for in our opinion, 'common-place' and 'dowdy' would be far more suitable ones. If Sir Robert Smirke could be 'exonerated' from censure at all on the score of style, it would be by shewing that had he been left to himself he would have chosen some other, which we must leave those to believe who can—the style of the Museum being that in which his *forte* exclusively lies, and, unhappily, his ideas of it have never extended to more than merely sticking up Greek columns. Of the capabilities of Grecian architecture, and of what might yet be made of it by skilful adaptation and modification, he appears to have no notion. We have had a 'Capability Brown,' but have yet to seek for a Capability Smirke. Not only does Sir Robert employ the same style, but the same order over and over again, without the slightest variation or modification of it. His Ionic for the Museum is of the same character as that of the Post Office, just as that of the latter building resembles that of the College of Physicians, and so on. A single set of working drawings would, with no other alteration than that of scale, serve for all his examples of

that order; which sort of architectural stereotyping, though it may be excellent economy for himself by sparing him some 'trouble,' neither is nor ought to be satisfactory to others. We will not condescend to disguise our opinion of Sir Robert as an architect; and as his professional career is now finished, we may be allowed to utter our opinion without reserve, since it cannot by any possibility affect his practice, though it may serve to give warning of the verdict which he must anticipate from posterity. Had we any reason to suppose that he was particularly sensitive to criticism, we might, perhaps, speak more reservedly, but we have none; on the contrary, we fancy that, as he can now afford to laugh at it, laugh at it he will.

Such being the case, we feel no compunction in saying, that the exterior of the British Museum is about as complete a failure as could very well, under all the circumstances, be achieved.

It must be confessed that the ancient Greek style is very ill adapted for general application at the present day; yet, as forming an exception from almost every other class and kind of buildings, the British Museum afforded an opportunity of exhibiting that style in a very superior manner, at least would have done so to an architect really inspired by it, and capable of treating it with artistic feeling and true gusto: whereas Sir Robert Smirke has followed it merely literally just as far as he could do so, and with just that sort of mechanical, prosaic fidelity, which shews him to be unfaithful to its spirit, and unable to discern what further might still be elicited from its characteristic elements. Did we perceive anything like masterly conception in the general idea, anything like well-balanced artistic composition, or any touches of originality in the design, we might excuse minor imperfections; whereas, as Sir Robert has managed it, the style has done everything for him, and he himself nothing whatever for the style, of which he seems to have no other idea than that a mere Order of columns copied from some accredited example is sufficient to constitute it. Accordingly, of columns he has not been sparing, yet has applied them

so as to produce the most wearisome monotony, and insipid tameness. At the same time, notwithstanding the monotony which stamps the centre portion of it, the composition of the entire façade is altogether, and most offensively, deficient in unity of character. The extreme wings are of an architectural physiognomy totally different from that affected by the colonnaded centre, to which they ought to have formed a suitable completion and framing. The intermediate portions between the centre and the wings are positively, and we might say, ludicrously mean, were it not that they are calculated to excite a groan rather than a laugh; and being so low as they are, they expose many unsightly parts behind them, and allow us to perceive very plainly that the colonnaded façade is a mere 'show-front' stuck on to a very homely brick structure, which makes no pretensions to architectural design at all: yet it might either have been shut out from view by ornamental screen walls connecting the wings and main building, or the sides of the latter ought to have been faced with stone, if not throughout, for a considerable length, so that the exterior would have shewn itself to be of a piece as to material, instead of making the awkwardly patched-up and mean appearance it now does. If regard to economy hindered that being done, such economy should have been acted upon more consistently, for plain brick walls would have sufficed for the inner court, which not being seen by the public, contributes nothing to general architectural character.

How far economy has been consulted, may be judged from the fact of the residences for the officers having cost upwards of 11,000*l.* a-piece;—a fact upon which Mr. Ferguson animadverts very severely, but also very justly. Some excuse there would be for such extravagance, did those buildings help to compose a grand *ensemble*, whereas they produce quite a contrary effect, for they neither agree nor contrast with the main façade. Of mere contradiction there is enough and to spare—and contradiction surely it is, to thrust forward two ranges of mere dwelling-houses of the most commonplace

quality as to design, so as to diminish rather than extend the principal building; but most assuredly there is nothing of that artistic contrast which enhances general effect, and produces harmony in the general combination. Those dwelling-houses might just as conveniently, and infinitely more economically, have been erected in some less conspicuous situation; for instance, in Montague Street, where they would have served to screen the east side of the Museum, which now makes a most unsightly appearance. For our part we do not see what necessity there was for erecting dwelling-houses for the officers at all, since the same accommodation for them might have been provided far more cheaply by leasing or purchasing houses already built in the immediate neighbourhood. In either case there would then have been an opportunity for extending the Museum by erecting, whenever required—and they began to be required even now—additional galleries or libraries upon the sites now occupied by the officers' lodgings; so as eventually to form one continuous façade, varied in composition, but consistent in *ensemble*. That, of course, cannot now be done; neither can improvement be effected by bestowing sculptural decoration on the front of the centre building, because embellishment there would only serve to increase incongruity, and render all the rest more unsatisfactory than ever.

The trustees and their architect, however, seem to have been so perfectly satisfied with their plan as to deem it incapable of improvement; and, having been once fixed upon, to require no revision or further consideration. For the errors and oversight that have been committed, hurry cannot possibly be pleaded. The works of the present structure have been in progress for full a quarter of a century—ample time for making corrections and improving on first ideas. Among other traits which forcibly distinguish Sir Robert Smirke from Mr. Barry, is his *immovability* and *qualis ab incepto* fixity. While the latter is surprisingly *elastic* in his schemes, and stretches them out much further than was at first contemplated either by himself or others, Sir Robert adheres rigidly

to his first measures, even though public taste should have outgrown them during the progress of his work. Therefore, although a very considerable change in architectural taste had taken place long before he had arrived at the facade of his Museum, he did not avail himself of it. What was accounted classical chasteness when he first commenced his great work, had, in the interim, been voted to be frigid formality and chilly coldness. General ornateness and richness of detail had come to be demanded as almost a *sine quâ non* in design. What a quarter of a century ago would have been extravagance, had become the order of the day. Palatial club-houses, and other build- ings vieing with them in richness of external appearance, have risen up, and continue to do so, not in the metropolis alone, but in provincial cities and towns. Not only the new Assize Courts at Liverpool, but the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, and we may, perhaps, add the Taylor Institute at Oxford, eclipse the British Museum, and cause the economy shewn in it to appear somewhat mean and niggardly. After all, too, it has not much to boast of even on the score of mere economy, it having already cost altogether about seven hundred thousand pounds, or very nearly the sum which Mr. Barry gave in at first as sufficient for executing his design for the 'Houses of Parliament,' whose execution has, indeed, cost a good deal more; but then the 'Houses' have been converted into a 'Palace.' Sir Robert Smirke, on the contrary, has transformed our national Museum into houses, giving for his central pile a great *warehouse*, and for the wings to it, spruce dwelling-houses. But he has also given us a lesson—a dear one, it must be confessed—by which we ought henceforth to profit, viz. not to trust to trustees, but to look somewhat more narrowly than we have hitherto into the management of our national and public buildings, for which the nation and the public have to pay.

In order to account for what is likely to be thought strange tardiness in noticing a publication that, by its form belongs to the ephemeral pamphlet class, it is, perhaps, neces-

sary to explain that the above was written very soon after Mr. Fergusson's *Observations* had appeared, though circumstances have caused it to be delayed till now. However, the delay has been in some degree fortunate, inasmuch as what has recently passed in the House of Commons on the subject of Mr. Barry's building prevents our remarks from appearing out of date. Besides which, the present Exhibition at the Royal Academy has let us see Mr. Fergusson's embodiment of his idea for a new National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture, of which the general plan alone is given in his *Observations*. Desirable as it may be to consolidate the collection of the National Pictures with that of the national sculptures and antiquities in the British Museum, and thereby provide requisite accommodation in the latter building for the prodigiously increasing library, and, perhaps, for the public records also, the magnitude of the new structure proposed by Mr. Fergusson must cause his scheme to be looked upon certainly as extravagant, probably as chimerical also. For, according to his plan, the area of his building would be about nine times the extent of that occupied by the present Gallery, which would have to be demolished as well as the barracks and St. Martin's workhouse to be removed, and a great number of houses to be cleared away. Now we think that if anything is to be done at all upon a large scale, the most judicious and economical course would be to give up the whole of the present building to the Royal Academy, who would then have ample room for their exhibitions, and to erect a new 'Gallery,' as suggested by Mr. Doyle, in Kensington Gardens,* where, while the site would cost Government nothing, a building of the kind might be made greatly to improve the general appearance of the spot chosen for it. The building shown in Mr. Fergusson's design would, on the contrary, not at all improve the general appearance of Trafalgar Square, but be in some respects an alteration for the worse, it being, as shown in the drawing, so inordinately lofty as to diminish St. Martin's Church and all the other buildings,

* See *A Letter to Lord John Russell on the Future Location of the National Gallery and Royal Academy*. By John Doyle. 1850.

and to cause the square itself to look smaller.

If Wilkin's edifice is somewhat — and it is only somewhat — too low, Mr. Fergusson's would be by far too lofty, to say nothing of the inconvenience of having to ascend so much higher to the picture-galleries on the upper floor. As far as both external character and internal arrangement are concerned, extent or magnitude of length rather than that of height, is desirable for a building of the kind, therefore, although we admit that had the order been carried up as high as that and the balustrade together now are, the 'Gallery' would have been all the better, we cannot agree with those who complain, or merely repeat the complaint, of its being much too low. It is rather the number of breaks in the front, which, by interrupting the expression of lengthiness, and cutting it up into petty divisions, give a disagreeable littleness to the composition. This ought to be tolerably evident, because there is another piece of architecture in the metropolis which, notwithstanding that it is considerably lower than the Gallery, is treated with such *largeness* of manner as to be more than ordinarily impressive. Low and unvaried as it is in design, the west side of the Bank of England is so stamped by architectural gusto, that we think it must captivate the eye of every true artist. Having referred to the Bank, we may be allowed to go a little further, and bestow a word or two on one of the latest works in the City, if only because the pompous ceremony which took place when the building was first opened challenges the criticism which it was, perhaps, intended to stifle. What the Prince may have thought of the new Coal Exchange, and the taste of the citizens, we know not; no doubt much more than he cared to give utterance to: but our own opinion is, that it exhibits a most deplorable falling off in point of architectural design; for except its plan, which, by the bye, has obtained no notice, it betrays the most barbarous taste, and what is meant for decoration is no better than disfigurement, and is at once as coarsely tawdry as it is coarsely dowdy.

Before concluding we must return briefly once more to Mr. Fergusson, having omitted to apprise

our readers that he attacks the building added by Mr. Blore to Buckingham Palace, stigmatizing it, far more curtly than critically, as 'hideously ugly,' which it surely is not. There are even some pretty parts about it, and, had the same elevation been employed for a 'Victoria Terrace' in the Regent's Park, it might have passed for handsome, and for being in very good taste; but as the principal, or in fact the only public front of a royal metropolitan palace, it must be, and, indeed, is generally considered a failure; so decided a failure, that even the most sycophantic criticism dares not to express any admiration of it. Even a little ugliness might have been excused had there been but grandeur and dignity. There is nothing of either nobleness of manner or masterly conception; on the contrary, so much of littleness and common-place quality in the *ensemble*, that the statues and other parts expressly introduced for embellishment on the summit of the building, serve only to render the general insignificance of character all the more apparent. Buckingham Palace appears to have been doomed all along to sad architectural mismanagement: even the opportunity which, till lately, existed of retrieving its original disgrace by making a really fine façade towards the Park, has been most unaccountably thrown away, without so much as one effort being made to obtain a worthy design; whereas had there been a competition of some sort or other, we have not the slightest doubt but that many vastly superior ideas would have been elicited. As far as its general disposition goes, Mr. Fergusson exhibits in a small block-plan his idea for improving the palace, viz. to advance the original wings upwards of 250 feet, and to extend them to about 150 feet each in frontage, and connect them together by double open colonnades. By this means he would have obtained for the wings—at least for the south one, for the other he would have treated differently—even greater amplitude than the body of the palace, and would have produced on its south side another façade fully equal, if not greater in extent, than Mr. Blore's towards the Park, and certainly with a much more advantageous aspect. Yet hardly would

such plan have been found practicable; for it would have encroached upon that end of the Park in such a manner as scarcely to leave any public road at all between the palace and the 'enclosure;' consequently, considerable alteration of that portion of the Park would have been rendered indispensably necessary: nor ought such necessity to have been rendered an obstacle. Our greatest objection to Mr. Fergusson's idea is its making the north wing totally dissimilar from the other, although connected with it as already mentioned by colonnades, and forming, or being what ought to form, a portion of one general uniform façade. It may be observed—if that be any excuse for such gross violation of a primary and very obvious law in all architectural composition—that disregard of, or even decided aversion to, 'symmetrical regularity,' is pro-

fessed by Mr. Fergusson, as may be seen from his *Historical Inquiry into the True Principles of Beauty in Art*—a very superior production, by the bye, and one which displays no ordinary powers both of intellect and imagination, combined with most industrious and learned research. Still there are one or two crotchety points in it to which we cannot bring ourselves to assent; one of them being his depreciation of the Ionic capital. For the promised completion of the work, however, we look with no small degree of impatience, as what is to come is to treat of Mohamedan, Byzantine, and Gothic architecture and art; and we would hint to the author, that after he shall have completed the whole of his scheme, he would do well to consult popularity by publishing an abridgement of it, confined to such portions as are strictly architectural and artistic.

THE HEIRS OF GAUNTRY. A TALE.

CHAPTER II.

BY nine o'clock the doctor was at Gauntry. Lady Meredith was, in plain words, out of her senses. She wandered up and down, saying, 'There shall be silence in this house. Silence! I will have things quiet.'

'This restlessness is very dangerous,' said the physician; 'I must beg you, Lady Gertrude, to prevail on her to take this sleeping draught. I must go and see Mrs. Meredith.'

'Meredith! Meredith!' screamed the Viscountess; and the dreary voice echoed again and again through the halls and vaulted passages.

The doctor went to the Yellow Room, and as the door opened the voice was heard crying without. Mrs. Meredith stood shivering in a dressing-gown and slippers.

'Doctor, this is a sad, sad business. Where do you think he is?'

'Not alive, wherever he is, I fear.' She burst into tears.

The doctor found Meredith in an advanced stage of fever. He prescribed quiet, cooling draughts, and great care.

'That he shall have,' said Mrs. Meredith. And she took her seat

at his side, only rising once to ask for a cup of tea, which she procured with some difficulty, so wildly disorganized was the household of Gauntry.

Noon came. She saw the people returning who had gone out by daylight. Their clothes were wet; they had been dragging the river, but they had brought no good news with them.

Then half-an-hour after that she heard steps hurry along the passage. Lady Gertrude came to her door.

'Mrs. Meredith, it is necessary that our family lawyer should see Mr. Meredith,' she said, speaking in a whisper.

'But he is ill in bed. He has taken physic, and is very ill,—very ill, indeed.'

Lady Gertrude turned away, as if that was no concern of hers; and at four o'clock the express sent to Pwllh for Mr. Shue returned. Shue (his name is pronounced like the article of apparel) was a lawyer, who had managed the affairs of Gauntry for many years. He was a short, stout, dark man, with heavy, coarse features, possessed of considerable

shrewdness, and perfectly well acquainted with the peculiarities of the Viscountess, as well as those of her late husband. He had saved them both a good deal of trouble in his day, and the last Viscount had been in the habit of saying, 'I do not know what we should do without Shue.' This Shue had ever remembered as his most glorious boast, and he was accordingly the humble slave of the whole family. When he arrived, and was ushered into a morning-room, where Miss Saunders awaited him with a swelled nose and pink-rimmed eyes, he had not the least idea what was required of him; and he was, accordingly, considerably perplexed when he found that he was to go straight upstairs and interrogate the man in probable possession of Gauntry as to what he had done with the last heir,—or, in plain words, where he had buried him.

'I feel, I confess, considerable delicacy,' he began.

'But it must be done, sir,' said Miss Saunders.

'It *must* be done, as you indelicately observe,—it must be done; but I feel considerable difficulty —'

As he spoke, the door opened and the doctor entered.

'Mr. Shue, I have prepared the gentleman for your visit: he waits for you.'

Shue had to go up the grand staircase, with the dead certainty of offending somebody ere he came down again.

He found Mrs. Meredith, in a sort of demi-toilette that she had hastily arranged, sitting beside poor Meredith, who turned towards him his fever-stricken face as he entered the room. Shue took a seat at his side, and began delicately to cross-examine Meredith as to the hour—the minute at which he had parted from the young Viscount. Meredith summoned all his energy. He sat up and briefly told the same story.

'What, you waited for two hours?'

'Yes.'

'Why did you not go and look for him?'

'I thought that he must have a good many things to say or do with these men: I did not know what to do.'

'Did you see no one during this time?'

'No one. Stop! Yes, I *think*—I think, as I came in, that I saw that dwarfish boy—the game-keeper's lad, I think he is—coming from among the wood to the left.'

'Ah!' and Shue wrote this down.

Mrs. Meredith longed to ask him what he did this for, but she did not like to speak. Shue asked then to have Llewellyn sent for, and in half-an-hour Llewellyn was at Meredith's bedside. His wild dark eyes travelled rapidly from face to face; he mouthed and muttered, and seemed incapable of putting two ideas steadily together. His mother was with him, and interrogated him in the way that he best understood.

'He is crazy,' said Mrs. Meredith; but Mrs. Llewellyn turned on her, and in curt and forcible language told her she was a fool greater than her son ever was or could be.

Mrs. Meredith bowed to the decision, and the examination proceeded. The boy had not seen Meredith. He shook his head when questioned, and no other reply could be elicited from him.

'The deaf and dumb witness may retire,' said Shue; and he sighed, saying, 'It is an awkward business—very awkward.'

Meredith fell back on his pillow, and Shue rubbed his hands and retired. Mrs. Meredith felt that the scene had been painfully like a trial, and she cried to herself softly when she sat behind the curtain of her husband's bed.

Shue was to sleep at the castle that night, as well as the doctor. Both dined with Miss Saunders, while Lady Gertrude attended her sister.

'A precious awkward business this, sir,' said Shue, helping himself to wine.

'Very,' said the doctor.

'The Viscountess desires to see you,' said Miss Saunders to Shue.

'I shall be proud to attend on her ladyship,' he replied.

When the servants had gone away, the three drew closer together.

'What do you think?' said Miss Saunders.

'Think?' said Shue.

'Who did it?'

'Did it?'

'Yes; do you think he is drowned or —?'

'Drowned!' said the doctor.

'Hum!' said Shue.

'He is heir to all?' asked the doctor.

'Every door-nail here is his now.'

'When will he take possession?'

'To-night, if he likes.'

'Indeed,' said Miss Saunders.

'Where will the Viscountess go?' asked Shue.

'To Boseombe, I think,' said Miss Saunders.

'Aha, yes, of course. A fine young man. Well, it is a pity. Has this man children?'

'Yes, two—a boy of five, and a girl of seven.'

'The title is extinct,' said the doctor, helping himself to another glass of port.

'Great pity,' said Shue. 'Who knows, he may turn up.'

'Her ladyship wishes to see Mr. Shue,' said a servant.

He rose as white as ashes, and followed the man. Many times did he wish himself at home and in bed as he walked along the gallery that led to her rooms, for he heard her at the distance of many hundred yards talking loudly and crying.

'God help her!' said the woman who sat at the door.

It was opened, and Shue entered. The curtains were flung back from the window; the fire was out; the sash thrown open; the wind—the wild wind of October, was blowing freshly in, and breathing on the candles, with long and fluttering wicks, that stood on the table. The lady was standing upright. Her hair was tossed back from her noble face and brow, a shawl was wrapped round her; with a watch in her hand, and a chain of his hair round her neck, she stood talking incoherently—laughing, crying, moaning—asking for him, wondering why he came not, and ordering the servants to send this one and that one to her to give directions which she had forgotten by the time they came into her presence. When Shue came in, she gathered her shawl round her and bowed, and said, with a look of surprise,—

'Why have you come here?'

She looked at him intently, and then seized his arm with a scream so wild and piercing that he started back a step or two.

'Meredith! where is he? Find him for me. They have murdered him. Those people are here still; I will see them. Let me go, Gertrude—let me go. I will—I will—I say I will.'

Lady Gertrude tried in vain to hold her; she hurst from them, and reached the room where Mrs. Meredith was in the act of going to bed.

'Rouse him—call him—they are bringing in the body. He has killed him. Meredith! Meredith!'

'Hush, Louisa. Come to your room—yon are mad.'

'I am not mad—leave me alone! I am not mad!' She went to the bed, and drew back the curtain. Meredith started up. 'You killed him.'

He looked in her face, and with wild incoherent words denied, as if the accusation required a denial. Mrs. Meredith rose from her seat.

'You shall not plague and vex him. Go away. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

Lady Meredith turned on her.

'Out of my sight! I tell yon he murdered him. I will cry this out to the world—all men shall hear of it! He murdered him—he murdered him!' and she screamed till the servants drew near the door to hearken.

They removed her from the room, and Meredith was left alone with his wife.

'Jane, all the world will believe it—mark me. Oh, cursed fate!'

'Do not curse anything,' replied his wife. She fell on her knees, and implored of God to forgive them their sins; and the whole night long she lay awake listening to the music of the winds as they howled, like old, sad voices, round the turrets of Gauntry. At midnight Meredith said,—

'Look there! I see him dripping in blood—pale—pale—ha! Jane—look—look!'

He was raving in fever, and for three weeks the doctor stayed at Gauntry, going from room to room, and thinking that there was little to choose between the states of the lost and the living heir.

There had been thus a death without a funeral; and, moreover, a death without mournings, for none were ordered by the Viscountess, and Mrs.

Meredith doubted whether she should ever want a gown again, so crushed and humbled was she by all that had passed.

In the meantime, at the end of a month, the sick were beginning to recover their health. The neighbourhood had quite given up all idea of seeing Lord Meredith again; but the body had not been found—this puzzled every one. People began to tell tales of strange disappearances, in which the missing persons returned after a lapse of ten or fifteen years; and, besides these tales, there were others exceedingly painful and mysterious to those principally concerned.

'My gracious!' said Mrs. Old Finch. 'It is not possible he should have killed him! It is a wicked lie.'

'People *do* murder each other sometimes,' said Mrs. Tom, who was plaiting up a frill with great calmness beside the fire.

'But only low people do such things—not gentlemen.'

'Lord Ferrers was a nobleman.'

'Ah! so he was; but he was mad.'

'Well, so may Meredith be.'

'A *very* disagreeable story this,' said Mr. Mordaunt to his sister Cicely.

'A most absurd report, in my opinion,' said Miss Mordaunt. 'People ought to have their tongues cut out for saying such things.'

'I do not see that,' said Mr. Mordaunt. 'It is very singular—*very* singular, indeed!'

The next piece of news that electrified the dwellers in the Cathedral Close was, that the Viscountess was coming to Boscombe with Lady Gertrude Saint Germain, her sister, and that the Glyn Merediths were to return to their house in Salisbury in the course of the week, for they did not intend to live at Gauntry.

CHAPTER III.

It was quite true! The Glyn Merediths were not to live at Gauntry! They returned to their comparatively humble home on the Cathedral Green a week before the Viscountess and her sister established themselves at Boscombe. Great was the astonishment of every man, woman, and child, in Salisbury, when it became known that Meredith had refused to touch one penny of the rent-roll, or to reside within the walls of Gauntry, until twenty years should have elapsed from the day of the young heir's disappearance. The day before the Viscountess left the castle as a widowed and childless woman he had summoned Lady Gertrude to his presence; he had insisted on having one interview with the sisters, and then in the presence of the lawyer, the chaplain, and the whole household, he had proclaimed his innocence solemnly, as before God; and after stating that he trusted that the young man might yet return to enjoy his own again, he proclaimed that he would not allow one coin of the revenues of Gauntry to touch his palm till twenty years had passed: but that period once expired, he would take possession of lands, castle, and rents, and if one false tongue durst wag or whisper one cruel word as to the

innocence of his hands from blood, he would pursue the slanderer mercilessly to the grave.

'And your son!' cried the Viscountess, scornfully. 'He will enjoy a fortune as large as even you could wish.'

She left the room as she spoke, and Meredith saw her depart from Gauntry without exchanging another word with her. She established herself at Boscombe, and gradually her mind settled down to believing in his death; partially, at least, for at times she tore the black lappets from her head, and wildly raved of his cruel detention by the arts of the heirs of his lands; and she would pace madly up and down the room, and, as at first, her sole cry was 'Meredith! Meredith!'

But he was never mentioned in her presence; she complained to no one: but long, long were the nights that she spent wandering up and down in speechless and agonizing grief, and her sufferings were not made salutary by the tears of submission and penitence, for they were sufferings that render hard instead of softening the heart on which they had fallen so heavily. All her life she had been one-ideaed. In her youth, her own marriage, grandeur, and success, had been her one idea.

That match achieved, her husband, her rank, her wealth, her power, had united to form one mass for egotistical worship: after her husband's death her son had filled this vacant space, and now his unaccountable disappearance was the one idea that filled her woeful days and nights with dreams of revengeful hatred.

Every fibre of interest must find its centre in her personality. England was an interesting land because it contained Wales, and Wales contained Merioneth, and Merioneth encircled with its high hills the lands of Gauntry, and Gauntry was hers somehow! On this point there was wild confusion in her brain. She had worked herself up to imagine that that grand home, where she had lived so long a queen, was indeed hers, and that, by a murderous injustice, she had been thrust from her threshold. Still she had self-command enough to know that loud accusations would reach the ears of the law; and a trial she dreaded, for she knew that no proof could be obtained to send Glyn Meredith to the gallows direct. So she laid her plans differently. Under the mask of a most dignified resignation she hid her hatred, her deep-hearted revenge, and she devoted the whole energies of a powerful mind to the work of gradually gaining over the whole of the neighbourhood and county connexions to believe in the guilt of Meredith; and thus she meant to irritate a proud and injured spirit to criminate itself by passionate justification, or by a reserve still more fatal to its honour.

The arrival of the Viscountess at Boscombe was an event in so tame a society as that of Salisbury in 17—. There is a love of novelty in every breast (especially the female), and, consequently, to be admitted to a private view of the patrician mourner was a thing much to be desired.

This weakness was soon seen through by the Viscountess, and she turned it to her own use. Many of the dwellers in and about Salisbury had gone to Boscombe church, in the vague hopes of seeing the Great Lady; but these hopes had proved vain from the very secretive principles on which the pew was built, and no one having the audacity to jump on a bench and peep in. Public

curiosity was kept at bay until one or two were at last admitted in the morning to Boscombe, and then gradually the doors opened wider and wider, and entertainments were given, dinners and suppers, to the *élite* of the Close, and the town, and the county. Then the tide of popularity began to turn, and the whisperings of that great ocean—public opinion, began to wax louder and louder, and at last distinct, audible words, began to detach themselves from the indistinct murmurs of gossip.

The *esprit de petite ville* is just the *esprit de grande ville* seen through a magnifying glass. It is not for this, however, by any means less disgusting for its injustice, selfishness, and worship of the side from which most is to be got for good words. In every small town also, there is a body whose workings may be more narrowly observed than elsewhere, not without profit by those who love study of character; and this body, the female police, was especially energetic in Salisbury about the time of which we are treating. The centre of attention, interest, suspicion, and vigilant watching, was clearly the Glyn Merediths' house. Somehow people found that they were well received when they had any tattle, however small, to retail at Boscombe about Glyn Meredith and his household. Lady Meredith stated, meekly and kindly, that it was a great pity the Glyn Merediths would not come to Boscombe. She had asked them, she said—had pressed them to come, and she had received no answers. Reserve and pride—obstinate pride, were the leading characteristics of Meredith's mind; and he sternly forbade his wife to speak with any of the chattering women who infested the place. She was not to show the insulting letters written by the Viscountess, to which he meanwhile would never condescend to reply.

'Time must clear up his innocence,' sighed Mrs. Glyn Meredith to herself. 'I think that it is a pity he withdraws so much from society; but I have never contradicted him in his life before, and I cannot begin now.'

Meredith possessed a power of endurance that few could have un-

derstood. He would have slipped through the world unnoticed if it had not been for the fatal visit to Gauntry,—an event always alluded to mentally by Mrs. Meredith, as ‘our misfortune;’ but as it was, one flash of suspicion had sufficed to upset his reason, almost wither his happiness, and he had blindly and obstinately taken the very means to rivet suspicion to his name by the very efforts that he made to disarm it, and by not trusting to God alone to defend the right and clear his fame in his own good time.

It would be a curious ramble to follow the windings and turnings of the Viscountess’s diplomacy in the position she had voluntarily assumed as head of the female police of Salisbury and its vicinity; but the time will not permit, and therefore the reader will comprehend how Miss Parkes told Mrs. Old Finch, who repeated it to Mrs. Green, who whispered it to Mrs. Grippe, that Meredith had blood on the right-hand wristband of his shirt on that fatal day of October.

‘It may have been his nose,’ whispered a mild and charitable voice. Miss Mordaunt was very much disposed to think that it was from his nose, but her supposition was rejected with manifest scorn. However, Miss Mordaunt continued to visit Mrs. Glyn Meredith through good and evil report, and for that good reason was looked on coldly at Boscombe; for gradually the limits of liking and disliking, and at last visiting and not visiting, became strongly defined, and no one who spoke to Glyn Meredith or his wife were invited to Boscombe.

‘They have behaved shamefully to the Viscountess,’ said Miss Parkes, as she drove home from a supper at Boscombe, with her velvet robe rolled up in a hunch behind her.

‘Shamefully,’ echoed Mrs. Grippe.

‘Why?’ timidly said Miss Mordaunt, who was sitting a patient bodkin in her own chaise.

‘Why!’ screamed both ladies. ‘Why! why after her repeated invitations, to be treated so! It is enough to make one’s blood boil as an individual—but as a Viscountess!’

‘Well,’ said Miss Mordaunt, ‘we must not judge.’

‘Oh, that’s just the same as telling one to hold one’s tongue, and that,’ said Mrs. Grippe, ‘is a thing that I have never been able to do.’

‘Do try,’ said Miss Mordaunt piously, as they entered the quiet Cathedral Close, where they all lived.

A year—two years—passed on in this manner, month after month adding a blacker tinge to the fame of the heir of Gauntry. They were taken less and less notice of. How could it be otherwise, when Glyn Meredith would admit no one into the house, and would never condescend to make any advances to the Lady of Boscombe? There were times when Mrs. Meredith could not help thinking of an old Welsh legend, Gryffith and the Earl, that she had heard the nurse repeat to her little Gaspard, and which had been a favourite tale with him ever afterward. It was a tale of oppression on one side and long endurance on the other. Gryffith had been turned from his farm unjustly and by violent means, and he had deposited himself and his goods on the common in front of his house, and, determined to have the right at last, he let the might work its will. He had not raised his hand to make a shed for himself or his children, he had not tethered any of his cattle, he had let the rain, the wind, the snow, the thunder of seven summers pass over his head; and his cattle strayed, his wife died, his children sickened, and he sat immovable in the middle of the ruin of his life, while his lord let him lie near his castle-gate, and passed him day by day as he rode out triumphantly with horn and hound for the chase in the green lands of Llanedries. Mrs. Meredith’s fancy was filled with that tale, and she imagined the face, the form of Mad Gryffith, as he sat on the common immovable as a Fakcer, cruel as death to his own flesh, proud as Lucifer, grand, too, in his unreasonable obstinacy; and this face, and this form, always bore a resemblance to those of Glyn Meredith!

At the end of three years, however, it began to be reported that Mrs. Meredith was ‘losing her health,’ and when it had once taken it into its head to go it departed at an awfully rapid rate that same

health. But she saw no doctor. She managed herself, she said; and Mesdames Parkes and Grippe expressed at Boscombe a fear that Meredith's conscience would have to carry double for the murder of Mrs. Glyn Meredith also. It was clearly a horror of his species that had taken possession of him. A sure sign of guilt! This was said to the sisters of the Viscountess merely, however; for to the lady herself nothing so broad was ever spoken. She never said anything that could have brought her before the public as a slanderer; she only regretted the cruel usage of the heirs of Gauntry with respect to herself. They neglected her sadly; and she, as Mrs. Grippe graphically described it, had just 'cried bottles-full about it.'

The body-guard of toadies were unceasing in their efforts to make the Viscountess beloved as she should be, quite unconscious that she hated and despised them; as all, however bad, do hate and despise the tools of their mean and envious designs. In the meantime they were happy; for they visited at Boscombe, they heard news of the court, of Paris, of the fashions, of the news and chat of the day, for the Viscountess had a large connexion. There were, as has been before said, seven of the Ladies Saint Germain; of these the eldest was Lady Elizabeth Prior, a positively disagreeable woman, marked with the small-pox, in consequence of which disfigurement she had accepted Prior, a stupid man of moderate fortune.

In that year of 17—, there were at Boscombe, besides the three that have been mentioned, Earl Vincent and his lady—another sister of Lady Meredith—and Lady Constance Beaulieu, the youngest but one of the St. Germain sisterhood. Lady Constance, after running a course of scarlet riding-dresses, pink kid boots, and such mad-cap fancies, had become a friend of 'dear Lady Huntingdon,' and had listened to the 'clear Gospel pipe' of the great company of preachers who did so much good and a little harm in England about eighty years ago.

There were also Lady Theodosia Manners,—a prosperous, excitable, chatty widow of eight-and-thirty:

Lady Augusta Sedley (the family fire-brand); and Lady Mary Macglauchlin (the disgrace of the family), who had, when a meek, ugly girl in the school-room, run off with a Highland gentleman of no fortune.

Lady Theodosia thought that Meredith lay in a pool of the river at Gauntry; Lady Constance believed that one of Lady Huntingdon's tracts had so deeply impressed his mind, that he had gone on a secret mission to the copper-faced Indians,—*secretly*, she said, for his mother, Louisa, was, alas! a worldly woman. And here it may be as well to mention the opinions held by the rest of the family on the subject of Lord Meredith's disappearance. Earl Vincent said that he had been drowned, and thus agreed with Lady Theodosia. The Countess Vincent opined that 'it would be explained some day.' Beaulieu himself said that he had fallen in love with some girl of low birth, and dreading Lady Meredith fully as much as he (Beaulieu) did, that Lord Meredith had retired to lead a life of domestic seclusion at some town in the south of Europe, whence he would return when he had a few children to provide for. Lady Elizabeth Prior vaguely persisted in saying that he was 'in debt'; Lady Augusta Sedley in vain tried to get her to say to whom, and for what; Lady Elizabeth always replied that every one knew what 'debts' were, and she would not be more explicit. Mr. Sedley frankly confessed that he had not the remotest idea of the truth of the matter. Lady Mary Macglauchlin had written at first to say that she thought there must have been some sad mistake in the whole affair. Mr. Prior thought that he had 'fallen into a hole.' This was an argument that raised all in arms against Mr. Prior. A hole! a vague hole! What sort of hole? A hole in the park of Gauntry! Prior remained firm while the storm raged, and then once mildly reiterated his confession of faith,—'I think he *has* fallen into some hole.'

There are some small societies where the hand of Death or that of Time is not visible, except in the case of the very old and the very young. All those who stand between the flowery boundary of childhood

on one side, and the pale, frosty, mountain barrier of age on the other, seem to stand in the same lights for years together. They appear almost immovable in their place, and their immutability gives one's heart a feeling of glad security that to-day is as yesterday, and this year as last, and that the path of the future will be lighted by the familiar eyes of friendly faces, and that the fearful day of heartrending change is yet wrapped in the distant mists of most remote futurity.

Mesdames Finch, Parkes, Gripps, Green, Pratt, and Quin, remained as prosperous, chatty, and cheerful as when they first watched the exit and entrances of the heirs of Gauntry from their humble door on their return from their last 'outing.'

It would be tedious to follow the track of the different threads of complaint that wound their way through Mrs. Meredith's constitution. Suffice it to say, that they combined and strangled her one day. 'Was her death sudden?' every one asked. Yes, for all death is sudden *at last*. Come he ever so slow, his last spring over the bright barriers of life is a sudden one; and each of us must feel the cry of 'the Bridegroom cometh!' to be as the approach of the thief in the night. So every one was astonished when Mrs. Meredith died, and many were the speculations as to how Mr. Meredith would behave himself now that his poor wife was dead. Their minds were soon relieved, for he went on exactly as he did before; and as months passed away, the girl Ellinor began to find herself a lone bird in a home wonderfully like a prison, for Gaspard had been sent to a cheap and distant school.

Glyn Meredith had sent his boy to be educated on a plan that was not likely to embarrass him for want of means, for Meredith himself was the son of a man who had been unfortunate in some of his affairs, and who had died all but a bankrupt, and the fortune of his wife had been all he had to depend on when he married her at the age of one-and-thirty.

Meredith's father had been a younger branch of the great and noble family of Glyn Meredith of Gauntry; and, in consideration of

his high descent, the son had been educated in no profession, and had grown up an ignorant, proud, obstinate, handsome young man, such as Henry the Fifth's Katharine might have classed with the Tudors, as 'the goodliest dumb creatures ever she saw.'

At the time when Meredith was a boy, Wales was still in the primitive state of its romantic days. The magic voice of the wild old days still chanted its superstitions in the ears of the peasantry. The ancient manners, the antique customs, still held their ground, before they were swept away by the strong arm of religious reform, by which early Methodism dealt the parting blow to the dying remnants of romantic and national character; before the Viscountess's reign at Gauntry was over—the first struggle of the wild and earnest preachers of Methodism; and she had been one of those who had most vehemently opposed themselves to the suppression of the ancient habits now denominated heathenish, but in which she only saw the dying embers of the magnificent feeling of the feudal times when might was right, and the words of a Meredith ruled the princely territory of Gauntry. She prided herself especially in resisting all attempts at reform of abuses; she patronized the harpings of the people's harpers,—the singing-eves, when both girls and young men met to chant the old airs of their country; she revived as much as possible the ancient fires of the bardic times, and it was her day-dream to think of her son as the future prince of the hearts of Wales; and she had laboured to impress him from early days with the notion that much of the future of the country depended on him; and that on him, as Lord of Gauntry, all eyes were turned in expectation.

The acute De Staël said, *Les hommes cherchent à s'arranger comme une histoire, les femmes comme un roman*; and, consequently, the weaker sex are more frequently gratified by success in their aim of life. The Viscountess in Wales is still the heroine of her romance, and in the country round Gauntry you may to this day hear the tale told in more vivid words than these in which it is now expressed; but as they would

probably be in Welsh, good reader, you would perhaps not comprehend them, and, therefore, be content with a tepid translation.

Years rolled on. The Viscountess had effectually prevented Glyn Meredith from justifying himself in the eyes of the world. He and his daughter lived still in the small, dull house, beneath the shadow of the cathedral spire. Their going out, their coming in, was watched with eyes of wonder, suspicion, and pity, according as the spirit moved the possessors of the different eyes bent on their humble door. It was truly a wonderful thing to see a man who might have 'rolled in gold' pertinaciously refusing to do so, and living a life of penury, of privation, and proud, silent seclusion. His son had left the school where he had first been placed, and had been sent to board with a clergyman in Yorkshire. Both had been brought up in ignorance of their father's history. Ellinor had indeed gathered that there was a chance of their succeeding to some great property; but Glyn Meredith never let her communicate with any one, and she gave herself no concern, except when now and then she heard by chance of other girls enjoying pleasures and amusements from which she was, of course, debarred. Her life was one of domestic cares, and these are very apt to keep down the questionings even of an active mind, and Ellinor's was more like that of her mother—gentle, though cheerful and contented, and only seeking to do the business that was immediately before her well and pleasantly. Meredith did little in the day but walk up and down the room, sit down, get up again, go out, come in again; but as time passed on he seemed to take more interest in reading, and at times occupied himself for an hour or two in the evening in that manner while Ellinor worked. She had grown up a pretty girl with a lispng voice, full of romantic charm, manners simple as those of a child, and a heart pure from selfish and unamiable passions. She knew that Lady Meredith was connected with them, though distantly; but it did not astonish her that so great a person should not condescend to notice her, a poor little girl in the Cath-

edral Close. It was not until Gaspard came home, at the age of sixteen, for a three months' vacation before going to college, that the truth was revealed to Ellinor. Gaspard had arrived late one evening, and his sister soon saw that on his face there was a cloud and a change. She feared to question him, for she saw dark and suspicious glances pass between the father and the son. Supper passed in silence and gloomy reserve; Meredith rose and left the room abruptly, and Gaspard and Ellinor were left alone together. In vain Ellinor pressed him to tell her the secret cause of his grief. He refused, and said, that for two days he could not reveal to her the distress that he confessed preyed on his mind.

Before Ellinor rose next morning Gaspard had been out towards Boscombe. A restless desire had seized him to see the gates of the Viscountess's house, and he almost planned effecting an entrance to challenge her proofs of his father's guilt; but his heart failed him, and he turned home. Twice he tried to address his father, but the stern eyes of Meredith struck him dumb, and at last calling Ellinor from her room, he told her to come and walk with him to the Downs. She agreed, and in half-an-hour they had left the grey city behind them, and felt the pure bracing air of the uplands fan their faces heated with the warm afternoon sun, and Gaspard had walked on swiftly and silently. At last he paused, and said,—

'Ellinor, have you a strong and courageous heart—a heart that will share the sore burden of mine?'

'I love you, dear Gaspard,' she replied, anxiously.

'Ah! indeed?' said Gaspard. He paused, and then added,—'Ellinor, I have a strange history to tell you.'

'Yes, I know it!' she cried. 'I implore of you to tell me now, Gaspard, now that we are alone together.'

'There is nothing to hear but what is well known by others, Ellinor,' said her brother, sadly. 'Our father is master of Gauntry, and we live like—beggars! hut the cause of this, Ellinor, lies there;' and he pointed to the great stone gate of Boscombe.

'There, Gaspard?'

'Yes: our father succeeded the last Lord Meredith on the death—the sudden death—of the latter; but the cause of that death has never been discovered, and the Dowager Lady suspected my father!'

'Great God!' cried Ellinor, seizing hold of Gaspard's arm.

'Ellinor, be calm, there is nothing to fear; it is not true—it is not true.'

He was terrified at the horror he had excited, and tried to pacify her in vain. She could not listen—she walked rapidly to and fro, crying in loud tones,—

'My father! our father! our father!'

'Ellinor, listen to me, I beseech you. It is not believed.'

'Believed!' cried Ellinor. She clung to his arm, her head fell on his shoulder, and Gaspard found that she had fainted. It was long before Ellinor revived; and when she did, she lay on the grass at his feet, not crying, but, like one of old, 'astounded.' Neither spoke. At last she rose, put her hand in his, and they went on their way home again.

They never exchanged a word on the subject for many days. Horror kept both silent. Suspicion bade them watch their father's moody silence; his sad and lowering face; his discontent; the neglect in which they lived; and Meredith was the heir of thousands!

When a month had elapsed, Gaspard began to give signs of impatience. He wished to make some movement to bring things to a crisis with the neighbourhood. He longed to challenge any one—every one—to show their proofs; and it happened that an opportunity occurred at that time whereby he might test fairly enough the state of public opinion with respect to his father. There was to be an assembly in Salisbury,—a ball, at which all the neighbourhood would attend. To this Gaspard was determined to take Ellinor; and to secure Meredith's leave was the dream by night, and the thought by day, of the young man.

Meredith at first refused with violent words, but gradually he seemed to get accustomed to the idea, and at last it pleased him, and he gave the brother leave to take his sister, danse a minuet with her if he and she

liked, and amuse themselves as well as they could. Ellinor's mind wavered wildly between a wish for staying at home unnoticed, and a desire to show that her place was with the rich and noble. A strange sort of pride and honest indignation had arisen within her, and some few sparks of the fiery heart of the old Glyn Meredith line began to glimmer within her spirit.

She dressed that night in a mood that sent the crimson to her cheek and the light to her blue eyes; and, leaving her father in his own room, occupied apparently with a book, she set off in a sedan chair to the rooms where the ball was to be held. At the door stood the coach and four of the Viscountess. It had conveyed a party from Boscombe. Ellinor and Gaspard made their way through the crowd, and she entered the room blazing already with waxen lights, and filled with a brilliant company.

Ah, those were the days when a master of the ceremonies was a considerable potentate! Ellinor looked fearfully at him as he stood in wig, tights, diamond buckles, and bright hilted sword, and she passed up the saloon as the courtly measure of the first minuet rose on the ear of the dancers. She felt dazzled and overpowered, and looking round, she saw every eye fixed upon her with staring and unsympathetic curiosity; and she heard one lady, in a blue sacque and pearl top-knot, whisper,—'They ought to have stayed away.' She clung to Gaspard's arm, and they stood where they were, till the quaint and lively old dance music of eighty years ago struck up, and Ellinor saw prosperous girls and their partners forming sets; and at last a form, radiant as the morning, flew past, and as she and her partner again passed up the close files of dancers, Ellinor had time to observe the face and figure of a girl about her own age, dressed in a style of courtly elegance, with powder on her stately young head, in which glittered a diamond arrow and a delicate crimson plume. Her robe was of white satin embroidered in rosebuds, a pearl rope was twisted round her waist, and a star of brilliants glittered in her breast. It was Lady Anna Neville's first ball, and the eyes of Gaspard and Ellinor were

doubly attracted to her when they knew her connexion with the Viscountess. She was her niece; and Lady Meredith, though she was unable to see her *début*, was pleased to express herself satisfied that Salishury was to witness it.

After the dance Ellinor stood mournfully at her brother's side. The flush, the light, had faded from her face; and as Lady Anna passed, a breath of wind sent forth from her large gilded fan such a death-like chill over the miserable Ellinor. She felt that no one looked on them kindly, and it was not until she saw Matilda Mordaunt at a distance that she rallied at all. Matilda, however, was anxious that she should dance, and introduced her to a partner, in which way she was enabled to set Gaspard free for a short time. This leisure he occupied by requesting an introduction from the master of the ceremonies to Lady Anna Neville. Gaspard was presented to her. Blushing, she accepted his invitation, for she suspected that she was doing wrong; but who could have refused Gaspard? His face, his figure, and air had that patrician brilliancy and splendour that suited well with the rich and picturesque dress of his day. For it *was* picturesque then, though now we have allied it to the vision of the footman behind your chair. But Gaspard, in his dark blue coat laced with gold, his *chapeau bras*, his delicate lace ruffles and cravat, and huddled shoes, was not by any means an object to be despised; and so Lady Vincent thought, for she was a prudent mother, and believed in the future prospects of the young heir of Gauntry, in consequence of which she allowed her daughter to dance twice with him; but at the conclusion of the last country-dance the Earl walked up to his daughter and took her away. With a flushed cheek Gaspard watched their movements. He went to rejoin Ellinor, whom he found alone, sunk in spirit and longing to go home.

'Has any one dared to insult you?' whispered Gaspard.

'Hush! it is nothing,' she replied.

'I *will* know,' he again whispered vehemently.

Ellinor looked significantly at the back of a stont and brilliant lady, and Gaspard at last understood that

Lady Theodosia Manners had said, loud enough for his sister to hear,—

'They are the children of the wretch Meredith!'

'You shall answer for it,' muttered Gaspard.

They saw the company troop to supper, and, sick of the mortifications of the evening, the brother and sister went to their home; but the revel was kept up till a late hour, and daylight was looking out of her dewy eyes before the Boscombe party left the city behind them.

It was about noon the following day that the lacquey in attendance announced the entrance of Mr. Gaspard Meredith at the door of the saloon of Boscombe; and before any one in that lofty apartment had had time to withdraw, Gaspard himself was in the room. The Viscountess rose. They looked at each other, and the eyes of young Meredith fell on a figure full of erect dignity and magnificent haughtiness. Her appearance had lost little of the conspicuous beauty of her splendid youth; her dress was of black brocade, her hair was powdered and turned back over a cushion; a small miniature of her lost son, encircled with brilliants, fastened a fine lawn handkerchief that lay over her shoulders, and was plaited in neat and careful folds round her swan-like throat. A stately grief was the chief characteristic of her face and air; and Gaspard, as he gazed, felt almost guilty in having ventured into the presence of one who at least fancied herself so deeply injured. At her side sat Lady Theodosia, scratching the head of a small, expensive dog; and near the window sat the fair Lady Anna, working some work as old-fashioned now as crochet will be eighty years hence. Lady Meredith grasped the arm of the seat on which she sat; then recovering herself, said, with a proud composure,—

'To what am I indebted for this unexpected visit?'

Meredith was silent. His heart beat violently.

'A chair for Mr. Meredith,' said the kind voice of the Countess Vincent. But Gaspard did not accept it, for the Viscountess rose, and, with a face pale as death, hurried from the room. The eyes, the hair of the youth before her, had recalled too vividly

those of his young kinsman. Lady Theodosia rushed from the room also, and Gaspard was left standing before Lady Anna and her mother. They approached him with kind and soothing words, but tears stood in his eyes, and his limbs trembled beneath him at the recollection of the mighty grief on that lofty and woe-worn countenance.

In a few minutes a servant entered with a message from the Viscountess. Mr. Meredith was requested to leave the house instantly. With a burning face Gaspard hurried from the saloon, but not before a ray of pity had darted from the eyes of the fair Anna to his. It is not to be doubted that my Lord Bacon was a great authority in all matters pertaining to this sublunary world, and he hath declared 'the aspects which procure love are not gazings, but sudden glances and dartings of the eye.' Therefore, O reader, be not amazed when I tell thee that Gaspard did store among his sweetest fancies that Lady Anna did not disregard him as a young man of no account in her eyes, but that, on the contrary, she had looked on him with a kindly and compassionate interest.

Gaspard, not long after that, went to college, for Meredith wished to make him capable of taking his place in the world, should he be at some future day Lord of Gauntry; but not one farthing more was he to have for the years that still remained of the period so often mentioned than what would have been his portion had his father possessed no more than the very small fortune that was originally his wife's. On this point Meredith was firm, or obstinate, which you will; and as there was no one to contradict him, it is not wonderful that he remained of the same mind on the subject. It must be mentioned, that in less than a week after Gaspard's visit it was reported in the city of Salisbury that Lady Meredith had been confined to her room and her bed for several days, in consequence of the violence practised on her by Meredith and his family, who had effected an entrance into her sleeping-chamber in the middle of the night.

'Goodness!' said Mrs. Pratt; 'and he had a stick!'

'Oh, he *had* a stick, had he?' cried

Mrs. Gripps. 'I must go and tell Miss Parkes *that*.'

Gaspard was set afloat in college life; and not being naturally gifted with very studious habits, he led a pleasant, idle life, trying as much as possible to forget the sad history of his family, and looking forward to the time of deliverance from a poverty that ground down to the earth a spirit desirous of splendid ease, generous to a fault, and princely in its very extravagance. In short, Gaspard overspent himself. Hoping to make matters better, he borrowed money on high interest; deeper and deeper he plunged, urged on by a gang of idle, unprincipled, pleasant young gentlemen, who represented to him the absurdity of waiting ten years, or it might be twenty, for what he might enjoy that very hour. And this reasoning weighed with young Meredith, who felt his popularity increase as he spent more and more; until at last, to his extreme horror, he found himself completely entangled; and two years and a half before the expiration of the term of twenty years he was compelled to go home as a suppliant, and there beg Ellinor to intercede with his father for him.

The privileges enjoyed by the sons of a family to spend money without incurring the everlasting disgrace that would indubitably fall on the daughters who did such things, is one of the strangest and most mischievous superstitions. We hear with a shake of the head that young Somebody has been wild and extravagant; but what words could be found severe enough to express a just sense of the iniquity of young Somebody's sister in running up a bill at the confectioner's or the milliner's for dainties or dresses?

It was with great and sudden joy that Ellinor saw Gaspard arrive; a joy, however, soon damped when she found what his errand was. The brother and sister sat up till late talking over the most likely way to mollify the anger of Meredith; and when Ellinor at last retired to rest, it was to disturbed slumbers and dreams of the galleries of Gauntry, where she saw before her the pale face and long fair hair of the lost heir, as she remembered him when a child; and her dream deepened into

nightmare and horror as a skeleton hand pressed hers, and she saw Lord Meredith standing before her bloody, and the mark of an iron-shod heel on his throat, and with wild screams she tried to tear herself from his grasp; and she woke with her own voice ringing in her ears, 'Meredith! Meredith!'

'Lurd! lurd! he's in the parlour a fightin' like a mad 'un!' and Ellinor started up and found the servants at her side trying to wake her. She started up and dressed with that haste which is attainable by the female sex when they have no end to serve in keeping male friends in subjection at the bottom of the stairs with their hats in their hands. She sprang down stairs as quickly as possible, and reached the entrance of her father's room. The door was thrown open, and Gaspard was thrown violently out head foremost.

'Go, sir!' shouted Meredith; 'go, and remember that I cursed you as I sent you from my door. I will never see your face again in this world, and in the next I —'

Ellinor sprung on his arm and placed her hands over his quivering lips. He tore them away, but Gas-

pard was gone. Ellinor justly suspected that Gaspard had made the desperate attempt of telling his father that he knew the suspicion attached to his name, and Meredith had thrust him away in ungovernable fury; for never had mortal, with the exception of the Viscountess, breathed the injurious words in his ear. His was not the temper to take the insult tamely from his only son.

Gaspard left Salisbury that day. It soon became known in the Close that Gaspard had quarrelled with his father and had overspent himself at Oxford; and Miss Parkes said, with a sigh, that riches were great snares, in her opinion.

'Then, madam,' cried Mordaunt, 'your opinion is that of a fool! Riches are *not* what you call snares!'

'It is a judgment on a covetous father,' said Miss Parkes.

'It is a warning to worldly-minded people,' said Mrs. Gripps.

'It is just what I expected,' said Mrs. Pratt.

The Viscountess was duly informed of the fact, and in time she and others learnt the additional news that young Meredith had gone to Wales.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

PART VIII.

ELEGANT and ingenious as are the structures and collections of the satin bower-bird, the species of the allied genus *Chlamydera* display still greater architectural abilities, and more extensive, collective, and decorative powers.

The spotted bower-bird* is an inhabitant of the interior. Its probable range, in Mr. Gould's opinion, is widely extended over the central portions of the Australian continent; but the only parts in which he observed it, or from which he procured specimens, were the districts immediately to the north of the colony of New South Wales. During his journey into the interior he saw it in tolerable abundance at Brezi, on the river Mokai, to the northward of the Liverpool plains; and it was also

equally numerous in all the low scrubby ranges in the neighbourhood of the Namoi, as well as in the open brushes that intersect the plains on its borders. Mr. Gould is gifted with the eye of an observer; but, from the extreme shyness of its disposition, it generally escapes the attention of ordinary travellers, and it seldom allows itself to be approached near enough for the spectator to discern its colours. Its 'harsh, grating, scolding note,' betrays its haunts to the intruder; but, when disturbed, it seeks the tops of the highest trees, and, generally, flies off to another locality.

Mr. Gould obtained his specimens most readily by watching at the water-holes where they come to drink; and on one occasion, near

* *Chlamydera maculata*.—GOULD.

the termination of a long drought, he was guided by a native to a deep basin in a rock where water, the produce of many antecedent months, still remained. Numbers of the spotted bower-birds, honeysuckers, and parrots, sought this welcome reservoir, which had seldom, if ever before, reflected a white face. Mr. Gould's presence was regarded with suspicion by the winged frequenters of this attractive spot; but while he remained lying on the ground perfectly motionless, though close to the water, their wants overpowered their misgivings, and they would dash down past him and eagerly take their fill, although an enormous black snake was lying coiled upon a piece of wood near the edge of the pool. At this interesting post Mr. Gould remained for three days. The spotted bower-birds were the most numerous of the thirsty assemblage there congregated, and the most shy, and yet he had the satisfaction of frequently seeing six or eight of them displaying their beautiful necks as they were perched within a few feet of him. He states that the scanty supply of water remaining in the cavity must soon have been exhausted by the thousands of birds that daily resorted to it, if the rains which had so long been suspended had not descended in torrents.

Mr. Gould discovered several of the bowers of this species during his journey to the interior, the finest of which, now in the National Museum, he brought to England. He found the situations of these runs or bowers to be much varied. Sometimes he discovered them on the plains studded with Myalls (*Acacia pendula*), and sometimes in the brushes with which the lower hills were clothed. He describes them as considerably longer, and more avenue-like, than those of the satin bower-bird, extending in many instances to three feet in length. Outwardly they were built with twigs, and beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that their upper ends nearly met. The decorations were very profuse, consisting of bivalve shells, skulls of small animals, and other bones.

Evident and beautiful indications of design (continues Mr. Gould) are manifest throughout the whole of the bower

and decorations formed by this species, particularly in the manner in which the stones are placed within the bower, apparently to keep the grasses with which it is lined fixed firmly in their places: these stones diverge from the mouth of the run on each side so as to form little paths, while the immense collection of decorative materials, bones, shells, &c. are placed in a heap before the entrance of the avenue, this arrangement being the same at both ends. In some of the larger bowers, which had evidently been resorted to for many years, I have seen nearly half a bushel of bones, shells, &c. at each of the entrances. In some instances, small bowers, composed almost entirely of grasses, apparently the commencement of a new place of rendezvous, were observable. I frequently found these structures at a considerable distance from the rivers, from the borders of which they could alone have procured the shells, and small, round pebbly stones; their collection and transportation must, therefore, be a task of great labour and difficulty. As these birds feed almost entirely upon seeds and fruits, the shells and bones cannot have been collected for any other purpose than ornament; besides, it is only those which have been bleached perfectly white in the sun, or such as have been roasted by the natives, and by this means whitened, that attract their attention. I fully ascertained that these runs, like those of the satin bower-bird, formed the rendezvous of many individuals; for, after secreting myself for a short space of time near one of them, I killed two males which I had previously seen running through the avenue.

The plumage of this species is remarkable. A rich brown pervades the crown of the head, the ear-coverts and the throat, each feather being bordered by a narrow black line; and, on the crown, the feathers are small and tipped with silver gray. The back of the neck is crossed by a beautiful, broad, light, rosy pink band of elongated feathers, so as to form a sort of occipital crest. The wings, tail, and upper surface, are deep brown, every feather of the back, rump, scapularies, and secondaries, having a large round spot of full buff at the tip. Primaries slightly tipped with white. All the tail-feathers with buffy white terminations. Under parts grayish white. Flank-feathers zigzagged, with faint transverse light brown lines. Bill and feet dusky brown. At the corner of the mouth the bare, thick,

fleshy, prominent skin, is of a pinky flesh colour, and the irides are dark brown.

The rosy frill adorns the adults of both sexes: but the young male and female of the years have it not.

Another species, the great bower-bird,* was probably the architect of the bowers found by Captain Grey during his Australian rambles, and which interested him greatly in consequence of the doubts entertained by him whether they were the works of a bird or of a quadruped,—the inclination of his mind being, that their construction was due to the four-footed animal. They were formed of dead grass and parts of hushes, sunk a slight depth into two parallel furrows, in sandy soil, and were nicely arched above; they were always full of broken sea-shells, large heaps of which also protruded from the extremity of the bower. In one of these bowers, the most remote from the sea of those discovered by Captain Grey, was a heap of the stones of some fruit that evidently had been rolled therein. He never saw any animal in or near these bowers; but the abundant droppings of a small species of kangaroo close to them, induced him to suppose them to be the work of some quadruped.

Here, then, we have a race of birds whose ingenuity is not merely directed to the usual ends of existence, self-preservation, and the continuation of the species, but to the elegancies and amusements of life. Their bowers are their ball and assembly rooms; and we are very much mistaken if they are not, like those places of meeting,

For whispering lovers made.

The male satin bower-bird, in the garden at the Regent's Park, is indefatigable in his assiduity towards the female; and his winning ways to coax her into the bower conjure up the notion that the soul of some Damon, in the course of its transmigration, has found its way into his elegant form. He picks up a brilliant feather, flits about with it before her, and when he has caught her eye adds it to the decorations.

Haste my Nanette, my lovely maid,

Haste to the bower thy swain has made.

No enchanted prince could act the deferential lover with more delicate or graceful attention. Poor fellow, the pert, intruding sparrows, plague him abominably; and really it becomes almost an affair of police that some measures should be adopted for their exclusion. He is subject to fits too, and suddenly, without the least apparent warning, falls senseless, like an epileptic patient; but presently recovers, and busies himself about the bower. When he has induced the female to enter it, he seems greatly pleased; alters the disposition of a feather or a shell, as if hoping that the change may meet her approbation; and looks at her as she sits coily under the overarching twigs, and then at the little arrangement which he has made, and then at her again, till one could almost fancy that one hears him breathe a sigh. He is still in his transition dress, and has not yet donned his full Venetian suit of black.

In their natural state, the satin bower-birds associate in autumn in small parties; and Mr. Gould states that they may then often be seen on the ground near the sides of rivers, particularly where the hrush feathers the descending bank down to the water's edge. The male has a loud, liquid call; and both sexes frequently utter a harsh, guttural note, expressive of surprise and displeasure.

Geffrey Chaucer, in his argument to *The Assemblée of Foules*, relates that, 'All foules are gathered before Nature on St. Valentine's day, to chuse their makes. A formell egle beyng beloved of three tercelles, requireth a yeeeres respite to make her choise: upon this triall, *Qui bien aime tard oublie*—'He that loveth well is slow to forget.' The female satin bower-bird in the Regent's Park, seems to have taken a leaf out of the 'formell egle's' book; for I cannot discover that her humble and most obsequious swain has been rewarded for his attentions, though they have been continued through so many weary months; but we shall never be able entirely to solve these mysteries till we become possessed of the rare ring sent to the King of Sarra hy the King of Arabie, 'by the vertue whereof' his daughter

* *Chlamydera nuchalis*.

understood 'the language of all fonles,' unless we can

Call up him that left untold

The story of Camhascan bold,
Of Camhall and of Algiersife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride.

Edmund Spenser, with due reverence for

Dan Chancer (well of English undefiled), has indeed done his best to supply the defect,* and has told us that

Cambello's sister was fair Canacee,
That was the learnedst lady in her days,
Well seen in every science that mote be,
And every secret work of nature's ways,
In witty riddles, and in wise soothsays,
In power of herbs and tunes of beasts
and birds :

but we learn from him no more of the ring than 'Dan Chaucer' tells us :—

The vertue of this ring, if ye woll here,
Is this, that if she list it for to were
Upon her thombe, or in her purse it bere,
There is no foule that fleeth under heven
That she ne shall understand his steven,†
And know his meaning openly and plaine,
And answer him in his language againe:

as Canacee does in her conversation with the falcon in *The Squier's Tale*. Nor is the 'vertue' of the ring confined to bird-intelligence, for the knight who came on the 'steed of brass,' adds,—

And every grasse that groweth upon root
She shall well know to whom it will do
hooit,

All be his wounds never so deep and wide.

But we must return from these realms of fancy to a country hardly less wonderful; for Australia presents, in the realities of its quadrupedal forms, a scene that might well pass for one of enchantment.

To the uninitiated, a commencement of an account in the following manner would look very like a narrative proceeding from the pen of the renowned Captain Lemuel Gulliver.:

The country of the marsupiates, or purse-bearers, is of enormous extent, and forms a fifth quarter of the globe. Their young are born in an embryotic state, and conveyed to a comfortable *marsupium* or pouch belonging to the mother, where there are teats, to which these fetuses at-

tach themselves by their mouths. Here they stick, like little animated lumps, till the small knobs which exist at the places where the members ought to be, bud and shoot out into limbs. By and bye these limbs become more and more perfect, and the extremities are completely formed; till gradually the development of the creature reaches its proper proportions, and it is able to go alone. It is right pleasant to behold these curious little animals hopping or running about their parents, and on the most distant approach of danger flying for refuge to the purses of their mothers, where they disappear till it is past, and from whence, if they think they may safely venture, they peep out to see whether the coast is clear.

This, however, is an account of the *Marsupialia*, the *Animalia crumenata* of Scaliger, uncoloured by the slightest exaggeration.

New Holland is the head-quarters of these anomalous creatures, and there the great type of the group is placed; nor does it extend far beyond the main land among the adjacent islands. In America it is scantily represented by the opossums; but neither the colder parts of that country, nor its southern extremity, know it: neither do any representatives of the family occur in Europe, Asia, or Africa. Here, then, we have two far-distant regions presenting themselves as the two points of development of a form which has not spread over other portions of the earth; and, in truth, this, combined with the palæontological researches of Dr. Lund in Brazil, and of our own Owen, relative to the quadrupedal fossil remains of New Holland, is a strong argument for those who look upon these countries as two distinct foci of creation, and as affording examples, among many others, militating against the notion of a unique centre of origin of the animals now in existence.

These marsupials are, as far as observation has gone, of a low grade in the scale of intelligence, and their vocal powers are exceedingly limited. A growl, or a sort of hollow bark, is the nearest approach that is made among them to a completely deve-

* *Fairy Queen*, book iv. cant. 2, *et seq.*

† Sound.

loped sound, and a half-hissing, half-whizzing, guttural attempt at a cry, is the noise most frequently emitted by them when under the influence of irritation. I have in vain looked for that attachment to their keepers, and to those who are kind to them, which characterizes the more highly-developed quadrumanes and quadrupeds in captivity; and their manners seem to remind the observer of the reptilian rather than of the mammalian class. The wombat's loud serpentine hiss, when provoked, cannot fail to raise this idea in the mind of any generalizing naturalist who hears it; and as for the kangaroo, its larynx absolutely wants the necessary apparatus for producing a vocalized sound, to which the noise that the animal emits bears no resemblance.

The brain in these creatures is in accordance with the stupidity which renders them so unlike those mammiferous quadrupeds in which that organ exhibits a more advanced state of development. The examination of those marsupials that have fallen under the notice of comparative anatomists, indicates the impossibility of their manifesting those qualities which have so deservedly endeared the dog to man. They have no *corpus callosum*; and, without being very presumptuous, that portion of the brain may be pronounced, upon the authority of those who have not leaped to conclusions, but have humbly and patiently drawn them from a long course of study and experiment, to be the principal seat of memory. This defect at once accounts for the stupidity and want of attachment above alluded to. These marsupials seem to have just as much intelligence as will enable them to perform the animal functions, and no more. One of the Thylacines in the Regent's Park, when shut out of his dormitory, spent his time in walking round and round in a narrow circle, without even examining the extent or nature of his place of confinement, or expatiating: no, he went round and round, as if he had not sense to do anything more.

But we must introduce this brute form more particularly to our friends.

Thylacinus cynocephalus, the dog-

faced opossum, vulgarly known as the zehra opossum and zehra wolf in Van Diemen's Land, is about the size of a young wolf. The short, smooth, dusky brown hair, is barred on the back, especially at the lower part and on the rump, with some fifteen or sixteen black transverse stripes, broadest on the back, and narrowing as they extend down the sides. Two or more of these zehra-like marks descend down the thighs considerably. The ground colour on the back is of a blackish gray hue. The tail is long, but not large, nor does it look well-proportioned or symmetrically set on. It has forty-six teeth: eight incisors in the upper jaw and six in the lower, two canines above and two below, and twenty-eight molar teeth, fourteen in the upper jaw and the same number in the lower. There are five toes on each of the fore-feet, and four on each of the hind-feet.

Mr. Harris has described this, the largest of the Australian carnivorous animals, in the *Transactions of the Linnean Society*. He remarks that it utters a short, guttural cry, and appears exceedingly inactive and stupid, having, like the owl, an almost constant motion with the nictitating membrane of the eye. The animal described by him was taken in a trap baited with kangaroo flesh, and lived only a few hours after its capture: in its stomach were found the partly-digested remains of a porcupine ant-eater.*

The native abode of this curious animal is among the caverns and rocks of the deep and almost impenetrable glens near the highest mountains of Van Diemen's Land.

I first clearly saw a pair of these animals fairly out in the light on the 26th May last, in one of the dens appropriated to the carnivorous animals in the garden of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park. They had been presented to the Society by Mr. Gunn. I had, on a former day, seen them imperfectly by getting into the outer apartment of their den and looking into their dormitory. When fairly exposed, they presented to my eye the images of the most extraordinary animals that I had seen; creatures, I repeat, such as one has beheld

* *Echidna aculeata*.

in dreams, — uncouth, loggerheaded, oddly made up, as if Nature had been trying her 'prentice ban' at wolf-making, and as if they belonged to a very ancient state of things in this planet, as all the native Australian quadrupeds do. The clumsy, ill-defined forms of these Thylacines have puzzled men to give them a name. 'Wolves,' 'hyænas,' are some of the appellations applied to them by the colonists, who saw a dog-like or wolf-like head on a body striped with marks resembling, in a degree, those of some of the hyænas. It is impossible for a palæontologist to look at them without fancying that he sees some fossil animal recalled to life; and, indeed, the extinct zoophagous marsupial *Thylacotherium* must, as its name implies, have borne some resemblance to the animals now under consideration. There cannot have been any very wide zoological interval between the forms of the Thylacine and of the Thylacothere.

The Thylacines, like all the true Australian mammals, are strictly marsupial; and the female rejoices in as good a pouch after her kind as the best-provided kangaroo of them all.

And what a beautiful provision this is; how admirably adapted to the region in which the marsupials live, and move, and have their being. Australia is proverbially wanting in rivers, and during a considerable portion of the year the supply of water is very precarious. Most of these quadrupeds drink very little; and the mother, instead of dragging her young about wearily to look, perhaps in vain, for water, has them comfortably wrapped up in her pouch, and thrives where a fox and her cubs would miserably perish.

The size of the fœtus of the kangaroo at the time of birth, together with the mode of its attachment to the nipple of the mother and other highly interesting particulars, may be collected from the experiments of Mr. Collie, Mr. Morgan, and especially of Professor Owen. From these it appears that the young, as soon as it is born, is removed — by the mother's mouth, in all probability — to the pouch, which is held open by the mother's fore-paws, and there held till it attaches itself to a nipple.

Professor Owen ascertained that the days of gestation in the kangaroo* are twenty-nine. In order to accustom the female to the examinations of the pouch, they were commenced at a very early period of gestation, and were continued, till at seven in the morning of the 5th October, 1833, the fœtus was discovered in the pouch attached to the left superior nipple. On the preceding day at the same hour a considerable quantity of the moist brown secretion peculiar to the pouch was noticed, indicating that determination of the blood to that part had commenced, and at different times during that day the female put her head into the pouch and licked off the secretion. When examined at six o'clock in the evening, the only perceptible change in the state of the pouch was a slight increase of the secretion; but none of the nipples exhibited any appearance indicating that she was so soon to become a mother. Closely watched as she was she contrived, however, to elude observation at the actual time of parturition, which took place in the night; nor were there any appearances on the litter or about the fur of the animal indicative of the event.

The little one resembled an earthworm in the colour and semi-transparency of its integument, adhered firmly to the point of the nipple, breathed strongly but slowly, and moved its fore-legs when it was disturbed. Its little body was bent upon the abdomen, its short tail tucked in between its hind-legs; and these legs, destined if it had lived, to be so gigantically developed, and to execute such enormous bounds, were one-third shorter than the fore-legs; but the three divisions of the toes were distinct. Its whole length from the nose to the end of the tail, when stretched out, did not exceed one inch and two lines.

The Professor was aware that the Hunterian dissections, which may be seen in the preparations exhibited in the noble museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, as well as the observations of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Collie, concurred in disproving the theory of a vascular mode of connexion between the mammary fœtus and the nipple: but as

* *Macropus major*.

Geoffroy St. Hilaire had stated that a discharge of blood accompanies marsupial birth, or the detachment of the foetus from the nipple, Professor Owen determined not to neglect the opportunity thus offered, and, on the 9th of October, separated the infant creature from the organ that bound it to life.

The following reasons urged him to this act. First, it would decide the nature of the connexion between the foetus and the nipple. Secondly, it promised to afford the means of ascertaining the mammary secretion at this period. Thirdly, it might show whether so small a foetus would manifest the powers of a voluntary agent in regaining the nipple; and, lastly, the actions of the mother to effect the same purpose would probably be brought under notice.

When the foetus, which retained a firm hold of the nipple, was detached, a small drop of whitish fluid, a serous milk, appeared on the point of the nipple, which had entered the mouth about half a line. This extremity was of smaller diameter than the rest of the organ, not being yet so compressed by the contracted orifice of the mouth as to form the clavate appearance which it presents at a later period. The poor young one moved its extremities vigorously after it was detached, but made no apparent effort to apply its legs to the integument of the mother, so as to creep along, but seemed to be perfectly helpless with regard to progressive motion. It was deposited at the bottom of the pouch. The mother was then liberated, and carefully watched for an hour.

She immediately exhibited symptoms of uneasiness, stooped down and licked herself, and scratched the outside of her pouch. At last, resting on the tripod formed by her hind-legs and tail, she grasped the sides of the orifice of the pouch with her fore-paws, and, drawing them asunder as in the act of opening a bag, she put her head into the cavity as far as the eyes, and moved it about in different directions. She never meddled with the pouch when she was in a recumbent posture; but when apparently urged by uneasy sensations, she rose and repeated the operation of drawing open the bag and inserting her muzzle, keeping it there

sometimes for half a minute. Professor Owen never observed her put her fore-legs into the pouch; they were invariably used to open it. When she withdrew her head, she generally finished by licking the orifice of the pouch and swallowing the secretion. After repeating the act above described some dozen times, she lay down and seemed to be at ease. When she had remained quiet for about half an hour she was again examined, and the young one was found, not at the bottom of the pouch, but within two inches of the nipple, breathing strongly and moving its extremities irregularly as before. The Professor made an unsuccessful attempt to replace it on the nipple, and the mother was then released. Two days afterwards the pouch was found empty. Every portion of the litter was carefully searched, but no traces of the foetus could be found. It was, therefore, concluded that the mother had probably destroyed it in consequence of the disturbance, in accordance with the morbid habit to which I have in another part of these papers alluded. It is but just, however, to the Professor to remark, that he had no reason for anticipating this fatal result; for when the Zoological Society held the farm at Kingston, the head-keeper there had twice taken a mammary kangaroo foetus from the nipple and pouch of the mother when it did not exceed an inch in length, and each time it again became attached to the nipple. It continued to grow without apparently having sustained any injury from the separation, until the death of the mother, when it was nearly fit for leaving the pouch. The person who procured Mr. Collie's specimen told that gentleman that the young one did not pass the whole of its time with the papilla in its mouth, but had been remarked more than once not having hold of it. It had even been wholly removed from the pouch to the person's hand, and had always attached itself anew to the teat. Mr. Collie, with the tip of his finger, gently pressed the head of the little one away from the teat, of which it had hold, and continued pressing a little more strongly for a minute altogether, when the teat, that had been stretched to more than an inch, came out of the young one's mouth,

and showed a small circular enlargement at its tip, well adapting it for being retained by the sucker's mouth, the opening of which seemed closed in on both sides, and only sufficiently open in front to admit the slender papilla. After this Mr. Collie placed the extremity of the teat close to the mouth of the young, and held it there for a short time without perceiving any decided effort to get hold of it anew; when he allowed the pouch to close and put the mother into her place of security. An hour afterwards the young one was observed still unattached; but in about two hours it had hold of the teat and was actively sucking.* Moreover, Mr. Morgan had detached a mammary fœtus about the size of a Norway rat, and after a separation of two hours from the nipple it regained its hold, without sustaining any injury from the interruption.

But although the pigmy young one has power enough to grasp the nipple and adhere firmly to it by the muscular strength of its lips, it must not be supposed that it is capable of drawing sustenance therefrom by its unaided efforts. So fetal a rudiment would have been in a sad condition, if it had depended for its supply entirely on its own exertions: but bounteous Nature has provided the assistance without which it must have perished. Geoffroy and the lamented Mr. Morgan have both demonstrated the action of a muscle on the mammary gland, so as to inject the milk into the mouth of the adherent suckling.

Here again is an instance of that wonderful adaptation of creative power, which must strike every one not absolutely petrified.

But, it may be objected, you can hardly assert that the young one's efforts of suction should always coincide with the injecting acts of the mother; and you must allow that if at any time there should be no such coincidence, the milk would be injected into the larynx, and so suffocate the fœtus.

Most true; but the same Power that willed the birth of the creature in such an embryotic condition has guarded against the possibility of this fatal result. The epiglottis and arytenoid cartilages are elongated and approximated, and the slit of the glottis is consequently placed at the apex of a conical larynx, which projects, as in the whales, into the posterior nostrils, where it is closely embraced by the muscles of the soft palate. Thus is the air-passage completely separated from the fauces, and as the mother injects the milk the divided stream passes, without the possibility of its 'going the wrong way,' on each side of the larynx into the œsophagus and stomach.†

It has been remarked, that the conveyance of the fœtus into the pouch is probably effected by the mouth of the mother. The reasons for this belief are well given by Professor Owen, who observes, that apart from the other circumstantial evidence, this mode of transmission is consistent with analogy, the mouth being always employed by the ordinary quadrupeds, — dogs, cats, and mice, for instance, — for the purpose of removing their helpless offspring. The tender embryo would be more liable to injury from the fore-paws; and these, from the absence of a thumb, could not so securely effect the conveyance as the lips, which can be opposed to each other.

The advantages of such a vivarium as that belonging to the Zoological Society of London in the Regent's Park are here strongly manifested. Professor Owen was enabled by his autopsy to correct the error of Geoffroy St. Hilaire (who had even speculated on the anastomoses and distribution of the continuous vessels in the neck of the fœtus to account for its junction with the maternal nipple), and to come to what may be deemed the safe conclusion as to the mode of the removal of the newly-born fœtus to the pouch, where it is probably conducted to and held over a nipple by the mouth of the mother,

* *Zool. Journ.* vol. v.

† Geoffroy first described this perfect contrivance; but, as Professor Owen observes, John Hunter seems to have foreseen the necessity of it, and, indeed, as the Professor further remarks, there are evidences in Hunter's preparations in the museum of the College, that he had anticipated most of the anatomical discoveries which have subsequently been made upon the embryo of the kangaroo.

while the pouch is kept open by her fore-paws, till she feels that her young one has, with its lips, laid hold of the sensitive extremity of the organ from which it is to derive its subsistence.*

But to return to the Thylacines.

They were so very shy and wild, that it was some time before they could be turned into their outer apartment while their sleeping-place was being cleaned, without actual danger to themselves; they threw themselves about so recklessly, dashing themselves in their terror against the walls and bars of their place of confinement. When I saw them out they had a most wild and scared appearance, and made haste to escape from the light of day to the obscurity of their inner den.

The porcupine ant-eater, whose remains Mr. Harris found in the stomach of his Thylacine, is *The hedgehog* of the Sydney colonists, and, together with the *Ornithorhynchus*, belongs to that other anomalous tribe of quadrupeds to which Geoffroy gave the apt name of *Monotremes*. In these the reptilian character still further prevails, mingled with that of birds.

Though they have no pouch, they possess the marsupial bones, which, however, play a very different part in them from that assigned to those bones in the kangaroo and true *Marsupialia*. They have a clavicular bone placed more forward than the normal clavicle, reminding the observer of the fureiform bone or merry-thought in birds, to which, indeed, it is analogous; and the coracoid bone reaches the breast-bone. Their eyes are very little, and their ears are without any external appendage.

Their mode of reproduction was for a long time considered doubtful; some holding that they laid eggs like the birds and reptiles, and others that the young were brought forth alive. Those who maintained the former theory relied upon stories of nests, and eggs, and egg-shells having been found; but these stories, when subjected to cross-examination, were generally found to bear a very strong

resemblance to that method of reasoning which ascribed the existence of the Goodwin Sands to the building of Tenterden steeples.

For example, one sees an ornithorhynchus come from a bank, lands with his native, and finds at the spot from whence the paradoxical animal had retreated a couple of eggs. The native tells the white man that this is the Mallangong's† nest, and that those are its eggs. The eggs are secured, and triumphantly produced as conclusive evidence of the oviparous nature of the animal. They prove to be reticulated externally, and to those conversant with the subject exhibit all the characters of the eggs of a reptile, which may have been there deposited by one of that class, and have been visited by the ornithorhynchus for the purpose of seasoning its insect diet with an *omelette au naturel*. How many of these reptilian eggs the ornithorhynchus may have swallowed before it was disturbed does not appear. But we know that the ornithorhynch burrows; and is it probable that, contrary to all the usual instincts that prompt animals to conceal their nests, eggs and young, this creature should expose its eggs openly on the bank instead of hiding them in its burrow, if, indeed, it lays eggs at all? We know, too, that each of these monotremes possesses a mammary gland; and the truth, in all probability, is that the eggs of the echidna and ornithorhynchus are hatched internally, and that their young are brought forth alive as a viper produces hers.

Such are these other extraordinary forms of this extraordinary land. The first, the *hedgehog* of the colonists,—now become very rare in the colony—a toothless, terrestrial, burrowing animal, living on ants, endowed with great strength, and covered with spines. The second, a heteroclit, with the fur of a mole, or, if you will, of a water vole, a bill like a duck—furnished with what may be termed, for want of a better description, an apology for teeth; forming, however, an apparatus

* See Professor Owen's admirable paper 'On the Generation of the Marsupial Animals, with a Description of the Impregnated Uterus of the Kangaroo,' *Phil. Trans.* 1834.

† *Mallangong* is the name given to this extraordinary animal by the natives.

amply sufficient for the mastication of its insect food — hurrowing in the banks of rivers, and whose palmated feet enable it to swim and dive, making it perfectly at home in the water.

Like the kangaroo* and other Australian animals, these are rapidly disappearing before the march of civilization; and the noble native savage, naked but not ashamed, complains bitterly that the white man's kangaroo, as he terms the sheep and oxen of the colonist, have destroyed *his*, and declares that he ought to have compensation. He has a far better case than many who obtain it from our best of all possible parliaments.

At some future period our readers may wish to form a more particular acquaintance with these monotremes; but at present we must leave them to write a few words on that observed of all observers, the newly-arrived hippopotamus.

26th May.—This day I have seen the first living hippopotamus that ever gratified the eye in this country; or indeed, I might add, in Europe, since the time of the later Roman emperors. It appears on a coin of Marcia Otacilia Severa, the wife of Philip, who was elected by the senate and people upon the assassination of the third Gordian. There is a figure of the beast in one of the tombs of Beni Hassan, far up the Nile, and remarkable for its fresco paintings, where the upward curve of the angle of the mouth is very characteristically given.†

Our specimen was safely lodged in its newly-built apartments last night. When I first saw it, it was in its bath—a spacious and deep tank, with wooden lining, and with steps for the ease of the bather when going in and out,—and put me in mind, as I looked down on the animal's broad rounded back, of a submerged black portmanteau that had by some fairy-freak been endowed with motion. It was in the most perfect health, sank and rose gradually, playfully closed its mouth—the action cannot be properly termed biting—on the

woodwork at the side; sank again, and when at the bottom walked leisurely about as if looking for something, wondering perhaps why the luxuriant water-plants of Africa were not growing there. After disporting itself some time, it leisurely walked out, and then gave one the idea of a cetacean mounted upon four short pillar-like legs. Its keeper led the way to its sleeping apartment, and the attached animal followed him there like a dog, along the whole length of the giraffe-house to the place where the ostriches were in the winter. The dormitory of the hippopotamus was profusely strewn with clean fresh straw, and the animal having entered it, I had an opportunity of observing him closely. I gently tickled and scratched him about the eyes, muzzle, and ears, and the good-natured animal lazily lay down like a dog or a pig to enjoy the operation. When I ceased and retired, he rose with playfully open mouth to follow me; and his keeper, Hamet, who was then with him—a fine young man, with a Nubian or Egyptian cast of countenance—was obliged to shut the door of his apartment to keep him in, notwithstanding his remonstrating snort.

The first parts of his organization that struck me were the eyes and the nostrils. The former have, at first sight, a very extraordinary appearance, and convey the idea of enormous projection of the eye-ball; as if such protrusion was the result of some injury or disorder, external or internal. But no. Here is another instance of the most beautiful adaptation. The muscles of the eye must be most powerful, and must be endowed with great versatility, capable of protruding or withdrawing the eyeball, which can be either projected remarkably or sunk within the orbit considerably, so as to adapt it for vision in the different media where it is to act, whether the animal be on land, just under the water, or far down beneath its surface. It brought to my mind a similar adaptation in birds, where the bony ring

* The frequency of these animals in our parks and menageries a few years since must have been observed by many. Now we rarely see one.

† A copy of this drawing, by Mr. John McGregor, is given in the *Illustrated London News*, 23th May, 1850.

and muscles form a telescopic apparatus in eagles and other birds of prey.

The nostrils, which are so placed that they appear above the surface of the water first when the animal rises from below, can be closed like those of a seal when the animal descends into the deep, and opened when it comes up for the purpose of taking in a supply of air. But though the nostrils can be closed like those of a seal, the machinery for working them must be more complicated than the muscles which enable that animal merely to close or open these gates of breath at pleasure. In the hippopotamus the nostrils, which appeared to me to be situated more vertically than those of the seal, can be mounted up, as it were, by a process indicating the presence of an orbicular sphincter with a protrusive power, so that the air can be taken in with the least possible exposure of the head.

These two portions of its animal machinery are of the greatest consequence to the well-being and safety of an animal that spends so much of its time in the water. The beau-

tifully contrived eye is unlike that of any mammiferous quadruped known to me. It approaches, in its power of rolling round when it is in a state of protrusion, to that of the chameleon, and, like it, must command a very extensive area. See how admirably this is fitted to the requirements of the animal. If danger threatens, the hippopotamus instinctively rushes to the river; and, while there latent, can manage to just lift his head among the water plants, and roll his eye 'like the bull in Cox's museum,' but to much better purpose. If all is safe, and according to his observation he may turn out, he can quit his subaqueous retreat; or, if all be not right, he can quietly sink again and remain in his cool and unapproachable retreat at the bottom, occasionally rising and protruding his muzzle only for the necessary air-supply, and then down again. Thus, if the animal be on its guard, presenting no mark for a rifle, even if the hand that bore it could 'haud out' like that of the Master of Ravenswood.*

Professor Owen, in a most interesting account lately published,†

* Take the evidence of one who would have struck the dollar from between the finger and thumb of the keeper, as cleverly as ever Edgar could have done the feat.

'Seleka had sent men down the river to seek sea-cows'—the name by which the hippopotami are known to the colonists—'and they soon came running after me to say that they had found some. I accordingly followed them to the river, where, in a long, broad, and deep bend, were four hippopotami, two full-grown cows, a small cow, and a calf. At the tail of this pool was a strong and rapid stream, which thundered along, in Highland fashion, over large masses of dark rock.

'On coming to the shady bank, I could at first see only one old cow and calf. When they dived I ran into the reeds, and as the cow came up I shot her in the head; she, however, got away down the river, and I lost her. The other three took away up the river, and became very shy, remaining under the water for five minutes at a time, and then only popping their heads up for a few seconds. I accordingly remained quiet behind the reeds, in hope of their dismissing their alarms. Presently the two smaller ones seemed to be no longer alarmed, popping up their entire heads, and remaining above water for a minute at a time; but the third, which was by far the largest, and which I thought must be a bull, continued extremely shy, remaining under the water for ten minutes at a time, and then just showing her face for a second, making a blowing like a whale, and returning to the bottom. I stood there with rifle at my shoulder, and my eye on the sight, until I was quite tired. *I thought I never should get a chance at her*, and had just resolved to fire at one of the smaller ones, when she shoved up half her head and looked about her. I made a correct shot; the ball cracked loudly below her ear, and the huge body of the sea-cow came floundering to the top. I was enchanted; she could not escape. Though not dead she had lost her senses, and continued swimming round and round, sometimes beneath and sometimes at the surface of the water, creating a fearful commotion.' The victim was afterwards secured, and 'her flesh proved most excellent.'—*Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa, &c.* By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq. of Altyre. 2 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. Every page of the book of this mighty hunter teems with moving accidents.

† In the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for Jano, 1850.

states that the skin is almost flesh-coloured round the eyelids, which defend the peculiarly situated and prominent eyes, and that there is a single groove or fold above the upper eyelid and two curved grooves below the lower one. At first sight, he truly says, they seem devoid of eyelashes; but on a close inspection a few very short hairs may be seen on the thick rounded margin of the upper lid. He further observes, that the protruding movement of the eyeball from the prominent socket shows an unusual proportion of the white, over which large conjunctival vessels converged to the margin of the cornea, and that the retraction of the eyeball is accompanied by a protrusion of a large and thick *palpebra nictitans*, and by a simultaneous rolling of the ball obliquely downwards, and inwards, or forwards. There is, he adds, a caruncle, or protuberance, on the middle of the outer surface of the nictitating lid. The colour of the iris he describes as dark brown, the pupil as a small transversely oblong aperture, and the eyeball as relatively small and remarkable for the extent of the movements of protraction and retraction.

The nostrils (continues the Professor), situated on prominences which the animal has the power of raising, on the upper part of the broad and massive muzzle, are short, oblique slits, guarded by two valves, which can be opened and closed spontaneously like the eyelids. The movements of these apertures are most conspicuous when the beast is in his favourite element. The wide mouth is chiefly remarkable for the upward curve of its angles towards the eyes, which gives a quaintly comic expression to the massive countenance. The short and small milk-teeth project a little, and the minute deciduous incisors appear to be sunk in grooves or pits of the thick gums: but the animal would not permit any close examination of his teeth; withdrawing his head from the attempt, and then threatening to bite. The muzzle is beset with short bristles, projecting at pretty regular distances; several of them appearing to be split into tufts or pencils of short hairs. Extremely fine and short hairs are scattered all over the back and sides; which are not very obvious, except upon a close inspection. The tail is short, rather flattened, and gradually tapering to an obtuse point.

The animal when just out of the water appeared to me to be of a

bluish black colour above—except the ears, which were flesh colour, and which it moved in a vivacious manner,—and of a ruddy flesh colour below. There was a scar on the left side.

The rictus of the mouth was very grotesque, and made a sharp angle upward when the creature gaped. The skin was dotted at short intervals with the apertures of the muciparous glands exuding the liquor for lubricating the hide. Though at first sight the hide looks hairless, it has, now, a short coat of minute hair, as fine as floss silk, or more like the down upon the lip of a youth, or of a very young man. When it was at the bottom of the water I thought the animal looked more blue, or somewhat lighter, and the spots denoting the presence of the muco-sebaceous pores were very conspicuous.

The amphibious character of the animal's life induces us to look for some machinery which enables it to remain below the surface of the water. The venous reservoirs of the seals, and the arterial plexiform receptacles of the whales, will instantly occur to the physiologist. The latter are most complex and ample, as might be expected of organs fitted to secure a supply of aerated blood to the brain, derived from a heart that sends out some ten or fifteen gallons of blood at every stroke, through a tube of a foot in diameter, with immense velocity. One hour and ten minutes ordinarily elapse from the time of a whale's descent below the surface to that of his rising again to breathe, and Leviathan has been known to remain under for an hour and twenty minutes. It has been calculated that about a seventh of his time is consumed in respiration. The seals in their natural state have been known to remain under water for periods varying from a quarter of an hour to five-and-twenty minutes: but it has been observed that a seal in confinement has remained asleep with its head under water for an hour at a time. The period during which a hippopotamus can remain submersed does not appear to have been accurately defined; but as the animal walks leisurely about at the bottom of a river, from five to ten minutes may probably be spent by

it when disposed to remain so long without coming up.*

Sparman and Mr. Cumming are conspicuous among those who have recorded the habits of the hippopotamus in a state of nature. The latter, in his wild and wonderful book, most graphically describes them.

Look on this scene :—

When the sun went down the sea-cows commenced a march up the river. They passed along opposite to my camp, making the most extraordinary sounds—blowing, snorting, and roaring, sometimes crashing through the reeds, and sometimes swimming gently, and splashing and sporting through the water. There being a little moonlight, I went down with my man Carey, and sat sometime on the river's bank contemplating these wonderful monsters of the river. It was a truly grand and very extraordinary scene; the opposite bank of the stream was clad with trees of gigantic size and great beauty, which added greatly to the interest of the picture.—Vol. ii. p. 167.

And again, at p. 171 :—

At every turn there occurred deep still pools, with occasional sandy islands densely clad with lofty reeds, and with banks covered with reeds to a breadth of thirty yards. Above and beyond these reeds stood trees of immense age and gigantic size, beneath which grew a long and very rank description of grass, on which the sea-cow delights to pasture. I soon found fresh spoor,† and after holding on for several miles, just as the sun was going down, and as I entered a dense reed cover, I came upon the fresh lairs of four hippopotami. They had been lying sleeping on the margin of the river, and, on hearing me come crackling through the reeds, had plunged into deep water. I at once ascertained that they were newly started, for the froth and bubbles were still on the spot where they had plunged in. Next moment I heard them blowing a little way down the river. I then headed them, and with considerable difficulty, owing to the cover and the reeds, I at length came right down above where they were standing. It was a broad part of the river, with a sandy bottom, and the water came halfway up their sides. There were four of them, three cows and an old bull; they stood in the middle of the river, and, though alarmed, did not appear

aware of the extent of the impending danger.

It would be unjust to this painter with a pen to omit the following grand picture, or to present it in any other than the vivid form which it takes under his hand :—

We had proceeded about two miles when we came upon some most thoroughly-beaten, old-established hippopotamus paths, and presently, in a broad, long, deep, and shaded pool of the river,‡ we heard the sea-cows bellowing. There I beheld one of the most wondrous and interesting sights that a sportsman can be blest with. I at once knew that there must be an immense herd of them, for the voices came from different parts of the pool; so creeping in through the bushes to obtain an inspection, a large sandy island appeared at the neck of the pool, on which stood several large shady trees.

The neck of the pool was very wide and shallow, with rocks and large stones; below it was deep and still. On a sandy promontory of this island stood about thirty cows and calves, whilst in the pool opposite, and a little below them, stood about twenty more sea-cows, with their heads and backs above water. About fifty yards further down the river again, showing out their heads, were eight or ten immense fellows, which I think were all bulls; and about one hundred yards below these, in the middle of the stream, stood another herd of about eight or ten cows with calves, and two huge bulls. The sea-cows lay close together like pigs; a favourite position was to rest their heads on their comrades' sterns and sides. The herds were attended by an immense number of the invariable rhinoceros birds, which, on observing me, did their best to spread alarm through the hippopotami. I was resolved to select, if possible, a first-rate old bull out of this vast herd, and I accordingly delayed firing for nearly two hours, continually running up and down behind the thick thorny cover, and attentively studying the heads. At length I determined to go close in, and select the best head out of the eight or ten bulls which lay below the cows. I accordingly left the cover, and walked slowly forward in full view of the whole herd to the water's edge, where I lay down on my belly and studied the heads of these bulls. The cows, on seeing me, splashed into the water, and kept a continual snorting and blowing till night set in.—P. 191.

* It is probably reserved for Professor Owen to detect and describe the natural apparatus which enables the hippopotamus to remain under water; but we hope it will be a long time before he will have it in his power to solve the problem.

† Tracks.

‡ The Limpopo.

Upon another occasion (p. 218), Mr. Cumming fell in with a herd of about thirty hippopotami; they lay upon some rocks in the middle of a very long and broad pool: and, again, with at least thirty lying upon the rocks in the middle of the river. He describes the noise made by the hippopotami as similar to that of the musical instrument called a serpent. The following truculent trap will be as new to most of my readers as it is to me:—

On the 20th (July) I again rode down the river to the pool, and found a herd of sea-cows still there; so I remained with them till sun-down, and hagged two very first-rate old sea-cows, which were forthcoming next day. This day I detected a most dangerous trap, constructed by the Bakalahari for slaying sea-cows. It consisted of a sharp little assagai, or spike, most thoroughly poisoned, and stuck firmly into the end of a heavy block of thorn wood, about four feet long and five inches in diameter. This formidable affair was suspended over the centre of a sea-cow path, at a height of about thirty feet from the ground, by a bark cord, which passed over a high branch of a tree, and thence to a peg on one side of the path beneath leading across the path to a peg on the other side, where it was fastened. To the suspending cord were two triggers, so constructed, that when the sea-cow struck against the cord which led across the path the heavy block above was set at liberty, which instantly dropped with immense force with its poisonous dart, inflicting a sure and mortal wound. The bones and old teeth of sea-cows, which lay rotting along the bank of the river here, evinced the success of this dangerous invention.—P. 197.

But we must unwillingly leave this fascinating journal, penned amid the wildest, grandest, and most stirring scenes that ever blessed or shocked a wild hunter's vision, to return to the private history of our obese, tame, but most amusing baby. Its capture, in fulfilment of the nod of the friendly autocrat who presented it, was effected at the commencement of August in the bygone year up the Nile, nearly two thousand miles from Cairo, when its bulk was about that of a newly-dropped calf, but its proportions were much stouter and its height much lower. Its unfortunate mother was mortally wounded, and her attempt to return towards some bushes growing thickly on the river's bank, instead of taking

as usual to the water, attracted the notice of the hunters, who found the calf there among the rank grass. It slipped through their fingers, however, and instantly made for the river, which it would have gained, if one of the party had not struck the boathook into its flank, gaffing it as an angler would a large fish. The mark of this wound it still bears, as above mentioned.

It soon became much attached to those who had the care of it, treating them as standing in *loco parentis*, and looking to them for the supply of its wants. On its passage in the Ripon steam-ship, whence it was landed at Southampton on the morning of the 25th of May, its keeper's hammock was slung over its berth, as I was told. The poor man must have had but a disturbed time of it, for his fond charge could not bear his absence without showing anxiety bordering on distress, and at night, as I was informed, would knock up, ever and anon, with his chowder head, as Jack would call it, at the overhanging hammock to ascertain whether his sable friend was there.

The strong attachment of the animal to its keeper (writes Professor Owen, in the narrative to which we have already referred) removed every difficulty in its various transfers from ship to train, and from waggon to its actual abode. On arriving at the gardens, the Arah who had the charge of it walked first out of the transport van, with a bag of dates over his shoulder, and the beast trotted after him, now and then lifting up its huge, grotesque muzzle, and sniffing at its favourite dainties, with which it was duly rewarded on entering its apartment. When I saw the hippopotamus the next morning it was lying on its side in the straw, with its head resting against the chair on which its swarthy attendant sat; it now and then uttered a soft complacent grunt, and lazily opening its thick, smooth eyelids, leered at its keeper.

After lying quietly about an hour, now and then raising its head and swiveling its eyeballs towards the keeper, or playfully opening its huge mouth and threatening to hite the leg of the chair on which its keeper sat, the hippopotamus rose and walked slowly about its room, and then uttered a loud and short harsh note, four or five times in quick succession, reminding one of the snort of a horse, and ending with an explosive sound like a bark. The keeper understood the language, and told us that the animal was expressing its desire to return to its bath.

The beast at this time was in one of the compartments of the wing of the giraffe-house, on the opposite side to that in which its bath is prepared. It carries its head rather depressed, and reminded me most of a huge prize hog, but with a breadth of muzzle and other features peculiarly its own. The keeper opened the door leading into the giraffe's paddock, and walked through that to the new wing containing the bath, the hippopotamus following like a dog close to his heels. On arriving at the bath-room the animal descended with some deliberation the flight of low steps leading into the water, stooped and drank a little, dipped his head under, and then plunged forwards. It was no sooner in its favourite element than its whole aspect changed, and it seemed inspired with new life and activity: sinking down to the bottom, and moving about submerged for awhile, it would suddenly rise with a bound almost bodily out of the water, and splashing back commenced swimming and plunging about with a cetaceous or porpoise-like rolling from side to side, taking in mouthfuls of water and spouting them out again, raising every now and then its huge grotesque head, and hitting the woodwork at the margin of the bath. The broad round back of the animal being now chiefly in view, it looks a much larger animal than when out of the water. After half-an-hour spent in this amusement it quitted the water at the call of its keeper, and followed him back to the sleeping-room, which is well bedded with straw, and where a stuffed sack is provided for its pillow, of which the animal, having a very short neck, thicker than the head, duly avails itself when it sleeps.

I was told that when it was at Cairo it ate a good deal of clay; and the Arabs, it seems, have expressed a desire that it should have some here. I believe that it is perfectly safe in the hands of Mr. Mitchell; and if it should be thought fit to indulge it with clay, those whom its odd ways delight may rest secure that Mr. Mitchell will not let Hippo be bricked up with our London clay, but if clay must be given, will prescribe some of the mud of the Colne or Thames, wherein the water-lilies grow so luxuriantly. In the stomachs of the young hippopotamus opened by Sparrman there was a good deal of 'dirt,' with curd and leaves quite fresh; and it is not improbable that this 'dirt' may be required by the animal to correct the acidity arising from its diet, as calves

lick chalk. In scooping up the water-plants from the bottoms of rivers and their banks with the enormous dental apparatus of the lower jaw a considerable quantity of the soil must be taken up, and that some of it finds its way to the stomach is evident from Sparrman's evidence.

Two of his attendants, Jahar Abou Haijab and Mohammed Abou Merwan—these, as far as I can make them out, are their names—are snake-charmers, of whom and of whose performance I shall have something to say hereafter. The former, an old man, was employed by the French *sarans* in Buonaparte's Egyptian expedition, and collected reptiles for Geoffroy; the latter Arab, who appears to be some fifteen years of age, and is the principal performer with the serpents, is, I have heard, his nephew, and is the playfellow of the hippopotamus. When I saw him, on the occasion of my first view of his playmate, he had a gold earring and a gold finger-ring, and was clad in fantastic costume, with a feather in his head gear, and in an old pair of Wellington boots, long since unacquainted with blacking, and a world too wide for his bare shanks. Of these he seemed more proud than of all the rest of his apparel put together, but they so galled his naked feet that they soon brought him to poultices, and he has since taken to stockings and slippers. A complaint has, I hear, been brought against him for teasing the monkeys, which he excites into a frantic state. Sheetan*—the name in which he rejoices among his familiars—pleaded guilty, and begged hard that one of the monkeys might be assigned to him for education,—the height of his ambition at present being to teach his cheiroped scholar to charm serpents.

His games of romps with the hippopotamus are first-rate. After a little provocation by eccentric antics, which would have done credit to Flibbertigibbet himself, he flies, and his obese four-footed frolicsome friend shuffles after him with his mouth open—and such a mouth!—in all the beauty of ugliness. This playful running after its friends open-mouthed may be interpreted in two ways: first, as it would act with its mother, half in play, half as a hint

* Satan.

for nourishment; and secondly, as a lamb, a goat, or a calf butts, before their horns have budded, betraying a consciousness on the part of our gambolling pachyderm of the locality where the terrible offensive armour is to be with which hereafter he may bite with a vengeance.

Professor Owen states that we may reckon this young animal to be ten months old, and that it is now seven feet long, and six and a-half feet in girth at the middle of the barrel-shaped trunk, which is supported, clear of the ground, on very short and thick legs, each terminated by four spreading hoofs, of which the innermost is the smallest on the forefoot; the two middle ones, answering to those which are principally developed in the hog, are the largest in both feet.

The hind-limb (writes Professor Owen in continuation) is buried in the skin of the flank nearly to the prominence of the heel. Thick flakes of cuticle are in process of detachment from the sole. There is a well-defined white patch behind each foot, but I looked in vain for any indications of the glandular orifice which exists in the same part in the rhinoceros. The naked hide covering the broad back and sides is of a dark India-rubber colour, impressed by numerous fine wrinkles crossing each other, but disposed almost transversely. When I first saw the beast it had just left its bath, and a minute drop of a glistening secretion was exuding from each of the conspicuous mucoseaceous pores, which are dispersed over the whole integument, at intervals of from eight lines to an inch. This gave the hide, as it glistened in the sunshine, a very peculiar aspect. When the animal was younger the secretion had a reddish colour, and being poured out more abundantly, the whole surface became painted over with it every time he quitted his bath.

Nothing can be more correct than this admirable description, with the exception of the alleged nakedness of the skin. The integument, at first sight, *does* appear naked; but it is found, as I have stated above, on a close inspection, to be covered with very fine downy hairs, which will, probably, totally or partially vanish as the animal advances in age.

The gambols and civilities of this denizen of the Nile are not confined to his keepers. I had been told that, when out in the giraffe-paddock, one of the giraffes had bowed down its head to him one day, and that the

hippopotamus opened his mouth and took the giraffe's muzzle into the gulf, which seems to be his way of kissing. On Sunday, the 9th of June, I saw one of the giraffes do the same thing, with exactly the same result. He had, I have been told, formed an acquaintance with a giraffe which was to have been brought over with him, but was unfortunately drowned.

Such is the quadruped whose animal magnetism *Punch* has so forcibly depicted attracting the crowds who are hurrying to its presence. If a mate—and this is far from improbable—should be sent over to join him in August by the same liberal and friendly potentate to whom we owe the present object of admiration, who shall predict the consequence of the double attraction?

The third Gordian did not live to see the portentous games for which he had caused so vast an assemblage of wild beasts to be brought to Rome. The *milliarium saculum* was celebrated by Philip not without suspicion, almost amounting to proof, that the blood of his predecessor was on his head. Philip, in his turn, did not live long after the celebration of that prolonged festival, during which two thousand gladiators at once joined in the death-struggle for the gratification of the people. Defeated by Decius, who had got himself proclaimed emperor in Pannonia, Philip fell under the merciless hands of his own soldiers near Verona, in the year of Christ 249, before he had completed his forty-fifth year, and before the fifth year of his enjoyment of his bad eminence had run its course. The hippopotamus, which formed a principal feature in those murderous diversions, appears not only on the large brass of Otacilia Severa, but also on one of Philip (about A.D. 247), and on another of Hadrian. These, and the well-known plinth of the statue of Nilus, show how familiar this huge form was to Roman eyes.

I have not heard whether Mr. Wyon has been directed to strike a medal to commemorate this substantial gift of his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt, or whether Mr. Gibson has received a commission to immortalize him in marble; but there can be no doubt that Sir Edwin Landseer must hand down his likeness to posterity.

FRUITS OF THE SEASON.

WERE these our lucubrations destined to appear before the world in a garb of blue and yellow instead of modest drab, or to be nursed into articulate life in Albemarle Street instead of the Strand, we should have gone to work in a very different fashion. A novel or two taken at haphazard from the fruits of the season should have stood at the top, where the text stands in a sermon; then, without further allusion to them in particular, we would have plunged forthwith into an essay on fiction in general, rearing a ponderous superstructure upon some such ground-plan as the following:—The Human mind, its tendency to the marvellous; children; grown up ditto; Eastern apoloques; Milesian tales; tear of regret over the loss of ditto; Byzantine romances, Theagenes and Chariclea, &c.; chivalric ditto, Charlemagne, Arthur, Amadis; pastoral ditto; Montemayor, Sir P. Sidney; Don Quixote, effect of ditto. 'Cervantes smiled, &c.' England, the great Cyrus.... *Grandison, Joseph Andrews... The Mysteries of Udolpho, Waverley, Pelham, Pickwick, &c. &c.*

Then leaving the history, we would have boldly ventured into the metaphysics of the question, marshalling the unhappy authors according to subject-matter, form, or final purpose, forcing them into plans, and systems, and designs, of which they were profoundly unconscious, investing them with convictions which never entered their heads, and making them philosophers in their own despite. For it is the wont of our British essayists of the present day to puddle the shallowest subject by insisting upon sounding its supposed depths; if they were examining a bit of gold leaf, they would try to look below the surface; spiders of literature, they hang webs of puzzle to every peg; and we conclude that there are a corresponding number of meritorious persons, entitled collectively 'the reading public,' who feel interested in their unravelment. We, on the other hand, being limited to the narrower compass and lower range of a 'monthly,' intend to observe a corresponding humility

in our pretensions, *neque conamur tenues grandia*—thereby setting a worthy example to the world at large. We merely invite our good friends to taste with us a dish composed of some of the 'fruits of the season' aforesaid, and we promise that there shall be no hard nuts to crack. Our meaning shall be so plain that he who runs, nay even he who skips, may be able to read it. We cannot say with the great Squeers, 'Philosophy is the chap for us;' we have never chopped logic out of Whately, or ground at metaphysics in J. S. Mill; and if we were to press either science into a discussion on sundry three-volume novels, it would indeed be *invita Minerva*. Moreover, any history of fiction that we should write would run a great risk of being itself fictitious, seeing that we are at this present abiding in a bookless solitude, and have no previous knowledge of the subject, except what little we once gained from a partially successful attack on the sleep-compelling Dunlop.

It is now three weeks since we retired from the Mall, the Park, and the world, to one of the greenest and farthest corners of this very green and many-cornered isle. We carried off to our corner (as we have seen Ponto do with a morsel which he wished particularly to enjoy) about a dozen volumes of fiction, hot from the press, and living in an ideal world, or rather several ideal worlds in succession, we have contrived to forget the world as completely as it can have forgotten us.

So, having, contrary to the custom of the craft, really read the books we mean to review, we sit down to the task in no critical spirit. We are disposed to be 'truly thankful' for the feast, and have no inclination to call the cooks over the coals. We take it that when a novel has amused one, it has done its appointed work, and answered its natural end. When we wish for useful knowledge we betake ourselves to tall old folios in vellum, or fat tomes in law calf, or lexicons, or blue-hooks, as the case may be; but we have recourse to a novel when we want to escape

from the hard realities of life, from this world of buying and selling, of half-hearted loves and marriages of convenience—this world, whose sublimities are dashed with bathos, and whose poetry is jarred with prose. There are times when we would fain take breath after the fret and fume of our struggles with the crowd: then we seek some uncynical, uncontented nook, and, turning our back on turmoil and matter-of-fact, take refuge with the poet, the novelist, or the playwright. We take up a romance as we go to Covent Garden—for amusement, sheer amusement; and we are as disconcerted when 'improving' matter is thrust into the tale, as when our clerk comes to fetch us away in the middle of the opera 'on important business.'

A few years back it was quite the fashion to set all kinds of hard truths in a filagree-work of fiction. Miss Martincau in *Deerbrook* taught us domestic economy, and, in a host of little tales, developed her theories about taxation and government, or agitated against the game-laws. Nor was the use of this artillery limited to secular warfare. Satanic and sulphureous as it had been hitherto deemed by the '*nunco nude*,' it now began to be employed, whether the object of the author militant were to Evangelise, to Catholicise, or to Romanise the Church and nation. Every drawing-room table was inundated with these pious frauds, these sheep in the disguise of wolves, these Jesuits in plain clothes. Theology poured from the Minerva press. There was no safety anywhere. The most picturesque ruin, the most 'purely Gothic' church, might be a masked battery after all. The ground was hollow with mines of allegory, and the most winding and flowery story-path lodged you at last in a dogma of Adam Smith, or in one of the Thirty-nine Articles. Bottom, the weaver, had broken into fairy-land. We take leave to dub him 'ass' for his pains. Dropping metaphor, we denounce all those who, upon pretence of entertaining, design to convince us to their politics, or convert us to their creed.

On a similar principle, but with less acrimony, we protest against those who would degrade romance into a vehicle for conveying histo-

rical fact. Not that we would confine the novelist to any place or any time; *nihil humanum a nobis alienum*; human hearts beat and human tongues wagged as freely in the ninth as in the nineteenth century; nay, for the lovers of spectacle, any portion of 'the good old time' (that incongruous aggregate) is more available than this present, when Fashion, the world's gaoler, has put us all into one dull leaden-hued prison-uniform. We say, then, let the novelist choose any time or place for his story; but let his sole object be the fiction, and let him use or abuse the facts as he pleases in subordination to the development of his plot. Romance, in her own realm, must be queen absolute. If the author has scruples, he may always satisfy his conscience by writing a sober history of the period selected for his novel, as a peace-offering to the manes of the belied characters. Not that it will be read any more than the letters of injured individuals expostulating in obscure corners against the flaring calumnies of a leading article. But this by the way.

We further enter a protest against 'moral tales,' that is to say, tales whose professed end is the inculcation of a moral lesson; such, for instance, as *Patronage* and *Manœuvring*, where the same indisputable truth comes up and confronts you at every turn of the narrative. We never meet with such a thing in life, and we cannot endure it in what professes to be a picture of life. The novelist acts as a providence (with reverence be it said) to the creatures of his brain; and ought, therefore, to act by general and not special dispensations. We concede to him an isolated improbability here and there, but we cannot permit a series of improbabilities, such as a preconcerted moral necessarily inflicts upon a tale. Not that we object at all to 'moral lessons' in their place, but then they must be like the moral lessons of life, manifold and complex, not single and simple; hinted, not obtruded; discernible by the patient eye of the few and wise, not crammed down the mouth of every gaping fool. Even the fool resents it, and will not repeat the dose. Miss Edgeworth's 'instructive'

works are fast descending to oblivion and the pastrycook; and Miss Austen's tales, heavily weighted by their titles, are kept afloat only by the genial and natural life within, which belies the frigid promise of the exterior. We never read a novel yet which, *qua* novel, was not all the worse in so far as any moral was traceable therein. We will tolerate a single obvious moral only in those fictions of a page in length, where the interlocutors are dumb beasts; but we hold the novel-writer greater than the fable-writer, and refuse to Fielding what we concede to Gay.

But our critic *mnse* (terror of the other nine!) is rambling into generalities, forgetful of her modest professions, and of the post octavos lying before her for dissection.

*Past, Present, and Future.** Such is the comprehensive title arrogated by two slender volumes. It seems to have been chosen in accordance with a dictum of Sir Walter Scott, that the title of a book should be such as to convey to a reader no previous notion whatever of its contents; hence that great father of fictions chose *Ivanhoe* for himself, and reluctantly acquiesced in the suggestion of *Rob Roy*. This studied obscurity is becoming rather a prevalent affectation just now, and we wish it were confined to the outside of books only. In the case before us the title disguises, not merely the species, but the *genus* of the book; and the public will peep cautiously into it, half-afraid that it may prove to be a commentary on 'Revelations.' Any such fears, however, will be dispelled by a glance at the dedication-page, where a wreath of fantastic, *very* wild flowers, with sundry birds undreamed-of by ornithologists, encircles the following tender rubric: 'To the prettiest brown eyes in the world AND A HEART this little work is dedicated.' Here is a romance under lock and key! which piques one's curiosity, and sets the brains a-working like the mysterious advertisements in *The Times* pledging unalterable affection to 'Louisa,' or imploring 'dear Frederick' to return. We know an old lady who sheds

tears almost daily over the pathetic scenes thus suggested to her imaginative mind. This dedication is the only passage in all the book which leads us to suppose that the author wears 'hose and doublet.' But for it, we should rather have attributed the work to an authoress, from the semi-French style of sentiment and expression, and the somewhat prolix fondness displayed for arranging furniture, and for all the details of upholstery — qualities we have frequently remarked in writers of the female persuasion. Indeed these are the prominent faults of the book, and we take the more pains to point out the faults, because after reading it one cannot help feeling kindly towards the author. We should guess it to be a 'first fault,' as Etonians say, and we regard it rather in the light of a promise than a performance. The descriptions are prolix, and the narrative is curt; where we wanted only a sketch, we have over-elaboration; and where we would gladly have contemplated a finished picture we are provoked and balked by a rapid and imperfect outline. The writer plays about the story and about it, without ever getting fairly into it. We regret this the more, as from certain vigorous touches of character we are convinced that he could write a capital novel if he chose. For instance, Lady Arlington and Lord Ravensleigh are excellently dashed off in their leading features; but, then, they are left in the rough, like those huge things, half-block, half-statue, which we have seen littering the studio of a desultory amateur. Of the other defect at which we have hinted the writer is himself conscious. He says in his preface:—

The number of French words brought into these pages calls for some excuse. Unfortunately there are numerous words and phrases in the French language, suited to every-day life, that come to the mind sooner and more agreeably than English words; English being a stern, strong language, that will neither bend nor lend itself at a moment's warning as French does; and that is like the modern representation of the Englishman on the French stage — the very type of stiffness, however grand, good, or sublime; and the French language affords words that

* *Past, Present, and Future.* 2 vols. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

fill up the space well between the sublime and the ridiculous.

Now there is, we admit, some truth in this, and we should never dream of enforcing an academic alien act to exclude all French words, as such, from the pages of an English book; but we maintain that the license should be used sparingly, and then only by necessity, as a last resource. These pages are quite besprinkled with French, and have a *piéd* look. If people will accustom themselves to think in French, so that French words and phrases 'come to the mind sooner and more agreeably than English words,' they should write in French altogether. Any dictionary would have furnished our author with very fair equivalents for such 'words and phrases' as *camaraderie*, *engouement*, *chiffons*, *dessous des [?] les* *cartes*, *dépit*, *gêne*, *lunettes d'approche*, *isolement d'existence* [*sic*], &c.

The author should have taken care, too, not to leave so many errors of the press in his darling 'French words and phrases.' By the way, we observe that a good many proper names are misspelt also, as *Wotten* for *Wotton*, *Perrugino* for *Perugino*. And now we have done with fault-finding, and gladly turn to the contemplation of Cecil Latimer, the heroine, who also, be it remarked, 'has the prettiest brown eyes in the world,' and is altogether one of the most charmingly drawn heroines we have ever met with. Is the description, we wonder, taken from a picture, or from real life? Lucky author, to be the owner of such a picture, or the husband, whether 'present' or 'future,' of such a wife! Here she is:—

Her brown eyes, shaded with long dark eye-lashes, would, at moments—it might laughingly be said of them—almost light up a room; and the light was not only vivid, but soft and gracious. The mouth and nose were formed to perfection; there were no pouting lips, that looked caprice, but her mouth opened *as if speech were thought, and thought were truth*. She was the middle size of woman, neither tall nor short—a form all symmetry and proportion to the fingers' ends. No one who had once seen Cecil ever forgot her appearance. Her glossy hair 'gleaned in the sunlight, lending gold to gold;' and this hair gave her the name in Italy of

the pretty Venetian—so much did she resemble the dark-eyed, fair-haired creatures that Titian and Giorgione painted and loved. There was a look in that hair as if the rays of the western sun had partially lighted up a darker ground, a spirit on that hair quite peculiar—it was a change of Auburn; and her eyes seemed to belong to dark hair. Cecil used to say, that she wondered who had got *Aer* hair; that Nature had made a mistake, and that she had got some other person's. The softness in her countenance formed as piquant a contrast to the decision of her mind; and one expected to hear from that pretty mouth Italian—not pure Italian, but Venetian or Sicilian—words of fondness, such as are heard in the sunny south. But the character of the woman and her turn of thought were English—pure English, decidedly English. Not the English of the salons of Paris or London, or the English of Lady B.'s drawing-room, or of Lady C.'s coterie, or the language talked at D— castle, or the *minaudière* phrases used in certain societies; but the language of truth; the language of one who had read, but was no blue-stocking; the language of one who had felt deeply, but was no philosopher; the language of one who was religious, yet set up for no saint; the language of one who knew the world, yet lived above it.

Will it be believed that this charming creature is thirty when the tale opens, and that she dies an *old maid* at last? This, we fancy, is quite unique in the history of fiction. Another peculiarity in this story is, that it does not end till the year 1880—positively, eighteen hundred and eighty—in the November of which year there is, was, or is to be (for we are on ground where the old rules about the tenses completely fail us), a great flood, 'destroying many thousands of persons, and depopulating many towns and villages in the midland counties.' Truly a flood with a vengeance! for 'the point of the cathedral is only just visible above the mass of waters in the distant valley!'

Hear this, ye men of the midland, and look out for an ark-wright. Profound philosophers have discovered that 'the desire to pry into the future is a peculiar characteristic of the human mind;' and it would seem that this desire is not less strong at the present day than it was in the days of the Witch of En-dor, or the Witch of Edmonton, if one may

judge from the crowds that squeezed into Exeter Hall to hear the vaticination of Dr. C—g, who is certainly no wizard. We will back our author against him any day. Hear him :—

Never had England been so prosperous as in the early part of that year (1880). The religions war had long been terminated ; the firebrands of the Church were quenched ; the Jesuits were banished from the kingdom by an edict from the crown ; liberty of conscience existed everywhere, and peace and good-fellowship made fair promise that the closing years of Queen Victoria's reign should be passed in harmony and prosperity.

What peculiar form of religion the war is to leave us does not appear, for our author, with a caution worthy of an almanac prophet, introduces as attending on the deathbed of Cecil 'a man who might be, from his dress, either a clergyman or a priest.'

There are plenty of good things in these volumes, especially the first, translated, transplanted, and original. Here is a specimen or two :—

Women are but philosophers of the moment.

(The author is rather proud of this, for he repeats it twice.)

Mrs. Addiscombe has but one idea, divided in these hard times, out of economy, into two—her dog and her husband.

En pensant qu'il faut qu'on oublie, on s'en souvient.

The gossip of the world is an Amazonian police ; it costs Government nothing. The expense is defrayed by persons who may be known by certain marks, who undertake it for the good of the public, and who carry it on for their own private pleasure ; and what is done willingly is generally done well.

Ashdown (Cecil's country-house) was a romance in stone and mortar.

Life had always appeared to Lord Delamere as a speculation, the account of which he held in hand.

If space and time permitted, we could multiply instances like these, of careful reading and keen observation ; as it is, we must refer our readers to the book itself. But before passing to another subject, we must return for a moment to our professional task of fault-finding. We have to scold the author for occasional carelessness as to grammar.

Take, for example, the following sentences :—

It was discovered that the estates had been entailed, which neither *her* nor *her* family had ever surmised the possibility of.

Again :—

Dr. Arnold's opinions are as much followed as *are* consistent with the difference of the situation and prospects in life of the scholars.

We take leave of our unknown author with hearty good will, and hope that he will soon give us another novel, written carefully, and in genuine mother English, with a little less about the chairs, and carpets, and pictures, and a little more about the people that sit, and stand, and look thereon.

We now turn to a novel of a very different stamp—*Julia Howard*.*

Just now we were complaining of a dearth of adventure ; here the crop is perhaps over-plentiful. Not to mention the hero's mental sufferings, his grief, love, jealousy, and despair, he is twice or thrice knocked on the head, occasionally run through the body, and perfectly riddled with pistol-bullets. Strange to say, he does die at last. We ought to be thankful that he survived the first volume ; and thankful we are, for otherwise we should have been minus a few hours' very pleasant reading. Throughout this book there is no attempt at the didactic, not the least bit of psychology—a noxious species of weed, a degenerate seedling from Weimar—which has sprung up of late years, and threatens to overspread the golden gardens of romance. No one can protest more strongly against all modern innovation than does Mrs. Martin Bell, if we may judge by the sample before us. It belongs to the old school, and, with a few more secret passages and trap-doors, might have been composed by Ann Ratcliff herself. With one exception the men are all brave, generous, and handsome ; the women tender, true, and beautiful. Mrs. Bell has such a predilection for personal charms, that she has made the villain himself handsome like the rest,—a Lucifer, not a Beelzebub ; you don't meet with a plain

* *Julia Howard*. A Romance. By Mrs. Martin Bell. 3 vols. Bentley.

face throughout, whether in Ireland or Austria, which does not quite tally with our own experience when on our travels. The fair authoress, in selecting her characters, has clearly applied the golden rule of the Ethiopian bard,—‘You an’t good-looking, so you can’t come in.’ The amount of ‘chiselled features’ is something astounding. We could fancy ourselves in a statue-gallery, but for the superhuman tumult and bustle.

The villain to whom we have alluded, is an average specimen of that numerous class peculiar to fiction and the stage—self-conscious, avowed villains, without one redeeming point, one softening trait. We have seen, or heard of, a melodrama, in which the chief mar-plot thus naturally reveals himself to the audience in a soliloquy :—

I am a villain of the blackest dye.

What a pity that iniquity does not stalk in this patent shape about the common earth as well as the boards. The whole criminal code might be superseded by one comprehensive and simple act for the suppression of villains. The culprits might be at once detected by ‘something sinister about the mouth,’ and instead of the present ponderous apparatus of judges and juries, a single physiognomist might administer summary and poetical justice for all the world. Of *Julia Howard*, the part relating to Mackenzie—the kind and caustic, generous and cautious, Scottish soldier of fortune—is almost the only part which commends itself by its humanity and naturalness, the only part which might not have been written before *Waverley*. The rest is conventional. We make a tacit bargain with the author to receive her creations for flesh and blood, just as in the drama we agree to content ourselves with pasteboard forests and canvass skies. We take the author for our mesmerist, and, with the best wishes for her success, submit to her passes, and make ourselves up comfortably for a day-dream. So it is in all cases. The greatest mesmerist is he who not only induces the dream, but in the greatest degree lulls the consciousness that you are dreaming. The most potent spells are those masterly touches of character and life which

carry with them instantaneous conviction, because they are the perfect utterance of your own half-formed observations; which by a thousand subtle associations lead you to invest the creatures of fiction with the shape and attributes of your kinsfolk and acquaintance; which almost cheat your innermost sense by arraying the ideal world in the colours and atmosphere of the real. But these are spells known only to the mightiest masters—a Scott, or a Dickens; Mrs. Bell—we may say without offence—is but an artist ‘of the outer court.’ Her spells are of the second order. She arrests our attention by the deeds and sufferings of her *personæ*, not by their thoughts and feelings. She shows us adventures, not characters. Not one of her heroes or heroines recalls a single look, phrase, or expression, of any person we ever had the honour to meet out of post octavo. Indeed, what with their high birth, lofty bearing, chiselled features, and poetical phraseology, we should feel decidedly out of our element in their society, and so, we think, would any mortal now living, except Mr. N. P. Willis, whose life has been spent in such circles. Nevertheless we are content to take Mrs. Bell’s word for it that there were such people in the year 1740, in the highlands of Connaught—the time and place of the opening chapter.

Allaster O’Connor is the landless heir of a long line. ‘In his veins flow the mingling currents of Norman chivalry and Celtic royalty.’ Edward, his brother, the villain mentioned above, has apostatized for the sake of the fortune which should have come to Allaster. Colonel Herbert, an Englishman, has bought the O’Connor estates, and, what is more to the purpose, has brought with him his niece, a great heiress—Julia Howard herself—who is thus presented to us, a flower among flowers, in the conservatory adjoining the drawing-room at Castle Herbert :—

A lamp suspended from the roof shed its soft light over the graceful and luxuriant thickets of exotic shrubs, whose glittering leaves and glowing flowers appeared yet more fresh and fair in that gentle illumination. From the light pillars supporting the roof vines hung their

rich festoons of fruit and foliage, and a tiny fountain threw up its sheaf of liquid crystal from a shell-formed marble basin. The houri of this paradise sat beside the fount, tying up a bouquet. She was a girl of rare and exquisite loveliness. Rather below the middle height of female stature, her figure, though rounded to perfect symmetry, seemed almost ærial in its fairy lightness, and her features, like Allaster's, were moulded in the purest lines of Grecian beauty; but there was nothing of the cold marble beauty of sculpture in her living loveliness. All was rich, and ripe, and glowing with the warm flush of youth, and health, and joy. She was so very fair that the blue veins were pencilled on her brow and on her eyelids; and on her rounded cheek the colour varied every moment, from the crimson bloom of the musky carnation, to the most delicate hue tinging the half-opened petals of the white moss-rose. Her large soft eyes of that violet blue which appears black, veiled their pure, yet almost voluptuous, light, beneath long curling lashes, which, when she looked down, fell like a fringe over her cheek, and when she looked up, almost touched the pencilled line of her eyebrows. Her jet-black hair, luxuriant as that of an Oriental beauty, contrasted well with the transparent delicacy of her complexion; drawn back from her face, of which it left unveiled the sweet oval contour, it formed a low crown of glossy plaits, entwined with strings of pearls, round her head, while the profuse ends of the long tresses fell back again in curls on her neck. Her dress was suited to her style of beauty with the unconscious coquetry of an exquisite taste; it was a plain robe of black velvet, fitting tight to the faultless form it displayed, and showing the snowy and dimpled arms and shoulders in their own unadorned loveliness.

In all this we only object to the 'robe of black velvet,' which we should conceive (though we scarcely dare to differ from a lady on such a point) more adapted for a full-blown dowager than a budding damsel. The young lady, though over head and ears in love with Allaster, has been betrothed in childhood to her guardian's wild son, Charley Herbert, and thinks herself bound in honour to fulfil the engagement. Allaster, as usual in such cases, goes off to the wars, and joins the Austrian service, having an uncle, Count O'Donnel, there already. The Count's daughter, Alma, is dying of love for him.

Allaster, supposing Julia to be married also, yields to his uncle's request and marries Alma to save her life—too late. By and bye he hears that Charley Herbert, having espoused an opera-girl, Julia is free once more. He hastens home, arrives safe and sound, they are married, and ought, by all the laws of love, to live happy ever after; and so they would, but for a most superfluous atrocity on the part of the villain Edward O'Connor, who abducts poor Julia the day after the wedding. Allaster follows, and is shot by his brother. Julia dies of a broken heart, and there's an end.

In our opinion a novel should never 'end badly,' except from some stern necessity interwoven with the very texture of the tale, as in *The Bride of Lammermuir* or *St. Ronan's Well*. But here there is no such imperious fate, and the last chapter is a piece of gratuitous and wilful murder on the part of Mrs. Bell. We earnestly implore her to bring them all to life again in the second edition. The episode of Von Turkheim and Clara is tragical enough in all conscience, and would satisfy the requirements of the most blood-thirsty school-girl that ever wasted the midnight tallow over half-bound volumes surreptitiously obtained from the circulating-library over the way.

We opened *Clarendon** with the full expectation of being introduced to the Merry Monarch and his grave chancellor (for we are sure to have some historical romances following like cock-boats in the wake of the Macaulay), but it proves to be a tale of this nineteenth century. At least so the author tells us; we should never have guessed it from the costume or manners of the personages who figure therein.

Our readers will have seen that we do not set up any very high standard whereby to measure the merit of works of fiction: we sit down to a novel with the most laudable desire to be amused, prepared to make allowance for a fair human proportion of errors and short-comings; but there is a limit beyond which patience refuses to sit smiling any more, and this limit has been out-

* *Clarendon*. A Tale. By William Dodsworth. 3 vols. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

stepped by *Clarendon*. In the trite reflections with which the book abounds, we find evidences enough of good and kindly feeling on the author's part, and this makes us the more reluctant to condemn his work in the terms which truth and justice require. Mr. Dodsworth, we dare say, is a very good and amiable man, but, as a novelist, he is one of the worst criminals ever brought to the bar of criticism for murdering a story.

The faults which are slightly traceable in *Julia Howard*, are glaring and palpable in *Clarendon*. All is exaggerated and unreal. The villains—and there is a legion of them—are devils, not men; the heroines are angels, not women. The plot is perfectly unintelligible; the motives alleged do not at all explain the actions described; the chronology and topography of the story present a tangled web of confusion; the words and deeds of the persons presented are for ever belying the characters they are meant to support; and all through the book there is an utter disregard of propriety, probability, and consistency. It is incumbent upon us to produce evidence in support of these graver charges. We would endeavour to give an abstract of the story, only, as we do not at all understand it ourselves, we despair of conveying an idea of it even to the most intelligent of publics. We, therefore, take the first example that presents itself (vol. i. p. 7), and leave our readers to judge whether there be not gross exaggeration in the descriptions and a violation of all dramatic truthfulness in the scene that follows. We are obliged to curtail somewhat; rather a kindness to our author, who numbers prolixity among his many sins:—

At the foot of the bed on which lay stretched the once gay and courtly Godfrey Clarendon stood his elder son, a noble-looking lad of eighteen, who was flanked on one side by a figure so singularly and outrageously original [*true enough*] that we feel it necessary to give a more than ordinarily particular account of its appearance, to place the character before our reader's eye. A man's grey beaver hat, surmounted by a large purple feather, overlapped in its turn a face, the strong masculine features of which, scarred and wrinkled and badly treated as they had been by the finger of Time, seemed to denote that it belonged to the

masculine gender; this, however, the remainder of the dress, which consisted of a scarlet bodice and a violet petticoat, the extreme scantiness of which by no means obscured a pair of very venerable yet still very well-turned ankles, belied [*a sentence truly Ciceronian in construction*]; a black military (!) belt set with large brilliants that flashed out from the surrounding darkness whenever the light came in contact with them; white silk stockings with gold clocks, and very low-made shoes adorned with rosettes, and brilliants similar to those in the belt; a large gold watch attached to the side by an equally massive chain, and a very white thin India muslin handkerchief folded very low down over a flat bosom, so as to display all the beauties of a scraggy neck and throat, diversified and intersected by a bundle of muscles and sinews, completes [*complete?*] the costume of this singular personage; in stature it [*what! the costume?*] equalled that of a tall man, the appearance of which [*Heaven help these poor relatives vainly searching for antecedents!*] the masculine character of its features further tended to keep up; the nose was *strong* (!) and hooked, the jaws large and prominent, and the eyes of a keen grey. There was with all this, when the features were at rest, an air of humour and caustic shrewdness that would in many people's minds have increased the awe Lady Susan Clarendon's appearance created. [*We may remark that Lady Susan does not utter one word in support of her character for humour and shrewdness in all the book.*] . . . They [her hands] were the only things about her that time had not marred, and now glittering with jewels of great value they still served to remind the beholder of the time when the charms of their possessor challenged even the homage of the elegant Chesterfield, the courtly Etherege, the epigrammatic Selden, and the stately Dorset. [*Mercy on us! a woman hale and hearty in the year 1831.*] . . . Her ladyship was almost the only relation Mr. Clarendon possessed, and that only in a collateral degree. Mr. Clarendon's uncle, when in life [*we gather from p. 25, vol. ii. that it was Mr. C.'s brother*] being the possessor of this old-fashioned oddity, and on this account chiefly and partly because she had for a fortnight of every May carried off his only daughter to her dull, *tumbersome* [*we have heard of a lumbering coach, but never of a lumbering house before*] melancholy house in Grosvenor Place, had she been summoned to the family conclave at this juncture.

Another relation, Jasper Vernon, stands by the bedside:—

With square, gannt shoulders, a lean, cadaverous, wrinkled face, adorned with a red, hungry-looking snub-nose, bleared eyes, a puckered-up chin, splay hands, a scratch wig, and a voice, to the harsh dissonant tones of which the scarcely more mellifluous one of Lady Susan was melody itself. [*How could that be, if it was scarcely more mellifluous?*]

Mr. Clarendon, spying his younger son, stretches out his arms, and Herbert is about to throw himself on his father's breast, when

'Clarendon, you're surely not going to kill the poor child?' yelled Lady Susan, seizing the innocent occasion of her fear by the skirts of his little tunic, and depositing him by main force in a chair, 'My dear child, remember you've the death-struggle on ye!'

'Mr. Clarendon forgets his weak state,' echoed his other Job's comforter, pouring out a glass of some horrid mixture redolent of a thousand ills. 'Pray drink some of the emulsion, Dr. Quackleton —'

'Dr. Quackleton be d—d!' growled the patient, in a hoarse voice. 'Herbert, my child, come to your father —'

'For shame, Godfrey Clarendon!' groaned Lady Susan, keeping, nevertheless, a tight hold of the stripling with her iron grasp; 'you that's just passing into another world with the devil's curse on your lip. God forgive you your many and heavy sins!'

'Mr. Clarendon had better be seeing the priest of the parish than be after wearying his mind with carnal things,' wheezed Jasper Vernon, with his cold, husky voice. 'Don't you think so, Lady Susan?'

'Humph! how should I know, you lantern-jawed noddie!' growled her ladyship; 'he'd better be after settling his affairs, in my opinion.'

The extract we have given is a fair specimen of the whole; the characters are always calling each other names, and sometimes the author calls them names, too; for instance, 'The obsequious, vulgar, and cunning Mr. Macgraw, whose impudent ugliness and uncouth dialect,' &c. &c.; and a little further on we have 'the fat arm of the squat, ugly, fiery-headed Saunders Macgraw.'

But our author has not trusted entirely to his own marvellous powers of invention; he has taken, in the most cunning way, sundry broad hints from the works of one Charles Dickens. A wind blowing through two or three pages sounds marvelously like the wind which blew

Mr. Pecksniff into public notice; the murderer's flight (vol. i. pp. 96-100) strongly recalls a passage in *Oliver Twist*,—the haunts to which he escapes are Bill Sykes's haunts, down to the muddy ditch; 'Mrs. Tipperley' and 'John Sihbet' are the blooming landlady and Mark Tapley over again.

Time would fail us were we to pick out all the instances of carelessness, and ignorance, and confusion, which are to be found in these volumes. We will take one or two at haphazard.

The day that Colonel Clarendon dies it is 'early spring;' the day after the funeral is the 9th of October.

Herbert Clarendon will be of age in 1840; the tale opens in 1831, and a few months after—he is seven years old! He has also been at Eton some time, and is dressed in 'a little tunic.'

Lady Susan is rechristened, in p. 60. vol. i., 'Lady Dinah.'

Jasper Vernon's place is in Somersetshire, and within an easy day's walk of Dover!

Lady Susan passes through Dover on her way from Scotland to Somersetshire!

The poachers in the forests near Dover bag great quantities of black game!

The tale opens, as we have said, in the year 1831, at which date Fouché is still Minister of Police, and Rachel has been for some time the queen of the Parisian stage. The Revolution (we do not exactly know *which*) occurs some months after!

In p. 34, vol. i. is a long description of a restless, and enterprising traveller, who meets with all manner of wild adventures and hairbreadth escapes. 'A perfect Machiavel, by your account,' cried Lady Susan, with a stern smile; 'and pray what is the name of your Protean hero?' [We should like to know what precise notion Mr. Dodsworth entertains of Machiavelli and Proteus respectively.]

We are especially amused with our author's ideas respecting the manners and customs of the aristocracy, for which class, and everything connected with it, especially the footmen, he entertains the most profound respect. We learn, from several instances in this book, that whenever a lady of title observes a carriage

coming up the avenue, she rushes down to the front-door (we beg pardon—the grand entrance) to see who it can be. The ‘aristocracy’ never go out—they ‘emerge;’ they do not drink, but ‘imbibe;’ instead of sitting comfortably on sofas, they ‘recline luxuriously on fauteuils;’ and are altogether very different from the rest of the world.

At the risk of wearying our readers, we cannot refrain from quoting the following delicious description of a dinner given by Mr. Dalton, a rich Englishman ‘of the highest *ton*,’ resident at Paris:—

‘Whatever can have become of Cecil?’ said Dalton, for the tenth time, when, the dinner having been removed, the dessert was at length placed upon the table. ‘Did you see the *party* [!], Gibbons, whom he went out with?’ turning to the *groom of the chambers* as he spoke.

‘I did not, sir,’ said Gibbons. ‘Johnson describes him as being a young man, pretty much of Mr. Cecil’s own age, and *very dirty*, as if he had just come off a long journey.’

‘It is really very mysterious,’ muttered Dalton, glancing over to his wife, who evidently shared his alarm, although she retained her usual quiet self-possession. ‘If I did not know that Cecil can have no enemies in Paris, and is strong and resolute as well, I could feel seriously alarmed about him.’

‘Mr. Clarendon is an excellent fencer,’ said the Marquis de Boissy, a witty eccentric, who was enormously rich, and who subsequently married the notorious Countess Guiccoli. [*sic.*] He nearly killed Dubois yesterday at the circle.’

‘I did not know Mr. Clarendon fenced,’ was Dalton’s abstracted answer. ‘Camilla, my love, you have not touched your harp to-day.’

‘I am quite *triste* to-day, papa,’ said the lively *soubrette* [Does he mean *brunette*?], with a sigh. ‘I am sure we shall hear of some great calamity very shortly, I am so very miserable.’

‘Do your regrets always precede your misfortunes, Miss Dalton?’ said De Boissy, with a Frenchman’s shrug of the shoulders. ‘If so, you must at times feel rather bewildered between the cause and the effect.’

‘But do you not often feel the same sensation, monsieur?’ demanded Camilla, turning her large lustrous eyes upon the face of the old voluptuaire. [Why not ‘voluptuary?’] I can assure you I

always anticipate an evil beforehand.’ [Anticipations generally *are* beforehand.]

‘I never discuss metaphysics after dinner,’ said the old marquis, gallantly [?]; ‘hut whom, in the name of all the gods, have we here?’ he added, as Cecil, pale, breathless, and agitated, rushed into the room. ‘Mr. Cecil Clarendon must surely have seen the ghost of his grandmother. And who is that very handsome young man he brings along with him? *Diable!* he has never introduced him.’

And now, intelligent public, acting as jury, are the charges proven? We anticipate your answer, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, and in the exercise of our judicial functions we address the prisoner at the bar.

‘William Dodsworth, you have been convicted by an intelligent jury of your countrymen, on several counts, of some of the most heinous offences contained in the statute-book of literature. The court, however, taking into consideration your previously unblemished character, instead of sentencing your book to the flames, condemns it to perpetual obscurity, and directs that it be taken hence to the place from whence it came—*videlicet*, the top shelf in Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall’s premises—there to lie for ever: and may the Lord deliver us from the like thereof!’

‘We have reserved *Leonard Lindsay** to the last, because we like it the best of the books we have been reading and reviewing. The story is told with a freshness and vigour which do not permit the attention to flag for a moment. The buccaneer seizes us by the arm, hurries us along with him from shore to shore, from peril to peril, and finally lands us safe at home once more,—somewhat out of breath, but, on the whole, highly delighted with our experiences of life on the high seas. It reminds us of our first trip with Robinson Crusoe. The subject is well chosen, and as good as new; for we do not remember any fiction having to do with these red-handed robbers worth a rush. We have, it is true, a dim recollection of having read, in early childhood, a book called *Tales of the Buccaneers*, or some such name, full

* *Leonard Lindsay: or, the Story of a Buccaneer.* By Angus B. Reach. 2 vols. David Bogue.

of blood and wounds, and a few cuts besides, more horrible, if possible, than the text, where the said buccaneers were portrayed as fiends incarnate, thirsting for blood, hungering for gold, unvisited by one gleam of pity or one shade of remorse. Mr. Reach takes another and, of course, a truer view of the race. He maintains that they were a sort of free-trade league, whose object was to break the monopoly which Spain arrogated to herself of the trade with the New World. The European peoples applauded, and the European princes connived at, this wild mode of redressing a manifest wrong. It somewhat concerns our national honour that the reputation of these 'free-traders' should be defended, as our countrymen always took the lion's share in the danger and the spoil. It is almost impossible to take up any book written in Spain during the reign of Philip II. and his immediate successors without finding indications of the hatred and terror which *los piratas Ingleses* (the English pirates) had inspired. As, Mr. Reach says in his preface,—

The Spaniards, of course, looked upon them as murderers and robbers. They generally called and considered themselves privateers'-men, and frequently carried letters of marque issued by any European nation with which Spain was at war. But the great warrant and great guarantee of the buccaneers was the public opinion of Europe, which, not perhaps in an open and avowed, but certainly in a mode which was just as intelligible, applauded every achievement performed, and stimulated the adventurers to new feats.

I have already admitted, that in this species of marine guerilla warfare, undertaken by private individuals at their own cost and for their own profit, circum-

stances were likely to arise branding the system with the imputation of piracy. There is no doubt, also, but that the buccaneers were frequently anything but reputable characters. Their hazardous way of life was often taken to by broken and desperate men; and during the latter part of their existence, the plantations of Maryland and Virginia sent a constant stream of English desperadoes into the West Indies. Admitting all this, and all its probable consequences, the point remains unimpeached that buccaneering was not necessarily piracy, and that many men, as honest and well meaning as they were daring and reckless, sailed with Sharpe, Morgan, and Coxon.

Mr. Reach says that his design in writing his book was twofold: he wished to amuse, and, in doing so, quietly and unpretendingly to convey information.

Now we said, a few pages back, that we protested against works of fiction whose object was to convey historical information. Mr. Reach does not come under our protest, which was meant to apply only to those stories which had a regular plot. In this book there is no web of intrigue whose threads are all to be gathered up at last into one true love-knot, or all severed at one stroke by the sword of destiny; there is merely a string of adventures—what Aristotle might have called *tristes incidents*, and in such a case actual fact and artistic truth are for once compatible. From such a book it is exceeding difficult to detach a passage for quotation. To make any isolated fragment interesting, or even intelligible, we must give a long previous explanation, and we should, probably, but spoil the story in the telling. We prefer, therefore, the following sample of our author's poetical powers:—

Take comfort, pretty Margery, and swab away your tears,
Your sweetheart, Tom, has sailed among the gallant buccaneers;
So dry your eyes, my Marg-ry, your Tom is true and bold,
And he'll come again to see you, lass, with glory and with gold;
For his comrades are the stoutest and the bravest in the land,
And there's ne'er a Don came out of Spain will meet them hand-to-hand.

So-ho! for pike and sabre-cut, and balls about your ears:
'Tis little he must care for these would join the buccaneers!

The man who lies at home at ease a craven heart has he,
While there's wild boars on the hills to hunt, and Spaniards on the sea;
So look alive, my stately Don, for, spite your thundering guns,
Your shining gold we'll make our own and eke your pretty nuns.
We'll spend the first and love the last, and when we tire ashore,
'Tis but another cruise, my boys, and back we come with more.
So-ho! for pike and sabre-cut, &c.

What though to peace in Europe the Dons and we incline,
 The treaty seldom has much force to the south'ard of the line ;
 Here's wassailing and fighting, the merriest of lives,
 With staunch and jovial comrades, with sweethearts and with wives :
 We sweep the green savannahs, we storm the Spanish walls,
 And we're kings upon the water, by the grace of—cannon-balls.
 Then ho ! for pike and sabre-cut, and balls about your ears :
 'Tis little he must care for these would head the buccaneers !

As Leonard Lindsay is supposed to tell his own story, and that story commencing so long ago as the year 1672, perhaps a dash of archaic quaintness might have added to the *truth-likeness* of the narrative. This, however, is hypercriticism. We

heartily commend the book as it is : it will be read with eager interest by many a bright-eyed child, and will please even those who have reached, like ourselves, an age not pleased so easily.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE LAKES.

AFTER the noise and bustle of a ten-hours' railway journey from town, there is something strange and outlandish in the sensation experienced as the coach-wheels leave the firm ground of Hest Bank and suddenly commence their dumb run upon the Lancaster Sands.

The traveller sees before him a miniature desert, in which he boldly plunges without a track to guide him ; for the pathway which for ages man has day by day graven upon its surface each succeeding tide has effaced, as though jealous of the encroachment ; in place of labourers at work in the fields, he sees the 'cocklers' busy among the briny pools, and the seagull on his white-curved wings sweeps under the very noses of the leaders.

'Well,' said I to the coachman, 'this is as strange a road as ever I travelled.'

'A werry good road when one knows it,' said he, at the same time taking a wide sweep in his course. 'Look'e there,' pointing to the spot he had avoided, 'that's the tail of a quicksand : a bit fuder, and my whip wouldn't stand up in it, more than a spoon in a mustardpot.'

To my unpractised eye there was no sign of the dangerous vicinage ; the whole space as far as Kent's Bank, some seven or eight miles' distance, seemed ridged with infinite small wavelets of sand—the rude writing of the receded tide.

On we rattled with the steadiness of the rail, nothing daunted by the

formidable appearance of the Kent river, which flows through the sands.

A ford ! What a picturesque thing it is ! Market-carts piled with country produce, horsemen and buxom wenches,—all waiting for the rough old jack-booted guide to lead them across. All, did I say ? Not all. One country girl, with a noble simplicity, gathered up a huge handful of petticoat, and triumphantly waded over. That I veiled not my eyes instinctively is thy fault, O Etty ! who hast made us citizens of the great Babylon stand fire at the nude. As for our Jehu he disdained the guide's help, and dashed his team through with all the confidence of Neptune.

There was a strange mixture of the stable and sea in the man that made him quite a study. His broad brim, seemed striving behind to develop itself into a 'son'-wester ; he was wrapped in a compromise between a pilot and a driving-coat ; he talked as knowingly of a craft as of a 'drag,' and boasted that he handled the ropes as often as the rihands. Morecomb Bay was his exercising ground, and he could explain every ruffle on the sand as though he had been born and bred there—a flat-fish.

'There, now,' said he, after we had rattled over the Cartmel peninsula and were nearing the Furness shore, 'that's a sight you don't see every day !' pointing with his whip to a long furrow in the sand as he spoke. 'What do you figure that out to be ?'

I gave it up.

'De see,' said he, leaning back, 'where our wheel-marks have just cut across it? Well, that was where the Bardsea steamer dragged her keel last tide, and now we comes and makes our mark right athwart-like. 'Taint every day as a five-hundred ton ship cuts across the high-road that way.'

As this strange compound beside me rattled on after this fashion, I felt certain misgivings as to his genus. From his waste upwards he was of the Jarvey class, undoubtedly; but what was there beneath the leathern apron? A merman's flabby tail had just suggested itself, when a huge boot-heel descended upon my toe, dissipating all doubt, as the wheelers were suddenly drawn up upon their haunches at the Sun Hotel, Ulverstone.

'But what have you dragged us over the Lancaster Sands for?' says the reader; 'and whither are you leading us?'

Because, good friend, I am for a day or two in the Lake country, and have a theory about the best way to it. Let those who love the rail go on to Bowness, and enter Windermere by its drawing-room window; I prefer its natural porch, the sparkling Leven,—the gladdest, brightest river in all the world. Besides, there is an æsthetic reason for taking the route by the sands, which should not be overlooked. A gourmand in scenery adopts a system of contrasts in his landscapes, just as the wine-taster does with his palate: a rough cheese prepares the way for a delicate appreciation of the fruity port: a morning's journey on a landscape as flat as your hand gives the eye a relish for a mountain scenery and a sparkling lake.

We will not linger on the way between Ulverstone and Newby Bridge,—not even to dwell upon its rich scenery, nor to delight in the bright river which, ere it is lost in the sandy gorge of the sea, is seen through its verdant fringe of trees, leaping beside the road up which the traveller slowly toils.

If there is a model-inn in the world for the tired and dusty pedestrian it is the Swan at Newby Bridge. Thirsty and footsore he crosses the old grey arch, and mine host, napkin in

hand, smiles upon him from the capacious doorway of the hostel. Throwing aside his knapsack, he strolls down a few yards to the grassy margin of the river whilst dinner is preparing. Around, on every side, a graceful verdure walls in a scene of perfect peace. Swiftly and with the sparkle of innumerable brilliants the stream flows over its shallow bed, scarce deep enough to float the light skiff, in whose shadow the great trout with ceaseless fin poises himself against the crystal flood. As you watch him with the eye of an angler dinner is announced, and you pass at once to the contemplation of his fellow in a napkin, with the appreciation of a gastronome.

A trout and a cutlet in the quiet domestic little coffee-room, with the window draped with emerald leaves, gives no bad foretaste of the way things are done in the Lake country,—at least, in that portion of it which is not made the head-quarters of the upstart rich, who are fast vulgarizing all before them; white-'chokered' waiters and all their concomitants taking the place of the wholesome simplicity that reigned of yore.

My regret at leaving this perfect little inn was not lessened by the glimpse I caught of a bright-haired young beauty alighting from her mountain pony at the moment of departure, and what spell there is in the very neighbourhood of gentle womanhood we leave to our reader's own heart; but to go I was obliged. The last bell of the steamer was ringing; the white smoke was giving its final blow; and the little Lady of the Lake, a hundred yards up the stream, was ready to take her path-way up the enchanted lake.

Light as she is, there is scarcely water enough to float her—scarcely breadth enough to clear the water-lilies that pave the crystal floor on either side. Not a glimpse of the Queen of the Lakes is to be seen—not a mountain rears its blue summit in the distance. We pick our way down a mere brooklet running between hill-sides, the graceful little steamer turning and twisting like an eel. The tourist is all anticipation,—a turn, and we sweep into the lake.

Nay, good tourist, get rid of that depreciating look; say not that your

ideal is destroyed, and that Windermere is 'a sell,' as some fast young gentlemen declare on their first introduction. When you have lived upon it fifty years, as Christopher North says, you might have something to say about it. Wait until the swift paddles have run you up the narrow reach of the lake,—until you thread your way between the mimic isles,—until Bowness is passed, and then ask yourself if a more lovely corner of the world is to be found than the nook where stands the bold brotherhood of mountains upon its northern shore. How gently the sweeping hills fold across each other, like the kerchief on a maternal breast; and how the soft lake repeats the image in her own liquid bosom!

I hope I am not writing in the spirit of a guide-book, but the last few lines smack of it most forcibly, I must confess. There is nothing I detest more than dosing a reader with effete descriptions of scenery, and of such scenery as this above all things; for how vain are words to attempt a realization to the mind of the blue atmosphere of the mountain gorge, the tender gradations of its light, or of the weird-like forms of the cloud shadows, as with strange contortions they chase each other up the craggy steep!

There, now, yawn no more, good reader; I promise, though in the very midst of mountains, never to say as many words about them again throughout the paper.

Whilst Belle Isle and its stately mansion still hides from us the northern sky line, jagged with towering peaks, I land upon a green promontory, such as Undine might have sported upon with the old fisherman, leaving the steamer to pursue her way through the wooded isles on her upward passage.

A charming little nest is the Ferry Inn, and no jollier landlord is there than Arnold—no kinder, more motherly creature, than my landlady. The inn looks directly upon the glassy lake through a fringe of noble trees, just as a beauty peers at herself in the mirror through her luxuriant tresses. The pleasure-skiffs grind and fret their entwaters against the pebbles, within biscuit toss of the breakfast-parlour windows, and those who are romantically inclined

can drip silver from their oars in the moonlit lake ere the warm glow of the coffee-room has departed from their cheek. This is as it should be, but it is quite an exception to the general rule, which is to plant the inns at a mile's distance from the water. Such is the case at Ambleside, at Patterdale, and Keswick—a most unnatural divorce, and worthy of all condemnation. The delight is to take the water like a duck, at any moment and in any dress, and not to pay it a formal visit as you would a frigid acquaintance.

The moon was slowly rising over Orrest Head, and her reflexion, like a silver shallop, was noiselessly ferrying from shore to shore of the unruffled mere, as I rose from the substantial viands of my worthy host. To ship a pair of sculls and pull out into the lake was an instinctive act. It was as natural to be attracted by the soft swells of music which came over from Bowness—Bowness, the pleasure-village of the Lake country, where yachtsmen flourish and fair maids flirt, where in the summer evenings lights quiver so long in the dark water, winking ever and anon as the gauze-clad angels swim by in the dreamy waltz. 'On such a night as this' I found myself amid a crowd of promenaders, which the band had congregated in the grounds of the Royal Hotel. Every window was open and full of life. Silks rustled upon the balconies, and young bright faces came in and out of the deep shadows made by the clustering clematis. The scene realized one's preconceived idea of the gaiety reigning upon the river lake. I still bear in my memory the form of one gentle fair leaning alone from one of the upper casements, her graceful outline distinctly traced against the brilliant light of the room. Her hair had fallen loosely about her shoulders (I am not romancing an inch), and she was gazing fixedly upon the lake—thinking, perchance, of some far-distant Romeo.

The moon was hidden by a dark bank of cloud as I sought for my boat amid those grouped at the landing-place. Some one in my absence had drawn its nose upon the pier. I thought this strange at the moment, but pushed off into the dark. The graceful silhouette of the

unknown Juliet was still visible from the window of the hotel as I pulled right out into the lake, now black and still as death. Far away on the opposite shore, the lights of the Ferry Inn glistened like glow-worms set upon the water's edge. I might have been midway in the passage, and my thoughts were far away, wondering whether a fair lady down in the West looked out vacantly into the night with my image in her soul, when my eye caught a small white object moving to and fro in the bottom of the boat. I put my hand down, and found the bottom full of water!

'What a disgusting pig that Arnold must be to give me a boat that makes water like this,' I remarked, not at all alarmed: and was only quickening my stroke, when I heard a slight gushing sound at the head of the skiff. I darted forward, and placed my hand on the side—it was leaking in streams through a gaping seam!

Good God! the lake at that spot was two hundred and forty feet deep. I was in a sinking boat, and could not swim!

For a moment I sat paralyzed—then I started up and shouted, but all was still except the jug-jug of a nightingale singing from the distant shore, and the sound of the spouting water that seemed to me at that moment louder than the loudest cataract. I sat down in desperation, and pulled for very life—the water, inch by inch, coming up to my knees.

Suddenly a rustling sound made my heart leap with horror—on every hand tall and shadowy forms bent over the boat side, I thought the spirits of the lake were about to clutch and bear me down into the gloomy depths below. In the midst of my terror the moon burst forth, and to my great relief my ghostly assailants transformed themselves into harmless flagreeds.

I was ashore on Belle Isle, a deeply thankful man. Had it been uninhabited I might have played Robinson Crusoe for the night; but assistance came, and then the cause of my disaster was apparent at once. I had taken the wrong boat—one that had met with damage, and had been drawn up on the landing-place

for safety. Such was my first adventure upon Windermere.

The glorious fire in the Ferry kitchen was not the least pleasant place after my cold foot-bath. Reader, if you be of the silver-fork school, you will wonder perhaps at my low habits. Nevertheless, there are occasions on which a capacious kitchen is not to be sneered at. I had looked in at the coffee-room, and the very sight of the place chilled me to the bone. Each table, inhabited by its own separate group, seemed as much isolated from the others as the isles of the lake. Here a clergyman sat with his two daughters, surrounded by a moral *chevaux de frise*, that would fain repel the assault of the slightest glance—there two Oxford men from different tables threw out their invisible antennæ, and minutely examined and watched each other from the very depths of their all-absorbing newspapers. The only real group was the one most shunned by the others—a party of 'cheap trippers,' as the innkeepers contemptuously designate those who 'do' the lakes by excursion trains.

What a contrast to all this genteel frost-work and silly constraint was the Homeric breadth and generous simplicity of the bright and cheerful kitchen. Behold on one side of the ample room, a large oaken dresser extending from floor to ceiling, black with age and bright with labour, carved and twisted enough to excite the envy of Wardour Street. Mugs and tankards of bright pewter stand out against the dark background clearly as in a Dutch picture, and flash and grow dull again as the wood-fire leapt and glowed on the merry hearth. Huge hams depended from the rafters, flanked by crisp and sad-coloured herbs, and ropes of onions shining jollily like gigantic strings of beads. Three or four lassies in snow-white jackets and linsey-woolsey petticoats, wooden-soled shoes and worsted stockings, elumped about their different vocations, reminding you of Landseer's peasant girl in his Bolton Abbey; a weather-beaten guide, alternately plaguing the girls about their sweethearts and drinking with the landlord; a fisherman from the lake; and a yachtsman from Bow-

ness a little fresh: such were the company and the scene in the Ferry Inn kitchen as I entered, and such might be found in twenty other hostels of the lake district not yet utterly spoilt by dainty company. I confess I love such places, and would rather smoke my pipe in one of their warm ingles than bury my feet in the richest Persian rug, or loll upon a sofa of the best tabouret, in the correct saloon or gilded coffee-room.

In such snuggeries you hear all the history of the country side: the old shepherd, as he warms with the nutty ale, grows loquacious, and tells of his lonely watchings among the fells; the guide drops his tone professional, and gives the pedestrian hints worth knowing. The manner in which the mistress chats and works among her maids smacks of the age patriarchal—on every side the traveller sees about him character rough and direct from the great quarry of nature.

A loud laugh, with rapid contagion, was circling round the company as I entered, above which arose the broad, rich cachinnations of the landlord. Mine host is a Dorsetshire man; and, with a pardonable clanishness, has imported a little colony from his county, who fill all the more responsible posts of the hostelry. In the midst of the hard singing accent of the North, you are surprised to find Boots answering you in the rich west-country dialect, or to hear the ferryman troling out some doggerel ballad of the south as he gives way with his brawny arms. To a traveller coming, like myself, from those parts, the old familiar sound was as startlingly pleasant as for the Scotchmen to hear the bagpipes in the streets of London, or for the Swiss to see a pine tree or a snowy peak at the torrid zone.

The cause of the laughter I speedily learned. Mine host, in his own peculiar way, was beginning a little episode in his life that he was very fond of relating. The yachtsman had been asking him if he knew anything of Wordsworth.*

'Knew'd'n,' said he, with a merry twinkle of his eye, 'I should think

I did a few;' and rising from his seat, he reached and took down a tin horn from beside the beam that ran along the ceiling. 'That,' said he, eyeing the instrument with a look of affection, 'was when I blow'd the harn.' So saying, he gave it a blast that smacked of the coaching days of old.

What blowing the horn had to do with his knowledge of the poet, was a puzzle to those of his company who had never heard his story before, which included myself and the yachtsman.

'Blow'd the harn!' said the latter, in a half-tipsy tone, 'what do you mean by that?'

'Why, you see this wuz the way I comed to know Wadsworth' (the Lakers thus pronounce the Laureate's name, 'so as I shan't forget'n agen in a hurry. When I wuz guard of the Whitehaven mail' (here he refreshed himself with a blast), 'five years ago and more, as we wuz a slappin' along, and just coming to a sharpish turn—you knows the earner nigh the bridge, two miles this side Keswick—what should we see' (here he put the horn to his mouth again for another flourish; but his wife, with screwed-up eyes, snatched it out)—'what should we see but sumthin' uncommon tall and grand, tooling along a little pony shay, as cool as murder.'

'I give you my word and honour, gentlemen,' said he, turning round to us quite impressively, 'I never had occasion but this once to tune up this blessed harn as a warning, and hang me if I didn't miss it.'

'Oh, Lord, here's a smash,' said I; and afore the words wuz out of my mouth, crash went the shay all to smithereens right through a dry wall, and slap went the driver over into a plantation—arms out, and great-coat a-flying. We thought for sure 'twas all over with'n; but presently he picked himself up uncommon tall again; and says he,—

'I'll have this matter thoroughly investigated.'

'With that he walked off towards the public.

* It will be scarcely necessary here to state that this paper was written before the lamented death of the Laureate; an event, however, which it only too truly foreshadowed.

'And 'Bill,' said coachee to I, very down like, for 'twas a bad bit of business, 'who de think that is?'

'Well, who be't, Jem?' says I.

'Why, who but the powit, Wadsworth.'

'And now, gentlemen,' said he, turning round, 'when you next goes to Keswick, just by the bridge about two miles out, you'll see two yards of the wall down to this day, *and that's where we spilt the powit!*'

A prolonged blast on the horn, and a loud laugh, marked the landlord's sense of the excellence of the joke.

'Ay, and often and often,' continued he, returning the horn to its place, 'since that, when I've a-seen the grand fowks draw up to the Mount, I've a said, aly-like to myself,—'Ah, gentlemen, you be going to see the powit, but you never had'n call upon you, unexpected like, on a flying visit over a wall.'

A general gossip now ensued with respect to Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge. Poor Hartley was evidently the favourite of the Lakers. His genial nature and simple kind heartedness won upon them wonderfully. The women doted on him. He was never, they said, without a ha'penny in his pocket for the children; and 'Ay, he was a good-hearted little fellow,' was an exclamation all joined in. As poor Hood said,—'The rock be split upon was quarts.' The rough 'statesmen,' as the small farmers of the district are called, were never so happy as when they could induce the poet to take a glass at their expense. With all his familiarity, however, he managed to impress them with a most exalted idea of his abilities; and I was much amused, and not a little astonished, to hear the general assent given to an idea thrown out by one speaker, that 'he used to write all Wadsworth's best pieces for him.' (!)

The severe nature of the Laureate sorted not so well with them as that of 'Little Hartley,' who would fuddle himself with the men, romp with the children, and write love-letters for the lasses.

As I went upstairs to bed, I could not help taking a peep in at the coffee-room—it was as cold and silent as ever, the clergyman still kept watch and ward over his daughters,

the Oxford men had not done silently perusing each other. 'To-night, at all events,' said I, shutting the door, 'Kitchen has had the best of it.'

I remember now, and I might as well confess it, that no small element of the general satisfaction I felt at the Ferry Inn, was the fact that the coffee-room was guiltless of any of those white-neckcherchiefed gentry, with napkin under arm, and soft, cat-like footsteps, whose every action seems immediately posted up in their own minds in readiness for the bill.

Jane, our neat-handed Phillis, with her mild, dove-like eyes, and bright brown hair, did her spiriting differently. There was something so modest in her speech, and so innocent in her bearing, that you instinctively put down the soft peddle in your voice when addressing her. As for myself, I honestly confess that I loved to see her touch at my solitary table, as she cruized between the different parties in the breakfast room; and many a journey after needless muffins her beauty cost her.

The morning I left I had the coffee-room all to myself, I remember; and, rascal that I was, I determined to take advantage of it.

'Jane, I want to speak to you,' I called to her, with a tone more tender than a man usually calls for toast or chops in.

She came, and stopped about a pace from me.

'What is it you want, sir?' she said. 'Is it anything about the waiting?'

Such a mild serenity, such a guileless air, attended her, that I was routed in a moment, and, coward-like, took refuge in a demand for salt.

But here I am, talking nonsense, and dawdling on the very threshold of the lake. A boat, and hey for Ambleside!

A sweet little skiff lay with her nose leaning over the greensward that dipped into the lake.

I was right, after all.

As I took my place and shouted after the boatman, who should come labouring down, like an ant with a stalk of corn, but Jane, volunteering with the sculls.

'Good day,' she sweetly said, as I pushed off.

I like always thus to end with the smile of beauty.

Windermere, on a sunny day, is a scene that dwells in a man's mind long after he has seen it, as one of those bright visions that redeem the common-places and hard day-by-day realities of the earth. 'Adam could scarce have possessed a fairer lake in Eden,' I voluntarily exclaimed, as resting on my oars and turning round in my seat, the mountains at the head of the lake met my view. The 'Old Man' out to the north-west keeping guard over Coniston Water, that, like a gentle sister, lies beside the Queen of the Lakes. The Pikes, rising their huge camel-like humps against the light, and more directly a-head Nab Scar, Fairfield, and Loughrigg rose like solid walls of gay and gladsome green, against which the blue smoke of Ambleside and Rydal gently stole up the sky. Two days ago, I mused to myself, I toiled amid the gloom and soot of London; and now here I am rocking upon a crystal lake, into which the green promontories run like brilliant tongues of emerald, and mimic islands float on dreary echoes of themselves; a boat or two, with softly-swellings music and flags, trailing languidly in the water, and Martin might sketch it for the Enchanted Lake, or Thomson claim it as the realization of his delicious Land of Drowsy-head:—

Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,

And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky;
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,

And the calm Pleasures always hovered nigh;

But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest

Was far, far off, expelled from this delicious nest.

Thus drawn on to quotation, I might have proceeded to the full tether of my memory, but that my eye was attracted by a gentle ripple on the lake, as though propelled by some moving body; and a slight blotting movement against the bright light that shone between the tree-stems fringing a neighbouring tongue of land. My imagination might have been pardoned for conjuring up some lady sailing in a shallop at least.

'Shove her off, Bill; that's your sorts I' uttered in a strong Lancashire accent, at once brought poor fancy to the ground, and plunged me chin-deep into the work-day world.

A large boat, crowded with women in staring Paisley shawls, and men who continually handed about a four-gallon jar and smoked *German pipes*, pushed out into the lake close beside me. By way of salutation they made certain kind inquiries after my mother, which not being answered, they fell to splashing me with their huge oars; and then hallooing and rocking the boat, proceeded across to the other side of the water.

'Cheap - trippers — third - class — Manchester. Oh, that Wordsworth could launch at you something harder than sonnets, or that railway-lines would sink before high-sounding verse!'

Thus, in the bitterness of the moment, I poured forth my wrath.

And yet, on second consideration, I cannot help thinking that Wordsworth, for a great poet, showed some littleness of spirit in turning such a rabid Lake protectionist. He should have seen with prophetic eye how such scenes of nature would tend in time to elevate the coarsest minds. As for those like myself, however, who can only afford time to judge of the present, the process of refinement is rather unpleasant. Elevate the masses as much as you like, only don't make the lakes their wash-pot. It is too late, however, to protest, we fear, as twopenny Tivolis and tea-gardens are already located on the banks of Windermere. The privacy of the lake, in short, is gone.

Forgive me, good reader, if I talk like a 'snob' in this matter. One cannot always repress one's sentiments, however selfish they might seem to a calmer apprehension. I will pull on, however, and say no more about it.

From Waterhead, the port of Ambleside, the village is a good mile of pleasant walking. Robert the Ready, the inimitable waiter at the Salutation, welcomed me kindly; and having satisfied the inner man, I strolled down towards Rydal. The little road leading up to the 'Mount' is more like a carriage-stand than anything else. A dozen vehicles were drawn up there, at least, as

I passed up, their occupants having preceded me to get a good stare at the waterfall and the poet, if possible, both being set down as sights to be 'done' by the growing multitudes that annually swarm to the lakes.

Wordsworth was, much to my satisfaction, just setting forth upon one of his daily rambles as I walked up the hill, for there is something repulsive to me in the idea of intruding upon the privacy of such a man for the mere motives of curiosity. Yet the temptation was strong, as I had in my pocket an introduction from a personal friend. To see him, however, was enough, so I kept my letter in my pocket and observed him as he passed. Dressed in a frock-coat, and with a little oil-skin cap covering his noble brow, he wore very much the air of a military man enjoying a calm old age. His carriage, so upright of old, was broken, however, by a slight stoop, and there was that in his face which denoted a gradual decay. His step, however, seemed as firm as when he wandered unattended among the fells, a priest of Nature.

If time begins to press upon the Laureate's brow, his home still continues the same delicious nest it was of old. His charming cottage seems to grow deeper-cushioned upon its verdant clumps of moss; and between the hazel-boughs that fringe its natural terraces, the silver waters of three lakes flash back their dazzling light. Nature for once has lain at the feet of one of her rarest spirits, and opened her great book continually before him.

Poor Hartley Coleridge's humble little cottage lies close at hand, on the road which skirts Rydal Water. After the cheerfulness of the 'Mount,' the place looks lonely and desolate. Immediately behind it, the bare wall-like side of Nab Scar rises to a tremendous height; and the Little Lake in front, still and dark, was rendered yet more solitary by the presence of a single heron, who, balanced upon one leg on a rock in the

centre, seemed sentinel of that camp of silence. The good, kind-hearted creature with whom he lodged, showed me his old room with brimming eyes; and then taking me up stairs into her best apartment, pointed out a place in the wall where the paper was torn. It was done, she said, by his coffin, and thus it should remain until her dying day. It was the same story I had heard before. Everybody loved him.

As the shadows of the mountains were beginning to lie long upon the plain and the blue sky to deepen, I pressed my way musingly as far as Grasmere. The lake looked peaceful and calm, and the cows on its green island, after the heat of the day, were standing up to their dew-laps in the clear water, slowly chewing the cud, whilst great rings of crystal spread outward from their knees. Every shadow slept upon the water.

If there is a place in the world in which one might grow in love with death, it is the little churchyard of Grasmere. The latch beneath the ancient lych-gate clanked sharply against the stillness as I entered to wander among its green hillocks. In one corner, beneath the shadow of a yew-tree,

A few graves

Lie sheltered, sleeping in eternal calm.

Upon one were the faded remnants of many flowers, and some that the hand of affection had lately placed there. A headstone told me it was the last resting-place of Wordsworth's much-loved daughter, cut off in the first bloom of her youth. I looked in vain for another tomb which I sought after; but a peasant coming along the pathway at length pointed out the place where Hartley Coleridge lies. The grass grows over it very rank and long, and you can scarcely tell that it covers a corpse.

For the many flowers of poetry that he gathered for the world, I placed one in return upon his forgotten grave.

'WHAT SHOULDST THOU FEAR?'

BY FRANCES BROWN.

'WHAT shouldst thou fear, with twenty thousand lances?
 Thus Poland's warriors to their monarch said
 In knightly times, for which the searcher glances
 Back on the story of the martial dead.
 Those boasted spears are low: the crown they guarded
 Is blotted from the lessening list of things
 The nations yet deem regal. So rewarded
 By time is all the strife and care of kings.
 But ever as life's crowns are plucked or broken
 From the poor brows they fall on year by year,
 Thou whom the stars have lent no friendly token
 Their changes can reclaim, 'What shouldst thou fear?'

High on ancestral woods and lordly mansion
 Are built the hopes of many. Who can say
 That all find rest within their proud expansion?
 Castles had haunted rooms in the old day.
 And some among its voyagers, life greatly
 Deceives, with barks well trimm'd as eye could choose,
 And gliding o'er calm waters, fair and stately,
 But perilous, with strife among the crews,
 And in the track of coming storms, that spare not
 Brave flag, or swelling sail; yet when they near
 The port, how sad to leave! But, pilgrim, care not;
 Thou with the staff and scrip, 'What shouldst thou fear?'

Birds sing by homes of lowlier roof, and pleasant
 The circling seasons look through snows or leaves
 Upon their dwellers, finding peace still present
 With them as with the swallows in their eaves.
 But ruin falls on huts—the household, scatter'd
 On stranger hills, may hear how rank weeds climb
 The roof, or discord comes, and lone hands shatter'd,
 Are dreary relics to behold; when time
 Ploughs up the temple's place, and graves are growing
 Green by the streams in memory kept so clear:
 But thou upon whose dark years turbid flowing
 No home, or hearthlight falls, 'What shouldst thou fear?'

Friendship hath many foes. Life's loss and winning
 Make war upon its faith, and few abide
 That long-drawn battle who make fair beginning.
 Love walks with Doubt and Danger, side by side;
 Our ties are marks for Fate, and they who make them
 Must dread her shafts. The weapons of the soul
 Are forged in solitude. Time cannot break them.
 But they grow heavy, and this wisdom's goal
 Is at the bare rock's barrenness, whose bosom
 May send forth streams far distant vales to cheer;
 But there the frost may come and find no blossom,
 And thou whose past is such, 'What shouldst thou fear?'

THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THE sudden fate of Sir Robert Peel evoked a world-wide sorrow. Tributes to his memory, not alone from those who were bound to know him, but from those who only contemplated him from afar, speak the language, not of formal eulogy, but of deep-settled admiration. If grief for his loss, and homage to his talents and services, constitute proofs that his character was appreciated, it may be affirmed that his contemporaries acknowledged in him a great man. There were many among us who best knew his real worth, and have not been slow in testifying to it; they are of the chief arbiters to whom history will refer. Yet a stronger evidence, however, will be drawn from the brilliant reflexion of his fame in the spontaneous tribute of foreign nations, and still more from the vague instinct of hero-worship, and the more intelligible impulse of gratitude, manifested by the masses in our own country, judging, as they do, from results alone, and uncultivated as they are in the arts of statesmanship, or the tests by which political greatness is determined.

The British people are never slow to do justice to their distinguished men. In life they canvass their character, and often act upon temporary suggestions of party feeling or general prejudice, but in death they never fail to do honour to their talents and justice to their motives. The late Sir Robert Peel stood in a position so peculiar as to mark with more than ordinary significance the alacrity with which a consentaneous judgment has been pronounced in his favour—a judgment characterized by calmness and the superficial evidences of permanency. The more captivating traits of the orator, the patriot, the statesman of the brilliant rather than of the solid order, appeal to the imagination with the more irresistible force when death has removed all detracting or qualifying influences. A halo surrounds such men, which may easily be mistaken for one of permanent glory. To the honour of the English, however, it is seldom that their instincts deceive them in their estimates of the dead. Yet had they done so in the case of

the late Sir Robert Peel, they might almost have been forgiven. His was not a career, his were not the qualities, to appeal to the imagination or to lead captive the judgment. He did not fall into his grave followed by the scaly of a party, bound almost in honour to attest his worth, if not to magnify it. He could not point to a long course of consistent championship, in the political adversity of continued opposition, of principles at last forced on the legislature by a disinterested perseverance. He could not refer to plans of reform and enlightened concession, prepared and urged in early youth, but abandoned in later life in obedience to a national necessity. He could not, like the younger Pitt, unite to the gratitude of a whole nation, saved by his energy and will from foreign invaders, the unwilling admission of his political foes, that but for the overwhelming necessity of a national peril he would have anticipated religious, political, and commercial reform, by nearly half a century. Still less was his reputation embellished by the fascinations of brilliant eloquence or romantic statesmanship. He had never stood forth before the world as the patriot champion of the grievances of oppressed nationalities, nor had he prejudiced the judgment of posterity by aspirations after an impracticable freedom and perfectibility; nor had he, even for an hour, in the whole course of his long career, sacrificed the grave duties of the statesman to the temptations which assail the orator. If ever the judgment of a nation—nay, of a world—was determined by solid realities rather than by specious shows, by deeds and not by professions, by an instinctive conviction of moral worth, and not by a forced assent to self-avowed pretensions, it is the universal verdict that has been given in favour of the late Sir Robert Peel.

Yet, withal, was that eminent man understood? The dull instinct of hero-worship, stirred by the notoriety of a name, the great facts of a long life, and its sad and ignoble end; or a better understood sentiment of gratitude, adopted by the multitude at the suggestion of interested parti-

sands of a particular policy; or the higher appreciation of higher minds long conversant with the dead statesman's public and private probity, his singular merits as an administrative officer, his unparalleled persuasiveness as a speaker, and his intuitive aptitude as a party tactician; or the quasi-philosophical attempts of journalists and publicists to assume the dignified mien and mission of history, while recording their qualified eulogies, fettered by the remembrance of former virulence or adulation; all these may have contributed individual portions to an enlarged estimate of the character and peculiar claims of the deceased; but is there on record any one comprehensive and expansive analysis? Universal sorrow would attend the death, especially such a death, of one who had occupied a large space in the public eye. Simultaneous meetings of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, to record respect, might be only a national mode of expressing a sense that a void exists by the removal of the most prominent and eminent man of his age. The offer of a coronet from the Crown, and of a public funeral by Parliament; the awarding of a monument in the temple of dead heroes; the contribution of the working-mens' pence to a still more honourable record elsewhere; these are all outward signs and symptoms of a nation's sense that it has suffered a great loss. But abstract regret at an appalling calamity, mere vague worship of a name, democratic feeling unconsciously taking the shape of the poor man's gratitude, exaggerated estimates dictated by friendship and increased by the nearness of the object, or professional tributes inspired by the necessity of eulogy and sharpened in the haste of composition; all might pour, as they have poured, their incense on the grave of the dead, and yet the world at large might, individually and collectively, possess but a vague and imperfect knowledge of all the claims he had on their respect and veneration, or might still more readily overlook those points in his character which went to overshadow its moral beauty.

There may be, probably there will be, a reaction, at all events an attempt at one. So wide-spread and

so unqualified an admiration is almost too much glory for any one man. Public and private virtue have been alike accorded to the deceased in a pre-eminent degree. Such an accumulation of eulogy on one whose lot it was to be reviled and lauded with a striking inconsistency by his countrymen, will be suspected by history, jealous of the fame of her elder political heroes, and fearful that an age which is not emphatically and without dispute 'a great age,' has not in him produced 'a great man.' The truth of an assumption by a publicist, whose slightest word enters into the elements of public opinion, may be doubted by reason of its hasty arrogance. Posterity, in forming its judgment, cannot ignore striking and singular traits in the public life of Sir Robert Peel. His portrait cannot be painted in one point of view. His character cannot be dashed off with the broad lines and brilliant colours of eulogy, or the luminous purity of his motives contrasted with deep Renbrandt shadows of suspicion or condemnation. He was many-sided, a political philosopher, not so much in distillations of wisdom, or in concrete policy, as in impressibility. Other men were impressible by prejudice, passion, interests; he could only be moved by tangible realities, by facts. To study him, you must study the time in which he lived; which acted upon him, but which was still more reacted upon. A superficial judgment, for or against, will not satisfy posterity; nor will a pretended impartiality—a mere balancing. It was the singular fate of the late Sir Robert Peel to have been at war, during the greater part of his life, with all parties and principles in alternation. He exhausted alike the hatred of his friends and the eulogy of his foes. He convicted all his contemporaries of blindness, insincerity, or inconsistency. Himself charged with inconsistency, he still more signally caused the inconsistency of others. There was not a public man, or a public writer, whom he did not compel to think and say of him at one time the absolute reverse of what he had said at another. Tories, Whigs, Radicals, Churchmen, and Dissenters, idolaters of Protection, and fanatics of Free Trade, all

were alike wrong in their conception of this many-phased character. Each was in turn wrecked by trusting to only one aspect of this political revolving light. In his earlier life, as a chief, Sir Robert Peel was mistrusted by those whom he led; in his later career, he led those whom he had never trusted. The early hatred of the latter was indeed compensated for by their tardy but servile admiration; but the hatred—perhaps the well-founded hatred—of the former, survived his after-greatness, and rejoiced over his political downfall, although, in obedience to the magnanimous instincts of the national character, they offered a tempered tribute of regret at his decease. Remembering these things, and that the vitality of such passions is not easily destroyed, and that political gratitude is short-lived, it may fairly be doubted whether reaction will not show itself; whether the question of motives and consistency may not be still a 'vexed' one; whether the unanimity of the tribute that has followed his death is not suspicious; and whether, therefore, it is not desirable to have some more solid basis for the judgment of mankind, than one which may be said to have in a great measure resulted from surprise. Fate and death, in inflicting a cruel blow on the mortal, served the immortal part of the deceased statesman. The sentiment of sorrow has helped to the conviction of greatness, and the two have sunk deep in the world's mind. So far it is well. The late Sir Robert Peel was undoubtedly a great man; but the conditions of his greatness were not those to which the world has been accustomed. They require to be contemplated in their aggregate, and from a distance; in the spirit of philosophical analysis, not under the influence of feeling. Your retrospect must carry you further back than the custom of the hour requires; you must search for motives much deeper than the necessities of position or the ambition of fame.

History, in drawing the portrait of Sir Robert Peel, will be distracted by the conflicting materials. She will find her boasted impartiality indeed a 'weak-built isthmus' 'twixt two seas, of calumny and eulogy. No ordinary art, no showily superficial

estimate, will suffice. She will have to abandon her parallels and her tricks of rhetoric, her ascriptions of motives, and her inferences of the influence of the more vulgar sources of ambition. Walpole, Pulteney, Pitt, Canning, neither will serve her turn. She will have to deal with a man to whom the possession of power, as power, was no temptation; who could not be allured from his duty, and who would not be rewarded for it by the splendours of a peerage;—a man who, with a spirit not less romantic, and a patriotism not less intense, than those of Pitt or Canning, disdained to achieve his triumphs by any influences in which the whole people, from the most exalted to the meanest, could not participate. She will have to build up her monument to his fame out of materials humbly and laboriously selected by herself; for she will find the hasty structures, left alike by the friends and the enemies of the deceased statesman, worse than useless for her purpose.

If she reads the portrait of Sir Robert Peel, as drawn by the consistent upholder of that old order of things which Sir Robert Peel lived to modify, if not to destroy, she will find it sketched by pens tipped with adamant and steeped in gall. According to this view, Sir Robert Peel was a traitor of a peculiar and almost unfathomable depth. He was born an antagonist of the aristocracy, and entered their ranks only to destroy them. During seventeen years, he practised from year to year, from night to night, an almost fiendish dissimulation, gradually winning the confidence and acquiring the suffrages of those whom he had determined to destroy. Superadding to this grander and more public wickedness, the pettier vice of private and more personal treachery, he conceived and maintained for years a secret enmity towards a statesman of whose brilliant oratorical powers he was jealous, and whose future supremacy in the councils of the nation he feared would be fatal to his own ambition. To destroy this rival, he conspired with six other cabinet ministers,—at their head the most illustrious man the age had produced,—to paralyse the action of the newly-appointed minister, and, by wounding him through his love of fame, to strike

his death-blow, not merely in a political, but also in a mortal and physical sense. Having compassed this political and moral crime, he went on to accumulate infamy by suddenly reaping the harvest which his stricken rival had helped to sow, robbing him, by one act of treachery to party and principle, of fame as well as of life. Discarded by his political associates, and hematized by the Church, and devoted by all upright men to the Nemesis of history, this then unprecedented political traitor commenced, with a diabolical dissimulation, to lay the foundation of a new treason. By seeming self-humiliation, by championship of still remaining institutions and principles, by foremost resistance to the machinery devised by the rival party to secure a permanent hold on the government, he was once more placed at the head of his party, not because they trusted him, for faith was for ever gone, but because his political and parliamentary talents rendered him necessary. Thus, once more accredited, he used his credentials to commit his party to a suicidal acquiescence in the new policy of Reform. Under the guise of an endeavour to render them back, under the new system, the influence they, from time immemorial, had held under the old, he was preparing himself, his party, and the country, for another exhibition of treachery still worse than the first. He had entered public life as the avowed champion of the Church and the Land. The former he had sapped, if not destroyed; the turn of the latter was now come. By a consistent game of seeming ardour for protection to agriculture, he got himself returned to parliament, the chief of a landlords' majority of near a hundred. Now was come the time to consummate the long-planned treachery of more than thirty years. The manufacturer's son was now to raise up his order by finally destroying the aristocracy. The traitor carried out his purpose with unblushing effrontery in the face of mankind. As in the first case, he leagued with his political foes for the destruction of his friends; and when the sacrifice was accomplished, and he could glory in thus having put the climax to his public life, he was ignominiously driven from office,

pursued in his involuntary retirement by the indignation or contempt of mankind. These would be found amongst his political offences, according to the impassioned asseverations of some of his quondam supporters. But the list is not quite exhausted. There remains a charge of a still baser nature, not touching directly on politics, but yet supposed to be connected with the grand design against the landed interest. About thirty years before his death, Sir Robert Peel professed to have become convinced that the time had arrived for a restoration of the currency of the country to its old basis prior to the last long war. Under cover of a desire to restore public confidence in the currency, and to re-establish the credit of the country on a basis of integrity, he accomplished a gigantic manœuvre, by which he nearly doubled in value the property which was to descend to him in the ordinary course of inheritance. This he did in defiance of all principles of justice, which required that for the sake of the landed interest the mortgages which had been contracted in a paper currency should be paid in a paper currency also; that a principle, essentially false and prospectively ruinous, should be persevered in, in order to protect the interests of those who had not exercised sufficient foresight to protect themselves; and that, contrary to all accepted maxims of political morality, the permanent interests of the many, and the maintenance of a sound system of currency in a country growing yearly more and more commercial, should be sacrificed to the interests or the improvidence of a class. This crowning baseness of the deceased statesman was the especial abhorrence of one particular school of economists, remarkable for counting in its ranks men of the most opposite political principles; a peculiarity which may mislead the future historian into the belief that, however the foregoing charges may have been attributable to contemporary party feeling, this one, at least, was founded in truth. But the black side of this picture is not yet filled up. An anomaly, the most remarkable of all, will still present itself to the analysis of Sir Robert Peel's career. Pursuing the parliamentary history

of more than five-and-thirty years, from very soon after the commencement of this century, he will find indubitable proofs that Sir Robert Peel, even in his youth, but still more in his advanced years, wielded over the House of Commons, and through them over the public, an unparalleled influence. He will find that, in an era brilliant with parliamentary talent, Sir Robert Peel not only kept a position as a debater corresponding with that which he held as a minister, but that, by the concurrent testimony of friends and foes, he was the most accomplished manager of the sympathies of the House of Commons of any hitherto recorded. He will suppose that some such pre-eminence must have been enjoyed by a man who could, even at the earliest accredited age of manhood, impress his contemporaries with a sense of his power, and who, towards the close of his public life, became almost a dictator of parliamentary opinion. If, however, as it may be inferred he would, he consulted the parliamentary proceedings for authorities on this subject, he would find from the records of the years 1845 and 1846, that all this opinion of the eloquence and influence of Sir Robert Peel was erroneous, for that the House affirmed, by the most vociferous applause, a series of propositions, deliberately offered, and elaborately worked out, to the effect that Sir Robert Peel was nothing more nor less than an impostor and a charlatan, whose intellectual and oratorical merits were upon a par with his political turpitude. For all this long catalogue of offences and short-comings there is stern and serious avouchment in the annals of parliament, without going to the diatribes of newspapers or of platform speakers.

Turn now to other pictures of the same man, painted in colours quite as strong, and, perhaps, more durable; and in which the hearty sincerity of the various artists is quite as apparent. One person said of him: 'Sir Robert Peel is alone among living statesmen. A studied mystery enwraps his purposes: a cold reserve repels political friendship. His contemporaries feel his power; the later annals of his country bear witness to the active influ-

ence of his mind. Yet no one speaks well of him; he is even charged with not having a friend. Anathemas had been hurled at him by his party, which would have withered a weaker moral nature, or crushed a less pliable one. The praise he gets comes from his former enemies, and even that is diminutive. The Tories fear him; the Whigs hate him; the Chartists affect to despise him. Those who look back, and regret the past, accuse him of treachery. Those who look forward, and contemplate the future,—the men who would govern empires by theories revived from the obsolete, or framed upon the possible,—ridiculed his pretensions, his bit-by-bit legislation. They say he is governing without a principle of government. Insincerity and inconsistency are the mildest forms of his alleged political vices. He has offended the unforgiving and served the ungrateful. In imputing to him mediocrity, all have agreed. It is a comfortable doctrine, consolatory at once to their self-love and enmity. Perhaps he smiles at it, and settles himself in his seat of power. Mediocrity! Does mediocrity raise itself to the highest station, in defiance of social obstacles, leaving men of 'genius' dwarfed in the distance, or toiling at the base? Does mediocrity grapple with rampant and powerful prejudices, subduing them to the rein and whip? Does it convert the servant into the master? Whenever he can escape from the degrading necessities of his temporising policy; when he can speak, with modest pride, of himself, his origin, his purposes, his hopes; when the higher aim—historical renown, displaces for the hour the smaller but more immediate stake—temporary opinion and power, upon which the ultimate power unfortunately rests; then you see that there is fire smouldering beneath—that there is a moral elevation you did not expect—that his aspirations tend to a kind of greatness, not at all compatible with the popular notions of his character. For his fixed purposes look to his conduct on the Currency Question, and to those measures in connexion with the revenue and taxation of the country, and also with reference to Ireland, which have virtually changed the state of parties. He has his ambition too. An ho-

nourable fame—he has proudly declared it—is his hoped-for reward. A page in history more fascinates his imagination than the glitter of a coronet.

Dropping the individual opinion, let us adopt the general language of his admirers. In doing justice to Sir Robert Peel as he at last became, one cannot forget what he had been. It would be to hold up a bad example not to show that such a career as he ran can be the lot of but one man in an era. Sir Robert Peel was not untainted by the errors of the past, however illustrious he has become in the well-earned honours already awarded him by his country. The eldest son and heir of one who, having sprung from the people, had founded a dynasty of manufacturing magnates, Sir Robert Peel was destined, in the strange mutations of modern politics, to be the leader of that landed aristocracy, to whom his family and the interests connected with them were the natural antagonists, and ultimately to lead a large portion of that aristocracy by conviction to perform an act of justice towards those interests; an act which, however, was at the same time necessary to their own salvation. Influenced in his career by the proud ambition of his father that his son should be the Prime Minister of England, he was scarcely of legal age when he was returned to parliament, having personally distinguished himself at the university, and established his character as a young man of brilliant promise. He had not been a year in parliament when he received from the Government of the day the unusual honour of an appointment to the Under-secretaryship of State for the Home Department. In two years afterwards he was made a Privy Councillor, and appointed to the still more responsible office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. At this time he was only twenty-four years of age, and although he had not then established a very high character as an orator, still his official life was the more remarkable from the extraordinary prudence, sagacity, and knowledge of the world displayed by so young a man. But his position was an anomaly. Sprung from the people—himself one of the aristocracy of Labour—he ought to have

been arrayed on the popular side. The then leaders of the people had more zeal and perseverance than talent or dignity. Had the manufacturer's son—he who had distanced all the young scions of aristocracy on their own self-made ground, by bearing off, against all competitors, the highest university honours,—had he then placed himself in the van of 'progress'—had he been the herald of those great principles of improvement, those recognitions of indefeasible social rights, which he so tardily adopted in his later years—what a magnanimous resolve it would have been, what a glorious career would have been before him! But he was fated to do otherwise. He was to achieve the same glorious results, but by more tortuous means. He was first to serve, then to lead, and then, by seeming to ruin, to save the aristocracy. Twice in his life he opposed himself, in proud humility, to his party. By carrying Emancipation, he saved the country from convulsion. He had previously been formally absolved by Mr. Canning from the charge of conspiring to procure his downfall. His next great act was to induce his party to accept the Reform-bill as a *fait accompli*, by which they rendered themselves so popular, that in the year 1840 they were restored to political power. But a still greater trial awaited the statesman.

Long before he came into office in 1841 he had determined upon leading the ultras of his party into more healthy relations with public opinion. Double-dealing is unhappily a necessary part of statesmanship; and double-dealing Sir Robert Peel undoubtedly practised whilst leader of the Conservative opposition. By the most artful management of his declarations—by dealing in dubious negatives, and parading pompous nothings; by obstructing rather than assailing, and winning his triumphs rather by letting his enemy overshoot his mark than by overreaching him, he contrived to let his party believe that he was the warm and zealous champion of a reactionary policy, at a time when, if everything he had said was sifted, he would be found to stand unpledged to a single principle or measure. This crooked

wisdom is very hateful, but it is not always the individual who must be blamed; party was still strong: it was only by party that Sir Robert Peel could ever hope to rule. Had he not given up a little to party, he would never have been able to develop that which was intended for mankind. At length the turning point came. The Whigs had exhausted popular favour, had wearied and disgusted their friends, whilst they had frightened yet encouraged their enemies. Sir Robert Peel arose and pushed them from their seats. He took the helm. He stood before the country as the responsible inheritor of their former popularity. He knew well that he was not brought in there by his party alone, but that the people looked to him for those substantial benefits which, with the best intentions, the Whigs had been unable to give them. Of course, the whole affair had been an enormous political fraud. Of course, it was the Conservative opposition, with Sir Robert Peel at their head, that had paralyzed the Whigs, and hindered them from carrying those measures which he was now about to propose. But such proceedings are too common in politics. The sense of right and wrong is lost in the struggle for power. The only atonement is when that power, once obtained, is used for the public good. In Sir Robert Peel's case, he certainly did make atonement. From the year 1841 he exhibited a wonderful series of developments. His very first act, in coming into power, was to shake off party. The public, the nation, were, from that hour, his party. He became a demagogue, speaking by acts of parliament. One by one he broke the fetters which bound trade and commerce, and he aimed heavy blows and great discouragements to bigotry and exclusiveness in every shape. Yet there was a plain fundamental solidity in all his plans, that charmed away alarm, and made them as much approved by rational Conservatives as they were by the expectant people. By a long course of able oratory, by an extraordinary analysis and study of the elements of the representative system, he had obtained an absolute mastery over the sympathies of the House of Commons. It was astonishing what a moral elevation he

now achieved. He was no longer the plausible, chameleon-like politician. He had been a while serving, that he might afterwards rule. He spoke out with a boldness that sometimes almost degenerated into arrogance. He seemed to say, 'I am the State.' Virulently assailed by the more upright members of his own party, he turned round upon them and defied them, saying, 'I will do my duty to the nation; support me or not, as you please. I do not wish to be minister: I will resign if you do not support my measures.'

At many periods in his long political life this manly spirit had flashed out. But it always then seemed as if he wished to check it. Now, however, he rather gloried in it. It produced an impression such as had not been felt in the House of Commons since the days of William Pitt. For some time during his career, more especially after the introduction of the Corn-law Repeal Bill, he was the absolute dictator of the House of Commons. Let us still follow out the imaginary defence. People were taught to believe that Sir Robert Peel was a model of slipperiness and insincerity—that his chief characteristics were sham candour, plausibility, sophistry, and weakness of purpose. In short, he was held up to ridicule, too long, as a kind of political chameleon—one who had no fixed character of his own, but took the hues of his politics from those around him. That man was all along mistaken. His lot was cast in difficult times—fortune at first forced him to breast the current. He worked all along against his own nature, his own sympathies—all which leaned towards confidence in the people. Had he violently changed his side earlier in life, such was the state of public affairs, that he would have utterly wrecked himself as a politician. Those whom he had led to victory through compromise, never heartily loved or trusted him; yet after his last great sacrifice for public tranquillity, in their family circles, too, many of the highest and noblest amongst them never spoke of him by name, but only as 'The Traitor.' The fault was theirs. He could not throw off his hateful cloak of dissimulation till he was strong enough to have their rage. He then paid

off old scores. 'The whirligig of time brought round his revenges.' And not the least claim he had upon the public gratitude was, that both by argument and example he infused his own liberal views into a large and enlightened portion of the aristocracy, who became identified with him in honest convictions. And now to deal with the latest and least defensible attacks on Sir Robert Peel, those which enabled Mr. Disraeli to rise to so high a rank. Still, *defensor loquitur*. Those whose minds are possessed with the old ideas of Sir Robert Peel, will be surprised to find how much dignity there was in his hearing—how much moral courage—what a commanding presence—what a fine intellectual countenance—what a noble carriage. That voice, so full of harmony, which was said only to be used to glaze and to ensnare, they would have found full of deep-toned emphasis, of nervous vigour,—fit organ of bold resolves and magnanimous purposes. They might think the action of the speaker redundant, familiar, even ungraceful, but they would see in it an unguarded, untutored impulse of an earnest, resolute man, not the stilted grace and measured pomposity of a trained orator. If they found fault with his speeches—as who would not?—for their extraordinary verbiage, the constant repetitions they abound in, and the absence, except at rare intervals, and on occasions of stirring personal interest, of those brilliant passages which are the pride of the rhetorician; on the other hand, they would not fail to observe that this statesman, of more than forty years' active life, had raised himself to the proud height of being the teacher of the nation—that we should admire, rather than criticise, that laborious sense of duty, which induces a man, who would rather deal with the essence of things, to encumber himself with the flat and weary details of minute affairs. They would not in justice forget that a speech of Sir Robert Peel, expounding the principles of any great measure, was, as it were, the spelling-book and grammar of the people on that subject. Sir Robert Peel did more to popularize useful political knowledge than any statesman of the day.

At last, then (we still pursue the line of the later eulogists), Sir Robert Peel righted himself. He entered boldly on that course from which he was warped in youth by early prepossessions and parental guidance. He was a man for the people. He saved the aristocracy from collision with the other powers of the State, by partly forcing them, partly persuading them, to render a tardy justice. He identified himself with the middle classes and the industrious classes generally. He saw that legislation must be expanded to the compass of their wants. It was not his high honour to give those classes extended political power. But he did more than any living statesman to render that gift a fact, not a mere parchment. Cold, reserved, isolated, haughty in his bearing towards the aristocracy, to the people he spoke as a friend. He took a pride in making acknowledgment that he had sprung from their ranks. He lost no opportunity of exalting them in the social and political scale. He aimed at the extension of their material comforts. The tendency of all his measures, from 1841 to 1846, was to improve their condition. The more Sir Robert Peel is known, the more the false colours in which party-spirit has painted him will become obliterated, the more will he be found to have assimilated with the character of his countrymen. Of him it may with truth be said, that his errors were forced on him by an irresistible fate, but his merits and virtues were all his own. He was essentially English in his character. Charged by superficial observers with coldness, he was a man of the warmest feelings. In his private life he was always a pattern to his contemporaries. In his domestic relations, especially, he was all that the English people love.

Perhaps, in the foregoing summaries, a resemblance may be traced to the views entertained of the deceased statesman by prejudiced antagonists,—it may be, by equally prejudiced friends. If he was such an enigma to those among whom he lived and acted, the task of the historian must, *à fortiori*, be more difficult still. In fact, a solution can only be arrived at by merging the individual in the time in which he lived, and regarding

him as an exponent, an administrator of the wants and the will of his countrymen. His greatness, in fact, consists in his having faithfully reflected the age in which he lived.

Sir Robert Peel was not so much a moral and political phenomenon, as a necessity. In any age his talents would have commanded political power, but his distinctive character would have escaped attention, except at a peculiar crisis, such as that through which he was the means of conducting his country. Even as it was, had his mind been naturally of a stronger and more independent order, had his pride of judgment or his will predominated over his inquisitive and acquisitive faculties, had his capacity for receiving impressions from others been less marked than it was, the age would still have wanted the man whom happily it found. When he entered public life the country had been little more than a century in the enjoyment of a recognized constitutional system. For many years before, public men, even of rank and influence, had begun to perceive, or at all events to teach the people, that this system was deceptive—that the representative element was too confined in its action. Not many years before, the Duke of Richmond and several of the leaders of the Whig party had actually propounded, in parliament and elsewhere, the right of the people to a representation almost, if not quite as democratic, as that at which the House of Commons now derisively laughs when proposed by Mr. Feargus O'Connor as the People's Charter. The younger Pitt, as has already been observed, was arrested in his attempts at a liberal policy, only by the necessity of concentrating the energies of the national mind on one sole and vital object. During the earlier part of Sir Robert Peel's more youthful career, an agitation was carried on for Catholic Emancipation, for Parliamentary Reform, for what was called Civil and Religious Liberty, quite as systematic as those which, in more recent years, have changed the political aspect of the country, the only difference being that such agitation was more confined to the parliamentary arena. The least prescient of political observers must have seen that, sooner or later,

when the force derived by the Government from resistance to Buonaparte had expended itself, these questions must occupy the public mind. Trading politicians saw this inevitable consequence; and it would be fair to suppose that the same conclusion forced itself upon a young and inquiring mind like that of Sir Robert Peel. Because he became so early and continued so long a member of a Tory Government, the heated political passions of that day ascribed to him all the bigotry and prejudice presumed to be the indiscriminate characteristic of members of the Tory party. This was a fatality attending the late Sir Robert Peel throughout his political life. It coloured unconsciously the opinions of even the most unprejudiced observers of his career. Because, by his talents and eloquence, he was always one of the foremost, and latterly the foremost man of his party, he was saddled with all the follies and extravagancies generated in the wide scope of an extensive political association; and this adverse influence pursued him even many years after he had boldly flung off such burdens, and impressed the peculiar characteristics of his mind upon the chiefs of the Tories and no small portion of their followers. Every young man who joins a great party, under however favourable auspices, must, to a certain extent, merge his own opinions, if then he has any, in the general policy of his superiors; any moral evil implied by such conduct is fairly counterbalanced by united action and obedience to men whose position implies superior wisdom and knowledge of affairs. While in early life Sir Robert Peel continued a subordinate, and, so to speak, a servant of party, he spoke in that capacity strongly enough on party questions; but, if internal evidence may be believed, he never descended to be the mere partizan. You will search in vain in any of his early speeches for the habit of dogmatizing, the political and religious bigotry, and the contempt for public opinion, which were ascribed to his associates. Even in party speeches, made as a member of the Government, inquiry and analysis, and a permanent habit of balancing facts and arguments, may be found. It has been rightly said, that his

mind was always in a course of development. When fettered by official restraints in early life, he always spoke with an evident impartiality on questions not involving duty to his party. If he avoided committing himself, even at this time, to positive declarations and opinions, his caution might as plausibly be ascribed to a doubt of his own judgment and a reverence for truth as to mere calculation. This supposition derives confirmation from his perseverance in the same habit, when, having risen from the subordinate to the master, he took up grander ideas and expounded more important principles, indulging freely this spirit of impartiality on great political questions. If this arose in part from the greater freedom he enjoyed, surely it may also be ascribed in some measure to the development of his early spirit of impartiality. In acts he violently oscillated; in mind, never. If his party swayed to and fro, needs must that he went with them; but in time the gravity of his own temperament reacted on his party and moderated their force.

Moderation and a becoming modesty marked his opinions from the first. This, it is charitable to suppose, may have arisen from a natural diffidence in a young man forced so early into public life. It seems to have arisen, not from weakness or fear of grappling with difficulties, but from a spirit of inquiry and investigation which settled into a habit. Later in life it was adopted from a conviction that it was the primary necessity in the education of a people who were rapidly advancing towards a practical democracy. Among many services Sir Robert Peel rendered to his countrymen, not the least was his having infused into them this leading characteristic of his own mind. It was the more necessary, after a long period of violent political conflict, in which the passions, so often mistaken for political principles, had grown to such rank luxuriance. As, during many years, an opinion was sedulously inculcated on the public, to the effect that Sir Robert Peel had been all along the violent and obstinate opponent of Reform, except when he became its equally decided supporter, those who desire to form a true estimate of the man will do well to refer

to the acknowledged records, and satisfy themselves as to what his opinions really were. Many popular fallacies and errors will be removed by this very simple process.

In estimating Sir Robert Peel's character, this habitual, almost constitutional, moderation has been overlooked, even by the few who were not carried away by political passions, but felt the true responsibility of judgment. Sir Robert Peel, having entered life and assumed official responsibility at so early an age, became, of necessity, an observer and a student. This character attached to his mind, even to the latest hour of his life. Had he been himself a slave of passion or prejudice, he could not have emancipated others from those fetters. He was always learning new lessons in statesmanship. He applied the inductive method alike to great things and to the insignificant. Facts were his authorities; facts the only persuasive influence on his mind. First he had gradually to wean himself from the mental ties engendered by paternal precept and example, and by early party associations. That must have been a long and a difficult task, living, as he did, in such an atmosphere, and with the exigent realities of his official duty daily and hourly calling upon him to offer sacrifice to systems of government which he was already beginning to doubt. This opinion of the early condition of his mind is not a theory suggested by his later conduct, or a friendly regard for his reputation; it is founded on the evidence contained in his speeches. No other official person, even no other subordinate of party at that period—more especially of the party, self-arrogating liberalism—spoke or acted with more moderation, with more respect for justice, with a more significant desire to conciliate public opinion, than did this young statesman. His inconsistency loses much of its mark, is less abrupt in its transitions, the more microscopically we examine his opinions. His early youth was spent under circumstances unfavourable to the reputation of such a mind. Party feeling ran high on both sides. You were required to take your opinions, as the French electors take their candidates, by lists. However little you

might relish A or B of those opinions, you must swallow it, or seem to do so, on pain of being cast out as not thorough. A very young man, trained up in reverence for the old, constitutionally mistrusting the new, and, more than all, diffident of his own powers, might, naturally enough, have fallen into venial errors. It was evidence of a fine mental and moral organization that Sir Robert Peel came out of the trial so little tainted with misprision of treason to truth. Amid the turmoil of political strife, he arrived, by a mysterious process of growth, at the same results as if he had been a philosopher in his closet. Some one has remarked that Sir Robert Peel himself prepared and disciplined his army of facts as the Duke of Wellington looked after the details of his troops. This is true. Sir Robert Peel was recruiting from his earliest official life. The test of common sense and practicability was his standard of measurement, and no new experience was permanently added to the number if it did not come up to the mark. Sir Robert Peel, even as a youth, seems to have anticipated the practical wisdom taught by age and experience. He seems to have early discovered, that in this world a man who is not a mere slave must have two characters, and live two lives—one for the world, the other for the inner self. Upon no other hypothesis can the unquestioned integrity of Sir Robert Peel be reconciled with the imputations cast upon his public character. The difference between him and some others was that he falsified the humorous dictum of Luther, that the human mind is like a drunken man on horseback, who, if you prop him up on one side, falls over on the other. Sir Robert Peel, even in youth, never fell over on the other side. Never, either from false impressions, or to propitiate party, did he rush into extremes. He held his own, self-sustained, with a clear spirit and a calm mind. 'He was inconsistent;' 'He changed his opinions;' 'He flung over his party;' and so forth. These are the stereotyped charges. Say, rather, that he held his judicial faculty as a sacred trust; that conviction was with him, as with every wise and honourable man, a slow process; that he desired

to arrive at political truth; by which, in a free country, is to be understood, not theory alone, logically sustained, but that which is at once true and practicable. Till that union between the theory and the *modus operandi* is obtained—till, in short, public opinion marches more or less with private judgment—political truth has not become fit for legislative purposes. Sir Robert Peel saw this, as many others did; but the difference between him and them was, that he saw the opportune moment and seized it. His own conviction usually lagged behind the logical development of new truths; but it was always a little in advance of their general acceptance by the people. This it was that made him so valuable as a moderator, or, if the term be not too ignoble, the political go-between.

His mind marched with that of the public. The Liberals, in their avowed principles, were as much in advance of the average opinion of the nation as the Tories were in arrear. Sir Robert Peel's development kept pace with the development of national necessities. A policy of unqualified and obstinate resistance had generated a blind political antagonism, and a habit of reckless assault. Forces, rather than reason, were engaged in the struggle. At the era of Emancipation, the moral influence of public opinion, in its calmness and dignity, was not enough appreciated. Sir Robert Peel avowedly yielded the Catholic claims, not to conviction, but to necessity. He had all along opposed the Catholics, not as religionists, but as intractable subjects, who acknowledged a foreign allegiance, which made it difficult to govern them. One might even suppose that Sir Robert Peel contemplated the possibility of a crisis such as the present day witnesses, where a measure of education in Ireland, of a healing and invigorating character, is threatened with frustration, because a foreign potentate forbids the Catholic clergy to assist it. But, in those days, it was a novelty for a statesman to arrive at, or at least to avow, a conviction at all, even of a necessity. The religion of party exacted a blind faith in fixed ideas, principles, and dogmas. To march with the people with averted eye and un-

willing step, was then the only possible form of concession. It was Sir Robert Peel's merit to have foreseen this new path, and to have walked in it. But the change was not wholly abrupt. In the outcry raised on Emancipation, his conduct on the Test Acts was forgotten. Yet what did he do? Although the minister of a government avowedly based on High Church principles, he refused to run counter to the House of Commons when that body, by a large majority, had affirmed the principle that the Test Acts should be repealed. To emphasize the principle thus adopted, he himself introduced a measure affirming the policy which he had opposed. What was this but an antitype of what he was to do on other and more vital occasions, when the advancing tide of public opinion threatened to break down the fixed ideas of ages? From the temperate tone of his opposition to the measure, his choice of any ground rather than that of absolute exclusion *de jure*, it was even then perceived that the time was not far distant when the silent process of conviction would become fused with the administrative duty. Superficially, the inconsistency was as great as that which shortly followed on the Roman Catholic claims; but, analyzed, it no longer presented any moral deformity. Inconsistency with Sir Robert Peel was always accompanied by self-sacrifice,—the atonement was concurrent with the fault. When the next great crisis came, at the Reform era, the sagacity of Sir Robert Peel, guided by his constitutional moderation, detected the error of the Whigs in stimulating, for party purposes, democracy in its unreasoning and dictatorial shape. He opposed, not so much the principle, as the measure of Reform; and, when that opposition had proved unavailing, he taught his party, not merely to yield to a necessity, but also to adopt a policy. He became a Reformer, to the extent of the practicable. Adroit tactics, it is true, may be ascribed as the cause of this change; but an impartial observation of Sir Robert Peel's whole career suggests the probability that it was conviction. On the former occasion, necessity had impelled; now, conviction worked. Sir Robert Peel from this time for-

ward rose above party, and, therefore, guided it all the more easily. His campaign, as leader of the Conservative Opposition, displayed his mastery over parliamentary tactics, but not more that it did his resolve never again to become the slave of dictated opinions. His then speeches and conduct are a study. Not wholly free from dissimulation, he still contrived to centre the will and opinions of his party in himself. An egoist, only because he prominently used an accepted parliamentary form, he might have been much more egotistical, and yet have been safe from ridicule. But during the whole of this brilliant part of his career he was gradually and carefully infusing into the general mind of his party that respect for the opinions and wishes of the nation as a whole, which had grown to be the rule of his own mind. It was because, by contrast, the Tories had grown more liberal than even the Whigs themselves, that they were slowly but surely advancing to power.

Moral courage was one of the great characteristics of the deceased statesman. You may call it ambition, but you must, at least, admit that its far-seeing faith in the justice of mankind raised it to a high intellectual and moral rank. The brief administration of 1834-35 first disclosed the true proportions of Sir Robert Peel's character. He had taught his party lessons in adversity,—he now sought to let the public know that a change had come over the Tory policy. That is the key to this otherwise Quixotic attempt of one man to withstand a majority of the House of Commons. He never meant to run counter to the House of Commons; all he desired was an opportunity to fix indelibly on the national mind the sense that the Conservators of the Constitution would also be the Reformers of its abuses. What grandeur there was in his position at that time! 'Metamorphosed by a great peril and an unparalleled responsibility,' how gigantic grew the proportions of his character! There was a double daring. He was assuming the *onus* of a total change in the policy of his party, while at the same time seizing the victory from his opponents. Moderation had led to conviction, conviction placed him

in accord with public opinion. At each fall he rose from the earth more strong than ever.

It was, however, in his last administration that he showed himself a really great man. Emancipation and Reform had been forced on the legislature by democratic violence. The agitators for Corn-law Repeal had seized on some 'cries,' which threatened a repetition of the evil. A new development of Sir Robert Peel's character now startled the public. He had yielded to necessity, and then to conviction. He had grown to sympathize with public opinion,—he now aspired to guide it. He now betrayed the true foresight of the statesman, Cobden threatened to grow from a Demagogue into a Dictator. England could not afford an O'Connell. The integrity of the representation was threatened on the one hand; there was the awful shadow of advancing famine on the other. Still the hour of absolute necessity had not arrived. Sir Robert Peel chose to anticipate it by an act of grace.

Fifteen or sixteen years ago, the name of Sir Robert Peel was associated in the public mind with much that was affirmed to constitute a standing obstruction to the progress of society. Ten years after there was no man in the country more popular than Sir Robert Peel. Whatever respect might have been felt for his later rival in the possession of office by those who give that noble lord credit for the best intentions, still the eyes of all classes of the community were turned to Sir Robert Peel, as the man who alone possessed the nerve, the prudence, the courage, the knowledge, to rescue us from then impending evils, and then existing difficulties—to repair the past, and consolidate the future. This national faith and confidence continued, nay, it increased in intensity after his retirement from office; yet, ostensibly, what public leader could have been more powerless in the autumn of 1846? He was displaced from his proper seat as leader of the Opposition, which then was seized by one who had latterly been his rancorous enemy. He had no personal following in the House, or, at least, so few individual supporters, as scarcely to deserve the name of a

following. The chief members of his late Government were all equally, to appearance, under a ban. His Home-secretary was driven to skulk in a corner on the back benches: all the other chiefs of his administration were scattered here and there without cohesion. In the House of Lords matters were superficially still worse for him. There, not even a semblance of old party ties was kept up; but the members of his Government were driven from what would have been their natural places, which were ostentatiously filled by the Protectionists or Country party. Still, Sir Robert Peel continued the centre of political attraction—the nucleus of future organization. How was it that he held that proud position? How was it that the nation looked on him as their great trustee? How was it that he was morally and personally so powerful, while as a party-man so powerless? The answer is one which, for many a weary period, could not have been made in this country—free though our institutions are. It is because Sir Robert Peel had the moral courage boldly to fling aside the trammels of party, and to rule for the benefit of the whole nation—not for that of the privileged few—that he became in so brief a period the most popular minister England ever had, and that his memory is so universally revered. It is because he then had no party that he could have formed the greatest party that could be organized in a free country—a party of which the constituent elements would have been the same as those which form the nation. He stood, during the three years prior to his untimely decease, in a position of proud isolation. He had offended party. He had dared to conquer party by the power of party. Therefore in the House of Commons he was not, strictly speaking, then so popular as he had been, although those who had been habituated to his sway, and the winning force of his persuasive eloquence, could not but bow to his commanding talents and sagacity. But with the nation it was otherwise. A sense of his services and sacrifices had sunk deeply. In his origin identified with the new sources of British prosperity, he had grown with the growth of the peo-

ple. His name was associated of late years with all the great triumphs of public opinion. As a commercial and financial minister, he inspired an unprecedented confidence. He had asserted the honesty of the British people. Despising imputations of sordid motives, he had dared to compel the country to return to the sound and safe ways. He was recognized as thoroughly English—English in the impartiality and uprightness of his character, in his intense practicalness, his stern application of common-sense tests, his rejection of the merely theoretical and romantic. If his way was tortuous, his goal was worthy. As a publicist, he excelled all contemporaries in the knowledge of facts and principles, in the habit of testing alternately the past by the present, and the present by the past; as a statesman, combining grandeur of plan with firmness and steadiness of execution; as a party-leader, inspiring confidence in his guidance, and in the very conduct which precluded faith in his opinions; as a minister, developing the administrative faculty in a degree extraordinary even in an age of administrators; as an orator,

if not brilliant or eloquent in the formal sense of the schools, yet always securing the end of all oratory—power over his audience; and, as a ruler of men, governing as free men can only be governed, through the pervading influence of general sentiments, in which individual prejudices and interests were absorbed. He was the Agent during a period of transition, making those changes natural and easy which, but for him, or such as him, would have been forced and violent. By self-sacrifice and the inspiration of his example, he averted civil contention:—precluded revolution, by precipitating reform. His was a great part in the world's history; but one which could only be played once. It implied many an agonizing struggle in the doubt whether time and events would shift from his character the responsibilities imposed by contemporary indignation. But, for all these inevitable pangs, Sir Robert Peel had the reward while he lived of a satisfied conscience, and at his death, the universal approval of his contemporaries, anticipating with confidence the verdict of posterity.

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WHAT SHOULDST THOU FEAR? BY FRANCES BROWN.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of Fraser's Magazine must decline any longer to return papers that are sent for consideration. The labour of doing so is considerable; and authors who desire to keep what they may have written, had better make copies for their own use.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

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THE AGE OF VENEER.

INTRODUCTORY.

TO rail at the time present, and undervalue it by comparison with times past, is a custom of very ancient date, and somewhat stale from too frequent practice. It is a cheap and easy wisdom which thus asserts itself in magnifying errors immediately under the eye, by dwarfing those which are removed from beyond our ken; and we shall do our best to avoid falling into the error. But if the title placed on the head of this article means anything, it is a term of reproach applied to this best of all possible ages, the age in which we now live; and this most belauded of all praised centuries, the nineteenth. Positively, perhaps, we may and do think the epithet deserved; but we have no desire to apply it by comparison or retrospectively, because, the more closely we are enabled to look into the working of society in times past, as History rends from their uninviting realities the veil hung over them by Romance, the less reason there is to believe, that as regards the real practical advantages of social life our ancestors were one whit better off than ourselves—a very mild form indeed, it will at once be admitted, of stating the case, were any adverse comparisons intended. "The 'good old times,' all times when old are good," was sarcastically sung by one who could be sage even in his sarcasm; and the sentiment is more and more re-echoed as Experience enables us the better to judge of the past, by turning the force of her magic lantern on the darkness out of which we have emerged. So, in like manner, if we set ourselves to the task of denouncing and exposing some of the evils incidental to the haste with which in these later days we have 'run up' the social edifice, in obe-

dience to a sudden passion for the advantages of civilization, we desire to do so in no maudlin spirit of wisdom - of - our - ancestors worship; but, if anything, prospectively rather than retrospectively, and in the sincere hope that, by our humble but earnest contribution of honesty of purpose, we may help our well-meaning and self-regenerating contemporaries to avoid some very palpable errors, in their new-born desire to be all at once wise, wealthy, and happy.

Nor, it may as well be confessed at once, have we the slightest intention of being satirical, or of adopting that fashionable mode of quizzing, even, which is all the satire now allowed by an emasculate 'good taste.' The cuticle of the public is, we fear, not to be pierced by any such delicate edge of railery as that which our best laughers indulge in. Besides, many of the subjects which we are about to handle are commonplace in the extreme, only not trivial or unworthy of notice because they affect the every-day business of life, and come home, though essentially in a homely way, to every one's health and comfort. They are for the most part beneath satire, and of too ordinary and familiar a character for that exaggerated humorous treatment now popular in the absence of real racy wit or delineative power, and which seeks to achieve the ridiculous through the medium of distortion and caricature. The majority of them have relation to the minor rascalities of life, which, in themselves too contemptible even for contempt, become of importance only as they aggregate, and affect society in massive combinations inspired by a misplaced ingenuity, that perverts to the purposes of deception

(with multiform objects), or of mere sordid plunder, the discoveries of science, the growing passion of the people for knowledge, especially in the arts, their vague aspirations towards philosophic generalization in morals; and poisons the best impulses of uncultivated humanity. Even the more pretending and formidable evils of the class we are going to attack—those which show themselves in statesmen, moralists, caterers for public amusement, public instructors, pretenders to wit and literature,—although noxious in their nature, and fearful in their effects on the dignity and integrity of the national character, yet want the evil fascination of great vices, and are not fit subjects for the pen of the satirist. Locust-like, they are formidable, not singly, but in the mass; and they present none of those salient points, none of those hideous moral deformities, which prompt and justify the spirit of satire. The subjects of which we propose to treat are rather fit for analysis and deliberate exposure, because the art of trickery—of making the most transparent shams pass, by dint of impudent and mendacious assertion, for realities—is now carried to so high a pitch of finesse, that wholesale denunciation is not enough. We approach our task in sober seriousness, and in no spirit of levity; and we trust that, ere we have done with it, the reader will forgive us the resolute abstinence from all attempts on his risibilities, for the sake of the solid service we hope to have rendered him.

John Bull, amid many faults, has one manly virtue, in the possession of which he excels all other impersonated nationalities. He will bear to be told the truth. The only conditions are that what you tell him shall really be the truth, and that you tell it him plainly, intelligibly, boldly,—nay, if you will, savagely. Many of his concrete ideas and articles of faith have been corroded by the spirit of inquiry, or are held in solution by the philosophy of Liberalism; and, of late, men find it difficult to imbue him with new prejudices. But he retains some of his old and honourable instincts; he has become filled with some new ones, which do him honour (such as a passion for knowledge, self-culture,

and social refinement); and those who can no longer lead him blindfold, as was their wont, do contrive to 'take him in' with his eyes wide open, in a manner marvellous to behold. His wrath, when he finds out the deception, will be something terrible,—nay, we should not even be surprized were he to rush into a retrograde movement, voting 'the march of intellect,' and 'the nineteenth century,' and so forth, sheer delusions and dangerous traps. But we hope not, for the sake of mankind in general, for whose benefit he does really desire, in his own peculiar way, to make grand sacrifices. And so, without further preface, let us proceed to develop what we mean by selecting as our title to this article, 'THE AGE OF VENEER.'

Veneering, as a process in manufacture, is, we take it for granted, very generally practised and understood. The best that can be said of it is, that it originated in the love of the beautiful. Like many evils that have sprung from the same pure and ennobling aspiration, it came to us, in the first instance, from abroad,—a fact not so surprising when we consider how essentially un-English is, or was, or at all events ought to be, everything in the nature of a sham. But so it was. The British housewife, from time immemorial, has been proud of her house—her domicile. That is her Temple, where is raised the altar of her affections. For the temple—we have it on good authority—no ornament is too costly, no garniture too rich; and so good Mistress Bull has always been renowned for the comfort, if not the splendour of her home, and for the substantial sacrifices she makes to adorn it with every beauty. To aid the gratification of this laudable passion came most opportunely the invention of 'veneering.' Those who could not buy carved mahogany in the solid were content to put a pious fraud on themselves, and accept in lieu a bulk of deal or pine, with a thin layer of the richer wood spread over it. 'It looks as good,' they said, 'and it does not cost as much.' And so makers have gone on multiplying these shams; for 'those now buy who never bought before, and those who little bought now buy the more.'

Well, even from this very ordinary and commonplace social fact (which, be it observed, we regard as the rude foundation-stone only of our proposed structure, to be suuk, built on, and then hidden for ever), may a moral be deduced of some little relative value in these days of shiftiness. It is quite *à propos* the subject we are going to handle, and it indicates the result to which we hope our good British public will arrive, when, tired of running after the multitudinous shams which it will be our task *seriatim* to expose, and convinced by bitter suffering that 'honesty is the best policy,' they shall return, humble and repentant, to the old ways, and cease to practise themselves, or be practised upon by, that universal moral veneering which we shall strive to prove is growing to be the disgraceful characteristic of society in this country, in all its possible ramifications. The moral, as it touches the British housewife and her material home, is contained in this simple fact,—people are getting so thoroughly tired of things 'veneered,' that venerable 'goods' of the real old solid, hand-wrought sort, are sold now for as high prices,—nay, sometimes higher, than when they were new. From homely facts deducing a remote analogy, we venture to predict the same ultimate result for the subtler and less palpable kind of veneering about which we shall chiefly write.

It is an interesting investigation for the student or the historian of human progress, whether the passion for knowledge, the taste for the arts, and the appetite for the refining and elevating habits of life, have ascended or descended, from time to time, in the social scale; whether the demonstrable advance of the species in these respects is due to the intellect acting in freedom from lowering and obscuring cares, or to the instincts of humanity working amid the unleavened mass, and at intervals producing permanent types for all. Perhaps the question would prove more curious than profitable; because the result might show—the disparity in numbers between the abstracted, endowed, and leisured few, and the encumbered and obstructed many being allowed for,—that the proportion of the pure elements of progress

derived from each has been preserved. Evidence of a constant action and reaction might be arrived at. Perhaps, too, it would appear that the popular notion of wealth and leisure being essentially infelicitous conditions of mental development, is only a popular fallacy, from insufficient allowance being made for the stimulus supplied by positive or comparative privation, the ambition of self-advancement, the mysterious influence of sympathy in masses, and the increased vigour consequent on constant intellectual activity. It is at all events an open question, whether the latter supposition is not true, even retrospectively and as regards the darker ages; and, if that could be proved, the hope from the future would, for many reasons, be much stronger. For the present purpose, however, it is needless to speculate whether what is called aristocracy (in the limited and social meaning of the term) has acted as a force-pump on mankind in matters intellectual, artistic, and social, drawing up the general mind from a stagnant level; or whether the rising tide approaches the high-water mark by a natural increase, fed eternally from the ever-welling instincts and aspirations of humanity. Writing of England and of Englishmen in the existing time, it is enough to say, that the influences ruling the general acquisition of knowledge and the other elements of progress referred to, seem now to act from above rather than below; that it is the example of the higher classes which, in the main, attracts and guides all the others: a condition of things which must be considered beneficial to the great cause of civilization, if it can be assumed that the prevailing aspiration of those classes is towards virtue, and intellectual and moral perfection. Call this a fashion, if you will; hint that it is hollow and superficial; or that it is only the effect of reactionary alarm, after the lessons administered some half-a-century since; still, if it be followed in all sincerity by the general million, in whom ideas and principles take root if they do not always vegetate, you have secured one more guarantee for progressive and permanent improvement. At all events, a good fashion is better than a bad one.

Society in this country is imitative: that is its present aspect. Each grade or class strives to hook itself on to its superior; is proud, not of its own self-created virtues, position, or other speciality, but of its resemblance to the nearest aristocratic model within the range of its ken. In politics, religion, amusements, literature, dress, art, and general social habits, imitation is the almost universal rule. It matters not whether this be the result of the influence of aristocracy as a social institution, or whether the leading men strive successfully to become an aristocracy in effect as well as in form; whether the silent homage paid to them is 'flunkeyism,' or whether it springs from a more honourable instinct. It is enough for the present purpose to assume that such an involuntary imitation takes place, and to express a hope and belief that it is because in the aristocracy (and the term is a wide and comprehensive one) men see, or fancy they see, types, more or less imperfect, but still types, of the human being in his highest state of civilization.

It is in the gratification of this disposition to imitate, which is the outward form taken by the natural longing for improvement and self-development, that most of the evils about which we purpose to write have been generated. Is it meant to be affirmed that to the upper classes we must look, as in virtue of some inherent superiority, for the true models? By no means. That would be to encourage the very flunkeyism which all men must deprecate. So far from such being the case, a very large proportion of the moral 'veneer' to which we allude has been got up expressly to deceive and mislead the wealthy and influential; and we are sorry to say that in politics, religion, literature, and art the deceptions have, from time to time, succeeded, and bid fair to succeed still more; while in regard to that very large proportion of production on which machinery and handicrafts are employed, a mistaken acceptance of the philosophy of cheapness has led to the upper classes themselves becoming dupes, in sufficient numbers to constitute them a very unfit example for the rest of society. It

is, in fact, a question whether the patronage of 'shams' of all sorts—from political pretexts, social improvements, charitable movements and institutions, down to some of the vulgar forms of the nuisance, such as cheap clothing and electrotyped plate—are not making more way (in proportion to numbers) among the upper than the lower classes; and if instinctive love for the solid and real, whether in the shape of fixed ideas in politics, morals, and so forth, or in the more commonplace modes indicated, is not more firmly rooted in the latter. Still, if the tendency to accept the false, the pretextuous, the showy, grows in the classes who are habitually imitated, there is very good reason to fear that it may spread in more dangerous forms among the imitators. So, if any deprecator of aristocracy on principle, any still green survivor of 1798, imagines that we are going in the spirit of reaction to perform *Ko-tou* to the luminary rising over the 'gloom, but not the flame, of waning storm when winds and sea grow tame,' of the revolutionary era, let him at once apply the cork of faith to the bottle of his wrath, keep the contents thereof for some more unworthy object, and believe that no consideration whatsoever will prevent us from, to the very utmost of our power, probing the superficialities, and exposing the fraud, whether the practisers thereof, the patrons, or the dupes, be of the high class or the lower, the titled or the *parvenu*, the sanctified or those still warm with the pleasant weaknesses and time-honoured frailties of good, easy, wandering, wicked, but still too-much-abused humanity.

Your people have outgrown your social machinery. You have preached up and pampered your 'public,' your musbroom growth of the nineteenth century, till it no longer knows itself. In knowledge, every man wants to be an Admirable Crichton; and when we read in the reports of public speeches, parliamentary or platform, in leading-columns of newspapers, and in high-spiced magazine articles, so much fulsome adulation of that 'public opinion,' which is, after all, only an aggregate of a multitude of very imperfect private judgments, and which might

with much more truth be appealed to as public passion, public prejudice, or national conceit, it is not at all surprising that a proverbial self-sufficiency so sedulously cultivated, and so artfully misled, should be successfully beguiled. When, too, there is offered so tempting a field for the exploits of the political Jesuit, it would be surprising, indeed, if the immemorial passion for the exercise of power over mankind did not prevail with clever and ambitious men, and induce them to avail themselves of the opportunities so created. As in politics, so in science, literature, and art. It is now nearly half a century past since you first commenced to 'popularize' knowledge in this country. The idea and the aim were alike worthy and noble; but it was not in the nature of things that the execution should correspond with all the conditions of the intention. The work of centuries was not to be accomplished in a few years. The consequence has been, as regards the general mass of the public, not a sound culture, but the superinduction of a superficiality of knowledge, a species of educational 'veneering,' very showy on the outside, but very deceptive, very taking, and varnishy; very well suited for a brief show, to point oratorical periods and flourishes, but not calculated for hard wear and tear; and very liable to peel off, exposing the coarse and crude material beneath. This kind of 'public opinion' will not stand a great crisis, either political or social; as some very startling events within the last few years have signally proved. Do we desire to stop the spread of knowledge? Heaven forbid! All we would wish to see is, that the true character of this knowledge should be thoroughly understood; and that, in place of a most dangerous conceit of private judgment, which places masses of the public (*quasi* public) in the power of political and social agitators, and renders classes and private individuals the willing dupes and victims of all sorts of daring pretenders, there should be again instilled into the national mind something like humility and self-examination, thus providing a perpetual protection against all possible events.

A little respect for experience and authority might steady the oscillations of this 'public opinion.' In former ages, and up to the most recent days, the British public could be led—perhaps misled; but then it was through their blind faith in a few fixed notions and principles. Now, they are led away through their own conceit of their own mental superiority; and we leave the reader to decide which alternative is the most likely to multiply mischiefs. Our statesmen and philosophers have not yet sufficiently measured the consequences of this systematic pampering of the national vanity, this blind homage to a most imperfectly constituted public opinion.

Our belief in the right of private judgment operates more universally than is consistent with salutary conditions and restraints. Concurrently with it has grown up a conviction of its efficacy under all possible circumstances. It is always more convenient to dogmatize and to insist, than to reason, to examine, to prove, to convince. Of all forms of absolutism, what is called public opinion is the most tyrannical, because the least responsible, the least accessible to remonstrance or punishment. The constant habit of pronouncing judgments without a knowledge of the principles or other data on which they ought to rest, must be fatal to the intellectual faculty. In an individual it would breed an intense self-conceit; and the continual assumption of irrefragable infallibility would act inversely, in leading to a monstrous ignorance, and an insensibility to the pleasure or the duty of acquisition. Dogmatists are proverbially the victims of their own dogmas; and the pretender to knowledge is the most easily convicted of his deficiency, the most easily led into arrogant blundering. As with individuals, so, we apprehend, it is emphatically with a people; the more flagrantly, because the corrective influence is wanting. In matters of the highest moment to mankind, affecting their spiritual, and not merely their social welfare, whole nations, even in our own time, have been led away by the clever cunning of individual men, practising on the conceit of their own power of judg-

ing, their rebellious rejection of precedent, experience, teaching, and authority. People content to accept, without probing or examination, superficialities as realities, will always find an abundant supply of the shams for which they have the most fancy; because the temptation is great to clever men, without honour or principle, to obtain power or profit in this cheap and easy way. Indeed, there is a sort of wicked pleasure in thus misleading mankind and then scorning them. Nay, after long habituation to deceptions, self-created or imposed from without, the mind loses its original perceptive and comparing element; it is impossible to approach it with pure truth, or simple demonstration, or natural attractions, either to the reason, the appetites, or the taste; without, in short, something of the flashy, showy, and meretricious. This creates a class of deceivers by compulsion, because they see that they cannot by fair means attain to that mental or social influence for which their superior organization leads them to crave; or, to descend to the minor temporal affairs, because they see that those on whom their profit, reward, social *status* depends, must be misled in order to be led. Thus a twofold mischief is generated—not only is the natural capacity of the public perverted and abused, but there is also an immense waste, nay, an absolute devotion to evil, of an intellectual power and ingenuity, which might be made productive of incalculable good. Always believing in their own infallibility, the English have ever been liable to be led away, in great things and in small; but it seems to us that in the immense accession which this habit of self-reliance has received of late years (more especially since the power called 'public opinion' has been so courted by designing artificers of their own fortunes), a few simple instincts, fixed ideas, and maxims, have been tidied over, which used to be great beacons and safeguards to John Bull. At all events, you used to gull him by appeals to nobler impulses than those by which you now stir and agitate him.

This art of deception has almost risen to the rank of a science. With

so tempting a material to work upon, and such immense 'returns' as the reward, whether in the shape of power, notoriety, or profit, it is not surprising that the tendencies to fraud always floating in the world, should have been systematized. In almost every available field of action may this misplaced ingenuity and perverted mental power be detected in its subtle and disguised, or its open and shameless operations. To invent a new pretext, is to carve out a new fortune. From the adroit politician who 'moves the order of the day to take in a nation;' the flashy political adventurer, 'veneer-ing' a broken party with a new superficiality of principle; the pseudo-philanthropist, who stirs up appeals to some dormant prejudice, religious or moral, that, under cover of the impulse he gives, he may attain a concealed object not even suspected by his dupes; the book-maker, who rams up his two or three imposing volumes from old sources, with an impudent superficiality of varnished novelty; down to the ubiquitous Sartor who contracts to turn out model gentlemen at so much a head, the intention and the result are the same. Public edifices, more especially those devoted to religion, which, if they are at all to harmonize with the supposed character of the people, ought to be solid and real, are run up in the coarsest material, and faced with the finest. The fraud does not even stop there; for the supposed solid parts of the structure, in which at least there should be strength and stamina, are too often a combination of elements which only seem to be the substantial, durable, time-defying stuff, of which they ought to be composed. If we are not grievously mistaken, when that railway panic shall have quite subsided which has grown out of the frauds in shares, the false pretences of success, the sham accounts, and so forth, there will arise another, and a far more serious one, occasioned by the perishable character of the so-called 'permanent' creation itself—perishable, not from fair wear and tear, but because tricks akin to those at which we point in the general, preparatory to exposing them in detail, have, in too many cases, been played in the

construction. Our houses, even, are run up on the same false and fraudulent principle. When a newly-married couple, for instance, are abroad seeking their permanent nest, they have choice enough out of the long rows and interminable streets of spick and span new dwellings, all showy with stucco and facings, and gay with gaudy paint. If, during their months of courtship—still worse, if their precursory happiness extended only over weeks—they had chanced to examine the ‘skeletons’ of those charming houses while in process of formation, they might, with the smallest possible exercise of common sense, have seen that their seemingly massive outsides only cover fragility, premature decay, and the coarsest and cheapest arts of construction—that if the officers whose duty it is to condemn all buildings that are old and worn out, as ‘unsafe,’ were to extend their functions to the new and consumptive, many a street and square which is now kept in rank, like a troop of invalided soldiers, only by mutual propping, would be swept from the face of the earth by the fiat of the law. At all events, the most short-sighted young gentleman would pause before he saddled himself with a property in such a vamped-up domicile, or thought of transmitting it, as his fathers were wont to do, as an heirloom for his children and grandchildren. As for the multitudinous minor shams and pretences with which an age loving cheapness is made a party to practical dishonesty, by being taught to expect more for money than money’s worth, these we will rather notice in detail; as our object in this introductory chapter is to lay the foundation, and to indicate only the general scope of our exposition. A few examples, sketched at random from unconnected fields of action, serve as well as a catalogue of the whole.

The title we have chosen is necessarily a fanciful one—homely in its origin, and suggestive only in a fanciful application of it. We do not hope to preserve an absolute analogy with it in all the various examples we shall adduce. But the same disposition to accept the superficial and the unreal in lieu of the solid and substantial may be

traced, by a refined comparison, in almost all the operations of social life in this country, even down to the sacred rites of hospitality itself. Our staunch and keen-witted hebdomadal satirist has gibbeted a particular class—a vile human spawn of the ‘veneering’ system—in his flaying articles on the mob of ‘gents’ who *don’t* live with ease. These painted plaster casts of the original sculptured gentleman—the laborious work of ages of culture—are ludicrous enough for the pen and pencil of the satirical writer and limner, who have done good service in exposing, if they could not arrest, the nuisance. But, alas! the causes which have given birth to ‘gentism’ operate in other regions than those in which these mushrooms of society spring; and we do not know whether, among the other benefits of our colonization system, may not be ranked the advantage of our having sent out, ere the age of shams asserted itself, some few models of the old, sturdy, religious, moral, honest-minded, frank, and upright Englishman of the original type. Yet we would fain persuade ourselves that the mischief is reaching its height—that as the evil we decry is superficial so is its action also—and that, after having run the course of experiment, and having discovered the futility of attempting to make the moral and social world move any faster in its course or on its axis, the British mind will ‘right’ itself by one of those vigorous acts of self-assertion which have hitherto been its best protection against disturbing influences from without. Although the stereotyped Englishman may be persuaded into accepting deceptions of all sorts as truths, the art of trickery may be pushed too far. He turns round suddenly and savagely when least expected to do so. A curious instance of this has occurred within the last few months, in reference to the Industrial Exposition of 1851. The promoters of that undertaking have designedly appealed to the English love of commerce, and to the national vanity. But, in an evil hour, its directors began to talk of erecting a ‘brick-and-mortar’ building in Hyde Park. They expected to quiet John Bull by tell-

ing him that they meant to pull it down when done with, and make the park all right again. John Bull, to be sure, does not walk much in his parks, but for all that he is a great stickler for their preservation; and he fell into an agony about this new building. He muttered something about a great statue—a monster gravely fashioned by a waggish sculptor as a satire on British no-art. He remembered how alarmed he was at hearing that the statue was to be put on the arch opposite Apsley House. Not possessing many grand arches, or seemingly caring much about them, if we may judge by the puzzle he is in to dispose of the palace marble one, still he was tenacious. He was told by his rulers that they would only set up the statue as an experiment—just to see how it would look. Once there, it stuck there—a permanent example of insincerity in the governing powers. Now, John Bull having been once burnt, dreaded the fire. So, when, under cover of a building for the Exposition, it was sought to create a permanent National Gallery (John has a morbid fear of National Galleries), he refused to be taken in a second time, and fairly flung his riders. Let us hope that this will operate as a warning, as far as concerns the public and more impudent shams.

At present, the successful practitioners of the art of veneering are rampant. The average modern Englishman (we speak not of exceptions) is becoming superficial and unreal in everything. In mind and body he is veneered. By a skin-deep adoption of the outward signs and shows of excellence, he thinks to pass for the more perfect being which, we will do him the justice to say, he aspires to be. No doubt it is in some respects a noble desire of his, but the means are ignoble. Nor is it possible thus to ignore all the conditions of culture and development. You cannot suddenly convert a boor into a gentleman; you cannot, by merely telling a people that they are changed, transform them from coarseness of taste, and an almost exclusive admiration of the merely physical, into *virtuosi*, men of science, adepts in literature,

and patrons of, and participators in, the arts. You cannot, by the magic of mere hope or assertion, disseminate among the middle and lower classes the tastes, habits, and means of enjoyment, hitherto exclusively possessed by an aristocracy. It is well to try; but it is better to begin with small certainties, and go on by degrees. Otherwise you will only cover society with a crust or varnish, hiding but corruption and premature decay. You cannot achieve great reformatory results without time and progress. Yet such is the miracle this age is bent on working. The original materials of the national character being too coarse, and too little ornamental, you borrow the aid of outside show. The modern John Bull is veneered *in toto*. He is veneered in his political, religious, and economical ideas and principles; for all his new ones, at least, are only skin-deep, adopted without due inquiry, and paraded for show in the eyes of mankind. He is veneered in his new-born patronage of the arts: in music, of which, as a science, he has no conception, and in point of taste not knowing good from bad; in painting, of which he much affects a love, but neglects the simple sterling beauties of his own school for monstrous exaggerations, the work of men as tasteless as himself; in sculpture, which he takes blindly upon trust. In his scientific knowledge (except where there is a specialty) he is essentially veneered; being taught that he can skin over his illogical intellect with vague theory shot with technicalities, and that he can cram into a mere corner of his mind a general acquaintance with all, when any one is enough to exhaust a being's whole life. And so we might go on running the fanciful parallel *ad infinitum*. He is born under a veneered constitution, receives a veneered education, and passes his life amid a very corrupt social system, veneered over with noble pretexts of morality. He lives in a stuccoed house—or fragile structure of rotten timber and porous brick, faced with the real stuff; he sits on veneered chairs, in veneered garments; and he eats off veneered mahogany, with electrotyped plate. He imbibes with

his breakfast his day's opinions from leading articles, the *ne plus ultra* of veneration, and criticisms which do not even pretend to be anything but superficial; and he passes his social hours in the midst of a veneered gaiety and refinement, and a still more flagrantly veneered hospitality.

In his death, as in his life, he is equally ostentatious and deceptive, for he is hurried in a joint-stock burial-ground, a sort of veneered imitation of the solemnity of ancient sepulchre.

Enough for the present. We shall fill up our outline by degrees.

TENNYSON.*

CRITICS cannot in general be too punctilious in their respect for an *incognito*. If an author intended us to know his name, he would put it on his title-page. If he does not choose to do that, we have no more right to pry into his secret than we have to discuss his family affairs or open his letters. But every rule has its exceptional cases; and the book which stands first upon our list is surely such. All the world, somehow or other, knows the author. His name has been mentioned unhesitatingly by several reviews already, whether from private information, or from the certainty which every well-read person must feel, that there is but one man in England possessed at once of poetic talent and artistic experience sufficient for so noble a creation. We hope, therefore, that we shall not be considered impertinent if we ignore an *incognito* which all England has ignored before us, and attribute *In Memoriam* to the pen of the author of *The Princess*.

Such a course will probably be the more useful one to our readers; for this last work of our only living great poet seems to us at once the culmination of all his efforts and the key to many difficulties in his former writings. Heaven forbid that we should say that it completes the circle of his powers. On the contrary, it gives us hope of vaster effort in new fields of thought and forms of art. But it brings the development of his Muse and of his Creed to a positive and definite point. It enables us to claim one who has been hitherto

regarded as belonging to a merely speculative and peirastic school as the willing and deliberate champion of vital Christianity, and of an orthodoxy the more sincere because it has worked upward through the abyss of doubt; the more mighty for good because it justifies and consecrates the æsthetics and the philosophy of the present age. We are sure, moreover, that the author, whatever right reasons he may have had for concealing his own name, would have no quarrel against us for alluding to it, were he aware of the absolute idolatry with which every utterance of his is regarded by the cultivated young men of our day, especially at the universities, and of the infinite service of which this *In Memoriam* may be to them, if they are taught by it that their superiors are not ashamed of Faith, and that they will rise instead of falling, fulfil instead of denying the cravings of their hearts and intellects, if they will pass upwards with their teacher from the vague though noble expectations of *Locksley Hall*, to the assured and everlasting facts of the poem to *In Memoriam*,—in our eyes, the noblest Christian poem which England has produced for two centuries.

To explain our meaning, it will be necessary, perhaps, to go back to Mr. Tennyson's earlier writings, of which he is said to be somewhat ashamed now—a fastidiousness with which we will not quarrel; for it should be the rule of the poet as well as of the apostle, 'forgetting those things which are behind, to press on to those things which are before,' and

* 1. *In Memoriam*. Moxon, Dover Street. 1850.

2. *The Princess, a Medley*. By Alfred Tennyson. Third Edition. Moxon, Dover Street. 1850.

3. *Poems*. By Alfred Tennyson. Moxon, Dover Street. 1842.

'to count not himself to have apprehended, but' — no, we will not finish the quotation: let the readers of *In Memoriam* finish it for themselves, and see how after all the poet, if he would reach perfection, must be found by Him who found St. Paul of old. In the meantime, as the poet must necessarily be in advance of his age, Mr. Tennyson's earlier poems, rather than these latter ones, coincide with the tastes and speculations of the young men of this day. And in proportion, we believe, as they thoroughly appreciate the distinctive peculiarities of those poems, will they be able to follow the author of them on his upward path.

Some of our readers, we would fain hope, remember as an era in their lives the first day on which they read those earlier poems; how, fifteen years ago, *Mariana in the Moated Grange*, *The Dying Swan*, *The Lady of Shalott*, came to them as revelations. They seemed to themselves to have found at last a poet who promised not only to combine the cunning melody of Moore, the rich fulness of Keats, and the simplicity of Wordsworth, but one who was introducing a method of observing Nature different from that of all the three, and yet succeeding in everything which they had attempted, often in vain. Both Keats and Moore had an eye for the beauty which lay in trivial and daily objects. But in both of them there was a want of deep religious reverence, which kept Moore playing gracefully upon the surface of phenomena without ever daring to dive into their laws or inner meaning; and made poor Keats fancy that he was rather to render Nature poetical by bespangling her with florid ornament, than simply to confess that she was already, by the grace of God, far beyond the need of his paint and gilding. Even Wordsworth himself had not full faith in the great dicta which he laid down in his famous Introductory Essay. Deep as was his conviction that Nature bore upon her simplest forms the finger-mark of God, he did not always dare simply to describe her as she was, and leave her to reveal her own mystery. We do not say this in depreciation of one who stands now far above human praise or

blame, to receive the meed of a life of love to God and man. The wonder is, not that Wordsworth rose no higher, but that, considering the level on which his taste was formed, he had power to rise to the height above his age which he did attain. He did a mighty work. He has left the marks of his teaching upon every poet who has written verses worth reading for the last twenty years. The idea by which he conquered was, as Coleridge well sets forth, the very one which, in its practical results on his own poetry, procured him loud and deserved ridicule. This, which will be the root idea of the whole poetry of this generation, was the dignity of Nature in all her manifestations, and not merely in those which may happen to suit the fastidiousness or Manicheism of any particular age. He may have been at times fanatical on his idea, and have misused it, till it became self-contradictory, because he could not see the correlative truths which should have limited it. But it is by fanatics, by men of one great thought, that great works are done; and it is good for the time that a man arose in it of fearless honesty enough to write *Peter Bells* and *Idiot Boys*, to shake all the old methods of nature-painting to their roots, and set every man seriously to ask himself what he meant, or whether he meant anything real, reverent, or honest, when he talked about 'poetic diction,' or 'the beauties of Nature.' And after all, like all fanatics, Wordsworth was better than his own creed. As Coleridge thoroughly shows in the second volume of the *Biographia Literaria*, and as may be seen nowhere more strikingly than in his grand posthumous work, his noblest poems and noblest stanzas are those in which his true poetic genius, uncsciously to himself, sets at nought his own pseudo-naturalist dogmas.

Now Mr. Tennyson, while fully adopting Wordsworth's principle from the very first, seemed by instinctive taste to have escaped the snares which had proved too subtle both for Keats and Wordsworth. Doubtless there are slight *maiseries*, after the manner of both those poets, in the first editions of his earlier poems. He seems, like most other great artists, to have

first tried imitations of various styles which already existed, before he learnt the art of incorporating them into his own, and learning from all his predecessors, without losing his own individual peculiarities. But there are descriptive passages in them also which neither Keats nor Wordsworth could have written, combining the honest sensuous observation which is common to them both, with a self-restrained simplicity which Keats did not live long enough to attain, and a stately and accurate melody, an earnest songfulness (to coin a word) which Wordsworth seldom attained, and from his inaccurate and uncertain ear, still seldomer preserved without the occurrence of a jar or a rattle, a false quantity, a false rapture, or a bathos. And above all, or rather beneath all—for we suspect that this has been throughout the very secret of Mr. Tennyson's power—there was a hushed and a reverent awe, a sense of the mystery, the infinitude, the awfulness, as well as of the mere beauty of wayside things, which invested these poems as wholes with a peculiar richness, depth, and majesty of tone, beside which both Keats's and Wordsworth's methods of handling pastoral subjects looked like the colouring of Julio Romano or Watteau, by the side of Correggio or Titian.

This deep, simple faith in the divineness of Nature as she appears, which, in our eyes, is Mr. Tennyson's *differentia*, is really the natural accompaniment of a quality at first sight its very opposite, and for which he is often blamed by a prosaic world; namely, his subjective and transcendental mysticism. It is the mystic, after all, who will describe Nature most simply, because he sees most in her; because he is most ready to believe that she will reveal to others the same message which she has revealed to him. Men like Böcklin, Novalis, and Fourier, who can soar into the inner cloud-world of man's spirit, even though they lose their way there, dazzled by excess of wonder—men who, like Wordsworth, can give utterance to such subtle anthropologic wisdom as the *Ode to the Intimations of Immortality*, will for that very reason most humbly and patiently 'consider the lilies of

the field, how they grow.' And even so it is just because Mr. Tennyson is, far more than Wordsworth, mystical, and what an ignorant and money-getting generation, idolatrous of mere sensuous activity, calls 'dreamy,' that he has become the greatest naturalistic poet which England has seen for several centuries: the same faculty which enabled him to draw such subtle subjective pictures of womanhood as *Adeline*, *Isabel*, and *Eleanor* enabled him to see, and, therefore simply to describe in one of the most distinctive and successful of his earlier poems, how

The creeping mosses and clampering weeds,
And the willow branches bear and dank,
And the wavy swell of the sighing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

No doubt there are in the earlier poems exceptions to this style,—attempts to adorn Nature, and dazzle with a barbaric splendour akin to that of Keats,—as, for instance, in the *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*. But how cold and gaudy, in spite of individual beauties, is that poem by the side of either of the 'Marianas,' and especially of that one in which the scenery is drawn, simply and faithfully, from those counties which the world considers the quintessence of the prosaic—the English fens.

Upon the middle of the night
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow;
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.

* * * * *
About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook away,
All silver-green with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding gray.

* * * * *
Throughout all these exquisite lines occurs but one instance of what the vulgar call 'poetic diction.' All is simple description, in short and Saxon words, and yet who can deny the

effect to be perfect — superior to almost any similar passage in Wordsworth? And why? Because the passage quoted, and indeed the whole poem, is perfect in what artists call *tone*—*tone* in the metre and in the sound of the words, as well as in the images and the feelings expressed. The weariness, the dreariness, the dark mysterious waste, exist alike within and without, in the slow monotonous pace of the metre and the words, as well as in the boundless fen, and the heart of her who, 'without hope of change, in sleep did seem to walk forlorn.' The same faith in Nature, the same instinctive correctness in melody, springing from that correct insight into Nature, ran through the poems inspired by mediæval legends. The very spirit of the old ballad writers, with their combinations of mysticism and objectivity, their freedom from any self-conscious attempt at reflective epithets or figures, runs through them all. We are never jarred in them, as we are in all the attempts at ballad-writing and ballad-restoring before Mr. Tennyson's time, by discordant touches of the reflective in thought, the picturesque in Nature, or the theatric in action. To illustrate our meaning, readers may remember the ballad of 'Fair Emmeline,' in Bishop Percy's *Reliques*. The bishop confesses, if we mistake not, to have patched the end of the ballad. He need not have informed us of that fact, while such lines as these following met our eyes,—

The Baron turned aside,
And wiped away the rising tears
He proudly strove to hide (!!!)

Conceive an old ballad writer dealing in such a complicated conceit! As another, and even a worse instance, did any of our readers ever remark the difference between the old and new versions of the grand ballad of *Glasgerion*? In the original, we hear how the elfin harper could

Harp fish out of the water,
And water out of a stone,
And milk out of a maiden's breast
That bairn had never none.

For which some benighted 'restorer' substitutes,—

Oh, there was magic in his touch,
And sorcery in his string!

No doubt there was. But while the new *poetaster* informs you of the abstract notion, the ancient *poet* gives you the concrete fact; as Mr. Tennyson has done with wonderful art in his exquisite *St. Agnes*, where the saint's subjective mysticism appears only as embodied in objective pictures,—

*Break up the heavens, oh, Lord! and far
Through all yon starlight keen
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.*

Sir Walter Scott's ballads fail just on the same point. Even Campbell cannot avoid an occasional false note of sentiment. In Mr. Tennyson alone, as we think, the spirit of the middle age is perfectly reflected.—Its delight, not in the 'sublime and picturesque,' but in the green leaves and spring flowers for their own sake,—the spirit of Chaucer and of the *Robin Hood Garland*,—the naturalism which revels as much in the hedgerow and garden as in alps, and cataracts, and Italian skies, and the other strong stimulants to the faculty of admiration which the palled taste of an unhealthy age, from Keats and Byron down to Browning, has rushed abroad to seek. It is enough for Mr. Tennyson's truly English spirit to see how

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot.

Or how,
In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot.

Give him but such scenery as that, which he can see in every parish in England, and he will find it a fit scene for an ideal myth, subtler than a casuist's questionings, deep as the deepest heart of woman.

But in this earlier volume we have only the *disjecta membra poetae*. The poet has not yet arrived at the art of combining his new speculations on man with his new mode of viewing Nature. His objective pieces are too

exclusively objective, his subjective too exclusively subjective; and where he deals with natural imagery in these latter, he is too apt, as in *Eleanore*, to fall back upon the old and received method of poetic diction, though he never indulges in a commonplace or a stock epithet. But in the interval between 1830 and 1842 the needful interfusion of the two elements took place. And in *Locksley Hall* and the *Two Voices* we find the new doubts and questions of the time embodied naturally and organically, in his own method of simple natural expression.

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,
And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;
Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things which they shall do:

and all the grand prophetic passage following, which is said, we know not how truly, to have won for the poet the respect of that great statesman whose loss all good men this day deplore.

In saying that *Locksley Hall* has deservedly had so great an influence over the minds of the young, we shall, we are afraid, have offended some who are accustomed to consider that poem as Werterian and unhealthy. But, in reality, the spirit of the poem is simply anti-Werterian. It is man rising out of sickness into health,—not conquered by Werterism, but conquering his selfish sorrow, and the moral and intellectual paralysis which it produces, by faith and hope,—faith in the progress of science and civilization, hope in the final triumph of good. Doubtless, that is not the highest deliverance,—not a permanent deliverance at all. Faith in God and hope in Christ alone can deliver a man once and for all, from Werterism, or any other moral disease; that truth was reserved for *In Memoriam*: but as far as *Locksley Hall* goes, it is a step forward—a whole moral æon beyond Byron and Shelley; and a step, too, in the right direction, just because it is a step forward,—because the path of deliverance is, as *Locksley Hall* sets forth, not backwards towards a fancied paradise of childhood—not backward to grope after an uncon-

For instance, from the 'Search for Truth' in the '*Two Voices*,'—
Cry, faint not, climb: the summits lope
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope.
Sometimes a little corner shines,
As over rainy mist inclines
A gleaming crag with belts of pines.
'I will go forward,' sayest thou;
'I shall not fail to find her now.'
Look up, the fold is on her brow.'

Or, again, in *Locksley Hall*, the poem which, as we think deservedly, has had most influence on the minds of the young men of our day,—

scionsness which is now impossible, an implicit faith which would be unworthy of the man, but forward on the road on which God has been leading him, carrying upward with him the aspirations of childhood, and the bitter experience of youth, to help the organized and trustful labour of manhood. There are, in fact, only two deliverances from Werterism possible in the nineteenth century; one is into Popery, and the other is—

Forward, forward, let us range;
Let the peoples spin for ever down the
ringing grooves of change;
Through the shadow of the world we sweep
into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Enrope than a cycle
of Cathay.

But such a combination of powers as Mr. Tennyson's naturally develop themselves into a high idyllic faculty; for it is the very essence of the idyl to set forth the poetry which lies in the simpler manifestations of Man and Nature; yet not explicitly, by a reflective moralizing on them, as almost all our idyllists—Cowper, Gray, Crabbe, and Wordsworth—have been in the habit of doing, but implicitly, by investing them all with a rich and delightful tone of colouring, perfect grace of manner, perfect melody of rhythm, which, like a gorgeous summer atmosphere, shall glorify without altering the most trivial and homely sights. And it is this very power,

as exhibited in the *Lord of Burleigh*, *Audley Court*, and the *Gardner's Daughter*, which has made Mr. Tennyson, not merely the only English rival of Theocritus and Bion, but, in our opinion, as much their superior as modern England is superior to ancient Greece.

Yet in *The Princess*, perhaps, Mr. Tennyson rises higher still. The idyllic manner alternates with the satiric, the pathetic, even the sublime, by such imperceptible gradations, and continual delicate variations of key, that the harmonious medley of his style becomes the fit outward expression of the bizarre and yet harmonious fairy-land, in which his fancy ranges. In this work, too, Mr. Tennyson shows himself more than ever the poet of the day. In it more than ever the old is interpenetrated with the new—the domestic and scientific with the ideal and sentimental. He dares, in every page, to make use of modern words and notions, from which the mingled clumsiness and archaism of his contemporaries shrinks, as unpoetical. Though, as we just said, his stage is an ideal fairy-land, yet he has reached the ideal by the only true method,—by bringing the Middle age forward to the Present one, and not by ignoring the Present to fall back on a cold and galvanized Mediævalism; and thus he makes his 'Medley' a mirror of the nineteenth century, possessed of its own new art and science, its own new temptations and aspirations, and yet grounded on, and continually striving to reproduce, the forms and experiences of all past time. The idea, too, of *The Princess* is an essentially modern one. In every age women have been tempted, by the possession of superior beauty, intellect, or strength of will, to deny their own womanhood, and attempt to stand alone as men, whether on the ground of political intrigue, ascetic saintship, or philosophic pride. Cleopatra and St. Hedwiga, Madame de Staël and the Princess, are merely different manifestations of the same self-willed and proud longing of woman to unsex herself, and realize, single and self-sustained, some distorted and partial notion of her own as to what the 'angelic life' should be. Cleopatra acted out the pagan idea of an angel; St. Hedwiga, the

mediæval one; Madame de Staël hers, with the peculiar notions of her time as to what 'spirituel' might mean; and in *The Princess* Mr. Tennyson has embodied the ideal of that nobler, wider, purer, yet equally fallacious, because equally unnatural analogue, which we may meet too often up and down England now. He shows us the woman, when she takes her stand on the false masculine ground of intellect, working out her own moral punishment, by destroying in herself the tender heart of flesh: not even her vast purposes of philanthropy can preserve her, for they are built up, not on the womanhood which God has given her, but on her own self-will; they change, they fall, they become inconsistent, even as she does herself, till, at last, she loses all feminine sensibility; scornfully and stupidly she rejects and misunderstands the heart of man; and then falling from pride to sternness, from sternness to sheer inhumanity, she punishes sisterly love as a crime, robs the mother of her child, and becomes all but a vengeful fury, with all the peculiar faults of woman, and none of the peculiar excellencies of man.

The poem being, as its title imports, a medley of jest and earnest, allows a metrical license, of which we are often tempted to wish that its author had not availed himself; yet the most unmetrical and apparently careless passages flow with a grace, a lightness, a colloquial ease and frolic, which perhaps only heighten the effect of the serious parts, and serve as a foil to set off the unrivalled finish and melody of these latter. In these come out all Mr. Tennyson's instinctive choice of tone, his mastery of language, which always fits the right word to the right thing, and that word always the simplest one, and the perfect ear for melody which makes it superfluous to set to music poetry which, read by the veriest schoolboy, makes music of itself. The poem, we are glad to say, is so well-known that it seems unnecessary to quote from it; yet there are here and there gems of sound and expression of which, however well our readers may know them, we cannot forbear reminding them again. For instance, the end of the Idyl in book vii., beginning 'Come down,

O maid' (the whole of which is perhaps one of the most perfect fruits of the poet's genius):—

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Who, after three such lines, will talk of English as a harsh and clumsy language, and seek in the effeminate and monotonous Italian for expressive melody of sound? Who cannot *hear* in them the rapid rippling of the water, the stately calmness of the wood-dove's note, and, in the repetition of short syllables and soft liquids in the last line, the

Murmuring of innumerable bees?

Or again, what extraordinary combination of richness with simplicity in such a passage as this:—

Breathe upon my brows;

In that fine air I tremble, all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour,
and this

I scarce believe, and all the rich to come
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland
reels

Athwart the smoke of hurning leaves.

How Mr. Tennyson can have attained the prodigal fulness of thought and imagery which distinguishes this poem, and especially the last canto, without his style ever becoming overloaded, seldom even confused, is perhaps one of the greatest marvels of the whole production. The songs themselves, which have been inserted between the cantos in the last edition of the book, seem, perfect as they are, wasted and smothered among the surrounding fertility; till we discover that they stand there, not merely for the sake of their intrinsic beauty, but serve to call back the reader's mind, at every pause in the tale of the princess's folly, to that very healthy ideal of womanhood which she has spurned.

At the end of the first cantos, fresh from the description of the female college, with its professoresses, and hostleresses, and other Utopian monsters, we turn the page; and—

As through the land at eve we went,

And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,

We fell out, my wife and I,

And kiss'd again with tears:

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;

The cloud may stoop from Heaven and take the shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;

But, O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?

Ask me no more.

And blessings on the falling-out

That all the more endears,

When we fall out with those we love,

And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child

We lost in other years,

There above the little grave,

We kiss'd again with tears.

Between the next two cantos intervenes a cradle song, so exquisite that we must ask leave to quote it also:—

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dropping moon, and
blow,

Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty one
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,

Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon:

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
one, sleep.

At the next interval is the wonderful bugle-song which was noticed in a late number of *Fraser*, the idea of which is that of twin-labour and twin-fame, in a pair of lovers.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,

And grow for ever and for ever.

In the next, the memory of wife and child inspires the soldier in the field; in the next, the sight of the fallen hero's child open the sluices of his widow's tears; and in the last, and perhaps the most beautiful of all, the poet has succeeded, in the new edition, in superadding a new form of emotion to a canto in which he seemed to have exhausted every resource of pathos which his subject allowed; and prepares us for the triumph of that art by which he makes us, after all, love the heroine whom he at first taught us to hate and despise, till we see that her naughtiness is after all one that must be kissed and not whipped out of her, and look on smiling while she repents, with Prince Harry of old, 'not in sackcloth and ashes, but in new silk and old sack:—

Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
 Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are seal'd :
 I strove against the stream and all in vain :
 Let the great river take me to the main :
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;
 Ask me no more.

We now come to the first of the volumes whose names stand at the head of our article—*In Memoriam*; a collection of poems on a vast variety of subjects, but all united, as their name implies, to the memory of a departed friend. We know not whether to envy more—the poet the object of his admiration, or that object the monument which has been consecrated to his nobleness. For in this latest and highest volume, written at various intervals during a long series of years, all the poet's peculiar excellencies, with all that he has acquired from others, seem to have been fused down into a perfect unity, and brought to bear on his subject with that care and finish which only a labour of love can inspire. We only now know the whole man, all his art, all his insight, all his faculty of discerning the *più nell' uno*, and the *uno nell' più*. As he says himself:—

My love has talked with rocks and trees,
 He finds on misty mountain-ground.
 His own vast shadow glory-crowned ;
 He sees himself in all he sees.

Everything reminds him of the dead.
 Every joy or sorrow of man, every
 aspect of nature, from

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd
 The cattle huddled on the lea,
 to

The thousand waves of wheat
 That ripple round the lonely grange.
 In every place where in old days
 they had met and conversed; in every
 dark wrestling of the spirit with
 the doubts and fears of manhood,
 throughout the whole outward uni-
 verse of nature, and the whole in-
 ward universe of spirit, the soul of
 his dead friend broods—at first a
 memory shrouded in blank despair,
 then a living presence, a ministering
 spirit, answering doubts, calming fears,
 stirring up noble aspirations, utter
 humility, leading the poet upward
 step by step to faith, and peace, and
 hope. Not that there runs through-
 out the book a conscious or organic

method. The poems seem often-
 merely to be united by the identity
 of their metre, so exquisitely chosen,
 that while the major rhyme in the
 second and third lines of each stanza
 gives the solidity and self-restraint
 required by such deep themes, the
 mournful minor rhyme of each first
 and fourth line always leads the ear
 to expect something beyond, and
 enables the poet's thoughts to wander
 sadly on, from stanza to stanza and
 poem to poem, in an endless chain of

Linked sweetness long drawn out.

There are records of risings and fall-
 ings again, of alternate cloud and
 sunshine, throughout the book; ear-
 nest and passionate, yet never bitter;
 humble, yet never abject; with a
 depth and vehemence of affection
 'passing the love of woman,' yet
 without a taint of sentimentality;
 self-restrained and dignified, without
 ever narrowing into artificial cold-
 ness; altogether rivalling the son-
 nets of Shakespeare.—Why should
 we not say boldly, surpassing—for
 the sake of the superior faith into
 which it rises, for the sake of the
 poem at the opening of the volume—
 in our eyes, the noblest English
 Christian poem which several cen-
 turies have seen?

But we must quote, and let the
 poet tell his own tale; though the
 very poems which we should most
 wish to transcribe are just those
 about which we feel a delicacy,
 perhaps morbid, in dissecting cri-
 tically before the public eye. They
 are fit only to be read solemnly in
 our private and most thoughtful
 moods, in the solitude of our cham-
 ber, or by the side of those we love,
 with thanks to the great heart who
 has taken courage to bestow on us
 the record of his own love, doubt,
 and triumph.

We shall make no comments on
 our extracts. It were an injustice
 to the poet to think they needed any.

V.

I sometimes hold it half a sin
 To put in words the grief I feel ;
 For words, like nature, half reveal
 And half conceal the Soul within.
 But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
 A use in measur'd language lies ;
 The sad mechanic exercise
 Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.
 In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er
 Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
 But that large grief which these enfold
 Is given in outline and no more.

XIX.

The Danube to the Severn gave
 The darken'd heart that beat no more ;
 They laid him by the pleasant shore,
 And in the hearing of the wave.
 There twice a-day the Severn fills ;
 The salt sea-water passes by,
 And hushes half the babbling Wye,
 And makes a silence in the hills.
 The Wye is hush'd nor moved along ;
 And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
 When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
 I brim with sorrow drowning song.
 The tide flows down, the wave again
 Is vocal in its wooded walls :
 My deeper anguish also falls,
 And I can speak a little then.

LVIII.

He past ; a soul of nobler tone :
 My spirit loved and loves him yet,
 Like some poor girl whose heart is set
 On one whose rank exceeds her own.
 He mixing with his proper sphere,
 She finds the baseness of her lot ;
 Half jealous of she knows not what,
 And envying all that meet him there.
 The little village looks forlorn ;
 She sighs amid her narrow days,
 Moving about the household ways,
 In that dark house where she was born.
 The foolish neighbours come and go,
 And tease her till the day draws by ;
 At night she weeps, ' How vain am I !
 How should he love a thing so low ? '

LXVIII.

I cannot see the features right,
 When on the gloom I strive to paint
 The face I know ; the hues are faint,
 And mix with hollow masks of night :
 Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
 A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
 A hand that points, and palled shapes
 In shadowy thoroughfares of thought ;
 And crowds that stream from narrow doors,
 And shoals of pucker'd faces drive ;
 Dark bulks that tumble half alive,
 And lazy lengths on boundless shores ;
 Till all at once beyond the will
 I hear a wizard music roll,
 And through a lattice on the soul
 Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

LXXXIV.

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
 That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
 Of evening over brake and bloom
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare
 The round of space, and rapt below
 Through all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
 And shadowing down the horned flood
 In ripples, fan my brows and blow
 The fever from my cheek, and sigh
 The full new life that feeds the breath
 Throughout my frame, till doubt and
 death,
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly
 From belt to belt of crimson seas
 On leagues of odour streaming far,
 To where in yonder Orient star
 A hundred spirits whisper ' Peace.'

LXXXVI.

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
 Rings Eden through the budded quicks,
 O tell me where the senses mix,
 O tell me where the passions meet,
 Whence radiate : fierce extremes employ
 Thy spirits in the dusking leaf,
 And in the midmost heart of grief
 Thy passion clasps a secret joy :
 And I—my harp would prelude woe—
 I cannot all command the strings ;
 The glory of the sum of things
 Will flash along the chords and go.

XCI.

I shall not see thee. Dare I say
 No spirit ever brake the band
 That stays him from the native land,
 Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay ?
 No visual shade of some one lost,
 But he, the Spirit himself, may come
 Where all the nerve of sense is numb ;
 Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.
 O, therefore from thy sightless range
 With God in unconjectured bliss,
 O, from the distance of the abyss
 Of tenfold-complicated change,
 Descend, and touch, and enter ; hear
 The wish too strong for words to name ;
 That in this blindness of the frame
 My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIX.

Unwatch'd the garden bough shall sway,
 The tender blossom flutter down,
 Unloved that beech will gather brown,
 This maple burn itself away ;
 Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
 Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
 And many a rose-carnation feed
 With summer spice the humming air ;
 Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
 The brook shall babble down the plain,
 At noon or when the lesser wain
 Is twisting round the polar star ;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
 And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
 Or into silver arrows break
 The sailing moon in creek and cove;
 Till from the garden and the wild
 A fresh association blow,
 And year by year the landscape grow
 Familiar to the stranger's child;
 As year by year the labourer tills
 His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
 And year by year our memory fades
 From all the circle of the hills.

CIV.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
 Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.
 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.
 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.
 Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.
 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.
 Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.
 Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CXVI.

Contemplate all this work of time,
 The giant labouring in his youth;
 Nor dream of human love and truth,
 As dying Nature's earth and lime;
 But trust that those we call the dead,
 Are breathers of an ampler day
 For ever nobler ends. They say,
 The solid earth whereon we tread
 In tracts of fluent heat began,
 And grew to seeming-random forms,
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
 Till at the last arose the man;
 Who throve and branch'd from clime to
 clime,
 The herald of a higher race,
 And of himself in higher place,
 If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;
 Or, crown'd with attributes of woe,
 Like glories, move his course, and show
 That life is not as idle ore,
 But iron dug from central gloom,
 And heated hot with burning fears,
 And dipp'd in baths of hissing tears,
 And hatter'd with the shocks of doom
 To shape and use. Arise and fly
 The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
 Move upward, working out the beast,
 And let the ape and tiger die.

CXXVII.

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
 So far, so near in woe and weal;
 O, loved the most when most I feel
 There is a lower and a higher;
 Known, and unknown, human, divine!
 Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
 Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
 Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine!
 Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
 Loved deeper, darker understood;
 Behold I dream a dream of good,
 And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXIX.

O living will that shalt endure
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,
 Rise in the spiritual rock,
 Flow through our deeds and make them
 pure,
 That we may lift from out the dust
 A voice as unto him that hears,
 A cry above the conquer'd years
 To one that with us works, and trust
 With faith that comes of self-control,
 The truths that never can be proved
 Until we close with all we loved,
 And all we flow from, soul in soul.

From the poem, or from the
 exquisite epithalamium at the end of
 the volume, we shall not quote;
 they are too long to be inserted at
 length, and too perfect wholes for us
 to mar them by any curtailment.

It has been often asked why Mr.
 Tennyson's great and varied powers
 had never been concentrated on one
 immortal work. The epic, the lyric,
 the idyllic faculties, perhaps the
 dramatic also, seemed to be all
 there, and yet all sundered, scat-
 tered about in small fragmentary
 poems. *In Memoriam*, as we think,
 explains the paradox. Mr. Tennyson
 could not write an epos or a drama
 while he was living one. It was true,
 as people said, that his secluded ha-
 bits had shut him out from that
 knowledge of human character ne-
 cessary for the popular dramatist;
 but he had been talking all the while

with angels. Within the unseen world which underlies and explains this mere time-shadow, which men call Reality and Fact, he had been going down into the depths, and ascending into the heights, led, like Dante of old, by the guiding of a mighty spirit. And in this volume, the record of seventeen years, we have the result of those spiritual experiences in a form calculated, as we believe, to be a priceless benefit to many an earnest seeker in this generation, and perhaps to stir up some who are priding themselves on a cold dilettantism and barren epicurism, into something like a living faith and hope. Blessed and delightful it is to find, that even in these new ages the creeds which so many fancy to be at their last gasp, are still the final and highest succour, not merely of the peasant and the outcast, but of the subtle artist and the daring speculator! Blessed it is to

find the most cunning poet of our day able to combine the complicated rhythm and melody of modern times with the old truths which gave heart to martyrs at the stake, to see in the science and the history of the nineteenth century new and living fulfilments of the words which we learnt at our mothers' knee! Blessed, thrice blessed, to find that hero-worship is not yet passed away; that the heart of man still beats young and fresh; that the old tales of David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Socrates and Alcibiades, Shakespeare and his nameless friend, of 'love passing the love of woman,' ennobled by its own humility, deeper than death, and mightier than the grave, can still blossom out if it be but in one heart here and there to show men still how sooner or later 'he that loveth knoweth God, for God is Love!'

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

BY A NEW YORKER.

CATCHING A LION.

WHEN Henry Benson had been married about four years, the Honourable Edward Ashburner came to see him. They had known each other at Heidelberg, where Benson once spent six months,—long enough to get some kind of a degree and pick up a good deal of German, whether he learned any Latin and Greek or not. Ashburner had just taken a first-class at Cambridge, and was touring with an older Cantab who knew Carl Benson; hence the acquaintance. It was not a very long one: the young men were together for part of two days; but in that time they grew very jolly and comfortable over sundry bottles of Assmanshausen, and Harry gave the Englishman an unlimited and pressing invitation to stop with him if he ever crossed the Atlantic. Then they went their respective ways, and at this time Benson had a very dim recollection of who Ashburner was.

The first intimation he had of his arrival was in this wise. After passing nearly the whole day on Long Island to eat terrapin soup and spring chickens at Snedekor's, Harry, as he returned *via* the city to his place in Westchester, on a fine June evening, stopped at his town-house in Twenty-eighth Street. There, among a little heap of notes, and circulars, and business communications—'Sir, Your note for \$2500 at the National Bank will become due on the 10th inst.:' and 'Dear sir, Your interest will be ready on the 8th, if you will call for it at my counting-room' ('Confound the fellow,' muttered Benson, 'why can't he fix a time and call here, instead of making me tramp down into the Swamp among his skins?'); and 'Sir, You are requested to attend a meeting of the Central Conservative Whig Young Men's Association next Monday;' and so forth—he found a

* The Swamp is a part of the city principally inhabited by curriers and tanners.

small card, with 'Mr. Ashburner' inscribed thereon. He showed it to Mrs. B. that evening.

'English?' asked Clara, looking not over-satisfied.

'Rather,' said Harry, betraying no particular emotion either way.

'Well, I'm sure I don't want to see any more Englishmen this way for a long while. There was the scientific gentleman on his travels, who used to come to dinner in a flannel shirt and use our house as if it was an inn. And there was that precious young ensign on a furlough from Canada, who did you out of a thousand dollars, and his father wouldn't pay a cent of it. And there was —'

'But this is a good fellow,' said Harry, cutting short the list of disreputable guests. Let me see; which of the Ashburners can it be? I knew three or four of them. There was Captain Ashburner at Oldport, summer before last, you remember; and his brother the Oxford man; and Lord Ashburner's son I knew at Heidelberg. I shouldn't wonder if this is Lord Ashburner's son. But they are all very fair men.'

Whatever doubts Benson may have had on the matter were dissipated next morning by the appearance of Ashburner himself. Our young tourist, having collected his letters of introduction, and spent nearly a day in tramping through the 'above Bleeker' part of the city, was gratified by finding that everybody was out of town (except one old gentleman who had died recently); and learning that Benson, whose place fronted the thirteenth milestone from City Hall, was the most comestable of his acquaintances *in esse or posse*, resolved to hunt him up the next day. Eleven miles of the expedition he performed without difficulty on a tolerably well-appointed, but not particularly fast railroad. For the remaining two he was obliged to foot it, fortunately in the morning of a not too warm day. The heats of May in this part of America are usually succeeded by a week or fortnight of comparatively cool weather in the beginning of June, before the sultry summer fairly sets in. So the guest reached his host's abode rather dusty, but otherwise in good trim.

As Edward Ashburner will figure considerably in some of our sketches, it may not be amiss here to say a few words about him. He was nearly three years younger than Harry Benson, an eldest son, fond of classics, politics, and travelling, and had attained to that complete state of bodily and mental training combined which most young Englishmen, who make a proper use of the advantages afforded them by their universities, are sure to arrive at. He stood nearly six feet in his stockings, could read twelve hours or walk twelve hours out of the twenty-four, according as he was called on to do either, eat anything, drink any amount, sleep anywhere. That he was awkward and shy in mixed society, and especially in ladies' society; that he had a clumsy way of doing civil things; that he dressed badly, danced badly, and spoke French badly, though fluently: all this follows of course from his being a young Englishman.

Benson's house at Devilshoof (which unromantic name the Benson place had inherited from old Dutch times) was a wide, deep, wooden, two-story dwelling, of a sunshiny yellow colour, with a spacious piazza running all round it, and three rooms on a floor upon each side of a large hall. Into this hall Ashburner was admitted, and found Benson in full enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*. With cigarette in mouth and one foot in the air, the master of the house reclined in a lumbering Chinese cane-chair, nearly as big as an omnibus. He wore a magnificent shawl-pattern dressing-gown, orange cashmere without and rose silk within, confined at the waist by a tasselled cord that looked like a very superior style of bell-pull; very wide light blue trowsers, slippers of the same colour embroidered in gold, a blue and white silk cravat, and a red smoking-cap, more for show than use, jauntily pitched on one side of his head. From his whole attire emanated a combined odour of French *sachets*, German Cologne, and Turkish tobacco. A beautiful child was sporting around him, playing bo-peep behind the stupendous chair, and crying out 'Bah, papa!' As the visitor entered he leaped up, scattering the ashes and tobacco of his

loosely rolled cigarette over himself, and Ashburner, and the matting of the hall floor.

'How are you, old fellow? I'm so glad you've found your way here. Holla, baby! don't run away!' and catching the hope of the Bensons by both shoulders in the act of toddling off, he swung up the astonished urchin close to the nose of the equally astonished Englishman. 'Here's the first curiosity of the place, my boy! He's just three-years' old rising, can drive a horse on a straight road, fears no manner of bug,* eats everything he can get, and drinks every liquid in the house except ink. Look at him! Isn't he a beauty? Isn't he a whole team and one horse extra?'

Ashburner duly praised young America, and at that moment Clara appeared, in a dressing-gown also; but hers was a tricolor pattern, lined with blue silk. He thought he had never seen a handsomer couple, nor one whose taste in dress was more gorgeous, nor to say theatrical.

Benson, with a rapid alternation of style and manner, and a vast elaboration of politeness, introduced his wife and guest. Ashburner fidgeted a little, and looked as if he did not exactly know what to do with his arms and legs. Mrs. Benson was as completely at her ease as if she had known him all her life, and, by way of putting him at his ease too, began to abuse England and the English to him, and retail the old grievance of her husband's plunder by Ensign Lawless, and the ungentlemanly behaviour of Lawless *père* on the occasion, and the voluminous correspondence that took place between him and Harry, which the *Blunder and Bluster* afterwards published in full, under the heading 'American Hospitality and English Repudiation' in extra caps; and so she went on to the intense mystification of Ashburner, who couldn't precisely make out whether she was in jest or earnest, till Benson came to the rescue.

'When did you arrive, Ashburner?'

'Yesterday morning.'

'The first question an American generally asks an Englishman is,

'How do you like our country?' and the second, 'What'll you take to drink?' I won't put the first to you, for you have hardly been long enough here to answer it, but the second is always appropriate.'

'I have heard a great deal about sherry-cobbler, but did not order one at the hotel for fear I might not obtain it there in perfection.'

'You won't enjoy it anywhere in perfection just now. To be properly appreciated it requires a hot day, of which we shall have some in a week or two. Will you put yourself into my hands, and let me recommend for this weather some plain sherry? There is some all ready in the refrigerator; I will fetch it myself.'

And straightway Benson hustled off to the pantry, and speedily returned with a decanter of very pale wine and three glasses, which he placed on a diminutive stand.

'This is Manzanilla, our favourite sherry,' and he poured out a bumper to Ashburner, who made a doubtful face on tasting it, for with the bitter flavour of Amontillado was combined in it a distinct taste of ether. 'You don't like it, I see. No one does at first. When I came back in '44 this wine was just becoming fashionable. The first time I tasted it, it seemed like medicine; the second, I thought the flavour peculiar, but not unpleasant; the third time I became exceedingly fond of it. So it will be with you. And as you will very often have Manzanilla put before you, I thought it well to initiate you into the mystery of it at once. It is not a strong wine—all the better for that here. Our dry climate does not allow the same fiery and heavy drinks as your moist one. You must give up your ale and port, and brandied sherries. The very necessity of 'liquoring' so often in our warm weather obliges us to weaken our liquor. You can't ice this sherry too much. We dine at four or half-past, and you see this has been in ice already. What time is it? Eleven. That reminds me. How long is your stay in America to be?'

'I do not intend to return till the end of the year, or perhaps till next spring.'

'Then of course you will do Nia-

* Bug is the popular American designation of all insects except butterflies.

gara, and Canada, and the watering-places, this summer, come back to New York for the season (our season begins in November), and go on to Washington in mid winter. You had better, then, put off all your lionization of the city (there is not a great deal of it to do) until your return. And now let me drive you down to your hotel; bring back your carpet-bag, and pass a few days with us till the warm weather sets in. Then we can go to my brother's place higher up the river, and after that shape our plans at leisure. Excuse me for three minutes while I put on my boots.*

Benson rushed to the back-door, shouted out some rapid orders to his stable, which, though partially concealed by trees, was within hailing distance of the house, and then scampered upstairs, where his three minutes turned out to be twenty or twenty-five: during which time Mrs. Benson and her husband's guest did not interchange much conversation, and Ashburner, in default of other amusement, applied himself again to the Manzanilla, which he certainly found to improve on acquaintance; so much so, that, after finishing his first glass, he despatched a second, and was dubitating on the propriety of a third when Benson reappeared. He had exchanged his dressing-gown for a dark brown cutaway, and his slippers for prunella boots of feminine aspect, tipped with varnished leather at the toe.

'Now, *mon ami*, I hear the waggon coming round; come out on the stoop.'

Ashburner remained stationary, not exactly understanding the invitation.

'Oh, you don't know what *stoop* means. It is one of the Dutch words we Gothamites have retained. Well, then, come out on the front piazza.'

So they went out, and Ashburner saw before the door two compact little dark brown horses, with white faces and white hind-feet. They had on the very lightest harness imaginable—slender collars, cobweb-like traces and hip-straps, no blinkers or check-reins; and behind them was such a vehicle as he had never

seen before, even in dreams. At first he could discern nothing but four tall slender wheels of a bright vermilion picked out in red, with a groom sitting among them; but a closer inspection enabled him to perceive a scanty seat for two persons, with no appreciable back. The box of the seat was varnished leather, except a dark green wooden rim that rose about three inches from the gaily carpeted floor.

'There's my waggon,' said Benson; 'it's not a regular trotting waggon—weighs three hundred or more—but light enough for a team. Get in.'

'But *how* do you get in?' asked the other, looking very dubiously at the mysterious carriage, the front and hind wheels of which on the same side all but touched each other.

'So!' quoth Harry, who had meantime crowned himself with a very long-napped white beaver, and fitted on his white driving-gloves, 'just this way!'

And running behind, he leaped in over the back, or where the back might have been, and took the white-webbed reins from the groom, who, on his part, tumbled out half over half between the wheels by an extraordinary gymnastic evolution.

'Ah, *that's* the way is it?' and Ashburner was preparing to follow suit.

'No, this is the way. Hold on.*'

Benson hauled in his off-horse, slanting his front axle and locking his off fore-wheel, by which means he left on the nigh side a considerable space between the hind-wheel and the front, and Ashburner first became aware of the existence of a practicable iron step, by which he ascended without much difficulty.

'Hold fast, old fellow,' said Benson, and he drew up the reins which had been lying loose in his hand.

Immediately the horses started off at a pace that nearly sent Ashburner backwards out of the waggon. Out at the gate they flew, up the lane that led to the turnpike, through another gate, and along the main road at their authenticated speed of 3' 20", Benson settling himself further back in his seat and tightening his pull, and the trotters going faster as he pulled more. Ashburner

* Hold on is American for hold hard.

could hear nothing for the clattering of the pole-chains and the patter of those eight hoofs as they swept the ground in their tearing trot, nor see anything for the clouds of dirt and gravel which their fore-feet threw back over the low dashboard. He held on with both hands, and trusted to Providence.

'Wo-o!' ejaculated Benson at last, after proceeding for about two minutes at this headlong rate; and as he spoke he slackened his reins gradually. The horses fell into a steady gait of about twelve miles an hour.

'We must take them easy most of the way,' says Harry, 'for the roads are heavy.'

'Do you call *this* going easy?' replied his friend, with a glance at the rapidly receding objects on each side the road. 'We must be making sixteen miles an hour.'

'Not thirteen. You always seem to be going faster with a team than you are, because they make more noise.'

'Well, I don't pretend to judge of pace just now, for my eyes are full of gravel. Why don't you build your dashboards higher?'

'Because it is necessary to see the horses' feet. Before a well-trained trotter breaks, he usually gives warning by a skip or two. With a low dashboard you can note this instantly, and hold him up in time; otherwise your horse might be carried off his feet before you knew it.'

So they rolled along merrily some five miles to Harlaem Bridge, over which the team walked, not because they were tired, but because it was illegal to cross at a faster gait,—an ordinance rendered necessary by the frail structure of most American bridges; and then as they passed through the village of Harlaem, where taverns, and stables, and fast trotters abound, Benson gave his horses another brush, by way of astonishing the natives.

'He-e-ch!' shouted a blacksmith, looking up from his work as the vermilion wheels rattled by.

The nigh horse made a skip, and his driver just caught him in time.

'He-e-ch! G'laug!' shouted back Harry over his shoulder, in triumphant defiance, as much as to say,

'You don't break up my team so easy, my boy!' And then, growing excited by the pace, he continued to scream at his horses and lift them, until he had succeeded in aggravating the trotters to such an extent, that when he wanted to pull up at the next milestone they could not be made to stop, though it was on the ascent of a pretty steep hill, until he had thrown one leg over the lines.

'Your animals are not easily tired,' his friend remarked, as, for the first time, they proceeded at an easy trot. 'Are these *very* fancy horses, or is it common to have such a pair?'

'There are several teams on the island that can beat me five or ten seconds in the mile, but few so well matched in looks or driving together so nicely. I have had them a year, and they are pretty well used to my hand,—and to my wife's, for that matter.'

'And what does such a pair cost?'

'I got these a bargain for \$800 from a friend, who was just married and going abroad. Probably, a jockey would have charged me four figures* for them. That was a year ago last month. I had twenty-six hundred then to spend in luxuries, and invested it in three nearly equal portions. It may amuse to know how. These horses I bought for myself, as I said, for \$800; a grand Pleyel for Mrs. Benson for \$900; and a man for himself for the same sum.'

'A man?'

'Yes, a coachman. You look mystified. Come, now, candidly, is New York a slave State? Do you know, or what do you think?'

'I had supposed it was not.'

'You supposed right, and know more about it than all your countrymen take the trouble to know. Nevertheless, it is literally true that I bought this man for the other \$900; and it happened in this wise. One fine morning there was a great hue and cry in Washington. Nearly a hundred slaves, of different ages, sexes, and colours, most of them house-servants in the best families, had made a *stampede*, as the Western men say. They had procured a sloop through the aid of some white men, and sailed off up the Potomac,

* I. e. A thousand dollars or more.

—not a very brilliant proceeding on their part. The poor devils were all taken, and sentence of transportation passed upon them—for it amounts to that: they were condemned (by their masters) to be sold into the south-western States. Some of the cases were peculiarly distressing,—among others, a quadroon man, who had been coachman to one of our government secretaries. He had a wife and five children, all free, in Washington; but two of his sisters were in bondage with him,—very pretty and intelligent girls, report said. The three were sold to a slave-trader, who kept them some time on speculation. The circumstance attracted a good deal of attention in New York; some of the papers were full of it. I saw the account one morning, and happening to have this \$900 on hand, I wrote straight off to one of our Abolition members at Washington (I never saw him in my life, but one doesn't stand on ceremony in such matters, and the whole thing was done on the spur of the moment), saying, that if either of the girls could be bought for that sum I would give it. The gentleman who had the honour of my correspondence put upon him wrote to another gentleman—standing counsel, I believe, for the Washington Abolitionists—and he wrote to the slave-trader, one Bruin (devilish good name, that, for his business!), who sent back a glorious answer, which I keep among my epistolary curiosities. 'The girls are very fine ones,' said this precious specimen; 'I have been offered \$1000 for one of them by a Louisiana gentleman. They cannot be sold at a lower price than \$1200 and \$1300 respectively. If I could be sure that your friend's motives were those of unmixed philanthropy, I would make a considerable reduction. The man, who is a very deserving person, and whom I should be glad to see at liberty, can be had for \$900; but I suppose your correspondent takes less interest in him.' The infernal scamp thought I wanted a mistress, and his virtuous mind revolted at the thought of parting with one of the girls for such a

purpose—except for an extra consideration.*

'It must have been a wet blanket upon your philanthropic intentions.'

'Really I hardly knew whether to be most angry or amused at the turn things had taken. As to Clara, she thought it a glorious joke, and did nothing for the next month but quiz me about the quadroon girls, and ask me when she might expect them. However, I thought, with the Ethiopian in the ballad, that 'it would never do to give it up so,' and accordingly wrote back to Washington that I should be very glad, indeed, to buy the man. Unfortunately, the man was half-way to Mississippi by that time—Now we are well up that hill, and can take a good brush down to the next. G'l-lang, ponies! He-eh! Wake up, Fire-fly!'

'And then?'

'Oh, how he got off, after all! It was a special interference of Providence. (G'l-lang, Star!) The Hon. Secretary felt some compunctions about the fate of his coachman, and hearing that the money was all ready to pay for him, actually paid himself the additional \$50 required to bring him back to Washington; so he lives there now a free man with his family,—at least, for all I know to the contrary, for I never heard any more about him since.'

'And what became of the girls?'

'There was a subscription raised for them here. My brother Carl gave something towards it,—not that he cared particularly for the young ladies, but because he had a strong desire to sell the gentleman from Louisiana. They were ransomed, and brought here, and put to school somewhere, and a vast fuss made about them,—quite enough to spoil them, I'm afraid. And so ends that story. What a joke to think of a man being worth just as much as a grand piano, and a little more than a pair of ponies!'

Ashburner thought that Benson treated the whole affair too much as a joke.

'Tell me,' said he, 'if these people came to New York, or you met them

* All the above incidents are literally true, and the extracts from Bruin's letter almost *verbatim* copies.

travelling, would you associate with them on familiar terms?’

‘Not with Mr. Bruin, certainly,’ replied Harry. ‘To give the devil his due, such a man is considered to follow an infamous vocation, even in his part of the country.’

‘But the Honourable Secretary and the other gentlemen, who sell their men to work on the cotton plantations, and their women for something worse?’

‘H-m! A-h! Did you ever meet a Russian?—in your own country, I mean.’

‘Yes, I met one at dinner once. I won’t pretend to pronounce his name.’

‘Did you go out of the way to be uncivil to him, because he owned serfs?’

‘No, but I didn’t go out of my way to be particularly genial with him.’

‘Exactly: the cases are precisely parallel. The Southerners are our Russians. They come up to the North to be civilized; they send their boys here to be educated; they spend a good deal of money here. We are civil to them, but not over genial,—some of us, at least, are not.’

By this time the fast-stepping trotters had passed through Yorkville, and reached the outskirts of the city. As soon as their feet touched the pavement they fell into a walk.

‘You see it is impossible to drive fast over these terrible stones in a light carriage, so we shall go easy for this last mile to your hotel,’ said Benson. ‘We can afford it, for there wasn’t much time lost on the road. See here (pulling out his watch), twelve miles in forty-nine minutes, including a stoppage for toll! I call that pretty good travelling.’

And now Ashburner became sensible of a change in the temperature. They had been making their own breeze previously by the rapidity of their motion, but now there was scarcely a breath of air, and as the waggon was undefended by any sort of top or head, he began to feel the heat of the sun more than was altogether pleasant.

‘Surely it is hot enough now for a sherry-cobbler,’ he remarked, after a pause.

‘Hardly, to enjoy one in perfection, but it will do. When we get

to your hotel I’ll brew you a first-rate one.’ And, the horses being stimulated to a gentle trot, they soon arrived at Ashburner’s temporary head-quarters, which were, fortunately, ‘above Bleeker.’

‘Now pack your bag,’ said Benson, ‘and the cobbler will be ready by that time.’

‘But what do you do with your horses?’ asked the other, who saw no groom or other person to whom they might be entrusted.

‘Tie them, to be sure,’ was the reply; and handing the lines to Ashburner, as he stopped his team, Benson leaped out, pulled a hitching-strap from under the seat, and fastened his off-horse very neatly to a lamp-post. Then, after Ashburner had descended, he tied his white hand-pieces to an opening made for the purpose on one side of the dashboard, and finally diving under the seat once more he produced two sheets, with the names of his horses, *Starlight* and *Firefly*, showily worked thereon in red letters, and spread them carefully over his team. Then, taking his whip with him for fear of casual appropriators, he accompanied his friend into the hotel.

When Ashburner returned to his sitting-room, after arranging his bag, he found Benson in all his glory, surrounded by the sutorial requisites. Four large tumblers, two wine-glasses, a couple of lemons, ditto of knives, a decanter of sherry (not Manzanilla, but dark in colour and high in flavour), a saucer of powdered sugar, and another of finely-pounded ice, were paraded on the table, and among them sat Benson, on the table also, examining a bundle of fresh straws.

‘Now,’ said he, ‘take a knife and a lemon, and do as you see me do; don’t mind soiling your fingers. First, you rub the lemon with the back of the knife—that brings out the essential oil better; then you pare off the rind very carefully, taking only the yellow, and not cutting into the white at all. Very well. Imbed your lemon-peel in as much sugar as you would use if making a similarly-sized glass of punch. Sometimes you will see *slices* of lemon put into a cobbler—nothing can be more destructive; avoid everything but the yellow peel. If you will have

something more, put in a slice of orange or pine-apple, or a few strawberries. I think this may be done to good effect in a bowl, but not in a single glass. Now fill your tumbler half-way with pounded ice. Good. And now pour in two wine-glasses of sherry. You see we use dark sherry for this, both for the strength and the colour. It makes the mixture of a beautiful golden hue; with Amontillado or Manzanilla it would look too weak. Don't be impatient; we have to mix yet.' He took up one of the spare glasses, covered with it the mouth of the tumbler which contained the magic compound, and shook the cobbler back and forwards from one glass to the other a dozen times without spilling a drop. 'There, now choose a perfect straw, and then try it! I'll change glasses with you as yours is not yet mixed, and you might not be handy at tossing it the first time.'

Ashburner took a long draught of the cool liquid through the straw, and confessed that he experienced a new sensation.

'Now don't drink it too fast. You should take a quarter of an hour to each glass. Three glasses a-piece will be enough, and we have an hour before us.'

The decanter terminated with the hour. In the pauses of the cobbler, Benson having caught Ashburner's flunkey as he looked in at the door, read him a lecture on the best way of employing his time during his master's absence, by making himself acquainted with the city, &c; laying down the law so rapidly, that the man, who was about of the average English flunkey intelligence, was completely mystified, and Ashburner himself as much astonished as an Englishman ever permits himself to be to hear his servant tutored by another man.

'I must be permitted to doubt your wisdom,' said Benson, as the servant retired, 'in bringing your man with you. On the Continent one must have a courier,—it really saves money as well as trouble, for the fellow cheats you a little and prevents your being cheated a great deal; but a man-servant, who does not understand both the customs and the language of the country (the former is quite as important a point as the latter), is only in the way.

To be sure, he is of some service as a valet when you are at a city hotel, and he *may* learn enough of the streets in a few days to go your errands for you (though I should doubt that unless he is sharper than most English servants have been); but when you get into the country, especially in the West, you will find this man sitting at the same table with you, riding in the same vehicle, paying the same fare,—in all respects treated as your equal; and, since you have your wits about you more than he has, you will, in fact, be obliged to take care of him, instead of his being of any service to you. And now as the sherry is all gone we will go too, especially as we have but eighty minutes to get home and dress for dinner.'

Benson's advice was very correct and proper in itself, but there was also a little personal motive mixed with it. He had no intention of including Ashburner's attendant in the invitation to stop a few days, lest the English body-servant should quarrel with his own black cook and Irish grooms, whom he found it hard enough to manage already. When Ashburner and he descended to their vehicle, the former observed several idlers gazing at it, and remarked that the turn-out, which would have attracted a crowd in London, was something to look at even in New York.

'That's on account of my red wheels,' explained Benson. 'They are rather rowdy, I must own; not exactly the thing for a gentleman. But the use of them is this. I go to a trot on Long Island: there are some hundred waggons there, all fastened close together to fences or under sheds. My wheels are so conspicuous that I can pick them out at once in a great crowd, and it saves much time and trouble in starting for home. Now I shall drive round the corner to a livery stable and sponge out the ponies' mouths, and then hey for Devilshoof!'

Back to Devilshoof they went, even faster than they had come; and before the clock struck four Ashburner had full time to dress and rid himself of some pounds of the Third Avenue and Westchester turnpike, which had been thrown into his ears and eyes, down his

cravat, into his trousers' pockets even, by the forefeet of Starlight and Firefly.

Dinner was served at four precisely. The table-service was of the plainest description, not a vestige of plate except the silver forks; and the viands of no very *recherché* kind, — home-raised chickens and a Virginia ham constituting the staple of the meal; but everything, from the okra soup to the orange fritters, was first-rate of its kind; the indispensable Manzanilla was supported by excellent champagne, decanted and iced to the freezing-point (a test of good wine, for no inferior quality will bear it); and when, at last, Benson commended to his guest a prime bottle of Latour, and a swelling, slender-necked decanter of the old Vanderlyn Madeira, Ashburner felt thoroughly comfortable and content, as a man should, who is drinking well after having dined well. He was a pretty fair hand at the bottle, as most Englishmen are; indeed, he crowded his host very hard, who was a fastidious but not a profuse drinker, and liked to sip his Bordeaux leisurely. Before their united efforts the jug of claret and the decanter of Madeira speedily vanished; and then came some sublime coffee, during the discussion of which Benson extemporized a dissertation on the method of preparing that beverage, 'which it is singular your countrymen never understand how to make;' finally, a *chasse* of white Curaçoa assisted the guest to swallow his host's lecture.

Mrs. Benson had joined freely in their conversation during the repast, indeed she may be said to have taken the largest share of it to herself. At first she was barely within the bounds of civility; slighted or ridiculed everything about the English unmercifully; and more than once puzzled Ashburner both as to how he was to take her remarks, and how to reply to them. Gradually this sauciness, and almost rudeness, refined itself down to a piquant railery, with occasional gracefully compensating compliments, till he found her discourse as agreeable as it had at first been embarrassing. Still there was always in it an air of half-defiance and half-carelessness, that strangely affected the young Honourable, who had al-

ways been petted and toadied at home, and was not used to meet an untitled person who thought, and showed that she thought herself, at least, as good as himself.

After dinner, Benson carried off his guest to the stable, and had the stud paraded before him.

'That black is my blood colt Daredevil: Mrs. Benson and her sister are the only two men on the island that can ride him, Hibernically speaking. He threw me, the other day. If you want to show your horsemanship, he will give you a good opportunity of doing so, whenever you please. And this is my pet saddle-horse Charlie; he used to be a fast trotter in harness, till I broke him over again for riding; and this my wife's grey mare; and these my carriage-horses. Aren't they beauties, though I say it myself?'

'Very handsome, and very well matched; but rather small, I think, according to our standard. They are not sixteen hands, surely?'

'Just fifteen three; and, do you know, my only fault with them is, that they are rather large. We prefer middle-sized horses; we think that large ones generally have less speed, and always knock themselves up sooner. On the first point there may be a doubt, but on the second there is none, at least in this country. I gave five hundred dollars for this team, and I could have bought more than one pair nearly three inches taller, and as well matched, for less money. There are my ponies, whose capacity you are acquainted with.'

'How comes it that you call horses of that size ponies, when your average height is below ours?—at least I judge it to be so, for I have seen nothing about your city like our large dray-horses.'

'I believe that any horse under carriage size is familiarly denominated a pony, especially if he happens to be a trotter. I have heard Charlie called a pony often, and he is nearly as big as my coach-horses.'

Then they strolled round the place, which did not involve a very long walk, as Benson's grounds were comprized within the limits of fourteen acres; accordingly he extended their perambulation by diverging into the neighbours' premises on

both sides. The places had one general character. There was no attempt anywhere at lawns, which, indeed, could not be kept up in perfection under the hot American sun, by any amount of care and labour; the open grass between the houses and the river was suffered to grow long, and occasionally broken by natural banks or terraces. The river views were beautiful; white sails speckled the clear blue water, and white clouds the clear blue sky, except where long lines of scarlet and gold marked the downward progress of the setting sun. The gardens were formal, more resembling Dutch than English; the hot-houses small, there being less necessity for them, as grapes and melons flourish here in the open air. The mansions were invariably built of wood, large and roomy. There were no hedges, and few fences, except at the boundaries; what there were seemed, almost purposely, to be allowed to fall into decay.

Fatigued with his day's experiences, Ashburner was not sorry to take an early opportunity of retiring. Benson himself played chamberlain, and showed him to his room.

'I believe your countrymen are addicted to feather-beds and curtains,' he said; 'but we really have not either in the house. We use nothing but French bedsteads and hair mattresses.'

Ashburner assured him he was not so effeminate as to require anything softer.

'And we have not the Croton water-works here; but there is a portable shower-bath,' pointing to a sort of tent in one corner of the apartment, 'which you will find convenient in the morning. *Buenas noches!*'

Ashburner spent nearly a week at Devilshoof, as much pleased, perhaps, certainly as much amused, as he had ever been at a country mansion in his own land, though he was differently entertained, and had, in some respects, a very different sort of host. The American was full of dash and *à plomb*, and good-humoured braggadocio. *Stiff, shy, reserved, silent, modest*, were words that might have had no existence in the (English or American) language, so far as he was concerned with them.

Ashburner could not help wondering at the matter-of-course tone in which a young man, little older than himself, and considerably under thirty, spoke of 'What I said to Daniel Webster,' and 'When I was trustee of the Historical,' and 'The petition that we are getting up to the Common Council to open the Tenth Avenue,' and 'When I was seeing about Mary's settlements,' and 'Once, when I knew more about stocks than I do now, and used to write the money articles for the *Blunder and Bluster*;' in short, he talked like a man who had already been for years a well-established and important member of the community. Whatever his establishment did not possess, he made no attempt to conceal the deficiency of; whatever he had was usually pretty good of its kind, and he made no secret of that either. When Ashburner came to know him better, he found the secret of this, which was twofold.

Henry Benson was an orphan, as the reader may or may not remember. Since his wedding he had lost his father-in-law and grandfather; married off his sister to a rich Philadelphian; quarrelled with most of his cousins; and so, with the exception of his brother Carl (and him he met, perhaps, six times in the course of a year), he had no one to depend upon, look up to, or consult, and was entirely left to his own energies and discretion. The death of his relatives had increased his independence as well as his isolation, by doubling his income. During his childhood he had seen a good deal of rough life in country boarding-schools—places where instances have been known of boys being compelled to clean their masters' horse or boots, precisely *à la Dotheboys Hall*. His quick apprehension and retentive memory made him a fit subject for the superficial and miscellaneous, but very practical education, common in his country. His foreign travel added to this a fair speaking acquaintance with three or four modern languages, and a knowledge of the dishes, and dresses, and other obvious external peculiarities of the principal nations in Europe. He made a first-rate match, almost without an effort on his part. All these things put him in a position nearly answering to

the Greek idea of the man *autarkeis*, or self-sufficient. He knew no subject very deeply or accurately, but something about almost every subject in the schedule of human knowledge; and whatever he did know was always at his command and ready to be made the most of. He could write newspaper and magazine articles, critical, political, or financial, with vast facility, being restrained by no modest doubts or scruples; and could stand up and harangue any number of people about any topic, without notice (a faculty, it may be here remarked, which comes by nature to all Americans, educated or uneducated). He did his own marketing, and collected his own rents and interests. He could show his cook how to prepare a new dish, and draw patterns of carriages for his coach-maker. Half the time he cleaned his gloves and varnished his dress-boots himself, being fully persuaded that he could do them better than his man. He drove about the country in his waggon without a servant; and if he had occasion to stop at any place where the stable-boy was out of the way or occupied, unharnessed his own trotter with little difficulty, and less scruple. He was always well up in the prices of stocks and real estate. When he chose to play Sybarite, he surrounded his friends with all the comforts that wealth could procure, while he was still independent of all the ministers of luxury, and could have roughed it at any moment with the most enterprising traveller, though in the daily enjoyment of silken ease at home. Such a man's consciousness of independence is apt, nay, sure to make him a little conceited; and those young men, of whom Benson is a marked and favourable type, are conceited, it must be owned, and talk in a way beyond their years, to judge by the customs of any other country: but then, in no other country are young men similarly circumstanced, educated, and developed.

But the showy and flourishing style of Young America was, moreover, increased in this particular instance by Benson's position as host. The Englishman is by nature rather charitable than hospitable. Generous to the foreigner if he comes before him *in formâ pauperis*, he is

otherwise not over-desirous of his company, or solicitous of his good opinion. Perfectly satisfied with himself and his country, he relies for any future possible improvement on the progressive idealization of his own character, not on the adoption of any hints from abroad. When he travels, he generally contrives to carry a little England of his own about with him; and, therefore, seldom requiring the assistance of others in a foreign land, he cannot fully appreciate the difficulties of a foreigner in his. The American is naturally hospitable. The mere name of 'stranger' makes a man to him an object, not of suspicion, but of sympathy—and this, too, though he has suffered from foreign impostors quite as much in proportion as honest John Bull. Feeling that his country is a new one, and yet making its position in the world; knowing, too, that everything connected with it is apt to be misconceived and misrepresented in Europe, he is painfully anxious to put his best foot foremost in the presence of strangers, and to prove to them, not by words alone, but by deeds, that his countrymen are neither illiterate nor uncivilized. His ambition extends further still; he delights to startle his visitor with fast trotters and elegantly-built carriages, miraculously-cut coats and sumptuous furniture, old Madeira, canvass-backs, beautiful women, and other vanities of the world, in the highest perfection.

Thus it happened, that whatever Benson said or did was said or done with a view to showing off before Ashburner. He dressed half-a-dozen times a-day, in fancy cutaways, wonderful checked trousers, with cross-bars of different but harmoniously blended colours, and an infinite variety of cravats and waistcoats; and regularly put himself into a dress-coat and black continuations, diamond studs and varnished boots, for their four o'clock dinner, at which he plied his guest with choice vintages, the names of which were as puzzling to him as the flavours were delicious. Then, again, to show that he was not a mere fine gentleman, he would put on the seediest of summer paeletots and moleskin trousers, with an old straw hat or oilskin cap, and in that trim drive Ashburner to

see the High Bridge or other lions within five or six miles, or ramble about the country with him before breakfast. Though very fast for a short brush, he was evidently unused to long walks, and terribly pounded by them; but having discovered that Ashburner liked this kind of exercise, he accompanied him heroically for hours, at an almost professional pace, consoling his fatigue afterwards as best he might by vast potations of cobbler. He laboured hard, and not unsuccessfully, to beat Ashburner at his own game of billiards.* He always managed to have his magazine articles laid about on tables where his friend would be pretty sure to read them; while, on the other hand, he was careful to keep out of his way any less favourable specimens of the periodical literature of the country: and Ashburner once detected him, at a neighbour's house, in the act of hiding a particularly scandalous number of *The Sewer*, lest it might fall under the stranger's observation. Conscious that his Latin and Greek was not on a par with the Englishman's, he branched out largely, whenever occasion offered, into German, French, and Spanish literature; particularly the last, where he had it all his own way: still he did not abstain from bringing in a little classical allusion when an obvious opportunity afforded itself. And generally he was sedulous to say smart things, and tell good stories. In all which matters, except the pedestrianism, his wife imitated, or, it would be more correct to say, surpassed him; for she had more art of concealing her art, and her efforts were less obvious. The couple were never at a loss, never dull, never uninteresting, and, withal, showed such good nature and sincere desire to make their guest at home, that in three days Ashburner felt as if he had known them all his life.

The knowledge that Harry Benson had a friend from abroad stopping with him, was the signal for letting loose all the hospitality of the neighbourhood—not a very large neighbourhood so far as it concerned Benson, though his country acquaintance was somewhat less select than his town set. Small as it was, Ashburner received invitations enough in that week to have lasted him two months, and some of them without the formality of a previous introduction. He dined and supped in all directions; but all his entertainers, though equally hospitable, did not make so favourable an impression on him as his original host had done. The younger men were mostly merchants, who came up daily from the city by a late train: the older, retired bankers, who still amused themselves by little speculations. Their talk was of wines and the stock-market, with an occasional cross of trotting-horse. It was at one of their tables that Ashburner learned (what Harry himself had with difficulty refrained from telling him) that Benson once, as a great favour, let a rich Southerner have some half-dozen bottles of the Vanderlyn Sercial at twenty-five dollars per bottle. The women pleased him more; most of the daughters were pretty, and some of the mothers retained beauty enough to convince him that *all* American women do not grow old at thirty. Both mothers and daughters were always ready to keep up the conversation, never leaving him to make the running, as a sporting man might phrase it, but evidently considering it their duty to try to amuse the stranger. When Ashburner next wrote to his respected governor, he did not deem it unpatriotic, or beneath his dignity, to admit that he had passed one of the pleasant weeks in his life under the roof of his old Heidelberg acquaintance, Henry Benson.

* The Americans usually play the four-ball game, scoring the losing hazards against the party making them.

THE SOUNDING STATUE OF MEMNON.

WHO has not heard of the sounding statue of Memnon of old, which, shrinking during the long and silent hours of night, sent its moaning voice forth when the rays of the rising sun lighted upon its granite front? Mankind are fond of paradox; contradictions act with a strange charm upon human nature. Generation after generation passes away, regretting the dreamy days of infancy, and craving for other sunset stories, and other fairy-tales, to think and dream of amidst the contentions of manhood and the diseases of old age. The unlikely thought is the most probable; and things impossible are for that very reason eagerly believed. In the heart of mankind there is a leaning to untruth. A lie finds ready believers, where a truth looks vainly for credit. Mahommed died as king; Christ as malefactor. The most zealous votaries are those of error, and minds which have fallen a prey to a really unreasonable prejudice are not to be won over. While we smile at the tenacity with which people in former times clung to false notions and untrue ideas, we should, perhaps, be more tenacious of them if they were handed down to us. There are few of us who would not have sent Galileo to the stake; and very few of us who would like to lose that beautiful tale of Memnon of Egypt, and of his sounding statue.

History, as it is taught in our schools, is an odd mixture of anecdotes and fables, which the pupil gets by rote, as the master got them, and which, according to individual disposition, are in after-life remembered or forgotten. Some only adhere to the mind; a few anecdotes, a few fables, seem destined for universal remembrance: they cling to the memory; they haunt our dreams; if the torrent of events roll over them, they will rise from the waters after many days; they will be as clear and bright before the mind as in the hour when the pleasing tale first fell on the wondering ear of childhood. The tale of Memnon is among these.

Egypt is the land of mysteries; it is the land of the dead, where vast cities are built for them beneath the

surface of the earth; where they have dwelt some thousands of years in uninterrupted silence and in darkness. All its grandeur and splendour are devoted to the mystery of the grave. Its mighty temples, its rock-built palaces, its stupendous fanes; the Pyramids that rear their labyrinthine structures heavenwards; their obelisks, gigantic monuments of men that had lived—are all but different kinds of graves. They are the habitations of the dead, who, like the silk-worm, had passed their lives in preparing a home after death. But Thebes, beyond any other, is the city of the dead. War, devastation, time, have destroyed her monuments; her temples have crumbled to dust. The City of a Hundred Gates, the oldest among the cities of the earth, which, even in the time of Herodotus was decaying, is now but the City of Ruins.

There is no sound of life among her crumbling fanes, among her broken columns. Beasts of prey walk her streets with noiseless tread; the vulture of the desert swims above in the blue air, but the hoarse tones of his voice die in the distance before they can waken the echoes of a thousand tombs. The wandering Turkoman shrinks from the approach of the city; ghost-like creatures destructive of human life—ghouls, which feed on the flesh and drink the blood of human beings, are said to live within its precincts: the hoofs of his horse tread noiselessly on the yellow sand, while his head is turned towards the desert. Thus had centuries passed in silence over the City of Ruins and of the Dead, were it not for one voice. On the plain of Thebes, close to her crumbled walls, there towers a gigantic human form to the skies. It is a colossal statue of granite; it represents a man in a sitting posture, with his hands resting on his thighs. The guardian spirit of that vast city is frozen into bleak black stone in viewing its desolation, and thus it sits, an eternal witness of eternal ruin. Years—many years—have come and gone; the sun of the evening still sets upon that dark and motionless form. The morning sun

throws his first rays of light and warmth upon it, and the silence which reigns in the City of the Dead is broken. The cold stone, waking into life, utters a human voice of woe; a deep moaning sound streams on the wings of the morning wind far into the Libyan desert.

This moaning, how is it to be explained? Is it an expression of sorrow at the desolation upon which a new day shines? Is it a sound of joy when the light of morning dispels the frore shades of night? To the Greeks it was the last. Memnon—thus they held—a son of Aurora, sacrificed his life at the siege of Troy, where he sided with Priam against the Greeks. This statue in the plain of Thebes was dead and silent; but when the rays of Aurora fell upon the cold stone, it sounded a harmonious welcome to the goddess-mother of Memnon.

Thus in the midst of Egypt, and dating from a time when that mysterious country had no connexion whatever with neighbouring nations, we find the statue of a Grecian hero, the monument of the son of a Grecian goddess. Thanks to the imaginative powers of their poets, and even of their historians, the Greeks were never embarrassed by the origin of geographical denominations. They had always a store of heroes and heroines, whose names were derived from the names which they wanted to explain. These imaginary persons and genealogies are of frequent recurrence in their works, and raise no doubt as to the most fabulous origins,—such as Canopus the founder of Canope, who was said to be pilot to Menelaus; and Pharos, who is said have made or discovered the isle of Pharos. Pelusium is thus ascribed to Peleus, and Ahydos to Ahydus.

The Greeks, so well prepared to derive heroes from the names of places, found in Egypt and Ethiopia many vast buildings, which, in the language of the country, were styled Memnonia. They found a town of the name of Anteopolis, which was at once put down as founded by Anteus, the antagonist of Hercules, who was, in order to strengthen the probability, attached to the service of Osiris. The Memnonia were ascribed to Memnon, one of the persons in Homer's epics.

Memnon is twice mentioned in the *Odyssey*; once as a son of Aurora, by whose hands Antiochus fell; and the second time as the most beautiful of warriors and as son of Titbo, brother to Priam. Beyond this in Homer's poems Memnon is solely mentioned as a member of the family of Priam, who came from a neighbouring Oriental country to the rescue of Troy.

Almost all the poetic persons of the Greeks have in a similar manner their first origin in Homer. Later poets have but enlarged upon their characters and history. Hesiod quotes the son of Aurora as the King of the Ethiopians; the confusion of the two ideas of the Orient and of Ethiopia being perpetual among the ancients. Later poets have based large epopees on the few lines of the great poet. They sing the birth and exploits of Memnon, son of Aurora, killed by the ruthless hands of Achilles under the walls of Troy. Simonides, Pindar, and others, exalt the beautiful Memnon, who proceeded to Troy with an army of Ethiopians. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Theodectes, composed dramas in his honour, the titles of which have alone come down to us. But according to another tradition Memnon's father, Titho, was a Persian chief, who sent his son with 100,000 Ethiopians, as many Susians, and 100,000 battle-cars, to the assistance of Priam, his tributary.

So great a hero must have left monuments on record, and, indeed, a highway in Assyria bore his name. He is also said to have built the walls of Babylon; and according to some authors, it was he who founded Susa. It was there, they report, that he erected a range of magnificent buildings, which have, however, never existed except in the imaginations of poets; and Ctesias, who had vainly inquired for them, tells the travellers they need not trouble themselves with vain researches, these beautiful palaces having been destroyed before the reign of Cyrus. They have, indeed, disappeared like the far-famed tomb of Osymandyas, of which no trace remained in the days of Alexander; or that of Porsenna, which in Varro's time existed only in the fabulous traditions of Etruria. But whether the Memnonian palaces of Susa once really existed, or whether

they were mere creations of poetic fancy, certain it is that Memnon, or some other person whose deeds were ascribed to him, was so famous that the road from Susa to Troy bore traces of his march. In the days of Pausanias they showed in Phrygia the camp where he had rested with his army. The priests of Esculapins at Nicomedia exhibited his sword. His tomb was in many places: at Troades, on the banks of the Esepus, where a town bore his name; at Paphos in Cypria, and at Susa. Aurora brought his corpse to the last-named city.

After Alexander's time, Memnon passed over into that country which is properly called Ethiopia. Diodorus says, the Ethiopians of Egypt (those of the south) contest this eastern origin of Memnon. 'They pretend that this man was born among them; and they show ancient palaces, which to this day they call Memnonia.' Demetrius, an obscure author, tells us that Titho sent another army of Ethiopians to the succour of his son. This army had proceeded as far as Ahydos in Upper Egypt when the news of the hero's death reached them. They immediately stopped on their march, and all the soldiers hung their crowns on the acacias, which decorated the temenos of the temple. This myth is doubtlessly founded on the fact that Ahydos, celebrated for her acacia woods and her temple of Osiris, contained buildings which bore the name of Memnonia, and for that reason were ascribed to Memnon.

Another myth dates from this epoch. Poets celebrate certain birds called Memnonides, which sprung from the ashes of Memnon. Among others they are mentioned by Ovid, *Metam.* xvii. 601, *sq.* :—

Ab illo

Memnonides dicte, cum Sol duodena peregit

Signa, parentaliperituræ, Marte rebeillant.

These birds were said to come at certain seasons of the year to clean the monument of Memnon with great care, and to moisten it with the waters of the Esepus, by dipping their wings into the stream. In Pliny's time it was a current report that the Memnonic birds arrived each year in the middle of Ethiopia to honour the hero. This is said of the Asiatic Memnon; for as to the Ethiopian hero of the same name,

whose existence can scarcely be doubted, and of whom Damis affirms that he never had been at Troy, we must at once understand him to be a different person from the hero of Grecian song. The Asiatic Memnon, whom the Grecian poets celebrate, may be a creature of imagination, but the builder or builders of the Memnonia, of those vast buildings of that name which formerly were found in almost all towns of Middle and Upper Egypt, has more substantial evidence for his existence. No Grecian traditions, before their acquaintance with Egypt, tell us of Memnon's exploits in Ethiopia Proper; but when the Greeks met with the Memnonia they were at once sure that these buildings were erected by the hero of their songs, and, forgetting the purely Asiatic scene of action which their traditions had hitherto assigned to Memnon, they exulted in finding their own hero, the son of one of their goddesses, known and respected among a barbarian nation. Understanding that there were Memnonia at Thebes, they resigned their own Memnon for a mightier one. The Thebans, however, were not so easily convinced. They knew that their Memnonia were but imitations of those Ethiopian buildings which we may safely ascribe to the race of the Pharaohs. Besides, the names of Rameses and Amenophis on the walls of the building were sufficient evidence for them. But it flattered their vanity to think that strangers had retained the memory of the great conquests of their ancient kings, and that the names of the works of art on which they prided themselves should correspond with the name of a foreign demi-god and invader. The circumstances of the Greeks transferring their Memnon into Ethiopia Proper, and thus making him a native of Africa, has induced later poets to represent him as black; while the Memnon of the earlier Grecian poets is white, according to his Asiatic origin.

We have allowed the smooth run of Grecian fable to carry us away from the famous sounding Colossus. Memnon has been silent since many hundred years. The voice of the desert is hushed, and travellers listen in vain for the harmony which salutes the break of day. But though

it be gone, this sound, this voice of the stone, has occasioned many surmises; many hypotheses have been built upon it. The question, What occasioned this extraordinary sound? has long been mooted, and long unanswered. Letronne, the French antiquarian, has, indeed, thrown a new light upon a subject which, up to his time, had been laid in 'the double night of ages, and of Night's daughter, Ignorance.' On this, as on similar subjects, Speculation has done her best or her worst, and it was time that light should be thrown upon a matter which was obscured by the poetic fancies of many nations and ages. Metaphors will impress on the mind what it already knows; parables will illustrate, but can never explain a fact. An overabundance of them, and on a subject which must be considered with the reflective eye of criticism, instead of bringing the matter home to the mind, makes us giddy and confused. And though we may regret the day-dreams of youth, when veil after veil falls before us, and the Memnon which existed in our fancy passes away to yield the place to the real Memnon, our regrets will not be lasting. The gain of rational knowledge will make up for the loss in fancy; the loss of poesy will be indemnified by the gains of history. And in history—in the true account of the men and things of former times—lies a deep and solemn poesy. The infancy of nations flies from it; their youth despised it; but verily the stone which the workmen cast aside, that stone has been made the corner-stone upon which the manhood of nations built a shrine of the true Goddess of Poesy.

It is scarcely possible to put any kind of faith in the strange connexion which many persons, not poets, but men of study and of science, have thought proper to establish between the statue of Memnon and the *Symbolic* of the Orient. Symbolic as a science is, indeed, one of those pompous expressions in which our own time delights; and this term dispenses people, as they think, from exactly knowing what they say, and under the safeguard of it they attempt to explain to others what they themselves are far from comprehending. Thus Creuzer a German an-

tiquary of no small reputation, expresses his opinion that the sounding statue of Memnon was meant as a symbol of the limits of day and night; as the annual cycle of Psalms; as the matin-watch or the cycle of the Hours; as the sounding harmony of the Spheres; as an incorporate token of the light eternal; as a dial, indicative of the incarnations of the sun. These and many other interpretations are too beautiful to be true. We may ask, by what means our author arrives at results both so surprising and unprecedented? we are justified in the inquiry from what texts, on vellum or on stone, or from what documents, he collects his knowledge? from what trees he culls such fair fruits? A question of this kind would, perhaps, do more than startle—it would dismay. Forbearing, therefore, to trespass upon the acuteness of the feelings of so poetical a mind, we prefer advancing at once the incontrovertible proposition,—that whatever Creuzer and the Symbolists of his kind affect to know about the statue of Memnon, and its connexion with the philosophy of Greece and India, must be derived either from the inscriptions on the statue itself, or from the writings of authors who witnessed the miracle of the sounding stone, who knew the opinions of men concerning it, and who, if any hidden meaning were expressed by the statue or its sound, must have been happy to explain the symbolic mystery. Knowledge is not intuitive; it does not enter the mind on the summer winds; it does not fall upon us as the rains of autumn; it must be striven for and gathered from certain fixed matter-of-fact sources. To prove the symbolic signification of the sounding statue, documents ought to have been produced, quotations to have been made, which supported the statement of Memnon's being meant to indicate the cycle of Psalms, the matin-watch of the Hours, and similar fanciful things. An accidental similarity of sound does not constitute an identity of names, and the critical observer will be cautious how to allow a fortuitous coincidence of trivial facts to vitiate the final result of his investigations. We will now say a few words about the construction of the statue, its position, and its history.

And here we must teach our curiosity to resign the gratification of beholding the first formation of the state, of the laws, of the institutions of Egypt. To expect this would be to expect the impossible. It is not so with other nations. Though obscured by tradition, though falsified by poetic fables, yet we see how a poor and needy tribe of freebooters and robbers congregate on the Lætan hills; we witness their first rude attempts at religion, at public safety, and government. We behold their faculties gradually developing; we see their fates assuming a greater importance; we follow each step in their career, and when the powers of the world fall into the dust before the almost omnipotent will of the 'Senatus Populusque Romanus,' we glory in the result, as though it had been brought about by our own agency. The fabric of their political greatness has been constructed under our own eyes; the broad light of historic day has shone upon it. Of other nations History has been silent, until they forced themselves into her pages. The tribes of Huns and Tartars, who from time to time have overrun and ransacked the *historical* nations, obtained commemoration during the time only that they did so.

Their fates had been unrecorded before they trod upon historic ground, and remained unrecorded from the moment they left it. But the case of Egypt is anomalous in the extreme. She had become civilized before she reasoned on her civilization; she performed actions, and immediately lost the consciousness of them. The long and inaccurate lists of her earlier kings, which the priests drew up for Herodotus, do not make a history: royal names by themselves are mere sounds. They have no power to explain, to elucidate, to record. The history of Egypt dates from the time that the first Grecian pirates landed on her coasts. It is from that time that her fates are recorded, but also that her decline is dated. Thus in Egypt we see a nation entering upon the historical stage, not to form itself, but to lose in substance; not to consolidate, but to decay. The curtain rising from before them displays a firmly organized nation, whose customs, whose laws, whose religion, solid

and fixed as they are, seem to have thus existed since the beginning of Time; for there is no trace to indicate *how* they were formed, and from what they grew. A country is thrust forward upon the scene, with towns already built; with idols that would appear never to have lacked a temple; with royal palaces already crumbling with age; and with tombs of marvellous magnitude, filled with a host of time-dried corpses. And Thebes, *then* no longer the capital of that mysterious country, was beginning to fall into ruins. Among the giant monuments of that extraordinary town, there were *two* colossal statues found on the plain outside the walls; two towering figures, which the traveller's curious eye may to this day behold, and be awed by the thought of this seeming eternity in stone. These two colossi bear at first sight a striking resemblance to each other; they have the same position, the same height, and the same substance. But on closer examination an essential difference becomes apparent. The one, standing to southward, consists from head to the feet of one single block of stone. The colossus of the north is, on the contrary, composed of two distinct parts: the first, reaching from the feet up to the middle of the thighs, is one entire piece of granite; the second, comprising the whole upper part, is composed of thirteen blocks in five layers. These blocks are not of the same substance as the monolithic part; they consist of that kind of sandstone of which the palace and temples of Thebes are built. Even if we had no historical evidence to direct us, we could not but see in this the restoration of some later period. Every Egyptian colossus, whatever its size, was uniformly of one entire block of stone; and there can be no doubt that this divided colossus was originally, like the other, formed of one single piece of granite, and that the upper part, being broken by some accident, was at a later period rebuilt with such materials as were nearest hand.

This is proved, not only by the texts of Strabo and Pausanias, but also by some inscriptions on the statue itself. Strabo (who travelled in Egypt between the years of 19

and 7 before Christ) says,—‘Of the two monolithic colosses one is entire; one is broken in the middle, and the upper half is fallen—they say, in consequence of an earthquake.’ Pausanias, speaking of this statue, says likewise,—‘The upper part, from the head to the loins, is fallen down, but the rest is upright.’ The journey of Pausanias to Egypt falls into the reign of Hadrian, and between the years 130 and 138. At another place, speaking of a sounding stone, he says,—‘This appeared marvellous unto me; but what astonished me more was the Egyptian Colossus, which one sees at Thebes in Egypt, after having passed the Nile, on the road to the royal tombs. I have, indeed, there beheld a *sounding statue*, which is commonly hight Memnon; but the Thebans pretend that this statue represents not Memnon, but Pamenophus, a native of that country. There are also people who believe that this statue, which they say was mutilated by Cambyzes, is that of Sesostris.’ Juvenal, too, gives a faithful and poetical description of this state of the statue:—

Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone
chordæ;

but he abstains from mentioning the *cause* of the fracture, concerning which there were two different reports,—an earthquake, and the violence of Cambyzes. Both were traditional when Hadrian travelled in Egypt; but the latter tradition has been adopted by Julius Africanus in his *Chronicles*, by Eusebius and Syncellus, and by other compilers of more modern date. Consequently it is to this day the general opinion. Nevertheless we have many reasons to doubt the correctness of the statement, and prefer the report which Strabo quotes. It is to be considered, that neither Strabo nor Pausanias give their own opinion: they merely record the information which they received on the spot. If, then, the report, according to which Cambyzes was said to have broken the statue, were authentic, the colossus must have been broken above five hundred years when Strabo visited it. But when Strabo was at Thebes he was assured that Cambyzes, whom the Egyptians even then held in great

detestation, had broken *almost all* the public monuments and statues, excepting always this colossus, which it was distinctly stated owed its mutilation to an earthquake. Cambyzes was the eternal scape-goat of the Thebans: the ruins of time and negligence were ascribed to him; and the real cause of the mutilation of the statue must, in Strabo's time, have been well known, to induce them to state any other cause than the atrocious barbarity of the ruthless spoiler. If there had been any doubt whatever as to the reason why the statue was broken, they would gladly have charged Cambyzes with it; as indeed they failed not to do, when a hundred and fifty years later, under Hadrian, the natural and real cause had sunk into oblivion.

Now it happens, that but a few years before the journey of Strabo, Thebes had been devastated by a terrific earthquake. Eusebius, speaking of it, places it in the 188th Olympiad, or the sixteenth year of the reign of Augustus, or twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ. ‘Thebæ Egypti,’ such are his words, ‘usque ad solum dirutæ sunt,’*—an expression which is evidently exaggerated. The time between this earthquake and Strabo's journey was from fifteen to twenty years. The earthquake had been recent and terrific—sufficient reasons to be remembered. That so large and heavy a colossus should have been broken, when the other statue, and even the town of Thebes, remained undestroyed, might admit of a doubt, were it not for the observations which Mr. Rozières has made on the action of the climate on the granite in that country, where the violent and sudden changes of the temperature will enlarge the fissures of granite-blocks.

The fact, then, that the northward statue on the plain of Thebes has at one time been broken, is established beyond a doubt. Yet we see the statue restored, and the question naturally arises, By whom, and when, was it done? There is in reality no ancient text which fixes the time of the restoration of the statue. Heeren† conjectures that it took place under

* Euseb. *Chron. ad S. Hieron.* r. p. 154.

† Heeren, *Ideen über die Politik*, ü. l. f. r. s. 232.

Septimius Severus, and by his order. The extent and the difficulty of the operation made it very expensive. It was nevertheless so well executed, that the Egyptians, in the most devoted times of their history, and fired by all the fervour of pious zeal, could not have done it better. They could not have restored the column otherwise than it was done in the Roman period, by means of layers of blocks of stone, which were subsequently shaped by the hammer and chisel, in imitation of the neighbouring colossus, or rather of the ancient broken part, which in the time of Pausanias lay still on the ground. The size of these blocks is very considerable; the smallest of them, forming the head and neck, is ten feet high and nine feet thick; and they had to raise it about fifty feet from the ground. Skill and precision were, moreover, required to fix these blocks on the sloping surface of the fracture.

But so confused have been the notions, so contradictory the statements, respecting this celebrated statue, that pompous superficiality has even dared to construct a whole fabric of hypotheses on some passage in the ancient authors, even when their object was less to instruct than to amuse. Thus the restoration of the statue of Memnon has been doubted on the ground of its having never been broken. And upon what testimony has this doubt been raised? On the evidence of a fanciful personage of Lucian, whom the author himself most unequivocally introduces as '*Encrates, the friend of lies*.' This humorous character is made to say,—'In my youth, while I was in Egypt, I went to hear Memnon's voice at the rising of the sun. I did hear it; but not as usual, an inarticulate sound, such as he is wont to utter to the common herd. No, Memnon, opening his mouth, pronounced an oracle in seven verses, which I would repeat to you if it were not forbidden.' We should be wrong to conclude from this assertion of Memnon having opened his mouth, that he really was in possession of his head. Lucian, who knew Egypt, placed this passage expressly in the mouth of a notorious liar. Nevertheless a kind of men, of whom Locke observes that they

'know a little, presume a great deal, and thence rush to a conclusion,' have accepted the statement, *bona fide*; and they have most mystically speculated upon it. Mr. Creuzer is fortunate enough to find here seven sounds in answer to seven vowels pronounced by the Egyptian priests. There is no ancient text, there is no inscription, which informs us that the Egyptian priests were in the habit of pronouncing seven vowels to the statue of Amenophis. Besides, the liar does not mention *seven sounds*, but *seven verses*.

The mutilation of the statue of Memnon, and its subsequent restoration, being established, it may be found interesting to consider that which has drawn the general attention of all ages upon this colossus, viz. its far-famed voice. The questions as to how the sound was produced, and why it has ceased, present themselves; nor have answers been wanting. It has been thought that it was produced by some trick of the priests, who employed the oracle for their own interests, and that it consequently ceased with the downfall of paganism. But though Memnon might be a Grecian godhead, he was by no means an Egyptian one. The interest which he excited, the reverence paid to him, was exclusively on the side of the Greeks and Romans. That native records should not mention the sound is not astonishing, since they mention nothing beyond the names of kings. But the vulgar report, that the statue of Memnon had sounded since time immemorial, that the sound was indeed a part of its construction, must be sadly shaken by the reflection that none of the more ancient authors mention this phenomenon, which nevertheless was very fit to attract their attention. Strabo is, indeed, the first author who speaks of the sounding statue, for an allegation that Mauchtho, in a list of kings, mentions '*Quem quidam Memnonem, putant, lapidem loquentem*,' has been proved to be the 'addition of later times, which, nevertheless, successfully imposed upon those who took Manetho's text from Josephus.' It is true that silence does not always disprove a fact, but there are facts which by their very nature are disqualified for the silence of authors. The phenomenon

of Memnon belongs to this class. Once discovered, it was the universal theme of the old authors, and Dionysius the Periegetian quotes of Thebes only her hundred gates, and Memnon saluting his mother. If the phenomenon had existed before the Roman time, and indeed before Strabo, how then shall we explain that Herodotus and Diodorus of Sicily, both of whom visited Thebes, should have passed without mention that which afterwards was considered the principal wonder of Egypt?

How are we to explain this obstinate silence of the Greek and Roman poets? Ovid, who says so much of the death of Memnon, of the sorrow of Aurora, of the tears she sheds every morning, and of the metamorphosis of her son's ashes into birds (*Metam.* xiii. 576), does not say one single word about the statue and its voice. Could he have refrained from mentioning the plaintive salute which Memnon breathes to his mother, when her first rays touch the black stone of which his statue is formed? When he says in his song,—

Luctibus est Aurora suis intenta, piisque
Nunc quoque dat lacrymas et toto rorat
in orbe,

could he have refrained from adding a feature to his picture which would have so materially heightened its pathos? And, on the other hand, from Strabo's time to the reign of Septimius Severus, there is scarcely an author or poet who does not expatiate on the miracle of the sounding stone. Strabo's account in itself is sufficient to prove that the phenomenon he witnessed was not known to him by fame; he is far from considering it with that enthusiasm which the reports and inscriptions of later travellers display. He says:—

There are two monolithic colosses, one entire, and the other is broken in the middle, as they say, by an earthquake. It is also thought that once a-day a noise, similar to that of a slight blow, proceeds from the part which is left on the pedestal. As for me, having proceeded to those parts with Aelius Gallus, I heard indeed this noise about the first hour. Did it proceed from the pedestal, or from the colossus, or from one of those who surrounded the statue?

Thus, then, the two colosses had in Strabo's eyes almost the same im-

portance; they both stood in the Libyan part of Thebes. The statue which they said to be sounding was not even distinguished by a particular name. So far was Strabo from connecting any religious ideas of his own with the sound he heard, that he rather believed the bystanders were practising upon his credulity. The inscriptions on the legs and the pedestal of the sounding statue, strengthen this view of the case. From the dates we have reason to believe that the first were made in the times of Nero. Dion Chrysostom, speaking of some statues of the gods which bear no inscriptions, asserts,—‘And this is said to be the case with the Colossus of Memnon.’ There is, indeed, only one inscription previous to his time, and this is dated from the ninth year of Nero's reign. But whatever inscriptions were afterwards made, the names are invariably either Greek or Roman. The Egyptians, therefore, took no interest in the voice of Memnon, which was celebrated by the Greeks and Romans alone. This fact is important. It tends to prove, that the vocal phenomenon did not excite attention till after the Roman conquest, since no inscription belonging to an earlier period can be found; that the phenomenon must have ceased in the time of Septimius Severus, as the most recent inscription, engraved on the legs, dates from this epoch, and as the pedestal, which offered so commodious a place for a number of inscriptions, contains only two, of which one belongs to the reign of Antoninus. And it proves further, that the Greeks alone made an object of adoration of the phenomenon, since they alone expressed their feelings of devotion to the divine author of the miracle. From this results the inevitable conclusion that the miracle was not produced by a pious fraud, for if such a fraud had been practised by the Egyptian priests (and they alone could have had the power to do it, and interest in doing it) the natives of Egypt would certainly have been more open to the imposition than strangers, and we should find their homage joining that of the Greeks. The Greek and Roman priests were even less likely to have practised this fraud. It requires, in-

deed, the gift of credulity to an extraordinary degree to believe that they, on a foreign soil, near an Egyptian temple, could have practised so gross and so dangerous an imposition; that during two centuries they could have imposed upon emperors, governors, generals, philosophers,—in fact, on all influential persons of Greek and Roman extraction in Egypt. From all this we must draw the conclusion, that the miracle was based upon a cause which had no connexion whatever with the will of either natives or foreigners, and that it was equally incomprehensible to both.

If we compare the time when the phenomenon of the sounding statue excited the attention of the world with that of its mutilation, we are struck with their exact correspondence. The first Grecian travellers found the Memnonia and ascribed them to Memnon, of whom their poets had sung so much; they must likewise have seen the two colosses on the plain of Thebes, but in the country of colosses they found nothing extraordinary in them. At Strabo's time, when the phenomenon and the mutilation were both comparatively recent, no name was given to the broken statue; but henceforward it acquired a great fame for its sound, foreign travellers came to see it, and the Greeks connecting the time in which the statue sounded the first hour of morning, with the slain son of the Goddess of Morning, declared this sounding statue to be that of Memnon, and amused themselves with the fancy that he saluted his mother. But strange to say, in the same manner that the reports about the sounding of the stone begin with the mutilation, so do they end with the restoration of the statue. The inscriptions are crowded within two centuries. They begin on a sudden; they cease in a similar manner. The miracle was gone, and the interest went with it. The charm was broken. Memnon had lost his voice. How, and when, did he lose it?

It must have been at the time when Christianity began to triumph over the persecutions of Paganism. Persecution and torture were unavailing against the new creed. The Pagans resolved to oppose mira-

cles to miracles. A host of wonders arose from this competition: miraculous healings, resurrections, and a vast number of predictions, with which the writings of the later Pagans abound, and which we find refuted in those of the Fathers, were ushered into the world, and clamorously commented upon. New oracles were established, and others repaired and again brought to honour.

How precious would the voice of Memnon have been to this tribe of miracle-mongers! This daily manifestation of a Grecian deity, this miracle which admitted of the presence of so many witnesses, would in itself have proved of greater value than all those wondrous doings which even the Pagans were at pains to believe, and the celebrity of the Colossus of Memnon would have increased with the violence of the controversies for which it would have furnished the matter. But no, it is at this juncture that all homage ceases. The name of Memnon would seem to have passed away from the memories of men. It is to be found neither in the writings of the heathens, nor in those of the Fathers.

If we descend to the last efforts by which Julian vainly strove to raise agonizing Paganism, we behold this emperor repairing the altars of Daphne, and striving to infuse new life into the Egyptian worship by encouraging the discovery of a new Apis; but there are no endeavours to bring Memnon again to public notice. His voice had, doubtless, too long been silent: there was no hope of its revival. Only Hymerius the rhetor remembers it; a man who, never having been in Egypt, makes his senseless declamations, a medley of all he had found in books. But to appreciate the authority of such quotations, in which the mania of erudition common to all rhetors is glaringly displayed, it suffices to say that Hymerius makes Memnon recite *lyrical verses*.

Amianus Marcellinus, a contemporary of Hymerius, gives a detailed account of Egypt. He scrupulously mentions the principal objects of curiosity in that country; he praises the Pyramids and the royal tombs of Thebes: but he makes no mention of Memnon.

Heliodorus, another contemporary of Hymenius, is profuse on the subject of the royal tombs and the Pyramids; but he speaks neither of Memnon nor of his voice.

St. Jerome, at the same time, held that Memnon had ceased to sound when Jesus Christ was born:—*'Quippe cujus statua usque ad adventum Christi, sole oriente, vocem dare dicebatur. . . . Hoc autem significat, quod post adventum Christi omnia idola contionerunt.'** This opinion originates in the idea held by the principal Fathers of the Church, such as Origen, Tatian, Eusebius, S. Athanasius, S. Cyril, Theodoret, that the oracles of the idols, being the treacherous exhalations of the devil, were struck mute when the Saviour of mankind came into the world.

We quoted the Emperor Septimius Severus as the presumptive restorer of the statue; it is in his reign that the reports of authors, and the inscriptions on the statue itself, ceased. We admitted in a former page that there is in reality no ancient author who mentions the restoration of the statue, and that the proposition that the statue was repaired under Septimius Severus must rest solely upon the presumptive evidence of facts. We have seen the statue overlooked and disregarded while it remained entire; we have seen it commanding the attention of all, and the worship of some foreign nations, from the time it was broken. Of its reparation nothing is said. No inscription commemorates so important an event. The exclamations of joy, of astonishment, of veneration, at the voice proceeding from the mute stone, are suddenly and unexpectedly silent: we look for the cause, and we find the statue repaired but voiceless. Thus there is a connexion between its integrity and its silence, between its mutilation and its sounding. This connexion may also serve to explain why the reconstructor of Memnon did not think proper to immortalize his name by an inscription at the foot of the colossus, commemorative of the year of its restoration, as it has always been the custom of the Romans to do when they repaired a

building or a statue. All the other visitors of rank, who witnessed the miracle, inscribed their names as a lasting record: Septimius Severus alone, the last emperor who visited Memnon, has left no trace indicative of his presence; and we should really be justified in doubting the authenticity of the fact, if Spartianus, his biographer, did not expressly state it,—*'Et Memphim et Memnonem, et Pyramides et labyrinthum diligenter inspexit.'*† The reign of Septimius Severus fell into the time when Paganism, unable to exterminate Christianity by persecution, endeavoured to conquer her in devotion; when the old temples were rebuilt, and new oracles cried into celebrity. Severus himself was a zealous Pagan, who re-established the worship of Serapis, which had once spread over all Egypt, and which had particularly flourished at Memphis and Thebes. It was to inspect the progress of this worship, Spartianus informs us, that the emperor travelled in Egypt,—*'Jucundam sibi peregrinationem hanc propter religionem Serapidis. . . . Severus ipse postea semper ostendit.'*‡ The war of extermination between the two creeds was at its height, and it was impossible to be a zealous Pagan without being at the same time a declared enemy to Christianity. Severus did his best to suppress the Christian religion by an edict issued in 202, when on the point of commencing his travels in Egypt. This edict forbids, under the most heavy penalties, to embrace the Jewish or Christian religion. Nor did his zeal slacken after he had once entered Egypt. The progress of Christianity in that country irritated him; he violently persecuted the Egyptian Christians; and this persecution extended even into the Thebais. We are informed that Severus did not hear the oracle, and although this was a not unfrequent occurrence, it is not difficult to imagine what impression the silence of what he considered a divine voice must have made upon the emperor. Enthusiastic for his creed, he had just witnessed the startling progress of a new and hostile religion, which

* St. Hieron. in cap. xiii. Esaiæ.

† Spart. in Severo, s. 17.

‡ *Ibid.*

he saw striking its roots into the very soil over which he travelled to find Serapis and to adore Memnon. And this Memnon, whom to see he had undertaken so long and wearisome a journey, did not utter his wonted salutation in the imperial pilgrim's presence. The god was certainly angry, and his anger was to be appeased. But how? The heresy which threatened his reign and arrogated his rights to itself had, perhaps, excited his wrath. But then the emperor had persecuted the Christians, — he persecuted them at the very moment. The statue of the god had been broken; it had been sacrilegiously mutilated (such was then the popular tradition) by the hands of the great defiler of sacred spots — by Cambyses the Persian. With its upper half the statue had, perhaps, lost the best part of its voice; to repair it would improve the oracle. Filled with gratitude, the god would send forth a more melodious voice; perhaps he would utter real oracles. This was the train of reasoning most natural to the character and the circumstances of the man; nor is the hypothesis too bold that he acted upon it and rebuilt the statue. It will be found to rest upon a chain of substantial evidence proceeding from the facts, and even the silence observed concerning the restoration of the statue must serve to strengthen it. For it is to be presumed, that after the work was completed the promoter of it had reason to repent his zeal. When the massive blocks had been hauled up and fixed upon the broken part — when they had been shaped and chiselled — when Memnon was restored to that integrity which was to make him really the wonder of the universe and the glory of the reign of Severus — his voice was silent. No sound saluted the rising of the morning sun. The oracle was spoiled. This explains the absence of an inscription. Severus could not wish to announce to future ages that the famous oracle of Memnon had been destroyed by *his* agency.

The question as to the real cause of the sounds presents itself again. The opinion that they commenced with its origin, and were connected with some religious symbol, involved the proposition that

the first makers of the statue had constructed in its interior an apparatus by which these sounds were produced. There have, indeed, been learned and grave men who have amused their fancies by the reconstruction of this imaginary mechanism. But whatever idea they may have formed in their minds, they could not evade the presumption of the colossus having been hollowed out in order to communicate with its mouth. This operation would have been attended with prodigious difficulties, and its impossibility must be clear to whoever considers the size and the material of the colossus. But if it be admitted that Memnon did not sound before the time of the Romans, the advocates of the common prejudice would be obliged to shift their ground, and to maintain that the vocal apparatus had been introduced into the massive stone about fifteen or twenty centuries after its original erection: this would be really absurd.

If, on the other hand, the sound had been produced by some exterior agency, the fraud must infallibly have been detected by the number of persons witnessing the phenomenon. The quality of Memnon's audience during the two hundred years of his sounding ought not to be forgotten. Imperial officers, prefects, and emperors — people above the prejudices and superstitions of the crowd, listened to the voice, and unanimously admitted their ignorance of the cause by ascribing it to a god. There were certainly some sceptics among them, and it is known how dangerous these men are to the workers of miracles.

Let us admit for one moment that all these people might have been deceived, and that the secret was strictly kept; it must, then, be granted, that there were some individuals who had an interest in practising the deception. But who were these? Not the Egyptian priests of Amenophis, for Strabo informs us that in his time no religious idea whatever was connected with the monument. Were they foreigners? But what interest could they have had? And why should they have preferred the broken statue to the re-established colossus?

A certain class of people, if they had produced the sound, would have

done it with regularity, at a fixed time; nor would they have forgotten to do it daily. But the inscriptions on the statue, which, being commemorative of the feelings and thoughts of the witnesses, are a most important evidence, tell us of different times in the first and second hour. It would certainly have been in the interest of religious jugglers to produce the sound exactly at the rising of the sun. People might also sometimes fancy they heard a sound, when the statue was, in fact, silent. Thus Libanins, speaking of a statue of Apollo near Autiochium, observes,—‘And somebody, they say, has heard him play the cithara in the noon of the day.’ A mistake about the sound which proceeded from the miraenous statue was the easier, since this sound was not, as has been imagined, loud, but rather low and indistinct. Speaking of the colossus, Pliny says,—‘Contactum radiis crepare dicunt;’—In the rays of the sun it is said to creak. We must not be misled by the appellation of *lapis loquens*, which many of the Latin authors give to Memnon; nor should we be justified in translating it with ‘speaking stone.’ Virgil, in eclogue viii. 22, does certainly not mean to say that the trees had *spoken*. Strabo’s description, too, is far from attributing anything like speech or articulate sounds to the stone. ‘The noise,’ says he, ‘is similar to a slight blow.’ It is not even a sound with him, but merely a noise. Pausanias likens it to the chords of a lute when they break; and in one of the inscriptions the sound is compared to the knocking on a copper vase. Those passages of ancient authors on which we may rely mention, as we have seen, nothing but a kind of harmonious *creaking*; and this, it is well known, is not confined to the single block of granite on the plain of Thebes. It is no secret to naturalists, and it has been proved by a plurality of scientific observations,

that some kinds of granite will sound about the rising of the sun, but particularly so when they are rest. This sound is owing to the sudden change from cold to heat, which puts their component parts into peculiar vibrations. The fracture in the statue of Memnon was, therefore, conditional to the phenomenon of the sound. It began and ceased with this fracture. It is certainly incomprehensible that the members of the Egyptian Commission, during Napoleon’s expedition to Egypt, who often heard in the morning at sunrise a sonorous creaking proceeding from the granite blocks of Karnak, and who ascribed it to the same cause, should not have thought of making the application of this phenomenon to that which they knew was recorded of Memnon. Herschel, who ascribes the mysterious sounds to the contraction of the different heterogeneous matters of which the statue consists, remarks, that similar sounds are produced when heat acts suddenly on plates of metal, and that this phenomenon may frequently and familiarly be observed in the creakings of a grid-iron. We may likewise quote the organ sounds which the rocks of granite on the banks of the Orinoko emit in the morning, and which have caused these rocks to be denominated as *laxas de musica*, or musical stones. Humboldt, convinced of their reality, considers these sounds the effect of temperature between the subterraneous and the outer air. Mr. de Rozière and others have often heard in the morning a sonorous creaking in the granite quarries of Syene,—a phenomenon which, it appears, has escaped the attention of the ancients, though they knew of another sounding-stone of Kalapthe in Nubia, of which Rifant has given a description. The same phenomenon is produced in the vicinity of the Maladetta, and the shepherds of the valleys call it *les matines de la maudite*.

EPIGRAM FROM GOETHE.

WHAT a prospect broad and fair!
 —I see nothing anywhere.
 —Wouldst thou see the prospect, friend,
 Thou must to the roof ascend.

R. C. T.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

PART IX.

FOR behold, I will send serpents and cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed: and they shall sting you, saith the Lord.—*Jerem.* viii. 17.

Such is the version given in Barker's Bible,* of the passage which figuratively threatens the sending of the Babylonians among the Jews, 'who,' as the old commentator writes in the margin, 'shall utterly destroy them in such sort, as by no means they shall escape.'

The version now read in our churches runs thus,—

For behold I will send serpents, cockatrices, among you, which will not be charmed, and they shall bite you, saith the Lord; and is more correct, zoologically speaking.

What the serpents threatened were, is more apocryphal. The Greek version has 'basilisks.' Both basilisks and cockatrices—at least those so-called venomous creatures of which such marvellous tales are to be found in old authors—are fabulous creations. The Hebrew word is *Tsephuon* or *Tsiphoni* (Tsepha or Zepha), and has been rendered as applicable to the *aspic*, the *regulus* (another word for the basilisk), the *hemorrhoids*, the *vipera*, and the *cerastes*.

But whatever the species of serpents may be, the passage above cited, as well as others, which will readily occur to the scriptural scholar, shows the great antiquity of the art of charming serpents. Thus, in Psalm lviii. we have the following description of the wicked:—

4 Their poyson is even like the poyson of a serpent: like the deaf adder that stoppeth his ear.

5 Which heareth not the voyce of the inchanter, though he be most expert in charming.†

These incantations were too tempting to be neglected by the poets. The shepherd in Virgil alludes to their destructive powers:—

Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulixi:
Frigidis in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.‡

Manilius and Ovid use nearly the same expressions. The words of the former are,—

Consultare fibras, et rumpere vocibus angues.

And the Poet of Love, the Moore of his day, writes:—

Carmine dissiliunt abruptis faucibus angues

Inque suos fontes versa recurrit aqua.§

The Psylli, and their neighbours the Marmaridæ, were among the most famous for their power over serpents. These African charmers of snakes, and the Italian Marsi, carried, if we are to believe one half of the accounts recorded of their feats, this magic art to the highest point of infallibility. The magi played upon pipes made of the legs and bones of cats to call the serpents together; upon the same principle, I suppose, that actuated the less ambitious enchanters, who, to rid themselves of mice, played upon a pipe made of their vertebrae, the dulcet and attractive notes of which brought every mouse within hearing to listen to the performance.

Crates of Pergamns saith, that in Hellespont, about Parium, there was a kind of men (whom he nameth Ophiogenes), that if one were stung with a serpent, with touching only will ease the pain. And if they doe but lay their hands upon the wound, are wont to draw forth all the venom out of the body. And Varro testifies, that even at this day there be some there who warish and cure the stinging of serpents with their spittle, but there are but few such as he saith.

* 1615.

† Barker's Bible. In the version now read in our churches the words are:—

4 Their poison is like the poison of a serpent: they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear;

5 Which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.

And in the Book of Common Prayer the words are:—

4 They are as venomous as the poison of a serpent: even like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears;

5 Which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer: charm he never so wisely.

‡ *Pharmaceutria*, *Eclóg.* viii.

§ *Amor.* lib. ii. El. 1.

Agatharchides writes that, in Affrick the Psyllians (so called of King Psyllus, from whose race they were descended, and whose sepulchre or tombe is at this day present to be seene in a part of the greater Syrtis) could do the like. These men had naturally that in their own bodies, which, like a deadly baue and poyson, would kill all serpents: for the very air and sent that breathed from them was able to stupifie and strike them starke dead. And by this means they used to try the chastitie and honestie of their wives. For so soon as they were delivered of children, their manner was to expose and present the silly babes new borne, unto the most fell and cruell serpents they could find: for if they were not right but gotten in adultery, the said serpents would not avoid and fly from them. This nation verily in generall hath been defeated and killed up in manner all by the Nasomenes, who now inhabit those parts wherin they dwell: howbeit a kind remains still of them, from those that made shift away and fled, or else were not present at the said bloody battell; but there are very few of them at this day left.*

The author of *Thaumatographia*, in his chapter on nutrition, alludes to the Ophiogenes of the Hellespont, and says that they fed upon serpents, and that a certain man, who rejoiced in that diet, was thrown into a cask filled with them, and remained intact. This probably was the envoy Hexagon, who said that he came from the Psylli or Marsi, and whom the Roman consuls, by way of testing the truth of his mission, cast into a vessel swarming with venomous snakes, which miraculously harmed him not.

The Marsians in Italy at this present continue with the like naturall vertue against serpents: whom being reputed to be descended from ladie Circes son,† the people in this regard do highly esteeme, and are verily persuaded that they have in them the same facultie by kinde. And what great wonder is this, considering that all men carry about them that which is poyson to serpents: for if it be true that is reported, they will no better abide the touching with man's spittle, than scalding water cast upon them: but if it happen to light within their chawes, or mouth, especially if it come from a man that is fasting, it is present death. ‡

Ovid, in his poetical treatise on cosmetics,§ thus opens his lesson to his fair pupils:—

Discite, quæ faciem commendet cura,
puellæ:

Et quo sit vobis forma tuenda modo.

Not only does he give them every information that can add to the attractions of their toilet—he does more, he tells them what to avoid. He warns them against witchcraft and incantation:—

Nec mediæ Marsis finduntur cantibus an-
gues:

Nec redit in fontes unda rupius suos.

Now let us see what Dr. Mead says to these supernatural gifts:—

There were formerly in Africa a nation of people called Psylli, famous for the cure of the bite of serpents, with which that country above all others abounds (*PLIN. Nat. Hist. lib. vii. c. 2*). These people were thought to have something in their constitution so contrary to poison, that no venomous creature would touch them: and it was pretended that they made this a trial of the legitimacy of their children. The truth of the matter is, they performed the cure in a manner very surprising to the vulgar, that is, by applying their mouth to the wound and sucking out the venom. The Marsi in Italy pretended to the same power. Some ceremonies to overawe the patient and gain reverence to the operator, were added to the performance: but Celsus, the Latin Hippocrates, has wisely observed that, 'These people had no particular skill in this management, but boldness confirmed by use; for the poison of the serpent, as likewise some hunting-poisons which the Gauls particularly make use of, are not hurtful in the mouth but in the wound. Therefore, whosoever will, after their example, suck the wound, will be in no danger himself, and will save the life of the wounded person.'—*Medecin. lib. v. c. 17.*||

Aristotle (*Hist. Anim. lib. viii. c. 29*) states, that the saliva of a man is hostile to most serpents; and Nicander declares that serpents fly from even the smell of human spittle.

Of the efficacy of sucking the wound there can be no doubt, as we shall see when we come to consider the treatment of persons bitten by serpents. At present we must return to the regions of enchantment, from which honest Dr. Mead has drawn us aside, and call up one or two of the ancient worthies whose names as serpent-charmers and serpenticides have survived to this day.

* Holland's *Pliny*.
§ *Medicamina faciei*.

† MARSUS.

‡ Holland's *Pliny*.
|| Mead on Poisons.

Whether Atyr was a Psyllian or Marsian does not appear; but Silius Italicus has immortalized him and his powers:—

*Nec non serpentes diro exarmare veneno
Doctus Atyr, tactuque graves sopire che-
lydros.*

Lucian has handed down the name of Babylonius the Chaldaean, who, sallying forth in the morning into the open country, pronounced certain sacred names from an ancient volume, made his lustrations with sulphur and a torch, stalked solemnly round in a circle thrice, and evoked all the serpents that infested the region. The reptiles obeyed him as if he had been another St. Patrick, crept out at his summons whether they would or no, and, no doubt, suffered accordingly.

That it was part of the ancient priestcraft to render the most venomous serpents innoxious, hardly needs proofs.

Herodotus relates that, in the neighbourhood of Thebes, there are sacred serpents which are quite harmless. That they were of the most deadly nature is evident from his description; for he says that they are diminutive in size, with two horns that grow out of the top of the head. This exactly describes the poisonous cerastes, of which more anon. Herodotus goes on to state, that when these serpents died they were buried in the temple of Zeus; for, writes the Halicarnassian, they say they are sacred to that god (Ammon).^{*} The venomous *Naia Haje*, *El Haje*, or *Haje Nascher* of the modern Arabs, was chosen by the ancient Egyptians as the emblem of Cneph, the good deity (*δαίμων*), and as the mark of regal dignity. The front of the tiara of the majority of the statues of the Egyptian deities and kings is adorned with this serpent, and Denon's figure, with the forepart erect and the hood expanded, represents it nearly as it appears on the sculptured stone.

Its congener, the deadly *Nág*,† the cobra de capello of the Asiatic Portuguese, is still worshipped in some of the temples in India, where the Hindus believe that, in sagacity and the malicious tenacity with which it treasures up a wrong, it is not inferior to man. They have been seen,

upon a pipe being played to them, to come forth from their holes in the sacred edifice, and feed from the hand: and it is when the people behold this most destructive serpent in so subdued and docile a state, that they believe that the god has entered into the form.

The only modes by which such docility and harmlessness could be effected, without resorting to what are usually termed supernatural means, are actual extraction of the poison fangs and their glands; kindness which, if judiciously and perseveringly managed, will tame almost every living creature; the use of certain herbs by the serpent-charmer; and lastly, an innate possession and consciousness of the power, with a firm conviction that no serpent, however venomous, can injure the operator.

That most of the priests and jugglers availed themselves of the obvious and mechanical means of rendering such serpents as the cerastes and both species of naia innoxious, there can be little doubt. But when we come to examine the evidence, we shall feel as little that some snake charmers may handle the most venomous serpents, while in full possession of their power of inflicting death, with perfect safety.

Conjurors (writes Hasselquist) are common in Egypt. They are peasants from the country, who come to Cairo to earn money this way. I saw one, the 24th, who was expert enough, and in dexterity equalled those we have in Europe; but can do one thing the Europeans are not able to imitate; namely, fascinate serpents. They take the most poisonous vipers with their bare hands, play with them, put them in their bosoms, and use a great many more tricks with them, as I have often seen. The person I saw on the above day had only a small viper, but I have frequently seen them handle those that are three or four feet long, and of the most horrid sort. I inquired and examined whether they had cut out the viper's poisonous teeth; but I have seen with my own eyes they do not: we may therefore conclude, that there are to this day Psylli in Egypt; but what sort they use is not easily known. Some people are very superstitious; and the generality believe this to be done by some supernatural art, which they obtain from invisible beings. I do not know

^{*} *Euterpe*. 74.

† *Naia tripudians*.

whether their power is to be ascribed to good or evil; but I am persuaded that those who undertake it use many superstitions. I shall hereafter give a plainer description, with some observations on this subject.*

This was in June, and, according to his promise, Hasselquist thus resumes the subject:—

The 3d (July).—Now was the time to catch all sorts of snakes to be met with in Egypt, the great heats bringing forth these vermin; I therefore made preparation to get as many as I could, and at once received four different sorts, which I have described and preserved in *agua viva*. These were the common Viper, the Cerastes of Alpin, Jasculus, and an Anguis marinus. They were brought me by a Psilli, who put me, together with the French consul, Lironcourt, and all the French nation present, in consternation. They gathered about us to see how she handled the most poisonous and dreadful creatures alive and hriak, without their doing, or even offering to do, her the least harm. When she put them into the hottle where they were to be preserved, she took them with her bare hands, and handled them as our ladies do their laces. She had no difficulty with any but the *Viperæ officinales*, which were not fond of their lodging. They found means to creep out before the hottle could be corked. They crept over the hands and bare arms of the woman, without occasioning the least fear in her; she with great calmness took the snakes from her body, and put them into the place destined for their grave. She had taken these serpents in the field with the same ease she handled them before us; this we were told by the Arah who brought her to us. Doubtless this woman had some unknown art which enabled her to handle those creatures. It was impossible to get any information from her, for on this subject she would not open her lips. The art of fascinating serpents is a secret amongst the Egyptians. It is worthy the endeavours of all naturalists, and the attention of every traveller, to learn something decisive relative to this affair. How ancient this art is amongst the Africans, may be concluded from the ancient Marsi and Psylli, who were from Africa, and daily showed proofs of it at Rome. It is very remarkable that this should be kept a secret for more than 2000 years, being known only to a few, when we have seen how many other secrets have within that time been revealed.

Monsieur Jacquin wrote to Lin-

næus that he had purchased the secret of charming serpents, and that the *Aristolochia anguicida*, the Mexican *Aristolochia*, or Birthwort, was the plant used by the Indians for that purpose. Forskhal also informed the illustrious Swede that the Egyptians use a species of *Aristolochia*, but without designating it. To return to Hasselquist:—

The circumstances relating to the fascination of serpents in Egypt stated to me, were principally,—

1st.—That the art is only known to certain families, who propagate it to their offspring.

2d.—The person who knows how to fascinate serpents, never meddles with other poisonous animals; such as scorpions, &c. There are different persons who know how to fascinate these animals; and they again never meddle with serpents.

3d.—Those that fascinate serpents eat them both raw and boiled, and even make broth of them, which they eat very commonly amongst them; but in particular, they eat such a dish when they go out to catch them. I have even been told that serpents, fried or boiled, are frequently eaten by the Arahians, both in Egypt and Arahia, though they know not how to fascinate them, but catch them either alive or dead.

4th.—After they have eaten their soup, they procure a blessing from their scheik, who uses some superstitious ceremonies, and, amongst others, spits on them several times with certain gestures.

After making this statement Hasselquist thus continues:—

The matter of getting a blessing from the priest is pure superstition, and certainly cannot in the least help to fascinate serpents; but they believe, or will at least persuade others, that the power of fascinating serpents depends upon this circumstance. We see by this, that they know how to make use of the same means used by other nations; namely, to hide under the superstitious cloak of religion what may be easily and naturally explained, especially when they cannot or will not explain the natural reason. I am inclined to think that all which was formerly, and is yet, reckoned witchcraft, might come under the same article with the fascination of serpents. The discovery of a small matter may in time teach everybody to fascinate serpents; and then this power may be exercised by those who have not got it from the hands of the holy scheik, just as the heat would

* *Voyages and Travels in the Levant, in the years 1749, 50, 51, 52.*

naturally hatch chicken in an Egyptian oven; whether a sheik did or did not lay himself naked on it, when the eggs are just put in: yet to this ceremony do the superstitious Egyptians ascribe the happy event of the chicken being hatched, when they are asked the reason. I have been told of a plant with which they anoint or rub themselves before they touch the serpents; but I have not hitherto received the least description of it, therefore I regard it as fabulous.

Bruce, whose testimony is worthy of all credit, notwithstanding the vile usage he met with from many of his contemporaries, shall next be called:—

The cerastes (writes the Abyssinian traveller) moves with great rapidity, and in all directions—forward, backward, and sideways. When he inclines to surprise any one who is too far from him, he creeps with his side towards the person, and his head averted, till judging his distance, he turns round, springs upon him, and fastens upon the part next to him; for it is not true what is said, that the cerastes does not leap or spring. I saw one of them at Cairo, in the house of Julian and Rosa, crawl up the side of a box, in which there were many, and there lay still as if hiding himself, till one of the people who brought them to us came near him, and though in a very disadvantageous posture, sticking, as it were, perpendicular to the side of the box, he leaped near the distance of three feet, and fastened between the man's forefinger and thumb, so as to bring the blood. The fellow showed no signs of either pain or fear, and we kept him with us full four hours, without his applying any sort of remedy, or his seeming inclined to do so.

So much for the bite. But it may be said that the serpent may have been so mutilated as to make his bite innocuous.

To make myself assured (adds Bruce) that the animal was in its perfect state, I made the man hold him by the neck so as to force him to open his mouth, and lacerate the thigh of a pelican, a bird I had tamed as big as a swan. The bird died in about thirteen minutes, though it was apparently affected in fifty seconds; and we cannot think this was a fair trial, because a very few minutes before it had bit the man, and so discharged part of its virus, and it was made to scratch the pelican by force, without any irritation or action of its own.

Again, speaking of the incantation of serpents, Bruce says,—

There is no doubt of its reality. The
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Scriptures are full of it. All that have been in Egypt have seen as many instances as they chose. Some have doubted that it was a trick, and that the animals so handled had been first trained, and then disarmed of the power of hurting; and fond of the discovery, they have rested themselves upon it, without experiment, in the face of all antiquity. But I will not hesitate to aver that I have seen at Cairo (and this may be seen daily without trouble or expense) a man, who came from above the catacombs, where the pits of the mummy-hirds are kept, who has taken a cerastes with his naked hand from a number of others lying at the bottom of the tub, has put it upon his bare head, covered it with the common red cap he wears, then taken it out, put it in his breast, and tied it about his neck like a necklace; after which it has been applied to a hen and bit it, which has died in a few minutes; and to complete the experiment, the man has taken it by the neck, and, beginning at his tail, has ate it, as one would do a carrot or a stock of celery, without any seeming repugnance.

What follows is strongly in favour of immunity by the use of vegetable antidotes.

We know from history that where any country has been remarkably infested with serpents, there the people have been screened by this secret. The Peylli and Marmarides of old, undoubtedly, were defended in this manner,—

Ad quorum cantus mites jacuere cerastæ.
SIL. ITAL. lib. iii.

To leave ancient history, I can myself vouch that all the black people in the kingdom of Senaar, whether Funge or Nuba, are perfectly armed against the bite of either scorpion or viper. They take the cerastes in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them to one another, as children do apples or balls, without having irritated them by this usage so much as to bite. The Arabs have not this secret naturally, but from their infancy they acquire an exemption from the mortal consequences attending the bite of these animals, by chewing a certain root, and washing themselves (it is not anointing) with an infusion of certain plants in water.

The next paragraph is particularly worthy of attention. It points out the subdued state of the serpent when in the hands of one of these protected people.

One day, when I was with the brother of Shekh Adelah, prime minister of Senaar, a slave of his brought a cerastes,

which he had just then taken out of a hole, and was using it with every sort of familiarity. I told him my suspicion that the teeth had been drawn, but he assured me they were not, as did his master Kittou, who took it from him, wound it round his arm, and at my desire ordered the servant to carry it home with me. I took a chicken by the neck, and made it flutter before him; his seeming indifference left him, and he hit it with great signs of anger: the chicken died almost immediately. I say his seeming indifference, for I constantly observed, that however lively the viper was before, upon being seized by any of these barbarians he seemed as if taken with sickness and feebleness, frequently shut his eyes, and never turned his mouth towards the arm of the person that held him. I asked Kittou how they came to be exempted from this mischief: he said they were born so, and so said the grave and respectable men among them. Many of the lighter and lower sort talked of enchantments by words and by writing, but they all knew how to prepare any person by medicines, which were decoctions of herbs and roots.

Bruce was evidently satisfied in his own mind that a person could be so prepared as to do the same feats as these fascinators performed; and it is to be regretted that he did not make the experiment, or have it made, though it can hardly be a subject of wonder or blame that he did not.

I have seen many (says Bruce) thus armed for a season do pretty much the same feats as those that possessed the exemption naturally. The drugs were given me, and I several times armed myself, as I thought, resolved to try the experiment, but my heart always failed me when I came to the trial; because, among these wretched people, it was a pretence they might very probably have sheltered themselves under, that I was a Christian,—that, therefore, it had no effect upon me. I have still remaining by me a small quantity of this root, but never had an opportunity of trying the experiment.

On the 26th of May, the day on which I first saw the hippopotamus, I witnessed the performance of the Arab snake-charmers, of whom I have already spoken. After their dinner they came from the giraffe-house, proceeding along the gravel walk to the reptile-house, on the floor of which, about three o'clock in the afternoon, or a little later, the performance took place. The charm-

ers took up a position at the end of the house, opposite to the lodging of the great Pythons, of whose size the old Arab had heard with something very like incredulity. The company stood in a semicircle, and at a respectful distance. There was not much difficulty in getting a front place, but those behind pressed the bolder spectators rather inconveniently forward.

Standing in the open space the old Arab said something to the young one, who stooped down under the reptile cases on the north side of the room, and drew out a large deal box with a sliding cover, which looked like a box for stowing away a set of Brobdignag chessmen, drew off the cover, thrust in his hand, and pulled out a large long naia haje. After handling it and playing with it a little while, he set it down on the floor, half squatted close to it, and fixed his eye on the snake. The serpent instantly raised itself, expanded its hood, and turned slowly on its own axis, following the eye of the young Arab, turning as his head, or eye, or body turned. Sometimes it would dart at him, as if to bite. He exercised the most perfect command over the animal. All this time the old Arab stood still, pensively regarding the operation; but presently he also squatted down, muttering some words, opposite to the snake. He evidently affected the reptile more strongly than his more mercurial relative, though he remained motionless, doing nothing that I could see but fixing his eyes upon the snake, with his face upon a level with the raised head of the serpent, which now turned all its attention to him, and seemed to be in a paroxysm of rage. Suddenly it darted open-mouthed at his face, furiously dashing its expanded whitish-edged jaws into the dark hollow cheek of the charmer, who still imperturbably kept his position, only smiling bitterly at his excited antagonist. I was very close, and watched very narrowly; but though the snake dashed at the old Arab's face and into it more than twice or thrice with its mouth wide open, I could not see the projection of any fang.

Then the old Arab, who, it was said, had had the gift of charming serpents in his family for a long series of years, opened another box,

and took out four or five great lizards, and provoked the naia with them, holding them by the tails in a sort of four-in-hand style. Then the youth brought out a cerastes, which, I observed, seemed overpowered, as if, as the country people say, something had come over it. He placed it on the floor, but this serpent did not raise itself like the naia, but, as the charmer stooped to it, moved in a very odd, agitated manner, on its belly, regarding him askant. I thought the serpent was going to fly at the lad, but it did not. He took it up, played with it, blew or spit at it, and then set it down, apparently sick, subdued, and limp. He then took it up again, played with it a second time, gathered it up in his hand, put in his bosom, went to another box, drew the lid, and brought out more snakes, one of which was another naia, and the others of a most venomous kind.

Now there were two naia's, with heads and bodies erect, obeying, apparently, the volition of the charmers. One of the snakes bit the youth on the naked hand, and brought the blood; but he only spat on the wound and scratched it with his nail, which made the blood flow more freely. Then he brought out more lizards of a most revolting aspect. By this time the floor of the reptile-house, that formed the stage of the charmers, began to put one in mind of the incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*, only that the principal performers looked more like the Black Huntsman and one of his familiars than Rodolph and Caspar, and the enchanters' circle was surrounded with fair ladies and their well-dressed lords, instead of the appalling shapes which thronged round the affrighted huntsman at the casting of the charmed bullets. The Arabs, holding the snakes by the tails, let their bodies touch the floor, when they came twisting and wriggling on towards the spectators, who now backed a little upon the toes of those who pressed them from behind. Sometimes the charmers would loose their hold, when the serpents, as if eager to escape from their tormentors, rapidly advanced upon the retreating ring; but they always caught them by the tails in time, and then made them repeat the

same advances. I kept my position in front throughout, and had no fear, feeling certain that Mr. Mitchell, and those under whose superintendence this highly amusing and instructive establishment is so well conducted, would not have permitted the exhibition to take place, if there had been the least danger. Besides this, I observed that the charmers only used their own serpents, which they had, I presume, brought with them; and I confess that the impression upon my mind was that they had been rendered innoxious by mechanical means.

We have already seen that the gift or power of charming serpents is said to be hereditary, like the alleged craft of the Dowisers, as they are called, of Cornwall, who use the divining rod with success in so many instances. The Arab lad, who is only fifteen, but who is said to have left a wife behind him in Egypt, when asked how he obtained his power, stated that his father was a holy man, and not afraid of serpents,—that neither is he afraid, and that they cannot hurt him. The old man, Jabar Abou Haijab, states that they belong to a tribe known by the name of Rufaiah, who have handed down the mystery of serpent-charming from father to son for many generations, and over whom serpents have no hurtful power. The tribe, it would seem from the accounts of these Arabs, derives its name from Rufai, a Mahomedan saint, whose tomb is said still to remain at Busrah, and to it the Rufaiah make pilgrimages. It is stated to be the haunt of numerous serpents, whose mouths are closed by the saint, so that the pilgrims go boldly among them without fear or harm.

The serpents which figure most prominently in the performance of these Arabs are the Egyptian cobra, *Naia kaje*; and the cerastes, *Vipera (cerastes) caudalis*. A sketch of the history and habits of these snakes may be deemed not misplaced.

The Egyptian cobra, which wants the curious spectacle-like mark on the back of the neck that distinguishes the Asiatic species, is of a somewhat dark and greenish hne, marked with brownish, and attaining the length of from three to five feet. This is the serpent which the Egypt-

ian conjurers know how to render stiff and immovable by pressing the nape of the neck with the finger, and thus throwing it into a sort of catalepsy. The serpent is thus apparently converted into a rod or stick.

Traces of this conversion occur in the Scriptures,—for instance, where Pharaoh's wise men cast down their rods, which were turned into serpents, but were devoured by the serpent of Aaron.

Take thy rod and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall be turned into a serpent.

Then went Moses and Aaron unto Pharaoh, and did even as the Lord had commanded: and Aaron cast forth his rod before Pharaoh and before his servants, and it was turned into a serpent.

Then Pharaoh called also for the wise men, and sorcerers: and those charmers also of Egypt did in like manner with their enchantments.

For they cast downe every man his rod, and they were turned into serpents: hut Aaron's rod devoured their rods.*

Dr. Smith, in his *Zoology of South Africa*, gives figures of no less than three varieties of *Naia haje*. They do not appear to differ specifically from the naia of Egypt. Dr. Smith closely compared them, and he could not perceive greater differences between some of the individuals from the Cape and those from Egypt than he had found between some of those inhabiting Southern Africa. The young of the Cape reptile corresponded exactly with the figure of the young Egyptian naia given by Geoffroy.

The rarest of the southern varieties is called by the colonists *Spung-slang*, or spitting-snake, from its alleged power of ejecting its poison to a distance. Dr. Smith describes this reptile as being of a uniform livid, blackish-brown, the livid tinge strongest on the under parts, so as to present almost a purplish-slate colour, which becomes very dark and shining towards the head. He remarks that all naia of South Africa distil poison from the points of their fangs when much irritated, and are able by a forcible expiration to eject a portion of it to a considerable distance. Both the Europeans and natives aver that this snake has the

power of casting its poison to a distance of several feet, especially if the ejection be favoured with the wind blowing the same way. They declare that the reptile often projects it into the eyes of those who intrude upon its haunts, and that the injury is followed by inflammation, which terminates not unfrequently in loss of sight. It must have been one of these spit-venoms that Mr. Gordon Cumming encountered, when watching in one of his hiding holes for the brute aristocracy of the forest.

One night, while so engaged, a horrid snake, which Kleinboy had tried to kill with his loading-rod, flew up at my eye and spat poison into it. Immediately I washed it well out at the fountain. I endured great pain all night, but next day the eye came all right.†

A naval officer, who distinguished himself at the taking of Acre under Sir C. Napier, had a narrow escape from one of these naia. He was shooting near the Cape, when he trod close to or upon one of these horrible reptiles. The snake was coiled round his leg in a moment, and its inflated head was raised to give the fatal dash, when his companion, with admirable presence of mind, placed the muzzle of his gun close to the cobra's head, which was drawn back for the purpose of a surer aim and a more vigorous stroke, and blew its head off, without inflicting the slightest injury on his grateful friend.

The malignant perseverance of these serpents, when their anger is once fairly roused, is most remarkable. Dr. Smith, while walking in the vicinity of Graham's Town, happened to excite the attention of a naia, which immediately raised its head and warned him of his danger by the strength of its expiration. The serpent then commenced an advance, and the Doctor observes that had he not retired he would, in all probability, have suffered, if he had not been fortunate enough to disable it; which, possibly, would not have happened, considering, as he says, that these cobras are very active. An officer of the Cape Corps, for whose accuracy the Doctor vouches, informed that distinguished zoologist that he was chased twice round his

* Barker's Bible, Gen. c. vii. See also c. iv., where it is written that the rod of Moses was turned into a serpent.

† A Hunter's Life in South Africa.

waggon by one of them, and that the pursuit might have been prolonged if a Hottentot had not disabled the enraged reptile by a blow from a long stick.

The Asiatic form of this genus of serpents is even more highly developed than that of the African species. The general length attained by the cobra de capello in Ceylon ranges between two and four feet. Their colour varies, and the light-coloured individuals were called, in Dr. Davy's time, and perhaps are so called still, high-caste snakes, whilst those of a darker colour are designated as low-caste snakes. The largest seen by the Doctor was nearly six feet long; but Captain Percival, in his account of the island (1805), states that this hooded snake is found there of a length varying from six to fifteen feet. When enraged and preparing for an attack, the head and body are raised to a height of three or four feet, and at the same time the rest of the body is coiled to accelerate the spring, and add force to it. At this moment the membrane, which lies along part of the head and the sides of the neck, and is hardly perceptible till the animal is irritated, is distended somewhat in the form of a hood, just as it is in the Egyptian cobras; but in the Asiatic nâg the hood is marked with a curious streak or pattern, somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe, and resembling a pair of harnacles, or spectacles without arms, whence its French and English names of *serpent à lunettes* and spectacle-snake. Captain Percival looks upon this distension of the hood—which, it seems, always precedes the attack of the reptile—as a warning to those within the serpent's reach; and relates that he had more than once been an eye-witness of instances where the fatal bite had been avoided by parties who had been thus put on their guard. But if this signal of death be not attended to, woe to the victim! for after the serpent has exhibited the fatal sign its motions are too rapid to admit of escape from its fangs. The Captain dwells on the fondness of these deadly reptiles for music, and states that, even when newly caught, they seem to listen with pleasure to the notes, and writhe themselves into attitudes accordingly. While so employed, they must re-

mind the spectator, who has duly read up his *Copperfield*, of Mr. Uriah Heep. This Uriah-like propensity is duly taken advantage of by the Indian jugglers, who bestow some pains in taming the cobras, and at length teach them to keep time in their writhings and nutations to the airs which they play on their flageolets.

Dr. Davy thus describes the mode of operation in Ceylon, where, as well as on the continent of India, frequent displays are made by men called snake-charmers:—

The exhibition is rather a curious one, and not a little amusing to those who can calmly contemplate it. The charmer irritates the snake by striking it, and by rapid threatening motions of his hand; and appeases it by his voice, by gentle circular movements of his hand, and by stroking it gently.

This looks very like magnetism.

He avoids with great agility the attacks of the animal when enraged, and plays with it and handles it only when pacified, when he will bring the mouth of the animal in contact with his forehead, and draw it over his face. The ignorant vulgar believe that these men really possess a charm, by which they thus play without dread, and with impunity, with danger. The more enlightened, laughing at this idea, consider the men impostors, and that in playing their tricks there is no danger to be avoided, it being removed by the extraction of their poison-fangs. The enlightened in this instance are mistaken, and the vulgar are nearer the truth in their opinion. I have examined the snakes I have seen exhibited, and have found their poison-fangs in and uninjured. These men do possess a charm, though not a supernatural one, viz. that of confidence and courage: acquainted with the habits and disposition of the snake, they know how averse it is to use the fatal weapon nature has given it for its defence in extreme danger, and that it never bites without much preparatory threatening. Any one possessing the confidence and agility of these men may irritate them, and I have made the trial more than once. They will play their tricks with any hooded snake, whether just taken or long in confinement, but with no other kind of poisonous snake.

Captain Knox, in his *History of Ceylon*, observes that the Cingalese have, in the ichneumon, a powerful auxiliary against the multitude of snakes to which they are exposed. Small as it is, it will, he says, venture

to attack even the cobra de capello, the poison of whose bite is hardly equalled in danger by that of any other serpent. Percival relates that one of these quadrupeds, placed in a close room where a snake had been previously introduced, instead of darting at it, ran peeping about the apartment to discover some outlet through which it might escape; but, finding none, it returned to its master, crept into his bosom, and could by no means be persuaded to face the snake. When, however, both were removed out of the house into an open space, the ichneumon instantly flew at the reptile, and soon destroyed its antagonist. After the victory the little quadruped suddenly disappeared for a few minutes and again returned. Mr. Percival concludes that during its absence it had found the antidotal herb, and eaten of it; but he does not state the grounds for his conclusion.

For the cure of the otherwise mortal bite the natives allege that the root of the *Ophiorrhiza mungos*, the herb pointed out by the ichneumon, is a specific. Dr. Davy saw and has recorded the effects of the bite. A cobra, about five feet long and about six inches in circumference in the broadest part, bit a hen in his presence, fixing its fangs in the skin covering the lower part of the pectoral muscle, and keeping its hold for two or three seconds, when the doctor succeeded in shaking it off. The hen seemed to be but little affected. She died, however, eight hours after the infliction of the bite.

Another cobra fastened on the thigh of a young cock, inflicting a rather severe wound, from which the blood flowed. Instantly the bird became lame; in less than a minute it could no longer stand. Respiration became hurried and rather laborious in about five minutes, and some alvine dejections took place. In about ten minutes the cock had all the symptoms of being in a comatose state, in which he continued for about five minutes, his respiration becoming gradually more feeble and laboured. In seventeen minutes his breathing was hardly perceptible, when he was seized with a convulsive fit which recurred four or five

times in the course of the next minute, each fit being less violent than the former. The last of these proved fatal.

Terrible as these reptiles are, the Cingalese venerate them rather than dread them, looking on them as belonging to another world, and appearing here merely as visitors. They regard the cobra as greatly superior to man and akin to the gods, believing it to be possessed of great power. Impressed with this belief, they refrain from killing it if they can possibly avoid it, and even when they find one in the house they will not slay it, but putting it into a bag, throw bag and all into the water; for they think that it has a good and generous disposition, and that, unless it be provoked, it will do no harm to man. The cobra which bit the hen in Dr. Davy's presence, as above narrated, was found in a bag floating down the Kalang-ganga.

With these sentiments towards those serpents, it will be no matter of surprise to find them, or snakes nearly allied to them in form and appearance, playing a distinguished part in the Cingalese theology and system of the universe.

The Naga-bhawené is described as lying under Asoora-bhawené, and as ten thousand leagues in circumference. This region is a hollow sphere. Mountains, hills, lakes, or rivers, there are none. Vegetation there is none, with one exception, the tree called Parasattoo: but this single tree amply supplies the defect; for it not only prodigally bears an immense variety of flowers and fruits, but, in addition, everything that is desirable. This wondrous country is the abode of a numerous race of serpents, similar in kind to the hooded snakes, but of great beauty, size, and power, capable of passing from one part of the world to the other, and shining like gods. No light have they but that transcendent brilliancy which emanates from their own bodies, and thus they enjoy a perpetual day infinitely exceeding ours in brightness. These beings, illuminating all around them like so many Radiant Boys,* were during their former lives on earth persons

* The Irish story of the apparition of the Radiant Boy is alluded to.

of great purity and goodness, and almost deserving of becoming gods. But, alas for poor human nature! their high virtues were sullied by some vice, that of malice having been predominant, and they were doomed to their splendid but reptile forms. But, snakes though they be, they are Bhoodists, are possessed of a relic, and worship in temples. They lead an apolaustic life, residing in well-furnished houses, enjoying society, eating and drinking according to their pleasure, for they have only to form a wish and they immediately have any article of food they want; only it always makes its appearance in the form of a frog.

They live under a monarchy, and, like the Cingalese, are distributed into castes. Their king, Mahakillanaga-rajaya, is in everyway superior to the rest. With his powerful assistance the gods and Asooras churned the milky sea. Mahakilla then wound himself round a rock, and they pulling at his two extremities, set the mass in motion and accomplished their work. It is fortunate for the human race that these snakes are naturally mild and benevolent, and do harm only when provoked, for if they were so disposed, they could annihilate the whole of the inhabitants of earth by a single blast of their poisonous breaths.

The Cingalese have a legend touching the deadly enmity which is said to exist between the noya (naia) and the polonga, another most venomous snake, of which the natives have the utmost horror. The late Sir Hudson Lowe graphically described to me the terror of the natives when they beheld one, and the shrieking tone in which they cried out its name.

But the legend?

A noya and a polonga (nintipolonga, or tie-polonga, as it is generally termed) met, once upon a time, in a dry season when water was very scarce. The polonga, almost dying with thirst, asked the noya where he might find water. Now the noya had a little before met with a vessel of water, wherein an infant lay playing; for it is usual with the Cingalese to wash their children in a vessel or large bowl of water, and then leave their babes to tumble and flounce about. Well, at this vessel

the noya quenched his thirst, but, as he was drinking, the child, as it lay sporting therein, bit the serpent on the head with its hand. The good-natured noya, knowing there was no malice in the case, bore the blow patiently, and having drunk his fill went his way without harming the child.

So the noya told the polonga where this vessel was, but knowing him to be a surly, hasty creature, and being desirous withal to preserve the child, made him promise not to hurt the child, who, the noya added, was very likely to give him a pat on the head, as he had done to him. Now the mind of the noya misgave him; he half-repented that he had told the polonga where to find the water, and went after him, fearing his touchy temper. His worst fears were realized; for as the polonga was drinking the child patted him on the head, and the irritable serpent bit the little innocent on the hand, and killed it. This the noya saw, and burning with indignation, bitterly reproached the polonga with his baseness, fought him, slew him, and devoured him. And so these serpents when they meet do to this day, fighting to the death, and the conqueror eating the body of the vanquished. The Cingalese, in allusion to this determined hostility, have a proverb which they quote when they see men irreconcilable, comparing them to a noya and a polonga.

The cerastes, it will be remembered, was the other venomous serpent that prominently figured in the exhibition of our Arab snake-charmers at the gardens of the Zoological Society.

The length of a full-grown cerastes is about fourteen inches. The ground colour of the upper parts varies in different individuals, being either yellowish-red spotted, and variegated with other colours; of a darker hue, differing but little from the tint of the spots, which, in such case, are seen indistinctly; or of a steel or ashy grey, with much darker spots tinted with the same hue. Beneath the colour is a pale rose with a pearly lustre. The head is very distinct, and the angles of the jaws diverge considerably, giving great width to the hinder part, while the anterior portion is narrower. The

nose is rounded; the nostrils are situated near its apex, each in the centre of a thick projecting scale. The eyebrows are arched, and near the middle of each is a slender, pointed, slightly recurved spine or horn, from which the serpent takes its name. The markings on the head, as well as those on the body, vary in different individuals. The body is thick in proportion to its length, and the tail is short, tapering rather suddenly, and pointed.

Its habits are most indolent; buried in the burning sand, it nurses its sweltering venom till it is roused by hunger or trampled upon, and then woe to the intruder. Its inactivity is thrown off, and its movements brisk. When once it seizes the offender it retains its hold with great obstinacy, requiring considerable force to detach it. After a naia has inflicted a wound it makes haste to escape, but the cerastes and other vipers, even when detached by force and thrown upon the ground, remain on the spot, or retreat very slowly from it.

But what is the use of the horns?

Old authors state that it lies buried in the sand with the tips of the horns just projecting above the surface, as a bait for the birds, somewhat after the manner of the anglers among fishes. These last lie concealed in the mud or sand, leaving the long fibres that spring from the anterior part of the head out to attract the smaller fry, which they then devour. The birds, they say, take the tips of the serpent's horns for little worms or grubs, approach for the purpose of feeding on them, and fall a prey to the serpent.

We find the latent and subtle habits of the cerastes alluded to in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis, containing Jacob's prophecy relative to his offspring.

Dan shall bee a serpent by the way, an adder by the path, biting the horse heeles, so that his rider shall fall backward.*

The patriarch, by this comparison with the artful cerastes, intimates that the Danites should have their revenge upon their enemies, and ex-

tend their conquests more by stratagem than open bravery.

Nicander also refers to this habit of lying hid in the sands, or in a wheel-track, and biting the horses or cattle that pass near or over it.

This African species † has the character of being able to abstain from water longer than almost any other serpent. Indolently nestled in the arid sand, long periods elapse between the falling of the rain upon its abode. The old French quatrain printed under the *Portrait de la Ceraste* alludes to this abstinence:—

Ceste ceraste a comme deux cornettes
Dessus les yeux, et se passe de boire
Plus que serpent, qu'il est possible croire.
Rempliz sont de poison telles bestes.‡

Both the naia and the cerastes have been named as the asp which saved Cleopatra from the degradation of a Roman triumph; but there can be little doubt that the cerastes was the 'poor venomous fool' to which the Egyptian queen appealed 'to be angry and dispatch.' Some, indeed, declare that she did not apply the asp at all, but inoculated herself with the poison by means of a needle; and Galen relates from other authors, that she killed herself by pouring the venom of an asp into a wound made in her arm by her own teeth.

It seems, at first, to be a strange dispensation that creatures should be sent on earth armed with venom,—

Whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and allies of the body;

but if serpents were to be created as part of the system of the universe—and the links in the animal chain would be largely imperfect if such forms did not exist—it became a necessity that some of the race should be so armed in order to their taking their prey, and for their self-preservation when attacked.

Still, when one reads the catalogue of serpents which Cato and his army encountered in the Libyan deserts, where the poet § makes every bite of every serpent followed by the death of a man, the visitation is startling. And really this black list, from

* Barker's Bible, Gen. xlix. 17.

† It is found in the south as well as in the north of Africa.

‡ *Portraits d'Oyseaux, Serpens, &c.* 1557.

§ Lucan.

which it would seem that the cerastes and the other deadly snakes were leagued with Cæsar (though it may be rather superfluous in specific description, and the different ages and states of one serpent may have been multiplied into many distinct species), should not be looked on as a mere poetical fiction; for it was evidently drawn from nature, though somewhat highly-coloured.

Many hundred years after the *Pharsalia* was written, Paul Herman had in his museum at Leyden preserved in alcohol, and duly labelled and catalogued, one venomous serpent whose bite induced a deadly sleep, another which killed by an unquenchable thirst, a third whose injected poison was immediately followed by hæmorrhages from all the pores of the body—so that the doomed patient presented the appearance of that king in his dying hours who had revelled in the horrors of the St. Bartholomew—and so on.

Dr. Mead truly lays it down that, in all accidents of this nature, the mischief does not stop at the part affected, but is carried farther, even through the whole body. In the learned and observant doctor's time the nature of the absorbent system was not so well-known as it is in ours, though there is a great deal still to learn.

Dr. Mead was of opinion that this universal communication was effected by the great activity of the nervous fluid, one part of which being infected immediately tainted all the rest. Thus, according to his theory, the whole system of nervous expansions is drawn into spasms and convulsions; and, according to the different nature of the parts to which they belong, different symptoms are produced. In the stomach and intestines these spasms cause sickness, vomitings, and gripes; in the brain, delirium, sleepiness, and epileptic fits; in the heart, intermissions of the arterial pulse, palpitations, and swoonings; in the lungs, difficulty of breathing, with strangling and suffocations; in the liver, by the spasmodic contraction of the biliary ducts the bile is returned into the blood, and makes a jaundice; in the kidneys the same

disposition of the urinary canals interrupts the secretion of the urine, and makes it quite irregular. In short, as he says, the animal economy is all disturbed: and though different poisons may show their most remarkable effects in different parts, and these, according to the violence of the hurt, may appear in different degrees, yet the symptoms always make it plain that the first bad impression is made upon the animal spirits.

When we presently come to consider the symptoms that follow the bite of one of the venomous serpents—the common viper, for example—we shall find them analogous to those that follow the seizures in plagues, cholera, fevers, and other pestilential diseases, where faintness, giddiness, palpitations of the heart, and all the other disorders which show that the nervous system is affected, are manifested; and, in truth, the sufferer in such cases is labouring under the effect of a real poison.

The symptoms which follow the bite of a viper, when it fastens either one or both its greater teeth in any part of the body, are an acute pain in the place wounded, with a swelling at first red, but afterwards livid, which by degrees spreads further to the neighbouring parts; with great faintness, and a quick though low and sometimes interrupted pulse, great sickness at the stomach, with bilious convulsive vomitings, cold sweats, and sometimes pains about the navel; and if the cure be not speedy, death itself, unless the strength of nature prove sufficient to overcome these disorders; and though it does, the swelling still continues inflamed for some time; nay, in some cases more considerably upon the abating of the other symptoms, than at the beginning. And often from the small wound runs a sanious liquor, and little pustules are raised about it: the colour of the whole skin, in less than an hour, is changed yellow, as if the patient had the jaundice.*

The rapidity with which animal life may be overcome by the poison of venomous snakes is well illustrated by Mr. Bell, the present secretary of the Royal Society; and, by the way, in one of his dissections he had proof of the danger which may be incurred in investigating their anatomy.

The head of a large rattlesnake had been taken off immediately after

* Mead On Poisons.

death. Some hours afterwards Mr. Bell was carefully dissecting the poison-apparatus; but though so long a time had elapsed since the head was cut away, Mr. Bell found that the poison continued to be secreted so fast as to require the occasional use of a piece of rag or sponge; and he remarks that there could not have been altogether less than six or eight drops of the deadly fluid distilled from the gland in the severed head.

As might be expected, if a succession of wounds be given by a poisonous snake, the creature last stricken has the best chance of recovery. One of Mr. Bell's friends had received a rattlesnake from America, and upon the principle contained in the apophthegm, *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, a pack of wretched rats were selected for the occasion. One was put into the cage with the serpent, which immediately struck it. The rat was dead in two minutes. A second was then placed in the cage, to the furthest corner of which it retreated, uttering piercing cries of distress. The serpent, conscious probably of the late loss of virus, lay quiet; but when about half an hour had elapsed it was irritated, and then struck the second rat, which showed no symptoms of having received the poison for several minutes; and twenty minutes after the bite elapsed before this victim died. Then a third very large rat was introduced into the cage. This showed no signs of terror, and the snake did not appear to notice the intruder, though both were watched throughout the evening, and at night they were left together. The next morning Mr. Bell's friend rose early and visited the cage. But the tables were now turned. The snake lay dead and mutilated; for the rat had feasted upon the flesh of its back.

Some of our readers may remember the distressing case of a carpenter who came to see the show of a real live rattlesnake. Anxious probably to hear the serpent's rattle, the carpenter teased it with his rule, which, unfortunately, he dropped into the cage. He tried to regain it, and while he was attempting to reach it the snake bit him in the hand. He was taken to one of our hospitals, had the assistance of some of the first

surgeons in London, and resisted the effects of the poison so long that hopes were entertained. But the shock to the constitution was too great, and after lingering many days he sank under the consequences of the bite.

Dr. Mead relates a similar case, with a much happier result:—

A man was bit on one of his fingers by a rattlesnake, just then brought over from Virginia. He immediately put his fingers into his mouth and sucked the wound. His under-lip and tongue were presently swelled to a great degree; he faltered in his speech, and in some measure lost his senses. He then drank a large quantity of oil, and warm water upon it, by which he vomited plentifully. A live pigeon was cut in two and applied to the finger. Two hours after this, the flesh about the wound was cut out, and the part burnt with a hot iron, and the arm embrocated with warm oil. He then recovered his speech and senses. His arm continued swelled the next day, but by common applications soon grew easy, and the patient suffered no further mischief.

As the poison of this snake (continues Dr. Mead) is more quick and deadly than any other that we know, a remedy for this will most certainly prove effectual against that of smaller vipers, and all other creatures of this kind. The other applications here made use of (the vomit excepted) could be of no service. The pigeon, the cutting and burning the part two hours after the wound had been made, did no good. Embrocating the arm with oil only abated the swelling.

However right the worthy Doctor may be touching the pigeon, the excision, and the cautery, it is by no means clear that he has not leaped somewhat hastily to his conclusion touching the inutility of the embrocation. Besides their famous *azungia viperina*, the viper-catchers in after-times had the greatest confidence in olive-oil as a specific against the bite of those reptiles. Relying on its efficacy they suffered themselves to be bitten, and would let the symptoms go on till they become absolutely dangerous, or, as they said, till the poison was gaining on their heart, and then swallowing draughts of the oil and rubbing the wounded limb with it over a chafing-dish of coals became perfectly cured. The better opinion latterly seems to have been that the embrocation was the efficient part of the process, and that the oil which was swallowed did

little if anything towards the cure. It is true that, in consequence of the account in *Phil. Trans.* (No. 443), of an experiment, in which it was said that common oil rubbed into the wound had cured the bite of a viper, the physicians of the French Academy are said to have made several trials of the oil with all possible care, and they pronounced it to be ineffectual except as a fomentation to the swollen part.

Notwithstanding this concurrence of opinion, the viper-catchers of the latter part of the last century used olive-oil as an infallible remedy, and I have myself seen it exhibited in the case of a dog which was severely bitten in the leg by one of these serpents. The oil may be a specific against the bite of the common viper only; for it should be remembered that Linnæus, when in Scania, was applied to by a woman who had been bitten by a *Chersea*. He administered the oil according to the prescribed forms, but the poor woman died in the greatest agonies. This remedy seems, however, to be effectual against the acrid exudations which emanate from the pustules of a toad. White relates that a quack ate one of those reptiles at Selborne to make the country people stare, and that afterwards he drank oil.

But Dr. Mead was a physician deserving of all confidence, and we shall see that even in his mode of treatment the oil is not discarded.

The Doctor then tells us that 'the first thing to be done upon the bite of a viper of any kind is, that the patient should suck the wound himself, if he can come at it; if he cannot, another person should do this good office for him. Whoever does it, ought (to prevent any inflammation of the lips and tongue, from the heat of the poison) to wash his mouth well beforehand with warm oil, and hold some of this in the mouth while the suction is performing.'

After this he prescribes an emetic (*Rad. Ipecacuan.*), 'encouraged in the working with oil and warm water.'

This is conformable, as he observes, to the practice of the Virginian Indians, who were said to cure the bite of the rattlesnake by sucking the wound, and taking immediately a large quantity of a decoction of the rattlesnake root, which acts as a

strong emetic, and laying to the part the same root chewed. Piso states that the Indians use as remedies against the bite of that snake and others, the crushed head of the serpent applied as a plaster to the wound, round which they place the green leaves of the tobacco plant.

Celsus recommends the application of dry salt to the wound; and this Dr. Mead thinks promises somewhat more than the cautery, but not much. The so-called virtues of the celebrated Oriental snake-stones, said to be taken from the head of the cobra de capello, are mere fallacies.

This (says Dr. Mead) Signor Redi, Monsieur Charas, and myself have experienced. They will, indeed, when applied, stick to the wound for some time; being, as appears from their make, not natural but factitious bodies, compounded most probably of calcined bones and some testaceous substances mixed together; but when they drop off, are found to have imbibed nothing of the venom.

The remedy of the viper-catchers, long kept by them a close secret, finds greater favour in the eyes of the Doctor. Depending upon their specific, those employed in this trade, which in the days of viper-broth and viper-wine was very brisk, were no more afraid of a bite than of a common puncture, curing themselves immediately by the application of the *axungia viperina* to the wound, and to this day viper's fat boiled down is considered in some countries equally infallible; thus, as in the case of applying the crushed head of the serpent to the wound that it had made, exhibiting the union of the bane and the antidote in the same offending body.

Dr. Mead enraged a viper and caused it to bite a dog in the nose. Both teeth were struck deep in. The dog howled bitterly, and the part began to swell. The Doctor diligently applied the axungia, and next day the dog was very well.

But, unfortunately for this poor dog, some of the sceptical gentlemen who saw the experiment ascribed the cure more to the dog's saliva administered in licking himself, than to the virtue of the fat. So he was bit again in the tongue and the remedy withheld. He died within four or five hours. The Doctor made

at another time a like trial with the same success.

As this axungia (says Dr. Mead) consists of clammy and viscid parts, which are withal more penetrating and active than most oily substances; so these, without all doubt, may, if immediately applied, involve and, as it were, sheath the volatil salts of the venomous liquor, and thus prevent their shooting out into those crystalline *spicula* which we have observed to be the main instruments of that deadly mischief that attends the bite. But even this cure ought not to be relied on. 'Tis safest to use the method we have mentioned; and, moreover, if the patient feels any sickness, faintness, or any of the nervous symptoms we have described; he must be put into bed, and a sweat must be promoted by cordial medicines, particularly the *Confect. Ralegh.* and the salt of vipers, or, in want of this, salt of hartshorn, given in warm wine. I have often experienced the good effects of this proceeding; and, after all the pretensions of the cure by oil, in the case newly related, the man was really not recovered without these means.

And so stands the case; animal fat *versus* vegetable oil. The former may, as the Doctor says, be more penetrating; and we know that the common elder ointment has been applied to dogs and cattle bitten by vipers with the best success; hut olive-oil is, nevertheless, not to be despised. The viperine remedy probably had its origin in the notion that the best remedy for a venomous wound was to apply the crushed creature that had inflicted it to the injured part.

The demand for vipers when viper-wine and viper-broth were all the fashion for invigorating worn-out or vitiated constitutions was very great, and they formed a part of the stores of every fashionable apothecary's dispensary. Supplies were regularly sent in by the viper-catchers, and I remember hearing a story of a large box full of these reptiles having been received by one of these helpers of men in our town. The lid was not properly secured, and the imprisoned serpents wriggled out, finding their way up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber, and frightening the maids and apprentices to death, some of whom found a viper or two comfortably coiled up between the sheets, just as they were about to step into bed.

The viperine remedy had classical authority for its ministration, nor did he who had the care of the health of Octavius Cesar find it fail.

The renowned physitian, Antoninus Musa, having certain patients in cure under his hand, who had ulcers that were thought incurable, prescribed them to eat vipers' flesh; and wonderfull it is how soone he healed them cleane by that means.*

Nor was the great Greek practitioner Craterus less successful. He was called in to a wretched slave whose skin fell from his bones, advised him to eat vipers dressed like fish, and happily cured his patient. Galen and Aretæus speak loudly in the praise of such a remedy in cases of elephantiasis, and the former relates many stories of cures of that disease by viper-wine. The native of Tonquin, if we are to believe Dampier, treats his friends with an infusion of snakes and scorpions, accounting the arrack in which they have been digested not only an invigorating cordial, but an antidote against leprosy and all poisons. Dr. Mead, who mentions this as well as the other instances above noticed, states that he was told by a learned physician who resided many years at Bengal, that it is a constant practice there to order in diet the cobra de capello to persons wasted by long distempers, and adds that the physicians in Italy and France very commonly prescribe the broth and jelly of vipers for invigoration and purification of the blood. He evidently thinks very highly of the remedy, and expresses his opinion that our physicians deal too cautiously or sparingly with it. The ancient Romans of distinction, it seems, were seldom without a preparation of this kind, which they took as an invigorator and as conducive to long and healthy life. The capons which were served up to the beautiful wife of Sir Kenelm Digby were fed upon vipers.

A word or two upon the poison and its nature, and I have done. Dr. Mead observes that the venomous juice itself is of so inconsiderable a quantity that it is no more than one good drop that does the execution. How it operates does not seem to be quite satisfactorily made out.

* Holland's *Pliny*.

Ray relates that a gentleman resident in India having friends at his house, sent for one of those natives who carry about serpents to show experiments upon the difference of their poisons. The first serpent which the exhibitor produced was of a very large size, which he affirmed to be quite harmless; and to prove his assertion, he made a ligature upon his arm and provoked the serpent to bite him. Having collected the blood which flowed from the bite to the quantity of half a spoonful, he spread it upon his thigh. He then produced a smaller one, which was a cobra de capello, and gave a terrible account of the effects of its poison. In support of his assertion, he, holding the neck of the serpent very tight, pressed out of the vesicle of the jaws about half a drop of its contents, and put it upon the coagulated blood on his thigh. A great ebullition and effervescence immediately ensued in the manner of a fermentation, and the blood was changed into a yellow fluid, confirming the observation that the bite of a viper produces the jaundice.

The experiment made by Dr. Mead, however, gave a very different result:—

About half an ounce of human blood received into a warm glass, in which were five or six grains of the viperine poison newly ejected, was not visibly altered either in colour or consistence. It then was and remained undistinguishable from the same blood, taken into another glass, in which was no poison at all.

The Doctor gives the following account of the microscopic appearances presented by the poison:—

Under a microscope at first sight I could discover nothing but a parcel of small salts nimbly floating in the liquor; but in a very short time the appearance was changed, and these saline particles were now shot out, as it were, into crystals of an incredible tenuity and sharpness, with something like knots here and there, from which they seemed to proceed; so that the whole texture did, in a manner, represent a spider's web, though infinitely finer and more minute; and yet withal so rigid were these pellucid spicula or darts, that they remained unaltered upon my glass for several months.

Redi found that the dried poison,

when diluted with water, was still active and deleterious.

But terrible as is the effect of the attack of these cruel scourges, the bite or the instillation of the poison into a wound are the only things to be dreaded:—

Morsu virus habent, et fatum dente minantur:

Pocula morte carent.

Tozzi, a viper-charmer, astonished the Grand Duke Ferdinand and the natural philosophers who were present with him, who had been speaking of the certain death which would await any person who might swallow the poison of the viper by mistake instead of spirit of wine or water, by boldly drinking a considerable portion of it. They all looked for his instant decease, but he was no more affected than he would have been by taking so much water.

Dr. Mead relates a similar experiment:—

We resolved to end our poison inquiries by tasting the venomous liquor. Accordingly, having diluted a quantity of it with a very little warm water, several of us ventured to put some of it upon the tip of our tongues. We all agreed that it tasted very sharp and fiery, as if the tongue had been struck through with something scalding or burning. This sensation went not off in two or three hours; and one gentleman who would not be satisfied without trying a large drop undiluted, found his tongue swelled with a little inflammation, and the soreness lasted two days. But neither his nor our boldness was attended with any ill consequence.

Those who make such experiments, as well as those who suck wounds occasioned by the bite of venomous serpents, should be quite certain that the skin of the lips and fauces is unbroken, and that there is no wound or abrasion about the gums or tongue, otherwise fatal consequences might ensue. But if all be right, the immunity with which the venom of serpents may be taken into the stomach ceases to be surprising when we remember that the deadly wourali poison is given in the country which produces it as a tonic with success, and that milk, so nutritious when taken as food, if it be injected into the veins, is mortal.

EMINENT ETONIANS.*

‘THE good wait not for bidding to the banquets of the good,’ says the best reading of the Greek proverb; or, if you will have it very literally, ‘Self-prompted worthies go to worthies’ feasts.’ We do not fear, therefore, lest the men of good schools should turn away from the subject of our article as one in which they have no concern, much less resent it as the intrusion of local and personal matter on a public stage. No, you have too much discernment not to see that whatever credit accrues to Eton redounds on your own *incunabula*. Come, therefore, Harrovian or Salopian, whether you have worshipped the Muse under the invocation of William of Wykeham, or caught inspiration from ‘the blithe fields of Tothill,’—nurselings of all schools, provincial or proprietary,—clients of a rapacious cloister or a meddling suburban committee, stop, whoever you are, and wherever you are going, for this historical merry-making, this biographical feast of ours; be present to-day at the celebration of our Etonian worthies, and to-morrow and the next day you shall regale us with the sayings and doings of your own *μυαγεταί*.

‘Pronounce meditatively the name of Jenner:’ such is the beginning of one of Coleridge’s best moral recipes, and ours is not unlike it,—‘Pronounce meditatively your own *school name*.’ Not that genteel alphabetical coating in which you travel, and under which your resolutions for this and donations to that are emblazoned; but that *name* which you know most properly belongs to you, of which every quondam schoolfellow you meet reminds you, though he dare not utter it to you; think of your dear, detestable old nickname, and know yourself; in it remember that real self of which the conventions of society are daily tempting you to lose sight. There cannot be a better help to an honest man’s endeavours to keep himself sweet in the close atmosphere of artificial grown-up life than this recurrence to the days when our companions told us the truth, in all its nubly

integrity, without stopping to pare off its corners, or begging our pardon for the roughness of the presentment.

The charm which renders Ancient History more attractive than Modern is that men’s objects are more open, and their principles more avowed; the good and bad of every character, the right and wrong of each Cause and Party, is discernible at once. We find the same refreshment, in turning from this great adult masquerade in which we are jostling each other, to those ‘fierce democracies’ of boyhood, which we helped to form, and which formed us in turn. We can recognize in the stirring history of those early years our master-spirits as great in their sphere as was Pericles in his; we have had our poets and our pan-cratiasts, our makers of immortal jokes, and our weavers of supersensual theories; and presiding over our affairs an Olympian dynasty, and enthroned in the midst of them, frowning under his inexorable cocked-hat, the Olympian Jupiter himself.

We do not envy the temper of that old Greek who invented the proverb, ‘The dessert of Abydos.’ This was a reflection upon the fond parents of that venerable city, who were in the habit of admitting, in place of sweetmeats, the young Master Leanders and the young Miss Heros to their after-dinner computations. For our part, we decidedly prefer the branches of the olive round about our table to the brine-steeped fruit of the same placed upon it. Let our *quatre mendiants* be four rosy-checked suppliants, rather than the shrivelled and indigestible dainties over which men idle themselves into heartburn and headach. The man who railed at the good folks of Abydos will, however, never lack representatives; there will not be wanting a wizened face or two to assume an extra pucker, when they see such matters as boyhood, education, and Eton treated as integral parts of the business of life: but let them alone; as long as man is man, he will find a relief in communing with his earlier, his better,

* *Memoirs of Eminent Etonians.* By E. S. Creasy, M.A. London: R. Bentley. 1850.

more trusting, and more trustworthy self,—in living over again in thought that boyhood in which his sins were as superficial as his cares. Who could have witnessed that brilliant festival of last June, in which a truly Hawterian hospitality enabled us to participate, without having this brought home to him? It was not the sprightliness of the *young* that was most affecting, but the hearty endeavours of the old to become young again. See that pale, over-worked public man, fraternizing with all the boys with whom he can claim acquaintance, rehearsing all the old cant phrases by which one Etonian recognizes another! And there is that other grey-beaded old gentleman striving to create the same illusion by the self-imposed task of *punting* along with his son—now, for a few hours, metamorphosed into his school-fellow. What would they not give for a real live flogging, to convince them that it is no dream which they are indulging?

Talk of university reminiscences after this! It is not the place, it is certainly not the system, and still more certainly not the administrators of it, which make our *academic* recollections agreeable: it is only the fact that we were then young and full of hope, with no cares but lectures, no enemy more dangerous than a Don, which draws our minds back to the days of Oxford or Cambridge. If ever two things presented a strong contrast, those two are the education of a school and that of a university. A young man goes up to college—full, we will say, of classical enthusiasm; his mind has reached that period when a severer method of thought has become, not only bearable, but acceptable. The accuracy which he hears commended in the lecture-room is precisely what his own mind is most disposed to value: to discern a rule in every case, and a principle in every rule, is the new want which time has implanted in him, and which a wise teacher must develop. Slowly, but surely, he discovers that the accuracy which he desires is one, and that which is prized by his directors is another; that the grammatical knowledge required of him is one vast body of Greek and Latin sentences, to every one of which is attached an

authorized interpretation in a set and traditional form of words, every one of which he is expected to learn, to adopt, and to remember; that the critical knowledge required of him is the text of the last German edition, which he is not to call in question, but to construe. For him to prefer any other reading is presumption,—to propose any emendation of his own, profaneness; and this is the mode of dealing with the text of authors in which the corruptions of centuries have accumulated. Every species of perverse ingenuity that can lend a colouring of sense to what is absurd, every attempt to justify obscurity or want of taste in an author notoriously clear and elegant, is resorted to and welcomed rather than that the dangerous admissions should be made, 'This sentence is a ruin, and neither you nor I can build it up again;' 'This word is a chameleon that sets the whole context by the ears, and until the true one be restored we must acquiesce in a general notion of the meaning.' And yet surely men study language to acquire clearness in their expressions, and distinctness in the operations of their own minds. The importance of the dispute concerning passages in authors, and the mode of restoring them, is not to be measured by the number of letters upon which the question may turn: this would be as unfair as Gibbon's application of the same criterion for the purpose of ganging a great religious question. The manner of the author, the drift of his argument, the propriety of idiom, may all turn upon a single letter: in judging of these Common Sense has its perfect work, and the tact for evidence is exercised and improved.

But, it will be said, there is no time for this kind of investigation in the brief space and with the multifarious requirements of an academic career; so much metaphysics, and so much theology, and so much history has to be mastered. To dispense with any of these is out of the question; the entire circle of academic subjects must be preserved, and the eminence of each student must be in proportion to the comprehensiveness of his reading, and not to the minuteness of particular research. Such, no doubt, will be the general answer to our objections;

and what is it worth? We allow that all the subjects should be retained, but, in order to secure a proper cultivation of them, such a cultivation as will enable us to do something more than repeat the same results in each successive year,—such a cultivation as will enable men to investigate for themselves, and eventually to extend by discovery the sphere of the science they are pursuing, these subjects should be *divided*. Ay, but if so, then what becomes of public competition, and prizes, and all the stimulants to exertion? Why, what should become of them, but what sooner or later becomes of every mischievous falsehood, of every unwholesome incentive, of every idol? What reason is there to expect that this idol of Competition is to be more eternal than any other? Nay, are we not come to the time when men are beginning to look narrowly into the catalogue of social curses which the worship of competition has entailed? We beseech them, when the great reckoning of its misdeeds is made up, not to overlook the fact that it has poisoned the springs of knowledge. Let there be endowments as heretofore; multiply them if you will. Let there be rewards by all means; let there be provision for poor students before all things: but woe to the Commission, *which, improving upon the hint of the Universities themselves*, shall turn their endowments into so much additional fuel for that feverish emulation which is making genuine science to languish, and teaching the youth of the country how to purchase a life of sloth by a few years of unwholesome and heartless application!

We have reason to believe that the authorities of the leading schools are conscious of the magnitude of this evil, and are anxious to resist its inroads upon their own territory. We know how much the every-day business of the school is valued by the masters at Eton, as the best corrective of that appetite for ‘cram’ which competition engenders. As this every-day business presents some features which have been, in our opinion, very unjustly condemned, we will now undertake their apology. Sydney Smith observes, that eminent Englishmen spend the best part of their lives in making Latin

verses. It would be a paradoxical conversion of his proposition to say, that every Englishman who spends the best part of his life in making Latin verses with success, is maturing himself for future eminence. But let us invite the reader's common sense and candour to the following statement:—A boy has a certain thought to express, he has a certain compass allowed him which his sentence must not exceed. This allotment of space is furthermore subdivided into certain pigeon-holes of unequal magnitude, some square, some oblong, and some with a movable partition. Into these, the sentence in which he endeavours to embody a certain thought must be fitted; he must, therefore, contrive to vary his idea until it becomes translatable into words, which will both agree together and adapt themselves to the several compartments. Now comes the interesting search, in which the judgment, the memory, and the fancy, all work together. This phrase is refractory; quick there, with half-a-dozen equivalents for it! The imagination is immediately tasked. In the case of a dull boy it will ring changes on stereotyped epithets; but in the boy of future eminence his embarrassment will develop his resources. The very narrowness of his strait will prompt him to a bold and original outlet; just as we see in Spenser that the dearth of rhyme is often the cause of an unexpected and beautiful image.

Has the reader ever tried to pack a portmanteau, or to adjust a Chinese puzzle to some prescribed figure? Then let him not be misled by the analogy. The geometrical requirements are the same, but in these latter cases you have your materials at hand: in the former, your ingenuity is no less taxed in providing suitable contents, than in coaxing them into their places; indeed, mere mathematical cleverness in arranging the materials is a very subordinate part of the business. This habit of frequent composition opens the eyes of a scholar betimes to the merit of his author, now become in a certain sense his rival or brother of the craft. And those who know with what a magic suddenness the very first attempt at imitation

opens our eyes to the merits of an original poem or other work of art, will admit that, for the education of the taste, nothing more effectual or more safe could possibly be devised.

Mr. Creasy's volume may be considered as a kind of inductive proof of the good results of the old Etonian system. We say old, not as implying that it has yielded to any change, but because we delight to think of every generation of that excellent school as linked with its predecessors. Whether a man owes his greatness to education at all, and if at all, to what degree, is better determined by the person himself, than by the speculations of others. Now a striking testimony of this kind is afforded us in the very interesting sketch of the life of the Marquess of Wellesley, with which Mr. Creasy has supplied us. The affectionate interest which that great man cherished, throughout an eventful and most valuable life, towards the place of his education, the delight with which, in the intervals of leisure, and after his retirement from public life, he cultivated those accomplishments which he had learnt at Eton, abundantly prove that his maturer judgment ratified the wisdom of that training to which his youthful mind had been subjected.

The charm of variety belongs naturally to the subject which Mr. Creasy has chosen; statesmen, lawyers, theologians, scholars, and poets; such statesmen as Walpole, Bolingbroke, Chatham, Fox, Wellesley, Canning, and Grey; a galaxy of poets, from the Fletchers down to Shelley; judges and chancellors, from Cardinal Rotherham to Camden; in natural history, Boyle and Banks; the Savilles, and Wottons, and Hales; Henry More, and Hammond, and Pearson, and Sherlock, and Atterbury; the champions of Greek, from Sir Thomas Smith to Porson;—these form but a small part of that august gallery which has been opened to us in this volume; and we cannot but commend the author's tact and felicity in suiting the variety of his style to the diversities of his subject.

In support of our assertion we had intended to extract several passages of various complexions, but our space compels us to content ourselves

with a brief reference to them. Here we have a just tribute to that model of prelates, Waynflete—a Wolsey without his worldliness. Then a grateful commemoration of those Kings'-men who have the glory of belonging to the band of the Reformation martyrs. The critiques on Waller's poetry and on Bolingbroke's prose as clearly bespeak sound English scholarship as the review of the times in which either figured, and the parties to which they were joined, indicate a careful and independent mode of dealing with history. The philosophic simplicity and calm of Wotton's own life are infused into his biography; the refinement and humanity of Gray; the sad wanderings of Shelley, whose deep sympathy with man being unleavened by faith in God, made him a Prometheus in creed and in suffering; the greatness and the weakness of C. J. Fox, his freedom from guile, his thralldom to vicious habits; in short, all the varieties of subject and character are so represented, that we identify ourselves with each in succession.

The following defence of a well-known part of the constitution of Eton, seems to us to be fraught with good sense:—

This old record is also valuable for showing the antiquity of one of the disciplinary principles of the school, which gives the upper boys authority over the lower, and makes them responsible for the maintenance of general good conduct. This principle is indeed coeval with the foundation of Eton; for, as has been already stated, according to the original scheme of lodging the seventy scholars, it was required that a certain number of the elder and more trustworthy boys should be placed in each dormitory, and made responsible for the conduct of the rest. The old '*Consuetudinarius*' continually refers to the functions of the '*Præpositi*,' that is to say, of the boys set over the others. The Latin term is the original of our word '*Provost*;' but, probably in order to avoid indecorous confusion between the designation of the head of the college and that of the youthful aids of the executive, it has, when applied to boys, been Anglicised '*Præpositor*,' or, as usually contracted, '*Præpostor*.' Four præpositors, in 1560, were appointed weekly from among the upper boys to keep order in the school. One præpositor, as '*Moderator Aulae*,' officiated at meal times; two aided in pre-

serving decorum in church; four had authority in the playing-fields, and four were the ruling powers of the dormitory. Probably many of these offices were filled by the same boys. All these seem to have been appointed out of the collegers. But besides these, there were two Oppidan prepositors, whose duties probably were more particularly connected with the students not on the foundation. And there was one more, a sort of youthful master of the ceremonies, whose particular function was to keep a sharp look-out after dirty and slovenly lads. This system of carrying on the government of the school through the npper boys is general among our public schools, and I believe it to be one of their most valuable features, though it is one of the most frequently attacked by those who are unacquainted, either through experience or inquiry, with the true working and full objects of public school education. To accustom lads early to the exercise of responsible power, under dne superintendence and safeguards against its abuse, and to diffuse through a community of young minds a respect for authorities that form part and parcel of that community itself, such respect being based on other feelings than mere dread of superior brute force, is snrely to provide them with one of the very highest branches of education. For education means far more than the mere imparting of knowledge; it means also, the developement of the moral as well as the intellectual faculties.

Every reflecting man will thank Mr. Creasy for the spirit in which his notice of Robert Boyle is written, and in his life of Henry More, the reverential feeling of the following reflections needs no comment:—

It will be seen, from the portions of this narrative which I am about to quote, that More was trained up in the creed of ultra-Calvinism; that ghastly doctrine, of which none but a hardhearted man can become a disciple without feeling that

Quæsit lucem cælo, ingemnitque
repertâ.

It will be seen how More's gentle spirit strove against this creed, and how in the stages of theological distress through which his youthful mind passed, a fervent belief in the great truths of religion ever dwelt and moved within him, and preserved him from falling into the scepticism, into which too many have lapsed in the recoil of their hearts from the Calvinistic tenets. It is evident from this autobiography that More, like Coleridge, was a Platonist even before he had read Plato. Thus it is manifest that More, at the crisis of his religious state,

was preserved in Theism by the influence of that great proof of God's existence and his attributes, which Plato so eloquently inculcates, namely, by the thought of Him being innate in our minds, and by the very feeling of affinity to His nature which stirs within our souls.

In the same life we are indebted to Mr. Creasy for the following beautiful extract from More's *Autobiography*:—

'And even the more miserable objects in this present scene of things cannot divest him of his happiness, but rather modifie it; the sweetness of his spirit being melted into a kindly compassion in the behalf of others: whom if he be able to help, it is a greater accession to his joy; and if he cannot, the being conscious to himself of so sincere a compassion, and so harmonious and suitable to the present state of things, carries along with it some degree of pleasure, like mournful notes of musick exquisitely well-fitted to the sadness of the ditty. But this not unpleasant surprise of melancholy cannot last long; and this cool alloy, this soft and moist element of sorrow, will be soon dried up, like the morning dew at the rising of the summer sun; when but once the warm and cheerful gleams of that intellectual light that represents the glorious and comfortable comprehension of the divine Providence that runs through all things, shall dart into our souls the remembrance, how infinitely scant the region of these more tragical spectacles is, compared with the rest of the universe, and how short a time they last: for so the consideration of the happiness of the whole will swallow up this small pretence of discontent, and the soul will be wholly overflowed with inexpressible joy and exultation; it being warmed and cheered with that joy which is the joy of God, that free and infinite Good, who knows the periods and issues of all things, and whose pleasure is in good as such, and not in contracted selfishness, or in petty and sinister projects.'

Similarly beautiful, holy, and true, are the sentences from another part of his works:—

'Behold, therefore, O man, what thou art, and whereunto thou art called, even to be a mighty prince amongst the creatures of God, and to bear rule in that province he hath assigned thee, to discern the motions of thine own heart, and to be lord over the suggestions of thine own natural spirit, not to listen to the counsels of the flesh, nor conspire with the serpent against thy Creator; but to keep thy heart free and faithful to thy God: so mayst thou with innocency and unblameableness see all the motions of life, and bear rule with God over the

whole creation committed to thee. This shall be thy paradise and harmless sport on earth, till God shall transplant thee to a higher condition of life in heaven.'

We advance a few pages, and find ourselves at the table of the good-humoured Walpole, who is observing how we feed that he may form an estimate of our susceptibility to bribes; the scene changes, and we are in the imposing presence of Lord Chatham, and our belief in human nature revives under the influence of an enthusiastic biographer. A little further we are introduced to Henry Fielding, by one who evidently knows and appreciates him:—

Those who remember Theodore Hook, or who have read the saddening biographical memoir of him which has lately appeared, can appreciate the temptations and the difficulties of the position in which Henry Fielding found himself on his return to England, without a profession, without the means of studying for one, without any certain income from his relatives; but with a fresh and creative imagination, a ready pen, high animal spirits, brilliant wit, with a keen relish for social enjoyments, and with powers of shining in conversation, which made his society courted by the high-born and the wealthy, and by men of literary talent in every rank. It cannot be wondered at that, in such circumstances, he ran an early career of dissipation and folly; but it is rather to be wondered at and admired in him that his heart never became hardened, nor was his disposition soured. He was never wanting in filial affection and respect, though it cannot be said that the father, to whom he was dutiful, had fully performed a father's duty to him.

* * * * *

Coleridge, La Harpe, and Byron, are sufficient witnesses of the admiration which Fielding inspires in the most gifted and highly-cultured minds. But, like Shakespeare, he is the idol, not merely of the most learned and refined, but of every class of readers. Probably *Tom Jones* is the most universally-read work of fiction in the language. Criticism on such a book is superfluous. But there is a reproach commonly urged against Fielding, especially when *Tom Jones* is mentioned, which must not be left unnoticed, though to some extent it must remain unanswered. Fielding is accused of coarseness and immorality. Coarse he undoubtedly is when his subject leads him to describe coarse scenes and personages. But I do not think that he ever

goes out of his way to find filth, as Swift does, or that he wallows in it when it lies in his path. As for the other branch of the charge, if it mean that the general object of any of Fielding's writings was immoral, or that he ever made vice attractive or scoffed at virtue, the imputation is wholly false. Fielding's favourite characters, and which he holds up to our esteem most earnestly, are always pure and good. Such, for instance, are the Heartseases, Allworthy, and Amelia Booth. He never narrates a vicious adventure without making it bring ridicule, as well as suffering, on those engaged in it. But if it be meant that Fielding narrates adventures of this description more frequently and more in detail than was necessary, the charge must, with regret and shame, be admitted to be too true. Still it only shows that he has laid himself open to the same objection which applies to nearly all the greatest comic and satiric writers. Until Aristophanes, Rabelais, Swift, Dryden, and many more, are banished from our libraries, I cannot see that Fielding ought to be ostracised. We must also discriminate how much of this censure applies to the individual, and how much to the age in which he lived. I do not mean that change of place or time can change the standards of right and wrong, of purity and licentiousness; but where a writer is gross in a gross age, it only shows that he has not the singular virtue of rejecting the taint of evil communications; whereas, he who writes licentiously in defiance of custom and example, must draw his impurities from the foul depths of his own bad heart.

But the fact is, this volume is too interesting to admit of condensation, and every extract that we make costs us a pang in separating a good passage from a good context.

The list closes with Shelley and Præd. The influence which the former has exercised over the succeeding schools of poetry, is no more than we should have expected from the union of great fervour of imagination with singular purity of language. We are glad to learn that in the passages in Shelley's poetry, in which he speaks of sufferings undergone by him in boyhood, he does not refer to Eton, but to Sion House Academy. This we know on the authority of Medwin, who was Shelley's school-fellow at that place. We cordially re-echo the wish that some one would plunge into the dead sea of Keepsakes, Souvenirs, &c., which Mr.

Creasy has not had the resolution to do, and collect together the many beautiful poems of Winthrop Macworth Praed.* To those for which Mr. Creasy has drawn upon his memory we wish he had been able to add *Diogenes* and *Alexander*, and, above all, *The Covenanters' Lament for Bothwell Brigg*.

As the holidays have commenced, and events may occur to some of our more juvenile readers which will sooner or later induce them to culti-

vate the erotico-epistolary style, we will take our leave of them by recommending as a model the letter of an Eton boy of the fifteenth century, one Master William Paston, which they will find at page 32 of Professor Creasy's work, And so having paid our tribute to a work as meritorious in its motive as it is conscientious in its execution, we will dismiss our old and young schoolfellows to their election holidays with a heartfelt and heart-stirring *Floreat Etona!*

SEA-SIDE SONNETS.

BY AN INVALID.

MIND AND MATTER.

BY what a secret and electric chain
Are mind and memory linked to onward things!
How slight the causes whence each moment springs
Unconsciously our feeling's varied train!
Lo, as yon cloud its darkening shadow flings
Athwart the spangled deep, an unknown pain
Of loneliness around existence clings,
As when some parting friend or dying strain
Of music leaves us sorrowful. Again
The light bursts forth as on an angel's wings!
How the heart leaps! Into thy secret laws
And subtle agencies, Thou First great Cause,
'T is vain to pry; enough it is to feel
The inward joys which outward things reveal.

NIGHT.

At this lone hour how many an eye is waking,
On the still ocean, wet with memory's tear!
At this lone hour how many a heart is breaking,
While neither friend nor comforter is near!
Some wanderer now, forsaken and forsaking,
Laments her friends, her home, her parents dear,
No more her present solace;—aye, but most
Perchance her memory clings with hope and fear
To one fond image, now for ever lost—
Her heart of hearts—her light of virgin love.
Poor helpless wanderer! Thy heart is chill—
Chill as the star-bespangled heavens above:
'T is vain to weep: bid memory be still,
And with a patient mind obey the Almighty Will.

* Since this paper was sent to press, the writer has seen with pleasure the announcement of a collected edition of Mr. Praed's Poems, together with a biography of their author, under the satisfactory supervision of Mr. Moultrie.

SUNSET.

No cloud is to be seen ; the western sky
 Is crimsoned by the sun's infusing beams ;
 No breezes wrinkle ocean's brow, which gleams
 With countless tints more beauteous than the dye
 Of its own purple ; yet — I know not why —
 My heart is sad as when some troubled dreams,
 Some dark, vague fancies, cling to memory.
 On such an eve I wandered on this shore
 In happy mood with one beloved friend.
 That voice is heard, that form is seen, no more ;
 Far, far away ! O memory, how thy ties
 Form our existence ! but on man depend —
 On him alone — thy various sympathies ;
 The thought of well-spent hours eternity defies.

THE FISHERMAN.

While rank and wealth in princely pomp arrayed
 Assemble here, by listless tedium driven,
 To waste the unprized gifts which chance hath given,
 Lone Fisherman, thou pliest thy dangerous trade
 To spur the jaded appetite, afraid
 Lest thine own cot should want the simplest bread.
 Surely has Nature, with a partial hand,
 Scattered her bounties o'er this favoured land ;
 While thousands feast, and on the downy bed
 Repose their limbs, full many a wanderer
 Knows not whereon to lay his weary head.
 It must be so ; but would the rich confer
 On humble life some cherishing regard,
 The thanks of grateful hearts would be a rich reward.

MEMORY.

'Tis gone — I saw the tottering mass of earth
 Roll on the waves ; the gull, in search of prey,
 Rose from the mist of upward-dashing spray,
 And screamed a pean of triumphant mirth
 At its worn-out existence. I have stood
 Oft on its hanging brow, and watched the flood
 Consume its natural battlements ; to-morrow
 I shall not find it in my pensive way ;
 But memory with a mild, yea, pleasing sorrow,
 Will bid it rise from out the waters grey,
 Clothed in more beauteous dress. The things of sense
 Recede, but their departure or decay
 Gives birth to images more fair than they,
 Which constitute a being, lasting and intense.

A STORM.

Thou who art sheltered by a happy home,
 And cheered by conversation's social power,
 Feel for the mariner in this dread hour ;
 O feel for him whose lot it is to roam
 On the tumultuous water's trackless waste.
 See how yon vessel strives to gain the bay ;
 See how its labouring sides and bending mast
 Spring from the mountain-waves and howling blast,
 Now bounding high, now hidden by the spray.
 Dread Power, how variously dost thou display
 Thine attributes ; and chiefly dost thou show
 Their grandeur on the eternal ocean vast.
 But peace, be still ; let no wild raptures flow,
 While the warm heart should feel for others' woe.

MORNING AFTER A STORM.

Slowly the sun from ont its crimson veil
 Emerged, and from light's ever-spotless font
 Scattered its spangles o'er the Hellespont ;
 Far on its bank the gilded robe and mail
 Of countless warriors shone ; and on the gale
 Was borne the hum of millions ; in their front
 A monarch stood—no prouder form was there—*
 Who, eastward turning, to the Orient prayed,
 And to the deep his costly offerings made.
 But as this morning's sun, serene and fair,
 Rose on the dread and still deep-heaving wave,
 A purer offering moved the stilly air —
 Thanks to that Power, whose arm is strong to save,—
 To Him who only hears the suppliant's prayer !

MOONLIGHT.

How still thou movest round thy starry throne,
 Pale wanderer ! the poet's pen of old
 Endued thee with a heart of human mould ;
 And as thou wanderest, silent and alone,
 Feigned that thy thoughts were with Endymion.
 And well — for on the silent desert-wold
 Or ocean vast no lonelier heart can weep,
 And longing yearn for home's forsaken fold.
 Roll on — roll on, as thou hast ever rolled ;
 Thy sleepless eye, which wakes while others sleep,
 Must yet unnumbered miseries behold,
 From pole to pole, on earth and ocean deep :
 O not from love thy heart is sad and cold —
 It feels for human woe, seen, pitied, though untold !

FAITH.

O thou art happy, ever rolling ocean !
 How lovely, too, in thy bright, dancing mirth !
 And to the sounds of thy light-hearted motion
 In sunny smiles responds thy sister Earth.
 O could ye speak in concert your devotion,
 And tell us how at first ye darted forth
 From gloom and chaos at the Great Command ;
 How still within the hollow of His hand
 Ye rest on firm foundations ; could ye tell
 How ye are roused before the Almighty breath
 In wrath and madness ; — it might then be well
 For the proud heart and hardened infidel.
 But no, forgive ! O where were then the Faith
 That gains the prize by fight — by conquering unknown Death ?

L.

* For Herodotus's description of Xerxes and his army, see Book vii. 187.

THE HEIRS OF GAUNTRY. A TALE.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Gaspard had confessed to his father the extent of his debts, the latter declared, with violent anger, that no resolution of his should be broken for the whim of an extravagant fool. Gaspard should live on what would have been his without the prospect of succeeding to Gauntry. It was a slight proof for a son to give of his willing obedience. The debt should be paid by Meredith out of his own income,—at a great inconvenience, certainly, but yet it should be paid, and not one coin should come from the revenues of Gauntry. The son and father separated, with a curse and a blow on one side, and tears on the other; and Meredith from that hour had applied himself entirely to the liquidation of Gaspard's debt, and in this he was assisted by the meek and uncomplaining Ellinor. As for Meredith, he had always detested society. Full, from his youth, of ignorant and hard prejudices, he had contentedly clung to one idea for seventeen years, in which all those prejudices found their vent and satisfaction, and consequently the life he led in the Cathedral Close, defying and defied, was the very one to make his obstinacy become more and more adamant, as years rolled over a head grown grey with care and time.

To pay off this heavy debt of Gaspard from his own resources, and *before* the expiration of the term, was, indeed, hardly possible, without reducing his daughter and himself to abject poverty for the time. This, however, was no obstacle in Meredith's way. He wished to show his perfect independence of the lands and revenues of Gauntry, and before many months had passed it became rumoured in Salisbury that the Merediths lived on bread and cheese, for a strict inquiry had been instituted among the butchers of the town, and it was a certain fact that no meat entered the house of Meredith for weeks; that Ellinor washed her own clothes was also ascertained; and, at last, one lady triumphantly proclaimed at Boscombe that they had had no puddings for two months, for she had watched the progress of

egg-shells down the gutter of their back-yard, and whereas she had been in the habit of seeing five and six float down in the cool of the day she now saw *none*; and she had every reason to suppose that Meredith had become a miser as well as a murderer, and that his daughter was worn to death by his wild, wicked ways. In this the lady was wrong, however. Ellinor clung with a romantic desperation to the parent whom she loved through good and evil report. There were times when she would like to have challenged all injurious and slanderous tongues to give their verdict and their reasons; but these bursts of impatience were few, and day by day she held firmly to the line of duty she had laid out for herself—to suffer and work for her father in composed silence. The Viscountess had made her point. She had triumphed over her enemies, and she was surrounded by a strong band of flatterers and friends; but she had yet her Mordecai at the gate, for the strong voice and iron hand of the law proclaimed Meredith rightful heir of Gauntry, and gave him the undisputed entrance to the home of her lost son.

She dreaded, above all things, the influence that Gaspard might obtain among the people she had once ruled as her own. She felt restlessly jealous to follow his steps, and prevent his acquiring the love and respect of the peasantry of Merioneth. She determined to follow him there, and six weeks after she had made this resolution she prepared to put it in execution, by ordering that the old family mansion situated in the town of Caerglynn might be made ready for her, as she intended to reside there for a twelvemonth.

This old house was placed in the centre of one of the oldest towns in Wales. It had been always the appanage of the dowagers of the Meredith family, but no dowager had used it since the beginning of the last century, on account of its gloomy and inconvenient character; and it was, therefore, with much surprise that the inhabitants of the town and county heard that Lady Meredith

was coming to reside there in preference to Boscombe, which was, every one knew, a commodiously-splendid dower-house.

Gaspard, meanwhile, had gone to Gauntry, bowed down with shame and contrition, feeling unworthy to take his place among his equals, and resolved to make the amends most likely to be thought of by a romantic and chivalrous character. He meant to live by the work of his hands,—unknown, secluded from observation, and at the same time make every effort to discover the truth of the wild tales that still form the subject of many a legend and lyric of Cambrian verse.

He approached his property on an evening when sumptuous sunshine was glittering over the woods, when the oaks, with their branching arms still adorned with the yellow leaves of the latter autumn days, looked like huge golden chandeliers, so lustrous was the amber light shed that evening on the lonely woodlands.

It was on the shore that Gaspard found a cottage where the host was willing to admit him as a lodger, and very pleasant was the spot where Owen Gryffith dwelt. From his door you could see the blue and silver gleam of the sea, and hear its mighty and patriarchal voice singing to itself in its wide loneliness, while beneath lay a rim of delicate sand, and above and around the cliff was dressed to the very edge with short elastic turf, where, on summer nights and autumn afternoons, the sound of the harp and voice made the echoes merry,—when boys and girls, young men and young women, met to revive the expiring memories of ancient song and dance. Gryffith was one of the keenest supporters of the antique ways of Wales, and no one dared mention in his presence the name of the powerful Methodist preachers who were dealing there daily such severe blows at the trembling forms of ancient superstitions and pleasures. In his house all classes met to recite the old legends, that had been handed down from father to son since the days of independence. On the green edge of the cliff they sat on the singing-eves, when ballad, and song, and rhyme brought back to earth again the spirit of the bardic times; and on Sun-

days, the young men of the neighbourhood met there to join in the 'chwareupgaur,' trials of strength,—a practice more preached against by the Methodistic crusade than any other, as the most dangerous and disgraceful remains of heathenish superstition. In short, on that wild spot, not ten miles from the castle of Gauntry, shone, as it were, the parting gleam of the setting sun of olden times. Every one said that with Gryffith would expire the last spark of truly national feeling. Gaspard engaged himself as an assistant to Gryffith in keeping the accounts of his farm, in teaching his son the rudiments of Latin and other parts of education; and for these services Gaspard was to receive a sum sufficient to keep him off his father's hands, as he was to live with Gryffith, and, of course, at his cost.

Gaspard's pupil was a boy of ten. He was intelligent and gentle, and the tutor found that his power was immediately felt and recognized as that of a superior being. No one suspected Gaspard in his disguise under the assumed name of Mr. Evans, and the rest of the autumn passed on quietly and happily, while Gaspard did his duty uncomplainingly and diligently. Often did he hear his own story made the subject of conversation and song, for the tale had been woven into rhyme; and as he sat one evening on the shore alone, inhaling the air from the water that rose as the hreath of a sea-god to his face, he heard for the first time a faint chorus of young girls' voices joining in a chant, and the words that were repeated over and over again were, 'Alas, and alas for Meredith!'

It was in vain, meanwhile, that the Viscountess tried to find out the spot where he lived. No one knew him, and she began to think that she had been deceived. However, she was glad to find herself in Wales once more, and she soon gathered round her the influence of the county; and the lamentations for the lost heir were again renewed by high and low, for all refused to believe him dead. He would return,—yes, he would return: like the Arthur of the Round Table, he would return! That vague belief in the return of a heroic spirit in the body has per-

vaded all lands. The men of Rutli sleep in their cave, hiding their time; the Mexican Montezuma is still reproached for his tardy awakening; and the poor Indian for ages has knelt to the setting sun, and told his god, in mournful reproof, that their hero has not returned to his expecting people.

It was in the spring of the following year that a great meeting was held on the first Sunday in May at the home of Gryffith. Numbers came over the hills to see the feats of strength, to hear the songs, and join in the good cheer of the festival. Gaspard was anxious to witness the entertainment, for he left no opportunity unimproved which might lead him to detect the truth of his father's history. He had become a great favourite among the people for his gentle and active kindness and benevolence, and Gryffith treated him with the familiarity of an old friend, little thinking that the accounts he cast up for him were, in fact, destined for his own, or rather his father's purse, at last.

This festival was to be peculiarly splendid, for it was to be attended by several characters distinguished for their talent and poetic powers. The most celebrated bard of the time, who from his enchanting and imaginative powers had acquired the name of Gwydion ap Don, was to be at the rendezvous, and he was to recite a chant he had composed and set to music on the subject of the loss of Lord Meredith. This celebrated man was to come accompanied by others, who were to perform an interlude on some popular subject; and on the 'nosweithian canu'—the Saturday singing-night—these performances were to take place.

Numbers of the peasantry arrived by break of day. They came trooping over the dewy hills; the lark was up in the sky, and the morning rose glowing over the mountains as band after band of country people appeared on the paths leading from Gauntry and Caerglynn.

At noon, a company of players proceeded to set up their stage. These primitive children of Thespis required not many preparations, and a wide circle of spectators soon gathered round the spot of their exhibition.

Meredith sat near a pretty girl in

a hat and blue riding-dress. She had ridden from Caerglynn that day, and had much to tell of the Viscountess and Mr. Powyss. Mr. Powyss was the object that divided public attention with the dowager. He was one of the most earnest and impressive of the Methodist teachers. He had acquired a great and a saving influence, as some said, on the minds of the people; and this influence he exerted to try and put down the wild superstition of the people, who still clung fondly to the romantic customs of their forefathers, and from whose character it was almost impossible to eradicate the love of national amusements.

Gaspard had felt for many months the full weight of these objections to the continuance of the sports of Sunday, and the lax discipline of the people consequent thereon; but in his heart he loved the ways of the olden times, the seraph tongue of tradition had a strong spell for a mind like his, and he loved to lose the sense of the present in the picturesque and romantic past. Before the interlude began he cast his eyes round on the purple hills, the blue and silver sea, the white land of the bay kissed by the delicate lips of tiny waves on that day of still sunshine, and on the motley crowd assembled to see the play, whose title was written on a black board, in letters of red and white chalk,—'The Return of Glyn Meredith.' As Gaspard heard the words repeated in clear tones by a voice at his side, he looked round and saw, not far from the speaker, a form and face which at once fixed his attention as being the most repulsive he had ever beheld in his life. It was the figure of a man in the prime of life—stout, strong, with brilliant hair, eyes, and teeth, but in whose countenance could be traced the idiotic malice of a low and detestable nature. He was dressed in a style common at the time, but in his hat he had stuck a plume taken from a peacock's tail, and with the gravity of a sane man of fashion he sat eyeing the preparations for the play, and now and then gibbering and moaning as if unable to speak. Gaspard saw that he was deaf and dumb when Gryffith addressed him by signs, and on finding that he lived near Gauntry, he

determined to approach him, and endeavour to gain some information from him if possible. He found, however, that there was no vacant space near the object of his curiosity; and, indeed, he was soon completely occupied himself in watching the proceedings of the dramatic company before him. The piece was divided into two parts, and the first of these represented the disappearance of the young heir. A boy dressed in a lady's powdered wig, and a sacque of faded velvet, with tawdry trimmings, took the part of the mother. Gwydion ap Don took that of the young heir, and the play opened with a scene in which she tried in vain to prevent his going to the hunt, and in his reply he described in glowing terms the pleasures of the chase. He bade her farewell, and a new actor came on the stage. This was the cruel Heir of Gauntry, who persuaded him by flattery and pretended fondness to accompany him to a remote valley; and Gaspard was surprised to find how the coarse scene became gradually a perfect illusion, from the truthful performance of the principal player. The brilliant joyousness of the young man's countenance was in itself a picturesque pleasure to look on, and Gaspard, as the second act commenced, was surprised to feel his heart beating with anxiety, fear, and growing sympathy. As he cast his eyes round he saw the face of his pretty little neighbour beaming with a like desire to see the conclusion, and further on he saw the wild countenance and flaming eyes of the deaf and dumb man he had noticed before. The play proceeded, and the two actors appeared. They sat down together, and the younger of the two began to speak of the chances of the hunt, and of the day's sport. His heart seemed overflowing with pleasure and kindly feeling, but the eyes of Gaspard were fixed on the other performer. His blood ran cold as he saw the assassin preparing to strike his unsuspecting companion. The vision seemed to change into a horrible reality! Cold drops of horror and anguish stood on his brow, and when at last the murderer sprung at his victim's throat, Meredith started trembling from his seat. As he did so he heard at his side a

scream of insane excitement, and he saw the dumb man in a state of delirium, flinging up his arms in the air, venting himself in inarticulate yells; and as the struggle proceeded, louder and louder became the screams of Llewellyn, which were drowned, however, in the loud and vehement applause that followed the fall of Lord Meredith. The beauty and truth of the performance no man could see unmoved, and the trial of strength had taken the tone of a match of wrestlers, a sight peculiarly agreeable to the rude audience around. When this scene was over, Llewellyn sunk down listless on the ground and appeared exhausted, for he rose no more until the play was over.

The third part gave full scope to the musical powers of the Welsh minstrel. He was supposed to be incarcerated for twenty-five years (unity was disregarded), and the piece concluded with his return, and the heir appearing at his castle-gate in the disguise of a humble harper, and into this portion of his part the performer threw all the poetic pathos of his bardic nature.

The clear enunciation of every word, the change from the mournful to the tender, and the rise into the high, clear triumph of victorious return, filled the heart of Gaspard with rapture and admiration. He shed tears of pleasure, and he applied the words of Hope to himself as a good omen. He turned to look on the face of the dumb man, but he had disappeared suddenly.

The evening had concluded with a late revel, and Meredith left the excited and drinking crowd at a late hour to wander for a time on the cool shore, whence he could hear the voice of singing softened by distance into romantic sadness and sweetness, and beneath a clear and starlit sky he remained for more than an hour, so pleasant was the place and the air. It was rather late before Gaspard rose next morning, for he had been exhausted by the feelings of the preceding day. When he looked out he found numerous groups of the peasantry scattered on the green in front of Gryffith's house, many of them standing round booths where ale and cakes and other refreshments were offered for sale. At noon the

games were to begin, and the day, deprived of its sanctity, was to be entirely spent in recreations of a ruder sort than had taken place on the previous one. The spot chosen for the assemblage of the wrestlers was a meadow considerably to the right of Gryffith's house, and hidden by a slight rising that was well wooded to the very top. When the crowd made their way thither at the appointed hour, their surprise was great to find that another party had anticipated their arrival, and as they came in view of their rendezvous a chorus of men's voices came swelling on the wind, and the sacred and solemn measure proclaimed at once the nature of the meeting; if, indeed, many had not instantly recognized, in the figure standing erect on a green bank to the right, the person of Powyss, the Methodist field-preacher. Gryffith had often proclaimed that he would tear him limb from limb if he ever ventured to interfere with his pleasure, and with a flushed face and flaming eyes he now sprang forward to the edge of the circle of worshippers that surrounded the preacher.

'Come down! Leave the place, you scoundrel, you hypocrite!'

But Powyss shook his head, and slowly raising his small black Testament in his right hand above his head, he replied, in a clear, strong voice,—

'Yea, woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!'

'I give you five minutes to consider whether you will go or not,' cried Gryffith, clenching his mighty fist.

Powyss continued to sing—firm as a martyr at the stake—with a saintly composure and admirable presence of mind. At last the psalm ceased. He lifted up his head to pray, and as the first word trembled on his tongue, Gryffith flew at him with a howl of rage, followed by the men, young and old, of his party—women and children rushed screaming from

the scene. Powyss fled from an unequal combat, and Gaspard watched with grief and shame the disgraceful chase that spread over fields and hills, headed by the infuriated Gryffith, whose stout limbs bore him swiftly on the track of the flying Methodists. The long-cherished hatred of years found its vent on that unfortunate day, and Gaspard, unable to assist the oppressed, sat down on a bank to wait the return of the pursuers. He had seen the dumd Llewellyn rush foremost to the chase like a wild horse to the prairie. His blood was lit up with animal rage, and he had bounded on over every obstacle until Meredith saw him ahead, even of Gryffith, gaining fast on Powyss and his friends, and throwing stones that he picked up hurriedly as he ran. The savage nature leapt forth from the restraint imposed on it, and never did Indian war-whoop sound more cruelly in the ears of an adversary than did the inarticulate yell of the dumd Llewellyn on the defenceless victim of his idiotic fury.

Gaspard watched till he lost sight and sound of the rioters, and when they returned crimson and streaming with perspiration, Llewellyn was not with them, and Gaspard found on inquiry that no one could give any account of him. He had not been missed till they reached Gryffith's house, and once there there were too many things to talk about, and Llewellyn was forgotten.

Gwydion ap Don deserved his name that night, for he sang the legend of Ossian and Saint Patrick, and the sound of the harp and the song and laugh filled the star-lit hours of that soft May night with a brilliant and romantic pleasure.

'Bright lies Meyronidd on the breast of Cambria, as a precious jewel on the bosom of a prince's bride. Land of the fifteen tribes, thou speakest with the voice of the silver harp of Taliessin.'

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The merry-meeting of Gryffith derived, for the time only, an additional splendour from the tumultuous proceedings which had accompanied its progress. The champions of the old national cause were, of

course, as warmly applauded by some as they were loudly blamed by others. The heart and fancy of Gaspard were divided on the point. The convictions of the former led him to disapprove of the wild and

riotous way in which Gryffith had attacked the Methodist and his train of followers, while the frank and joyous voice of the latter forced him to listen to the last echoes of the weird song of primitive romance.

Gaspard was living on the outer edge of that space of time which was still unconsciously coloured with the strong and brilliant tints of early days. There had been then no picturesque revivals of old customs; no fendal masquerading, no gothic pigstyes and uncomfortable medieval chairs had yet made their appearance; what was still preserved of ancient days had been clung to, not rummaged out and picked up like an old dusky button stitched on a gay new garment. Gaspard, however, felt in his heart that regretful love of the past that is the loveliest tint in the poetic character. A song, a custom, an old building, a book, a tree, were sanctified to him by the human sympathies that had found their centres there; and as he listened to the legends, the lyrics, and the ballads of the favourite minstrels, his busy fancy gathered around him the 'long-ago faces' of the grey fathers of Cambria listening to the cunning player on the cwt—a music for ever extinct, O reader! since it hath been superseded by the fiddle.

Among the household of Gryffith, which consisted of his wife, two daughters, and one son, Gaspard's pupil, there lived an old maiden sister of Owen, with whom Meredith had had little intercourse until he had made himself acquainted with Welsh, for she spake no English, and Gaspard had surprised every one by the rapid manner in which he had acquired the pronunciation of the most difficult words in the language. Then he used often to sit and chat with old Rebecca, and they might have made a fitting illustration of *Light and Darkness* when Meredith sat listening with his bright and nirthful eyes, and brilliant, intelligent face, turned towards the dark, passionless countenance and pale orbs of the witch-browed 'Becca. She told him wondrous tales of the 'knockers' in the mines where her father had worked as a young man. She told him of the old, dusky houses in remote districts, where unfair deaths had taken place years

before; of the mystic powers possessed by some of her countrymen; and of the dealers in snake-gems and fairy crystals. She told him that the possessors of these last-named treasures, by holding them in the palm of the hand for a certain length of time, were enabled to behold therein the place in which a missing thing or person was concealed. 'How?' cried Meredith, suddenly seized with a superstitious belief in the mystery. She repeated the same story, and Meredith asked if she knew the means whereby he might procure one of these inestimable gems. She told him then that the wise men had retired from public view for fifty years at least, but that she did know of the retreat of one much consulted, she believed, by the few to whom he had revealed himself; and on pressing her closely, Gaspard discovered the name and residence of the Welsh Nostradamus.

A desire gradually strengthened in Gaspard's mind from that day to visit and consult the Seer of Eiderion, and having ascertained the road that would lead him to his retreat, Meredith asked for a few days' leave of absence; and this having been readily granted, he left Gryffith's house on a fine morning in July, mounted on a strong pony lent by his friend and employer to help him on his way.

Meredith felt his heart rise and swell with pleasurable excitement as he set forth at a round trot on the back of the faithful Cynfyn. It was long since he had felt so free from care, and as he wound his way over the solitary hills of Merioneth, and felt the breath of that mountain nymph, sweet Liberty, fan his brow with an unwonted freshness, he prayed fervently for the hour to come when he might drop the mask, proclaim his father's innocence, and efface the blot of guilt from the scutcheon of Glyn Meredith.

Gaspard had taken a small store of money with him, for he was to sleep two nights away from home, and it might be more if he felt disposed to explore a larger tract of country. He meant to find, if possible, in the village inn of Eiderion, a bed for himself and a stall for Cynfyn; and as travellers were rare birds then in North Wales, he anticipated no difficulty in doing so.

Gaspard passed through the loneliest haunts of Merioneth on his way to Eiderion. His horse, accustomed to the mountain-paths, travelled with sure and nimble feet through the rocky passes, and about an hour before noon Meredith saw before him the majestic head of Cader-Idris rising from the margin of the lovely lake of Talyllyn. The day was heavenly clear and sweet, the sunny face of the hoary mountain seemed to smile on him, and tell him of a rarer pleasure to be found alone in the regions of the eagle and the cloud. Meredith felt strongly tempted to ascend at least part of the way, and after a moment's hesitation he turned his horse's head to the hill, and determined to scale Cader-Idris.

As he pursued his road, and approached more nearly to the rugged breast of the mountain monarch, Meredith felt that mass of stone and earth assume in his eyes the dignity and individuality of a living being. It was no longer one of a chain of hills. Cader-Idris was to him as a solitary sovereign with a crown of stars, and when he seated himself on the warm grass of the mountain breast he felt as if here, in such a place, he would like to give up his breath, close-pressed to the honest heart of comely Mother Nature, with the sun on his eyelids and her breath on his lips.

Gaspard pursued his way until he reached a green platform beneath the crest of the height, and with a hot and crimson face he paused, took off his hat and cravat to cool himself, and looked on the hills and valleys spread out like a map at his feet. Cardigan Bay looked like a blue drop in the distance below; north, south, and east, extended a vast procession of hills and mountains, from Beth-Gelert and Snowdon on one side to the dark heights of Plinlimmon on another. Rivers were winding like silver veins through the plain, and Gaspard murmured again to himself the words,—'Bright lies Meyronidd on the breast of Camhria, as a precious jewel on the bosom of a prince's bride.'

It was late when Meredith descended the rocky sides of the mountain, much later than he had intended; he had become fatigued,

and the shiverings of an incipient rheumatism began to make themselves felt. Gaspard hurried on to reach the village where he was to sleep, but long before he came in sight of a hamlet the sun had set over the sea, the twilight closed her dewy eyes, and Gaspard was fairly benighted. He began to feel both ill and tired. He reproached himself for having attempted such an arduous undertaking as the ascent of the mountain, and it was with extreme thankfulness that he at last saw lights glimmering in the small windows of some house half-concealed in a coppice that bounded the path in which he was riding.

Cynfyn was guided to the door with little difficulty, and Meredith knocked for admittance. He had to repeat the summons twice, and at last a cautious hand opened the window near the entrance, and a man's voice inquired who he was, and what he wanted. Gaspard's reply seemed to reassure the inquirer, and a moment after he was admitted into the cottage. He saw before him a man of fifty, in a dressing-gown and slippers; long white hair escaped from beneath a black silk cap, and in the pale features and thoughtful eyes Gaspard recognized the face of Powyss the preacher. He did not make himself known, however, and the hospitality of the Welshman did not wait for more preliminaries; but he was immediately invited to seat himself, while Powyss went to hurry on his clothes, and go and see about food for him and shelter for his horse. Both were procured. In half-an-hour Meredith sat beside a small, bright fire, with some warm drink at his elbow, for he still shivered, and the night air was chilly with the rain that fell about midnight. He had introduced himself as Evans, and Powyss asked no more questions, but continued to converse kindly and freely with his young guest. There are some beings who seem to have the power of instantaneously awakening and retaining a confidence accorded to them often by comparative strangers. Powyss was one of these. Before they parted that night Meredith had almost confessed his name and the wild errand on which he was bound. He went to bed, however, with his secret still undis-

closed, and Powyss retired to his rest thinking that so choice a vessel ought to contain the grace of the chosen of the Lord, so singularly was he struck with the simple and intelligent manners, and the remarkable beauty and elegance, of the young stranger thus unexpectedly thrown on his hospitality. Before he slept Powyss put up a prayer to the Almighty for the well-being, temporal and eternal, of his guest. 'He is a Timothy, or I am mistaken. Surely he *is* a Timothy,' he murmured to himself as he laid him down to a slumber filled with visions of godly peace and harmony.

Gaspard, meanwhile, tossed, tumbled, and tried every corner of his small couch in vain. He could not sleep, nor even rest. Fever was in his veins, pain in his limbs. His head was throbbing wildly when dawn broke over the mountains, and when Powyss knocked at his door late in the morning, poor Meredith was unable to reply to his inquiries. Fortunately, Powyss was a leech as well as a priest. He applied the best remedies. He devoted himself for the two following days to his sick guest, and on the third Meredith was better; so much better as to sit up, though very much weakened by the enfeebling attack of fever from which he had suffered.

Illness on one side and affectionate care on the other break down the chill barriers of conventional life at once in some cases, and it was so with Meredith and his host. In Powyss he found an energetic and enthusiastic mind, brimming with the same poetic feeling that filled his own, but a mind on which religion had looked until the mirror reflected no other image. Powyss was one of those who have the dramatic feeling entirely separated from the theatrical. In him the dramatic principle had assumed the pure sense, wrought to intensity, of the sublime contrast offered by moral good and evil. He saw it as Milton did, in its most gigantic proportions in Holy Scripture. Life to him was a real drama in which he took a part for all eternity, not a stage on which to perform picturesque passages for intellectual excitement. He abhorred the moral evil attached to the rude and semi-barbarous manners and diversions of

the olden time, as relics of heathen and depraving recollections. His earnest wish was to efface all traces of the antique mummeries as essentially anti-Christian, and in the course of conversation with Meredith this desire came out very strongly.

Gaspard listened, half-convinced against his will, but still frankly owning he wished to steer a middle course between crushing the poetic romance attached to the followers of the national party, and encouraging too unreservedly the extravagant worship of the Gwydion ap Don of Wales—the god of wild enchantment and unbridled fancies. Powyss rose and stood before Meredith while he spoke, looking on him with a kindling and darkening eye,—

'What, young man! you would forsake the faith once delivered to the saints! The primitive fathers laid no incense on the altars of the idol deities of Greece and Rome. There was no whining there after ideal luxuries. Poetry was bound to the very horns of the altar in those holy and happy days of a pure creed. The wild horn of Fancy blew in vain to attract the sober followers of the ascended Christ. His foot-prints were still impressed on the earth, now they are well-nigh effaced. I will lift up my voice through the length and breadth of the land, till the voices of the ungodly and heathens shall be silenced beneath that of the gospel of light and grace.'

Meredith could not but feel impressed by the earnest and fervent spirit that so chivalrously defended the truth as Powyss viewed it. He became more and more attracted by the pious and enthusiastic preacher of righteousness; and that day he confessed to him his name and parentage, the history of his family, and the intention with which he had left Gryffith's house. Powyss, with tears in his eyes, listened to his story, and then implored him to desist from the pursuit of forbidden knowledge.

'But you confess that this man is an impostor,' said Meredith. 'Then what harm can arise from my visiting him?'

'Much to yourself, young friend,' replied Powyss. 'I believe the sorcerer to be hateful in the eyes of God for his assumed power; and besides, I tell you, that though I deny

the reality of magic generally speaking, yet there are dark and terrible secrets in our nature, into which the eye of man may not look with impunity. Where Christian light is not, it may be that another and more mysterious illumination is permitted, I will not say, granted.'

'And you allow that light of truth to be wanting here?'

'I do,' said Powyss; 'and, therefore, I believe that powers superior to those of other men are granted to some. But woe, woe to the Christian disciple who touches such unhallowed means!'

'But my history requires some miraculous means to clear it up,' said Gaspard.

'Just so,' replied Powyss. 'But there are miracles without magic.'

'Not now,' said Meredith, thoughtfully.

'Not now!' cried Powyss. 'Oh, ignorant and faithless! I tell you that no day passes without the miraculous interposition of a Power that the cold-hearted veil under the vague name of Providence. At this instant, young man, *He*, most glorious in personality, watches over thee, to bless thee and to do thee good. Return to the place whence thou camest, and, as thy fathers have said in the olden times thou lovest so well,—'Do well and doubt not.'"

'I will!' replied Gaspard, fervently. And from his mind he removed all inclination to the superstitions folly that he had once so eagerly sought for. The next day he returned home. He spoke to no one of Powyss; but the memory of the good man's quiet home in the mountains lay in his heart, influencing all his thoughts, words, and deeds, as garments assume the rare and costly scent of the precious perfume of the golden East when the small vial lies for a short space in their vicinity.

Powyss was not, however, left without an object for his immediate care. For many weeks he had been engaged in a labour of love, to him most interesting and attractive. The day that he had been pursued by the mob of rioters, he had escaped unhurt until he had nearly reached the gate of a friendly house. Just before he arrived at the threshold, a stone, flung by the leader of the

pursuers, struck him on the shoulder; he staggered, but did not fall. A strong arm instantly threw back that stone before he could prevent it; and the man who had thrown it fell senseless on the ground, as his own missile, with a surer aim, dealt him a furious blow on the temple.

When Powyss looked back, he saw no one but the form of the dumb man of Gauntry lying bleeding and motionless at his feet. He went back to the spot, he heard no sound but the retreating voices of the exhausted mob returning to Gryffith's house; and Powyss, with the help of another man, carried Llewellyn into the cottage where he had himself meant to take refuge. There Llewellyn had been kept for four-and-twenty hours, until a messenger was sent for his mother. He had been recognized by the proprietor of the cottage as the idiot son of the widow. She came without loss of time, and wished at first to remove him to her home. This was, however, impossible; and she had to submit him to the care of Powyss. Gold and silver had he none, but he gave what was more valuable than either—the sympathizing interest of an acute and benevolent mind. He had been always inclined to direct his attention to the state of the deaf and dumb, which was at that time, and in that part of the country, deplorable indeed. Powyss cheerfully undertook the charge of the sick man; and the mother, repentant as she had been at first to his interference, gradually became convinced of his disinterested goodness of heart, and not many weeks had elapsed when she began to see a dawn of greater intelligence arising in the being of her idiot son. Hitherto he had had no sense of religion—it had been considered impracticable to teach him anything connected with the subject; and he was in mind, as well as appearance, almost an idiotic savage. With a patience beautiful and enduring in the greatest degree, Powyss, during many months, devoted himself especially to watching the effect of his gentle but firm system of instruction on the once intractable Llewellyn, for as years had passed away his temper and his unruly passions had made him a terror to many in the neighbourhood, though no one had

ever attempted to get him placed in confinement, as asylums and hospitals were few and far between in North Wales in those times.

By degrees Powyss began to reap the slow but sure reward of his labours. When some of his more active followers recommended a wider field for his efforts, and appeared to doubt the prudence of bestowing so much valuable time and care on so insignificant an object, he replied,—

‘The meanest clay is sufficient for my work, for there is the precious jewel of immortality to polish against the day that shall try all men’s labour.’

It would take a volume to describe minutely the means by which Powyss distinguished between the infirmities attached to loss of speech and hearing, and those of the weak mind. It would take longer to tell precisely how the faithful teacher contrived to reach the conscience—a long dormant faculty in the breast of Llewellyn—if indeed it had ever existed. How he gradually built up in that soul the idea of power almighty and invisible, of goodness, of love, and justice, and truth, and of the living centre of these glorious attributes in the Person of God. Not that he could be said to have given Llewellyn much more than a child’s view of right and wrong, and the Power and Majesty of the Creator; but this was attained, and it was one of the happiest moments of the good man’s life when he first saw distinctly the idea of making amends for a fault by penitence and submission become apparent in the face and actions of the widow’s son. It was one day when Powyss had told him by signs, and by words written on a plate in large round letters, that he was not to join a party who were shooting on the neighbouring hills; but Llewellyn, unable to resist the temptation, had fled away to the mountains, and followed with his old alacrity the steps of the ‘men of blood,’ as Powyss privately called all sportsmen. Llewellyn returned late in the afternoon with a hare and some birds, and, rushing into the room, laid the bloody spoils at the feet of Powyss. The master drew back, and expressed disgust as he pointed to the prey, and by signs intimated his heavy displeasure and

grief, for he had suspected the poaching propensities of his pupil. The dumb man hung down his head, like a chidden child; and, strange as it may seem, the memory of a deed, not forgotten, but only smothered, arose as in a vivid dream on the spirit of Llewellyn. The twisted threads of distracted thoughts, half defined through the mist of a cloudy intellect, began then to form a web on which the past painted itself in grievous and overpowering colours, and heavy was the horror that sat on the heart of the afflicted man. His mind had gradually risen from an apparently idiotic to a half-childish state, that was at times almost more piteous to behold, as with this improvement came also the overwhelming sense of miserable helplessness; and in this increasing distress Powyss rejoiced, while he deeply sympathized at the same time with the sufferer.

It was in the same year that the Viscountess, as has been said, established herself at Caerlynn. Her mind had become, some thought, quite unsettled. She spoke now of nothing but the treachery of Meredith, and the return of her son. She had assembled around her, so to speak, a small court of the gentry and middling classes of Merioneth, and to those who are acquainted with the wild superstition prevalent in that part of the kingdom within the last hundred years, it will not appear wonderful that the most extravagant sayings and doings took place under the influence of a rich, powerful, and violent woman, superior in birth and education to most of those around her. In a book of Welsh antiquities there is a curious letter to be found, addressed by Sir John Pryse, in the year 1748, to the sorceress Bridget Bostock, in which he implores her to exert her miraculous power to restore his beloved wife, ‘*Dame Eleanor Pryse*,’ to her bereaved family, by raising her from the dead. This strange but authentic document concludes thus:—

If your personal attendance appear to you necessary, I will send my coach and six, with proper servants, to wait on you thither, wherever you are pleased to appoint. Recompense of any kind that you could propose shall be made, but I wish the bare mention of it be not offensive to God and you.

It was in those times of ample belief that the Viscountess had lived in the home of her early-married life, and she imbibed the leading characteristics of the Welsh disposition, to a degree that made her readily listen to the vague, wild tongues of the imaginative and superstitious people that surrounded her.

In a remote district of the county of Merioneth stands the picturesque village of Eiderion. Lofty hills shelter the happy valley in which it lies, and precipitous paths lead from the rich plain up to the stern and sterile heights, where, beside the roaring fall of a wide, blue mountain-stream, stands the Rock of the Arrow, one of the ancient hunting rendezvous of olden times. To the right of the grey front was once perched a small cottage, a sunshiny cyrie in the summer, but a gloomy and terror-striking home to dwell in during the pale days and black nights of winter. In that solitary hut dwelt a man known by the name of the Wise One of Eiderion. How far he believed in himself it is not now our business to inquire, but there are country legends that still bear witness to the belief of others in his powers. It was on a day in early spring that a lady, attended by a hoy from the village as a guide, toiled up the steep and painful ascent to the cottage of Anwyl, and stood before the door. It was opened by the master himself, on whom the village lad looked with evident fear and respect. The lady placed a piece of gold in his hand, and made a sign to her guide to withdraw. Taffy contentedly seated himself on a green bank, and for an hour listened, with great apparent complacency, to the wild voice of the water coursing over its rugged channel.

The lady entered the cottage, and found herself in a room of low roof, with very little light, but the contents of which she was permitted to examine by the blaze of a fire of peat and fagot. The man cast his eyes over her rich dress, and then, fixing them on her pale, worn face, he said,—

‘You seek for nineteen years in vain.’

‘How?’ she said, returning his fixed look. ‘For whom?’

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Anwyl shook his head, with a half-smile, and cast his eyes round the room. On all sides were hung offerings, said to be made in gratitude for wonderful cures, and prophetic warnings, and magical discoveries. With a slight hazel wand that he held in his hand he pointed to a cup of silver bearing his name, and having attracted the attention of his visitor to it, he told her of the magical power possessed by his forefathers, inherited by himself alone,—the power of detecting where water lay beneath the bosom of the earth. He described the manner in which he went forth with a hazel wand in his hand,—how, when the switch bent down to the ground of its own mystical will, one might be sure that beneath that spot water would be found in abundance. This cup had been presented to him by a rich proprietor in Montgomeryshire, whither he had gone on purpose to divine and cure sicknesses of long standing. He told the lady that he had discovered that a thin wand made of a certain metal enabled his power to come forth much more strongly, but that when his hand was gloved the supernatural essence refused to act in the usual way. He bade her examine the walls, on which hung boards covered with hutterflies and insects of all kinds, dried toads, tadpoles, frogs, beetles of all hues, birds and fish, grass, flowers, sea-weed, and shells more or less valuable.

Lady Meredith, after contemplating awhile this strange confusion, at last demanded the sight of the crystals of which she had heard so much. Anwyl stooped and opened a box, and from thence he took a black velvet bag, out of which he drew with care one pure and perfect crystal of a tolerable size. He held it in his hand, and remained silent for a moment or two as if engaged in thought. Then he lifted his eyes to hers, and inquired the age of the person in whose behalf she had come to inquire.

‘Just forty.’

‘Name his birth-place, his birthday, and birth-hour.’

‘The eleventh of October, at midnight, at Gauntry Castle.’

The seer bowed, and seating himself on a low chair he laid his elbows on his knees, let his head sink low

on his breast, and appeared to contemplate with intense eagerness the crystal in the palm of his left hand.

'I wish to hold it myself—I wish to possess it!' said the lady, impatiently. 'There, I shall see for myself.'

Anwyl raised his head and replied, 'This cannot be, but in very rare instances. I know not if you possess the power to see.'

'Try me!' she replied.

The crystal was laid in her hand, and she began the same earnest contemplation of its surface.

'I must warn you,' said Anwyl, 'that when you awake all recollection of your trance will be over. Therefore I shall, if you desire it, write your replies to the inquiries I must make if you wish to preserve the information to be gained by my art.'

She signified her assent, and Anwyl produced an ink-horn, pen, and some coarse paper.

When the lady left the cottage she carried the sheet in her bosom, on which were written, in hardly legible characters, the following vision. It is curious that the speaker mentions herself in the third person as children frequently do, calling herself on those occasions 'the sleeper.' The questions of Anwyl were left out:—

The external world fades and recedes beneath the mists of a strange, sweet sleep! Divine lights rise around me, and an illumination of a lustrous delicacy fills all space. All the senses, hearing, seeing, and the rest, are lost and overpowered in the sensation of a new power of being before unknown.

Ah! a triumphant glow fills the soul of the sleeper, for the space around is peopled with hosts of living and intelligent beings passing rapidly to and fro without noise, while without speech an intuitive knowledge of the desires, meanings, and characters, of each spreads itself through the intelligence of the dreamer.

It is no longer by the eyes that I see—by the senses that I feel. All is understood by a sense far more sublime than any ever enjoyed before. What! is this as Eve was before she left God in the garden of the East?

Yes, I feel my will, my desire for accurate knowledge pass from me, and unite with a force that attracts me as the magnet draws the needle.

This powerful intelligence is acted on by my fervent will! Lo! it reveals

itself gradually at my earnest desire. It shapes itself into a luminous and beautiful form. A serene sense of safety fills the soul of the sleeper. And we rise into space, and glide through the busy, shifting spirit world.'

The active influence of spiritual will passes to and fro from heaven to earth as the light wind blows over a face. Some are cool and healthy, some are hell-hot, some sweet as heathen Zephyr, some strong as the blasts that wreck and rive the stoutest ships. And there are contentions too! strong as the warfare of good against evil: but the sleeper passes on. Love and pity lead me, and a voice passes through my being that whispers, 'Thou art mine till the world burns,' and the serene glory of an angelic watcher envelopes me. Guardian spirit, art thou with me now?—I will follow thee where thou wilt.

A city! a city by the sea! The smell of rich vegetation oppresses me! A mountain with fire in her prodigious breast—a cell! Ah! woe to me! is that a home for the only son of Meredith? I hear a foreign tongue, such as they speak on the shores of a southern sea—a dark-browed stranger offers bread, and oil, and a small and miserable repast, to the prisoner! The voice of the prisoner is faint, and in its accents can no longer be traced the tones of his native land. My eyes grow dim with tears as I look on the wasted form of the one I came hither to seek. Why doth he not turn his eyes on mine, for my breath fans his cheek, and my arms almost enfold him as he lies there listless and without hope! Courage and peace to thy heart, pale prisoner. The hour of release is on the wing, and thou shalt tread again the halls that have not known thee for so long.

Copies of this paper found their way into other hands. Some believed, some doubted, some said that there was nothing wonderful in an elderly lady falling asleep beside a warm fire after a long pull up a high and difficult ascent; and that, during that sleep, her man of the mountain might have written down whatever seemed to him good. These were the opinions of scoffers, and as such, were considered unworthy of any credit whatever, and the 'words of Anwyl, became known through the land.

In the month of July, there appeared in the public prints of the time a paragraph, headed, 'News from Palermo.' This stated, that the long-missing Viscount was on his way home, his retreat having

been at last discovered, and that the most extreme measures would be employed against those who had connived at the plot, which had been but too successful for nineteen years and more.

This news reached in due time the ears of Meredith and his son!

It was the month of October, on the fourteenth day of the month, that Meredith and his daughter left their house in the Cathedral Close in a chaise and four, as the saintly chime of bells proclaimed the fourth hour after noon. Before they quitted the dusky room where they had eaten and drunk for twenty-seven years, the father brought from the supposed vacant cellar a small bottle of rare and costly wine. He had filled two small gilded glasses, such as one sees in old Dutch paintings, to the brim, and putting one in Ellinor's hand, he said,—

'Drink, girl! to the health and happiness of the heir of Gauntry.'

'What! is he come?' she cried.

'He stands before you,' he replied, as he drank the golden-coloured beverage to the very dregs in his earnestness. Brave and rare must have been the draught, for he smiled with a flushed face as he handed his daughter to the chariot.

'They are gone—actually gone to Gauntry!' cried a hundred voices that day in Salisbury.

There was supper prepared for them by the solitary attendant and his wife who had been left in charge of the castle. They had done their best: a haunch of venison smoked on a wooden platter, and a bowl of vegetables flanked the table. The plate was under lock and key still, but large bronze chandeliers hung from the gilded roof of the banquetting-hall, in which some tallow candles had been hastily stuck, for stores had not yet found their way thither. In a week's time a long train of servants filled the galleries of Gauntry; and the wide wardrobes of shining oak were hung with rich dresses of velvet, and brocade, and flowered satin, and lappets, and ruffles of delicious point, and Valenciennes beauteous to behold; and on the lady's dressing-table lay paint, powder, patches, and all the different imple-

ments used by beauties a hundred or ninety years ago, when no one left their face as God had made it.

But Gaspard was still unforgiven. Once Ellinor ventured to name him, but, with a gesture of reviving fury, Meredith let fall the words,—

'He suspected me.'

'Yes,' she replied; 'but you must forgive, father.'

'Never!' Lord Meredith replied, with a return of his old energy into his grey eye.

But Meredith himself appeared to be sinking into a state of mournful apathy. The race was run, the goal was won, but the heir of Gauntry was now a pale, shivering, shrinking old man. He looked like one who felt that his work was done, and Ellinor saw his strength failing daily from the very hour of his arrival at his splendid inheritance.

The month of October closed, and the red misty sun of November peered over the dim woods and bleak hills of Merioneth. A letter arrived in the second week of the month, directed to Meredith by the haughty hand of the Viscountess. The epistle warned him that her son lived,—that he had returned,—changed, indeed, so much that few could have known him; but on the twentieth day of November he would arrive at Gauntry to take possession, when all intruders would be ejected by force.

'Then,' cried Meredith, throwing the letter into the fire that blazed at his feet, 'we will receive him in fitting style.'

Invitations were issued that day, written by Meredith himself in a crabbed and uncertain hand:—

Mr. Glyn Meredith begs the pleasure of your company on the twentieth day of the month, to take part in the celebration of his return to Gauntry.

On the eighteenth there was a meeting held at Caer-Glyn. The Viscountess had offered a prize of a hundred guineas for the best poem that should be written in Welsh on the subject of her son's return. From far and near came the best and the worst singers in Wales to appear as candidates for the glittering prize, but many felt inclined to despair when it became known that Gwydion ap Don was one of the competitors.

The Bardic meeting was to be held in a hall of the dowager's mansion at Caer-Glyn. A numerous assembly of all ranks was to grace the saloon, and the judges were to be three in number,—a triumvirate chosen from among the gentry of Merioneth by the lady herself.

The hall was lighted as the day closed in. A white chair, with gilded stripes and crimson cushion, was placed for the giver of the prize, which lay in a silken purse on the table before her. The minstrels are

No more the mansion of delight, the halls of Glyn are dark to-night
No feast the midnight hour prolongs with fires, and lamps, and festive songs;
Its trembling bards afflicted shun the hall bereaved of minstrel's son;
Its joyous visitants are fled, its hospitable fires are dead;
And all around, above, below, are sights, and sounds, and wails of woe.

Alas! alas! for Mereddidd,
The lordliest son of Meyronidd.

And the minstrel proceeded to describe the jealous fury of the covetous heir, the plot for the abduction of his innocent rival, and to detail the manner in which it had been executed.

And as the poem proceeded every eye was turned, first on the silent, grey old man, who stood with his daughter leaning on his arm, and then to the middle-aged personage who sat at the right hand of the Viscountess. His face was pale, his eyes were always fixed on the ground, but in the fair hair slightly mixed with grey that hung over his neck many pretended to recognize the very hue of that which had floated twenty years before on the shoulders of the lost heir. He never exchanged a word with any one, and appeared not to understand the language in which the minstrel before him was singing; but the rest of the audience said twenty years spent in a cell never brightened the face or intellect of any who outlived it.

The songs were sung, the prize was about to be adjudged, when the hall-doors were thrown wide, and another competitor for the prize was announced. The Viscountess rose, as if to forbid his performance, when her limbs seemed to fail beneath her, and she sank in her seat again breathless and speechless, as her eyes fell on the face, the form, the hair, the eyes, that brought before her the very image of her son, as when he had left her so many weary years back. There was a great silence:

met, the harps are harmonized, and as the first competitor rung a soft prelude on his instrument, the doors of the hall were thrown wide, and Meredith entered, followed by his daughter; and, after saluting the Viscountess, they stood silent, as if to listen to the music about to begin. The dowager bridled her rage, and signed to the singers to proceed; and the melody began with these words, still found on the tongues of the peasantry in that district:—

the minstrel struck a mournful, but harmonious prelude, and he began by chanting of the splendours of Gauntry when its last lord ruled there long before. He sang of the sad day when he went forth with the next of kin to wander through the pleasant woods; and the listeners held their breath from desire to learn the legend. He sang of one living then—living still, who had never heard the voice of man in his dull ear, nor ever spoken to mortal, for his tongue was bound by the dark thread of fate. He sang of the wild joy of the hunter, and told how the cunning forester concealed by day-dawn what he snared or shot in the night,—how a cave, lined with stone, had been known an age before to the old dwellers in Meyronidd; and how the mouth of this chasm closed with a stone and ring, covered by a turf and green moss from observation; how the entrance had been left open for a few short minutes while the hunter sought for some prey concealed in the underwood; how the young lord running down the little hill fell, unperceived by any one, into the chasm; and how, when the dumb forester returned, he saw the mangled form of his lord lying above the spoils of his chase; how, with a sudden impulse, he closed the stone mouth of that living tomb, where lay, perchance, to that hour, the last son of a lofty line. Then he raised his head, and a flood of brilliant music burst from his lips and hand as he looked on the face of Ellinor.

She stood, with pallid face and clasped hands, in a robe of royal brocade, with brilliants enough for a prince's ransom on her brow; but her eyes were wild and wet with tears, and she gazed anxiously on the bright countenance of the singer.

The Viscountess rose with a laugh, more like the scream of a hyena than the mirthful ebullition of a human heart, and she stretched out her arm with a gesture of contemptuous defiance,—

'Leave the hall!—I command! Tear the harp from his hand!—Strike him down! It is time to sup—the tables are spread—room for his lordship!' And she led the man at her side forward a few steps.

'Room for Lord Meredith!' echoed the feeble tongue of the old man.

He waved his arm, and the door at the side of the hall opened. In a dreary silence advanced a procession of twelve men in mourning habits, bearing on a hier the skeleton form of the lost heir. They passed up the room and laid it at her feet.

The Viscountess stooped, and plucked the signet-ring from the bone which it still encircled. It bore the motto, 'Do well and doubt not.'

She fell on the ground, and her tears ran over the fair hair that still clung to the skull of her lost child.

That night she died, and so Glyn Meredith became master of Gauntry.

There hangs on one of the walls of Gauntry a picture of a young man, dressed in a rich and fanciful costume, leaning on a harp of the ancient Cambrian form. To the right appears a portrait of a lady, youthful and 'beautiful exceedingly.' This is said to be a faithful likeness of Lady Anna, daughter of an English earl, and wife of Gaspard Meredith, still spoken of as the sweet singer of Meyronidd.

The castle was partly burnt down in 1804 by an accidental fire. Some rooms are still left, with old pictures on the walls; but few people like to be in them after dark. Once a steward of Sir W. W. W. slept there, and he had been sorely disturbed, people said, by the appearance of a figure, which he described as that of a young man, habited in an old-fashioned riding-dress, with long fair hair floating over his shoulders and eyes, from which shot a pale blue flame (so said the affrighted steward when he told his tale to others); and the solitary figure passed to and fro, wringing its wan hands, until a phantom voice was heard through the distant gallery, and at that warning cry the spectre melted as snow before the sun, for the words of the unearthly summons were, 'Meredith! Meredith!'

FAMILIAR EPISTLES FROM IRELAND.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

FROM TERENCE FLYNN, ESQ. TO DENNIS MORIARTY, STUDENT-AT-LAW,
LONDON.

*Flax Lodge, Connemara,
16 August, 1850.*

MY dear Dennis,—When I wrote to you last it was in the depth of the winter, and I left off with a banshee howling outside my window in the black night. I took upon myself to tell you, that although I hold all manner of superstitious in derision, not to say contempt, I was well aware that the banshee would n't take the trouble to come out in such bitter weather for nothing, and that her business with me was to announce

my approaching fate. As well as I remember, the exact words were my 'approaching fate;' and I am the more particular about them because my fate *has* approached in the interval, and fulfilled the warning in a very remarkable and unexpected way. I don't ask you, or anybody else, to believe in banshees,—that's a matter of taste or breeding; but I should like to see how you'll contrive to avoid believing in the fatalities which follow their visits, as sure as the thunder comes after the light-

ning. You may laugh at the prediction—and you have my consent, Dennis, to laugh at it as much as you like; but it's on the other side of your mouth you'll be laughing when it turns out true, and flings you on the broad of your back, where you'll lie, like a certain very mean little insect when it's turned upside down, groping for the earth upwards.

It's a commonly received notion that the banshee comes only to warn people of their death; and here am I writing to you, after having seen her, and heard her lamentation, alive,—hnt, I can't add, particularly merry. You'll say, of course, therefore, that there's nothing at all in it, and that I'm only deluding myself with some phantasy of the imagination. But there are more ways of dying than one, and a man, though he's to the fore in the flesh, may be more dead than alive for all that. 'You take my life,' says that keen commentator on vital statistics, Benjamin Shylock, 'if you do take the means whereby I live;' and I must contend for the accuracy of my assertion, that if I find myself working out that mysterious problem which has wasted so many philosophers in this country to the bare skin and bone, and sent them finally into their graves,—the problem of trying to live upon nothing, I stand up for my assertion, Dennis, that in a metaphorical and figurative sense (figurative in more senses than one, considering its powerful action on my personal appearance), the prophetic visit of the banshee has been followed in this case by its legitimate consummation.

Just throw your eye upon my address at the top of this letter. Reflect upon it for a few minutes, and then read attentively what follows.

I last wrote to you from a castle—I now write to you from a lodge. This is an epitome of the history of Ireland. We were once kings—we are now heggars. The proportion between the castle and the lodge is much the same as between Brian Boroiune with his harpers playing before him, and an emaciated turfcutter doubled up with windy spasms at the door of a workhouse. I can tell you, Dennis, that whatever may be your heathen doubts about the banshee, there's nothing metaphorical in that.

Crossmacool Castle is a fine, venerable old pile of grey-stone, picked out here and there with red bricks, wherever time or other accidents happened to make a casual dilapidation. It stands on the top of a cliff, and looks out straight over the Atlantic; so that, if you had a telescope of sufficient capability of reach, you could see a good many of your countrymen leaning in a thoughtful manner upon the wooden posts at the Battery of New York. The situation is a little gusty, but the house is battlemented all round the top; and if it isn't a real castle according to the strict principles of mediæval architecture, it is the next best thing to it, and looks so like a castle that it would deceive anybody at a distance. The interior is spacious. You might drive a coach-and-six in the parlour; and there are rooms enough up-stairs to accommodate a corps of yeomanry. I won't speak of the furniture, because I'm afraid, with your modern notions of comfort and convenience—your carving, and gilding, and cushioning—you might be apt to disparage it; but I will say, that it is entitled to be treated with respect, if antiquity has any claims upon our veneration. It has been in the family, Dennis, for generations back; and has been preserved so piously from father to son, that not one of us could ever bring ourselves to suffer the sacrilegious hand of a carpenter to come upon it. It has always been regarded as an heirloom amongst us, and held in reverence accordingly; and we would rather have one of them broken chairs, or the old mahogany pendulum of a table, just as they have come down to us, than the most elegant Loudon upholstery you could treat us to,—supposing you had the means and the inclination. Now, if you add a pretty extensive estate, partly consisting of heather and bog, and partly of waterfalls and rocks, you will have a tolerably accurate picture before your mind's eye of the Crossmacool principality.

Coming down from the cliff, I will next transport you into the heart of Connemara. The scenery here is of that class which is popularly called 'savage.' Dennis, the grand desolation of the place heggars description. It is uncommonly stony and

wild, and up through its mountain gorges and lonely valleys has a strange, antediluvian aspect, that fills a civilized creature with a dreary suspicion that the rank herbage and knotted underwood must have been growing here at their own will and pleasure for thousands and thousands of years, and that no human foot ever before disturbed the echoes of the brooding solitude. The minute you enter one of these weird defiles you are struck with the notion that you are the first man that has ever penetrated the spot,—unless you go to the other end of the speculation, and begin to think that the world is at an end, and that you are the last man in it. Well, my dear boy, fancy a brawling stream in the bottom of a deep dell, leaping away over fragments of rock as if it was mad, and shut in by shelving hills covered to the summit with fern and firs; and upon the edge of this stream, miles distant from towns and villages, fancy a curious little whitewashed house, built of rough stones, and standing a little out of the perpendicular, with a crazy door, two or three irregular windows, and a slate roof, disclosing numerous defalcations therein, through which the wind and the sleet have a free entry, but, in spite of our national hospitality, by no means a hearty welcome. Scattered about the door in picturesque groups, upon odorous mounds and in livid pools of slough, may be seen a small colony of pigs, who constitute, if not the principal, at all events the most numerous, inhabitants of the building. You will generally find a few of them standing on the threshold making meteorological observations, or snorting in and out of the parlour on expeditions of discovery,—the said apartment being devoted to sundry culinary and miscellaneous purposes, which are strongly calculated to stimulate their curiosity. At the back of the parlour, which occupies the whole of the ground-floor, the free-and-easy style of the architecture being incompatible with halls and passages, there is a set of stairs, or steps, by which you ascend through an aperture to a couple of rooms above. I'll not trouble you to walk up-stairs, Dennis, for a reason I have in regard of the casements, and the lath-and-plaster walls, and the flock-

bed; but I can assure you these little dormitories have one advantage over your close, musty, smoky bed-rooms in the inns of court, which nobody can deny,—namely, that they are mighty airy. I prefer an airy bedroom myself,—although I shouldn't object to have the power of regulating the draught, which you cannot do effectually here, owing to certain peculiarities in the windows and the roof.

You will have come to a conclusion by this time that the building I have been describing to you is Flax Lodge. Why it is called Flax Lodge is past conjecture, unless it be because there is no flax in or about the neighbourhood. 'Look upon this picture, and on that:' Flax Lodge, and Crossmacool Castle! In the winter, I hold my own in the castle; in the summer, I have a divided holding with the pigs in the lodge. Dennis, my dear friend, it was by no act of my own I came here, but by an act of the Imperial Parliament, which is known by the name of the Sale of Encumbered Estates Act. I was sold out—stock, lock, and barrel; and here I am all alone in my glory, a victim to social injustice and legislative spoliation.

It is an old saying in England, that 'a man's house is his castle.' But look at the manner in which they make laws for Ireland, by which it is declared that a man's castle isn't his house! But I must let you into the particulars, that you may clearly understand the hardship of the case.

The lands of Crossmacool have been in the possession of the Flynns from time immemorial. It was my grandfather that built the mansion on the cliff,—a roaring old gentleman, who kept hounds and horses, and never was known to go to bed by candlelight. In his time, the place was always full of company; and there was no end to the rollicking fun, the carousing and singing, from one year's end to another. He kept what was called 'open house,' and the stranger was as welcome to his table as the flowers in May. The kitchen, I have heard, was a curiosity; and the roasting and the boiling went on night and day; and the blazing of fires, and the hissing of spits and boilers, made it resemble

a furnace at full work. As the old keen says,—

Tho' I never was there,
An account most exact I have heard of
your kitchen;
Brown roast meat the cook would continually bear,
The black boilers were never without a
good sitch in,
The cock of the beer-barrel never ceased
flowing;
And should there of strangers walk in
a whole score,
No person would ask them Whence coming?
Where going?
But place them at table without a word
more.

Of course, all this hospitality was rather expensive. It could not be reasonably expected that a gentleman could keep up an establishment on such a scale without either spending a great deal of money, if he had it, or running into debt if he hadn't it. Now the latter happened to be my grandfather's case, and no disgrace to him, as it was common enough to most of the gentry, but rather a misfortune, which he hadn't the power to remedy. Under the circumstances, he did the best he could. Somebody must pay the piper, and, as far as credit went, the wine-merchants and other people of that description contributed liberally to the hospitalities of Crossmacool; but I must do my grandfather the justice to say, that he was not the man to evade the responsibility of raising money to pay them by all the ways he could command, especially by getting all he could out of his tenants,—which, you will own, was a legitimate source to press upon, when he found that he was pressed upon himself. The consequence was, than when he died he left an estate that was heavily dipped, and a tenantry that was considerably rack-rented.

Such was the state of things when my father came into possession. He had to support the old usages and the family reputation at a great disadvantage. To be sure, he enjoyed a handsome nominal rent-roll; but what's the use of a nominal rent-roll, when the quarterly gales bring you nothing but excuses, delays, and empty hands? Looking at this question upon the surface, or testing it by the experience of any other country on the face of the terraqueous globe, it admits of but one answer.

The value of a rent-roll that brings you in nothing is, to all appearances, *nil*. But Ireland is a paradoxical land, and works out its destinies by the rule of contraries. It is in this country alone that a man could turn such a rent-roll to a profitable account. I will explain the whole process to you presently.

My father had the honour of the Flynns at heart. They were always county people, and had kept up their state in spite of tax-gatherers, excisemen (who were very busy in those times hunting for stills), and tithe-proctors. He was determined that the glory of the line shouldn't be tarnished in his hands; and being too proud to let his poverty be known, he dashed out into all manner of expenses the better to conceal it. Small blame to him for that, since he acted only in obedience to an instinct which in Ireland possesses the force of a natural law. The poorer an estated gentleman is in Ireland, the greater the necessity for making a fine show. 'Tis the rich man, Dennis, that can come to no hurt by being niggardly and saving; but the man that has nothing to save and nothing to live upon can't afford to be mean-spirited and economical. He's obliged to make up for the want of cash by the expedients of his genius. It is a duty he owes to society. What would become of the country if the gentry were to spend no more than they had? Where do you think we'd find members to represent us in parliament if we were to scrutinize their qualifications?

One of the charges against the class of which my father was an honoured member was, that they never did anything to improve their estates or the condition of their tenantry. The maxim in political economy which asserts that a landlord is bound to spend upon his tenantry what he gets from them proceeds, evidently, upon the theory that a landlord is nothing more than a sponge, which the tenantry moisten only to squeeze again. Is there any common sense in that? The very relation—established since the world began—between landlord and tenant, implies that the one is to pay and the other to receive. Did you ever see a lease with a reactionary obligation in it upon the landlord? Im-

prove the condition of the tenantry? And what are the tenantry to be doing themselves all the time? Are they to stand basking in their potato strips, with *dudeens* in their mouths, and their arms folded, while the landlord is laying out his rents to improve their condition? A mighty remarkable wisecrack of a landlord he'd be that would make such a born idiot of himself! Besides, who could ask a landlord to improve his estate at his own expense, if he had a cheap machinery at hand for doing it at the expense of the public?

In the days I am speaking of there was such an institution as a Grand Jury. They managed the whole business of the county, and when a road, or a bridge, or a drainage, or anything else was wanted to be done on a gentleman's property, they ordered it to be done forthwith, and the county paid for it,—or, if it was too private a job to be quartered openly on the public at large, the county paid the half of it. Now my father, being a man of a lively and hospitable turn, that didn't care what it cost him to keep up his influence, always stood well with the Grand Jury, and was frequently on the panel himself. Does it stand to reason, Dennis, that, having such opportunities of paying for improvements out of the pocket of the public, he should pay for them out of his own? Believe me, that such transcendent, self-sacrificing virtue, can exist only in a nation of naked savages, who, wearing no clothes, can present no pockets to be picked by the privileged classes. It is totally incompatible with a state of advanced civilization.

The rate at which my father lived, as a mere matter of policy and self-defence, plunged him deeper and deeper in debt every day. This is a condition inseparable from the *status* of an Irish landlord. I don't mean to say that there are not Irish landlords whose estates are free from encumbrances. Exceptional cases are to be found in all modes and forms of life. The physical and moral world abounds in illustrations; yet mankind agree, notwithstanding, in considering crows black and swans white. The natural condition, therefore, of the Irish landlord may be at once assumed to be—debt. It is idle

to investigate the causes of this peculiarity. For all we know to the contrary, there may be something in the air that has a tendency to make men luxurions and prodigal,—a supposition which is strengthened by the effect which the climates of different countries are known to exercise over the habits of the races that populate them. Be that as it may, and without entering into any philosophical speculation on the question, the fact itself is incontrovertible. And it is with facts we must deal, when we come to investigate the actual circumstances of a people. This is a point which it is especially necessary to insist upon in this particular instance. I object, upon principle, to any inquiry into the causes of landlord embarrassments in Ireland. It would entangle us in a web of difficulties, and there's difficulty enough in the business as it stands without going out of our way to look for more. It is sufficient, for all purposes of present legislation and historical narrative hereafter, to state the general result, that this class of gentry, regarded as a body in their integrity, have been at all times distinguished for living beyond their means, and, by an irresistible corollary, getting into debt accordingly.

The course which was taken by my father in these circumstances was that which has been invariably taken by gentlemen in his position. And this brings me to the explanation I promised you, of the ingenious way by which nominal rent-rolls have been turned to a large profit in Ireland. There were already some mortgages, as you may suppose, upon the Crossmacool estate; but as the holdings were let at the comparatively low standard of a former period, my father adopted the precaution of effecting as many clearances as he could, which he was quite justified in doing, as he could get little or no money from the tenants. Then, having got quit of the old occupiers, he set up the land at a tremendous advance in the price. It is one of the remarkable propensities of the Irish peasantry to prefer the land which is let at a rent out of all calculation above its value, to that which is let at a remunerative amount. The reason assigned for the preference is, that it puts

them entirely at their ease on the score of payment; for as it is clearly impossible to extract from the soil an annual levy which it is incapable of yielding, so they enter upon it without the least expectation or intention of ever paying any rent at all. If the rent were so reasonable as to leave them a little surplus to live upon, they know well enough that they could not decently excuse themselves from discharging it; but in the other case they have an argument on their side which they consider to be unanswerable. They don't pay their rent, because they can't; and no impeachment upon their morals for that same. After enjoying their bit of land, as long as they can ward off the agent, they usually manage to clear off the crops just before quarter-day, and, taking a moonlight flitting over the hills, settle down in some other district upon the same advantageous terms.

My father having raised the price of his land to an exorbitant height, was inundated by competitors for the possession of it, and, in an incredibly short space of time, covered his estate with a tenantry that greedily undertook to pay an impossible rent-charge. The nominal value, therefore, of the Crossmacool property rose in proportion, and he was able to exhibit one of the most flourishing rent-rolls in our western province. His next step was to raise mortgages on his estate, and as the extent of the money invested in this way is regulated by the supposed value of the land, you may be sure he made a good thing of the speculation. In short, Dennis, he mortgaged the property to its full nominal value, which was about five-and-thirty per cent above its real value. You may perceive at once that the system of fictitious rent-rolls is not without its utility; and that the Irish landlord, up to this point in his career, has a remedy against destitution which is probably without its parallel in any part of the world.

How long this system might have gone on and thriven is hard to say. It has thriven with us for a very long time; long enough, indeed, to absorb nearly the whole surface of the country; and it might have gone on to Doomsday, if it hadn't been stopped short by that Act of Parliament which authorizes the sale of

encumbered estates, and has driven me to take refuge in Flax Lodge.

In the name of a numerous body of injured proprietors I protest against that Act, as an improper interference with the rights of private property. With the wrongs of private property I have nothing to do; let them adjust themselves. I stand up for the rights, the inalienable rights of private property. I say, that what is mine is mine and nobody else's, and no parliament is justified in meddling with it. My debts are as much my own as anything belonging to me. I should not, of course, object to any measure emanating from the legislature by which the legislature proposed or undertook to pay my debts for me; that I should regard as a highly satisfactory enactment: but that the legislature should step in to compel me to pay my own debts by the sale of my own property, is an arbitrary and unconstitutional proceeding not to be endured in a free country.

Now, mark the operation of this law. I was sold out in the Master's office, and as the Master is very particular in distinguishing between the actual and the supposititious value of property, he made it appear that the real rental of the Crossmacool estate was little more than half the amount upon the faith of which the mortgages had been undertaken. The consequence was that it sold for a pitiful sum of money, that wasn't enough to pay off the first mortgage, and that left all the rest of the creditors without a penny. This, I say, is a most unjust process, and constitutes neither more nor less than a partial payment; for which, had I been guilty of it in my individual capacity, I should have been liable to severe punishment under the bankrupt laws. I believe, Dennis, if there's any one thing more than another that I have a right to pride myself upon it is upon being an honest man. I say it emphatically—an honest man. If I have a weakness, that's it. Consequently, there's nothing under heaven I protest against more energetically than partial payments. How much better, then, would it not have been to have left me to settle my own debts, instead of taking them out of my hands? It is very probable, and I don't deny it, that in that case I

mightn't have paid any body; hnt this is quite certain, that I wouldn't have given an undne preference to one creditor over another: so that, even if everybody had to lie ont of their money, nobody could have complained of being treated worse than his neighbour. I have always set my face against partial payments; and, indeed, that is the reason why I have made no payments at all of late years: a line of conduct, the impartiality of which is not properly appreciated, I am sorry to say, on your side of the water.

When I first heard of the Sale of Encumbered Estates Act, I thought it was a hoax. No wonder for me; since, if it is to be carried out in full, it ought to be called an Act for the Sale of all Ireland, with a reservation in favour of a few select spots in the north. Just think of putting up a whole country to anction; and that's exactly what they're doing, only they're doing it by lots, because it wouldn't be quite convenient to find a purchaser for the kingdom at large.

And see the consequences. Here am I squatted down on the brink of a lonely stream, with nothing to live upon hut the memory of my encumbrances. And there are hundreds like me. 'Tis easy to say that I'm ont of debt; remember, that I'm out of credit also. So far as my own private feelings and comforts are concerned, there's no manner of comparison between the two. I never was so happy as when I was over head and ears in debt, for then I had the satisfaction of looking forward to the time when I might get out of it; and antieipation, you know, my dear friend, is always more pleasing than the reality. But what have I to look forward to now? My life is perfect stagnation. I can no longer be of any use to my country. I can't raise funds to do anything for myself. The wind is taken ont of my sails, and I'm lying high and dry, as idle as you please, splitting in the sun like a stranded boat.

And the pretext for all this destruction of the natural proprietors of the soil is that they didn't look after the industry of the country, and cultivate its resources. I won't, of course, admit any thing against myself; but suppose, for argument's sake, that it's all true, my answer

to the accusation is this, that the reason why we didn't cultivate the resources of the country is—that we hadn't the means. I hope that's a receipt in full, Dennis, for all such trumpery charges. To punish a man for not doing what he can't do, is a new doctrine. You may square the circle or find ont the philosopher's stone, in due course of time, but I defy the devil and all his works to make a man lay out money if he hasn't got it. I'd like to hear how they set about refuting that aphorism.

But then they come down upon us in this way. They say that it's our own faults that we hadn't the means; that if we had only been provident, and patriotic, and all that, instead of being reckless and selfish, we might have had the means. I must beg to observe, that all such statements are even more remarkable for their ignorance of history than for their ignorance of human nature.

From the earliest times to the date of the Encumbered Estates Act the landlords of Ireland have been invariably considered a privileged class, and have acted accordingly. Ireland was formerly blessed with many local advantages, in the shape of sinecures and pensions; and I need scarcely remark that the distribution of such golden favours amongst the landed proprietors was neither intended nor calculated to make them very active or industrious, hut rather to draw them off from the body of the people, and to set them up in a state of great luxury and enjoyment, like pampered palfreys that were never expected, like cart-horses, to work in harness, but to come out on holidays and fêtes, and to go a-hawking and a-tournamenting in their fine trappings to their hearts' content. They were the grace and ornament of the State, and redeemed the respectability of the country in a style that reflected the greatest credit on their talents for concentrating the greatest possible happiness on the smallest possible number. It was the constant policy of our ancestors, whose wisdom it is easier to sneer at than to emulate, to separate the landlords from the rest of the community, and to elevate them into a distinct and irresponsible order. I must add that they always manifested a remarkable aptitude for

this way of living—that they always showed a lofty aversion to work of all kinds—that they had large and comprehensive ideas of the patrician caste, and that they fulfilled to admiration the ideal of that Sybarite existence, now so rarely to be met with, that resigns itself up indulgently to feed upon the fat of the land, and do nothing for it. There never was a class of men so felicitously trained to indolence and a complete independence of social obligations. Their indifference to the interests of the classes below them amounted to a pitch of sublimity, which will be better understood when I tell you that they exhibited an equal indifference to their own interests. Sufficient for their day was the evil thereof. With a grandeur worthy of the palmy hours of Greek or Venetian luxury, they took no account of To-morrow: To-morrow? Methought I heard Horatio Say, To-morrow. Go to! There is no such word,

Save in the fool's calendar.

The landlords of Ireland were no fools. They had no To-morrow in their calendar. But to maintain their high condition unimpaired amidst the revolutions of time, and the increasing pressure of a population that had im providently imitated the habits of idleness that formed the special privilege of their superiors, was not to be hoped for. The Cæsars fell—the Irish landlords were not immortal.

History and human nature exempt them from blame. You would have done the same thing, Dennis, had you been in the same place. Impunity is an irresistible temptation. It is not because times and policies are changed that the landlords should be turned off their own estates, and that, instead of trying to remedy existing evils, according to the practice of past generations, by wholesale clearances of occupiers, we should turn round all at once and have a wholesale clearance of owners. Restore the sinecures and pensions, return to the old system of ruling through undertakers and grand juries, and of placing the destinies of the country in the hands of a few families, and you'll see how quickly the landlords will revive, and resume their abdicated functions of doing nothing but what they like themselves, and liking to do

nothing so well as that which conduces most to their own immediate gratification. Give them a fair chance, and you will see how speedily they will re-establish an irresponsible power over the length and breadth of the land; but unless you do that, my dear Dennis, it is unreasonable to expect that they will ever exert themselves one way or the other. You can never do justice to their character or their claims unless you bear in mind that they have always been a privileged class, and that, like all privileged classes, their patriotism is strictly conditional.

The fall of the landlords is a heavy *puck* and great discouragement to us. I use the word *puck* advisedly. It is the popular word in this country for blow, and gives a more national colour and energy to the sentence. It may assist you also to a glimpse of the imaginative character of our peasantry, who use it on the commonest occasions, and who, even in their ordinary language, retain traces of their poetical lore. The fairies decamped from England so far back as the reign of Elizabeth. The last of their rings and roundelays were footed in Queen Mary's time, but the moment Protestantism set in they vanished: from which I conjecture that the good people must have been Roman Catholics. I am not singular in this opinion, for I find that Bishop Corbet, who flourished in every sense of the word in the reign of James I., after commenting on the disappearance of the fairies when the Virgin Queen mounted the throne, expresses the same conviction:—

By which we note the Fairies
Were of the old profession;
Theyre songs were Ave Maryes,
Theyre daunces were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take theyre ease.

Well, I'm happy to tell you that they didn't leave Ireland, but still keep their footing here as merrily as ever. You have a sort of collateral proof of it in the familiar use of the word *puck*, which has its origin in this way. Tumours or swellings are always ascribed by the peasantry to a blow from an invisible hand, and as that is undoubtedly the hand of a fairy, and as *puck* is generally con-

sidered to be the most mischievous of the fairies, the people have got into the way of calling a blow a *puck*. Therefore, adopting that imagerial style of discourse which is most congenial to the tastes and habits of the people, I am justified in saying that the downfall of the landlords is a heavy *puck* and great discouragement.

Only that I am not much in a mood for such topics, I could give you many other illustrations of the influence of the fairies over the popular mind in this country, such as the employment of the word *blast* to signify erysipelas, or a sudden cold or pain in the cheeks, the belief being that such inflictions are caused by the fairies whirling a blast of wind in your face; but I'll keep such subjects for another opportunity.

The fact is, that the destitution we're all coming to is driving the fairies, and the poetry, and the fun clean out of us. We're forced, whether we like it or not, to think of nothing but the eating and the drinking, and the few hundreds a-year that are melting away from us like mists into thin air. Necessity is the mother of reflection. We are not much given to thinking naturally. We would rather not think, if we could help it. Our genius is averse to any severe exercises of a ratiocinative cast. But what can we do? We are obliged to think, and to turn things over and over again in our thoughts, as if our minds were no better than mills.

There's the potato, Dennis. That was the benignant root that saved us the trouble of thinking. No man with a potato-patch ever had the least occasion to trouble himself to think about anything. But when the hlight came, then Pat, for the first time in his life, began to reflect upon his situation. His thinking faculties, however, were so unaccustomed to the operation, that the attempt to conjure some practical conclusion out of them only bewildered the poor fellow; and when the potatoes showed symptoms of growing again, he was only too glad to relapse into his original state of mental repose. And at this moment that I am writing to you the disease is breaking out in some places just as it did before, and should it end in a

rot, Pat will be compelled to think of providing for himself once more: in which case I don't know what will become of him, and can't answer for the consequences.

It isn't alone that the potatoes and the landlords are perishing, but that the last trifling relic of state dignity that remained to us is about to depart this island also. There may be differences of opinion about the utility of a Lord-lieutenant; but what of that? I'd like to know the subject, human or divine, that there aren't differences of opinion about in Ireland. When the Lord-lieutenant is taken from us we shall be reduced to a mere mob without a head. We shall be worse off than the gipsies, for that wandering race, whatever may be their moral deficiencies, or their confusion of ideas in regard to property, have the advantage of possessing a king of their own, and a constitutional government. The Lord-lieutenant was a feather in our cap, and feathers are the last things that a sensitive and proud people like the Irish are willing to surrender. We would rather give up our entire wardrobe than part with our feathers.

You know, Dennis, that party-spirit is a distinctive trait of the national character. We have always been distinguished above most other countries for our animosities, which we have kept up with a zeal unparalleled in the history of civilized communities. So long as we had a Lord-lieutenant, this characteristic of ours was industriously nurtured and encouraged; and ample opportunities were afforded to us, by favouritism on one side or the other, to cultivate the jealousies in which it was our delight to indulge. The ingenuity with which they were fostered by the admirable machinery of Dublin Castle deserves our grateful acknowledgements as a people who are unanimous in nothing but the love of fighting. In order to keep alive our feuds at the highest point of excitement, the two antagonist parties, Protestant and Catholic, were generally taken under the protection of the Lord-lieutenant and the Secretary. Those great officers of state, in past times, might be considered as the bottle-holders in the ring; and certainly no bottle-holders ever showed more eagerness in backing

up the combatants, or giving them cunning hints where to plant their blows upon their adversaries. If the Lord-lieutenant was green, the Secretary was orange; and *vice versâ*. And so our popular recreations were sustained by the highest patronage, and the withdrawal of their influential promoters will be felt as a common calamity by all parties. The probability is, that after that event shall have taken place the sport will die out. It was bad enough to abolish Donnybrook fair and the pattern fights; but to put an end to the Olympic games, which threw open a permanent arena for the dissensions of the whole country, is the last step towards the suppression of our nationality. There will be nothing left by and bye worth living for in Ireland.

I'm wondering what they'll do with the Castle when the Lord-lieutenant is gone. It'll be pretty much in the condition of the powder magazine in the Phoenix Park, of which Swift has left us the well-known epigrammatic record,—

In this a proof of Irish sense

And Irish wit is seen;

When nothing's left that's worth defence,

We build a magazine.

The best thing they can do with it would be to preserve it as a curiosity for the inspection of strangers. They might turn an honest penny by showing the state apartments, as they show the mouldering and tattered palaces of extinct royalty on the Continent. A descriptive book might be sold at the doors, interspersed with traditional anecdotes of the various carousing dynasties that have held their banquets there from time to time; and I will undertake to say, that for humour and originality it would beat any book that ever saw the light. A series of biogra-

phies of the Lords-lieutenant, treated with proper *gusto*, would present to the English public what they very much stand in need of,—a complete Comical History of Ireland. Hitherto, they have complained that our histories are dismal and monotonous; but they would find neither melancholy nor monotony in the lives of the Rutlands and Richmonds, the Townsends and Talbots, relieved by sprightly sketches of the Hempens-talls and Duigenans, the Dans and Jonahs, the placemen and expectants that used to crack jokes in the ante-chambers, and the agitators that were wont to set the Aggregates in a roar. The materials are here, Dennis, for the most suggestive of all conceivable *mémoires pour servir*; and if the fun wasn't taken out of me entirely, it isn't clear to me that I wouldn't try my hand on it myself.

I'll not trouble you any further at present, my dear Dennis; but from what I have written you may form your own conclusions as to the real state of this country. The present grievances of Ireland may be summed up in three words,—the Landlord, the Potato, and the Lord-lieutenant. They're all leaving us, and when they're gone past redemption you may judge what sort of a condition we'll be reduced to. I know there are people who will tell you that we'll have a good riddance of them. That's always the case amongst us. We never agree upon what's for our own good, and are so fond of differing amongst ourselves, that we were never yet afflicted with an evil that there wasn't some of us ready to defend it for the sake of getting up a row. The heavens be your couch, Dennis! A softer one I cannot wish you, or better light to go to bed by than the stars.

T. F.

THE LATE MUSICAL SEASON.

MUSIC, which now forms during the parliamentary session so important a part of the activity and enterprize of London, has exhibited, on the part of the directors of the great opera-houses during the late season, an increasing animation in providing public entertainment, and an unusually rapid interchange of operas. Organization of the numerous forces now found in musical assemblies at the theatre and elsewhere, has at last attained such perfection, that the most complex movements which occupy a stage or orchestra crowded with performers, are given nightly, with a precision which, twenty years ago, could not have been obtained from a quarter of the number. This advance in simultaneous execution marks the progress of the age in dramatic music—it is its chief and distinctive feature.

The arduous duties connected with the execution of the lyric drama in all its departments, from that of the *prima donna* to the orchestra performer or chorus singer, have greatly increased; and the large amount of ability and cultivation required now, even to fill a place in the crowd, raises a sigh at the destiny of many a deserving artist, who labours at once to live and to be forgotten. The addition of a new night of performance, which, in the established 'long Thursdays,' proves so attractive to a miscellaneous auditory, has thrown a peculiar weight on the memory of the chorus-singer, the scroll of whose numerous parts, if drawn out at length, would now extend from London almost out of town; and yet he is required to have any one of them ready at a day's notice. When we run over in imagination the numerous and huge scores which form the library of the modern opera, this retention of parts appears wonderful; and the more so, as many of them have little melody to fix the attention or guide the ear, but are pieces of pure accompaniment and filling up of harmony. Add to this, that numerous operas have lately been constructed in Italy by Verdi, for the purpose of bringing the *ensemble* of an opera-house into prominence—grouping the second-rate

singers, and throwing the weight of the interest on the chorus. These are the works which supply the emergencies of the manager, and fill up the nights which the over-fatigue or indisposition of a *prima donna* may have rendered vacant. Not only have the notes of their parts to be retained by the chorus, but a dramatic method of their delivery, in which great unity must prevail. A neatness in the evolutions required from the masses in modern opera, and in forming the groups which give vivacity and picturesqueness to the action, remains imposed on the memory and adroitness of the chorus singer; and his profession is thus honourably raised in the social scale at least by its difficulty, however disingenuously people may be inclined to deny the merit which is common to many.

We may observe in the orchestral service a similar augmentation of severe duty. It is not alone necessary that even a second violin player should have a concerto-performing power, be a master of varied difficulties, and a ready reader; the art of making his instrument go well with others in the sudden career and headlong rapidity of modern operatic symphony, is a result of habit and education that power of execution favours, but will not supply on the instant. If some persons find their way into the seats of the violins who are weak, shy, and ineffective—often leaving the brunt of the duty on their comrades—it is certainly not at the Royal Italian Opera. One of the severest and most perplexing duties to which the violin player is liable occurs when singers—as it frequently happens—require their songs to be transposed half a tone; by which things of facile accompaniment are often sent into remote keys of five or six sharps, and where the correct articulation and intonation of a brilliant symphony becomes so arduous and full of risk, that no composer would dream of thus writing it. Nor should a firm conductor, who sees how compliance of this sort interferes with the design of the author, and destroys the effect of passages based on the peculiar re-

sonance and effect of keys, too hastily submit, in such a matter, to caprice or indolence. The throats of singers are, no doubt, sorely tried by the fashionable high pitch at which, in process of time, our orchestras have arrived; but they see their parts before taking them, and they should count the cost.

Wind-instrument performers have the responsibility attached to the perpetual prominence of the solo, combined with such enormously protracted physical exertion, as to render their posts by no means enviable. Here there is no power of shrinking or of concealing timidity or incapacity among a crowd: the work must be fairly done, or the man is marked and dismissed. A robust constitution, and a commanding skill, may carry a first horn, bassoon, or clarionet, through such operas as the *Huguenots* or the *Prophète* with applause; but Meyerbeer has rendered the eminence fraught with danger. Health or nerve giving way, the artist is exposed to all the irritating consequences of public failure; and the painful catastrophe which marked the course of the late season at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the suicide of a horn-player from the Duke of York's column, has been traced almost with certainty to the painful self-suggestions of nervousness and incompetence.

The course of a *prima donna's* popularity, be her powers of the first magnitude, can hardly be estimated at more than two seasons; it is then time to get freshness as well as repose in obscurity. Such golden showers are still, however, rained on the favourites of fortune, that the stage continues its attractive influence, reviving ambition in many who have long since retired; sometimes fortunately, but at others exposing only the melancholy ruins of the past, and the dangerous fallacy of self-estimation. Madame Sontag has now, during two prosperous seasons, shown how beauty of the voice and powers of the most florid execution may be maintained to a period of mature life. Jenny Lind used to flush with effort, and exhibit *tours de force*, which, marvellously invented and executed as they were, cost her very unequivocal exertion. Sontag charms the musician by her

ease and grace—it seems as if her voluble throat and her youthful appearance might remain her undisturbed possession to the age of a *Ninon*. At night there seems absolutely nothing changed in her; and those who have curiously viewed her at morning concerts, discover only that her hair is somewhat darker, and that her features are gently graduating towards the matronly character. As this lady is already an historical personage, one who knew Beethoven, and so appreciated his genius as to give him her best and heartiest services, at a time when other singers only tormented him with complaints of his ungrateful passages for the voice, she is the universal favourite of musicians. This goodness, of which a hundred illustrations might be added, gleaned from passages of encouragement which she has given to young artists travelling the same road as herself, flows from the repose of a nature which is remarkable for harmonious proportion. Form, disposition, talent, have all in her their symmetry; she has possessed the full empire of beauty, and that of song, as long as heart of woman can desire; and her happy position has been such, that it seems as though no angle of envy or ill-temper can ever have interrupted the tranquil current of her benevolence. When the voice and the features are preserved thus in happy conjunction during long years, the rare fortune must be mainly attributed to a gentle and amiable character; and it is not one of the least wonders of the unknown student of the Prague Conservatoire, Madame Sontag, whose brilliant vocalization seems to have been chiefly her own solitary acquirement, that she has preserved all her attractive powers in the midst of a tumultuous stage life, in which no one can be absolutely free from disputes and hickerings. The round of characters enacted by Madame Sontag has been most extensive. From Linda, Amina, and Susanna, to Semiramide and La Figlia del Reggimento, we have heard, and been gratified with her, in every part of the current opera stage; for she is always the musician. The laughing and sparkling graces of comic opera, however, become her best; her delicate voice

and intonation are unequal to the screaming duties of lyric tragedy, yet, even in these parts, art comes to her aid; and, we believe, no one has ever heard Madame Sontag sing a false note. But some of her most interesting displays have been at the morning concerts given this season at Her Majesty's Theatre. The song, 'On mighty Pens,' from Haydn's *Creation*, has scarcely been heard with so much effect since the days of Billington. Propriety and good taste pervade her delineations of classical music; in this she reserves herself for pure art, and only lets loose her invention and volubility of passage in the ephemeral novelties of modern opera. It is, in fact, a succinct description of the intelligent and accomplished artist to be able to do everything, and in the right place, and this power eminently belongs to Madame Sontag.

Madame Frezzolini, who has on some nights sustained the principal parts in opera, is a singer who exhibits herself with great ambition and effort, and pleases little in consequence. The ear is fatigued by the perpetual strain, and we long much for the art which conceals art. But the establishment of Mr. Lumley is most in want of a tenor of the calibre of Mario, and who may well fill the void between the soprano and the gigantic bass of Lablache. Baucarde, the new importation from Naples, has a better voice than he can at present manage, and he will scarcely, we think, do more than fall into the useful rank of Calzolari and Gardoni. Amidst the hazy schemes of the season, two must be unequivocally condemned: the reappearance of Madame Pasta, who sang half a note too flat, and filled her hearers with commiseration at the unhappy attempt in which she had been allowed to embark—and the introduction of the 'Black Malibran.' Perhaps it may be good managerial policy to fill a house for one night by any experiment in novelty; but music has hitherto supported a certain dignity at the great opera-houses, and if a manager cannot hear for himself, he should hear by proxy. If the doors be once open to Negro melodists, it can scarcely be said to what abyss of degradation we may descend.

Mr. Lumley, we believe, is dis-

posed to give a commission for another new opera to M. Halevy. *La Tempesta* has filled its place for the season, and is now about to enter the procession of the works of its composer towards the temple of oblivion. M. Halevy belongs to a school of musicians who are regularly educated, orthodox, and undoubtedly clever; but from whom we can calculate beforehand the exact amount of amusement which we are to expect. Too skilful to fail utterly,—too unimpassioned and unimaginative to place the lasting impress of genius upon their works, these composers of the old French Conservatoire are the safest hands in the world for a temporary purpose. They never rely wholly on themselves—they enlist in their service the ballet-master, the scene-painter, the property man; and, what with dresses and decorations, prepare such an attack upon the senses that their music always passes securely under cover of its fire. It is scarcely a credit to succeed in these concoctions of the French Opera—so much is the glory of success divided and shared that the composer comes in for but a fraction. The essential praise of music consists in the simplicity of its appeal to the hearer—it should come from, and go point blank to, the heart. Bellini has shown the way, to the lasting honour of his genius; his simple and natural situations bring us into direct communion with the composer, and in this respect he is, in a manner, a Mozart. Without wishing to place a limit to the enterprize of managers, or to curtail their trappings when they have a fortunate theme for sound and show, we must still exalt the musician who chiefly moves the affections through the simple resources of his own art. What a triumph has Beethoven achieved in this way in *Fidelio*, which, in spite of the prodigious results of the music, scarcely draws upon the wardrobe for more than a few old coats and beards. The remnants of any old Spanish melodrama or play would set up a *Don Giovanni*. Where trapdoors, machinery, and carpenters' work, are in great request, we generally require to pay off the scores of the machinist and carpenter out of the score of the composer. Those modest and able men have worked

incognito for many years, and have been among the most able contributors to the success of opera and pantomime. Good music, however, still owes them little. Mozart and Beethoven, and among the French, Herold, managed to do entirely without them; and certainly they were rather the golden days of music when an opera was the work of one head, than since people have sat in conclave upon it.

A new experiment of Mr. Lumley's management awakens curiosity, and promises to extend the musical season throughout almost the whole year. The advertisement of 'Grand National Concerts,' set on foot by 'a commonwealth of noblemen and gentlemen of the very highest rank and talent,' to open towards the end of October, has an imposing appearance. This undertaking is to surpass the Philharmonic in cheapness, the Sacred Harmonic Societies in variety, and the Musical Union and the Beethoven Quartet Society in the number of its audience; in short, it is to be a Leviathan, which first swallowing up the minor fry of concert givers, is then to adapt itself to the exigencies of all classes of the musical public. The savour of this announcement is not at all to our taste—big rooms must not quarrel with little rooms, in which the advantage of chamber music is always best looked after. The large and the small locality have distinct musical destinations; the bass cannot do the office of the violin, nor the flute that of the trumpet, and it is impossible to take with advantage chamber-music out of that contracted but genial sphere for which composers designed it. We trust that M. Rousselot's 'Beethoven Quartet Society' and Mr. Ella's Musical Union may pursue their course unharmed by the formidable dragon who is just now sharpening his teeth to eat them up. When we see a prospectus promising to do everything, we are reminded of the wish to do a good stroke of trade. The advertisement, 'Boots for the million,' used to afflict and terrify honest shoemakers, but they have survived it.

There is a good field for concert-giving, but this is not the route to it. No; let Mr. Lumley bring his artillery to bear upon the Philhar-

monic; let him fire away there to his heart's content; and if his assaults infuse any mettle or spirit into the feeble hearts of the direction, we may possibly get more than three good concerts out of eight. The subscribers will certainly applaud. We have long observed the Philharmonic to be in the 'used up' condition of the invalid in the farce, who is cured by being knocked down and engaging in a boxing-match. We hope it will be remembered that Berlioz, the great composer, was systematically neglected by the Philharmonic Society, though he left England amidst the general admiration of his genius. Our country will owe much to the director who enables us to wipe away the reproach of a want of due discernment and patronage exercised towards a famous man, whose Requiem and Symphonies almost fill the void left by the death of Beethoven. When it is proposed to seek *new* and fine music, we merely point to a fact corroborated by the unanimous voice of public criticism. It is a desideratum to be accomplished only in the works of Berlioz.

After all, though we in England are for the most part practical rather than creative musicians, we want time to carry out our plans. Music becomes more difficult of execution, but food and raiment are still costly necessities, which insist that time shall be productive, and consequently everything is done too much in a hurry. If socialism should ever prevail in human society, we may at least hope for the blessing of such an orchestra as Meyerbeer and Berlioz would approve; for the rehearsing which those masters require will hardly allow a man to think of himself, or to make any provision for existence beyond his pay at the theatre. The social principle, as far as it extends to a common table, and a complete surrender of the time to the united objects of the orchestra and conductor, has been adopted in Germany with success; and if the plans of dramatic composers continue to increase, we expect that the engagements of musicians must by and by extend to board and lodging, with a corresponding sacrifice of their time and talents. To make such music as is now wanted a man had need to pass his life in the theatre.

In spite of the pecuniary disasters encountered in the first enterprize of the Royal Italian Opera, the managers of the present season have found means to place several gorgeous adaptations on the stage, selected from the French, the German, and the Italian schools, in which they have maintained their well-earned musical reputation. The Royal Italian Opera continues to be, *par excellence*, 'the house with the orchestra.' Wanting the means to give to the ballet that prominence which it receives at the rival theatre, the operas represented here have been of a larger and more elaborate structure, blending often dance with music, and filling the stage with such numerous, rich, and varied groups, that neither the eye nor the ear can desire more. Among the revivals of works to which we did due honour on their first appearance we must mention *Masaniello*, on account of the tenor Tamberlik, who made a very favourable impression by his singing of the 'Barcarole.' This singer is not without powers of expression and natural taste, but he affects too much the tremulous beauties of the Rubini school. It is probable that this art in Rubini was adopted by him the better to cover the attacks of old age: it added grace to the intensity of his feeling and expression, but in the imitation of many Italian singers of the day it is not endurable, and ill-compensates for youthful vigour and firmness of tone. Mario pleases entirely without it — though he too frequently seeks applause in his falsetto, and cannot pass entirely without reproach on the score of style. Mannerism of expression in every sphere of art is at once rejected by good taste; yet these are not the only peculiarities of celebrated performers that have passed into a fashion. We think the market scene and choral prayer of *Masaniello* may be reckoned among the most pleasing and natural representations of the modern lyric drama.

A version of Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*, under the name of *Zora*, occupied some time while the company was collecting its full strength for newer and more important works. Madame Castellan sustained with ability the part of the heroine in this and several other operas produced

about the same time. The power to arrive at any great dramatic distinction seems, however, denied to her. Of her vocal power and facility she has given many examples in the difficult singing characters of Meyerbeer's operas, and yet there is a want of soul and depth, and, above all, of a power to identify herself with situation, which confines the enjoyment of her hearers within very narrow limits. The choral parts of *Zora* are in Rossini's largest manner, and they received ample justice. Another opera, founded on a sacred subject, served also to give an occasional respite to the principal singers, and to unite in its pompous and imposing bursts of harmony the splendid combination of the orchestra and chorals. This was Verdi's *Nabuco*, produced under the name of *Anato*. Madame Castellan was Abigail, and Mademoiselle Vera, Fenena. In the latter lady, a native musical talent is sufficiently evident, and in the numerous second parts which she has sustained during the season she has acquitted herself most meritoriously. Physical causes, however, which often impede a musical career, must, we fear, restrain the histrionic ambition of Mademoiselle Vera to what a small figure and voice may accomplish. Her powers of expression are still correct and chaste, as well in the concert-room as on the stage.

Madame Grisi has this season made important additions to her already large round of characters, by attacking those of the German school, in which Jenny Lind and Madame Viardot have become famous. The ambition to sustain herself in the public position which she has gained and maintained by almost unequalled physical exertion, and the talent of a very accomplished dramatic singer, shows energy in Madame Grisi, and an eye quick in discerning the turn of popular taste. Before Lablache came out as Caliban this season it was even doubted whether some of the popular favourites, who have been existing for nearly twenty years on the same characters, had memory sufficient for a new one. Neither memory nor courage have deserted Madame Grisi, who has this season assumed Jenny Lind's part, Alice in *Roberto*; and Madame Viardot's, Valentina in *Les Huguenots*. The

passionate scene which she goes through in the final catastrophe of the latter opera with Mario, is full of tremendous energy, and that Italian fire which always lights up the enthusiasm of hearers. Still Grisi, with all her accomplishments, is an actress of routine and convention; the quiet touches of the German school—the occasional, sweet, human, simple tones of its recitative—the profound art under which nature and simplicity are conched in Jenny Lind and Viardot, transporting us into the reality of the scene—are beyond the province of Madame Grisi. These studies of sentiment, in look, tone, or gesture, springing up like flowers where unexpected, are the last poetical refinements of opera, and address themselves to the highest taste. Grisi reserves herself chiefly for striking situations, in which her method of creating effect is well known. In Meyerbeer's operas we must say that we prefer the less ostentatious school of German art; but her *Norma*, her *Lucrezia*, are scarcely to be surpassed.

The fine voice in which Mario has been during the season has contributed much to the musical attractions of the Royal Italian Opera. The air in the *Huguenots*, with the *viola obbligato* of Mr. Hill, has been constantly increasing in popularity; and among the new things which Mario has attempted we must notice Beethoven's *Adelaide*, as creating a sensation scarcely inferior to that which attended Rubini's performance of the same music. This was one of the attractive novelties of the morning concerts given at this house,—among which may be also reckoned English madrigals, most effectively executed by the chorus. We are glad to observe that Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which has been so hackneyed by the Italian singers, is, for the future, likely to give place to better things.

As a substitute for Marini, and as principal *lasso profondo*, we have this season had Herr Formes, who, though his voice is hard and inflexible, and his style too unpolished for the concert-room, possesses great advantages on the stage, and especially in the operas of his countrymen. As Marcel, in the *Huguenots*, he embodied the *ideal* of the iron soldier, and made up his part with

that attention to historical detail of which Standigl set so artistic an example. The famous war-song, 'Piff paff,' was delivered by him with the most extraordinary eccentric energy. His Bertram, in Meyerbeer's *Robert*, possessed all the wild characteristics of that fearful conception; but it is in the *Freischütz* that he has given the greatest amount of animation to the scene. The production of this work caused much embarrassment to the indolent and imperfectly-educated Italian opera singers, and the new recitatives of Berlioz had to be considerably altered and shortened by M. Costa before they could be adapted to the capacity or pleasure of the singers. Formes, though evidently not at home at first in the Italian language, imparted to his music its native zest and flavour. He sang and acted with national enthusiasm—not for himself alone, but for the honour of Fatherland. Nothing could exceed the vigorous and inspiring effect of the choruses in the *Freischütz*; and, perhaps, if it were wished to realize the last perfection of dramatic enjoyment, it might be done by uniting a complete set of German principal artists with the unequalled English chorus and orchestra, so as to represent *Faust*, *Euryanthe*, *Fidelio*, in all the spirit and nationality of their first conception. Something of this sort is said to have been projected in the original design of the Covent Garden Opera, but it has as yet been but partially carried out.

If human lungs and efforts were inexhaustible, *Le Prophète* would easily fill the theatre three times in each week. Madame Viardot continues to impart such interest to the maternal Fides, that the public have had but small opportunity as yet to judge of her versatility. Her beautiful and pathetic singing of the air, 'O figlio mio, che dirò?' still shows what mastery over the affections of the bearer she possesses; and every step in the gradual advance to public appreciation which she makes renews the history of Malibran's career, which was slow and difficult at first, but received the final triumph and acclamation due to genius.

As a sign of the progress of the lyrical, which now appears to have almost entirely superseded the acted

drama, the last attempt of the Drury Lane company, under Mr. Anderson, to represent the *Antigone* of Mendelssohn, is worthy of notice. Plays not filling the benches, music was attempted, and it really was pleasant to have our recollections of the work revived; but the orchestra and chorus could not be organized in haste, and after sundry well-meant, but very imperfect attempts, the house closed.

The late season of concerts has been productive of little to interest the classical amateur, or advance the art. In so far as M. Costa's influence as conductor of the Philharmonic extends, the symphonies of the great masters may be said to be better executed than heretofore; but in the direction with which he is unconcerned—that is, in the engagement of singers, of instrumental artists, and in the selection of music—the honour of a national institution seems entirely overlooked. Cheapness and expediency are the order of the day. To sell as many tickets as possible, and to expend as little as possible upon engagements, may show a cheering pecuniary result; but there is also a heavy *per contra* of grumbling and dissatisfaction. The strangers from the country, who purchase tickets for a night that they may say they have been at the Philharmonic, have introduced there new manners and customs. We hardly know who commenced the practice, but now so many of the audience begin to leave the room after the second symphony of the evening, that the close of the performance is comparatively abandoned. One chief reason of this is the great falling off in the character of the solo performances—in the singers, especially; it is not only that they are often common shilling-concert exhibitors, but, even when they are new, their talents are mean and inconsiderable. It was actually a grand gala night when, at the close of the season, Miss Lincombe, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves, appeared together, and made some amends for the dissatisfaction of the audience on a previous evening, when their forbearance was grievously tried by the incompetence of an unknown French lady-singer. Since the practice has been adopted of retaining the same singer through two parts of the concert, the interest of the second part has much declined,

for if the singer be of small or hack-nied talent there is very little curiosity to hear an unsuccessful experiment repeated. The Wednesday Concerts and the Tavern Concerts, now so frequent in the suburbs of London, have done much to lower the standing of artists. In such places Thalberg and Ernst have become common, and they attract attention now mainly in proportion as they play good music, and reveal something more than a merely mechanical talent. That Thalberg could play Mozart's Concerto in D minor, and restrain the power of his fingers within the bounds of the composition so as not to deform the work, seemed to many a gratifying evidence of his judgment. But we have heard him do this more than once, and it is now in good music alone that Thalberg keeps curiosity fresh.

However, the character of the Philharmonic Concert cannot be sustained by means of singers and performers who are heard everywhere. What distinction is conferred upon the artist who makes one of the cheap miscellaneous crowd of Philharmonic soloists? There was a time when the Continent supplied the concerts with a constant succession of new performers,—no city but contributed its best, and manifested an eagerness for the suffrages of a London audience. But, of late, we have been sadly deficient in musical lions: if any one possess special talents or rare acquirements, he makes them known through other channels, and offers them to the Philharmonic only when they have become cheap and stale enough for the purpose of the directors. In the vocal and solo pieces, nothing short of a thorough reform will give satisfaction to the old subscribers.

Since our last notice of the music of London, we have had the satisfaction of seeing the speculation of the Wednesday Concerts fairly stranded. It came suddenly and unexpectedly to an end; nor could a better issue be wished to any undertaking in which baits were spread for the lowest taste, and where it was endeavoured to revive from our old theatrical music much that experience and progress had justly exploded. The day of such composers as Braham and Michael Kelly will not easily shine again upon England, any more than

that of the Vauxhall songs of the close of the last century. And as for the good music with which the bad is mixed, the whole takes such a colour of vulgarity from the tone of the concert, that the violation of taste is scarcely less in the one case than in the other. Jullien's entertainments were destined for the million—they were to please everybody: their fate is known, and should be instructive. Public entertainments in music should always be addressed to a class with some higher object than the cupidity of speculation, and good music generally rewards active and judicious enterprise.

It is with great pleasure that we observe the continued success of the Beethoven Quartet Society in their new and elegant apartments in Queen Anne Street. Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, have gradually been drawn within the circle of entertainments, while Beethoven furnishes the staple, and carries off the chief honours of them. Rousselot the violoncello, and Hill the tenor player, the original performers of the society in the time of its founder, the late Mr. Alsager, have been joined this season by Ernst and Cooper, who have been the stationary first and second violin. We have never heard the quartets so exquisitely performed as by this party. There is an individuality in each artist, which blends into a perfect whole. Ernst, with a rather thin tone, shows such an elegant style, and so much taste, that no one has ever equalled him as an exponent of the passion of Beethoven. Sivori and Molique, more correct in certain technical points, fall far short of him in this respect; and no one can form an idea of the genius of this violinist who knows him not in his peculiar province—expression.

To hear how habit and indefatigable practice have smoothed down the difficulties of the posthumous quartets of Beethoven, astonishes, even after the evidence of the senses—so wonderfully have 'the crooked been made straight, and the rough places plain.' Easy, such music can never become, but a certain facility has been gained; and if the application of the Beethoven Quartet Society has only brought these works out of their former enigmatical state, rendered their meaning clear, and placed

the genius of the composer at its true elevation, a great service has been rendered to art. Music has hardly greater mysteries, or deeper recesses of invention to be explored, than those through which we follow the profound Beethoven with this simple combination—two violins, tenor and bass. The incessant varieties which he draws from the powers of these instruments, might well enlarge that view of the future of music which kept his genius in perpetual exaltation. Through the efforts of this society Mendelssohn has also appeared in a new light. His quartet writings show a genius so happily adapted to that branch of art, that had he lived, it might have proved his principal and most successful walk of composition. Among the new foreign players who have expounded Beethoven's pianoforte compositions, we may notice the celebrated M. Stephen Heller with praise, for his tasteful and correct readings; and yet his execution, contrasted with the finished mechanism of the day, will be thought somewhat deficient in lightness and elegance.

Mr. Ella, at the 'Musical Union,' has pursued nearly the same object as the Beethoven Society. He has produced many polished performances of chamber music; and a new pianoforte player, of whom report speaks well, M. Silas, has appeared under his auspices.

The Bach Society, an association of not many months' standing, has gathered strength enough to give one public performance of the vocal works of the great John Sebastian. We wish well to the co-operative principle in which these societies are generated; it is the only way in which the works of a master hitherto supported by solitary and individual enthusiasm can be expected to contribute to the advance of the age. But when the gigantic ideas of Bach in the sacred chorus can be realized, the public may expect entirely new sensations in choral music. The fugues of the double-choir motetts, on various chorals as a *canto fermo*, might engage the attention of the Sacred Harmonic Society, or of Mr. Hullah's upper classes at St. Martin's Hall. It is really difficult to find what can best employ such vast associations.

LETTERS FROM GENERAL CONWAY TO HORACE WALPOLE
(EARL OF ORFORD).

FROM THE ORIGINALS, FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LATE RIGHT HON.
SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

PART IV.

Mahon, Minorca, Sept. 4th, 1751.

DEAR Horry,—If I waited till I heard from you, in all appearance I should never write to you again. I have now been near a month in this cursed island, and out of England almost two, and have not had a single line, nor a word, from you or any of my friends, except one only. Yet I don't mean to complain of you, but of my own stupidity or negligence that did not take my measures better—of my ill-fortune, of roads, distances, seas, winds, &c. 'T would be but a little hyperbole to say your letters were *afraid* to come here; the least hint of what Minorca is must frighten 'em from it. Imagine what is ugliest in nature, and dullest in human society, and you'll perhaps have a better notion of this place than I can give you. The country is one heap of rock and sand; not a tree for shelter, nor a brook for refreshment, in the whole island. Where Cardinal Retz, who describes this as a paradise, got his ideas, or what fortunate island he mistook for it, I don't know. The inhabitants are, in appearance, fit inhabitants for such a place—ugly in form, poor, proud, mean, ignorant, and superstitious. I believe really, at an average, I have seen two or three processions a-day ever since I have been here; so you see they enjoy their own religion. They have their own laws too,—liberty enough; at least much more than they ever knew. No taxes for our government, and a free trade; and yet they say they are very discontented, and sigh for a Spanish government.

I had the pleasure and entertainment t'other day of seeing the great races of Mahon, on the festival of Saint John the Baptist's decapitation, which they celebrate with great mirth and festivity. The games themselves are very noble, really; and such as I believe exceed everything of the kind, ancient or modern. There are four races, namely, of horses, of mules, of jackasses, and a foot-race. In the first, the prize is a silver tea-spoon, value three or four shillings; the victor in the second is rewarded with a halter; the third obtains a set of shoes for his animal; and the fourth a pair for himself. At night there was a public ball in an open place of the town, called by us Moorfields, where our regiments generally exercise. In one corner of it they light a kind of bonfire, not for warmth, as you'll imagine, but to supply the place of wax-lights; and the ball is regulated in this manner, viz. a damsel is set up in a conspicuous place to auction, where the men bid for her in proportion to her beauty, merit, and accomplishments, from about one-third of a penny as high as sixpence. The highest bidder is her partner, takes her out, and dances three *reprises* of a sort of grave jig, but with such decorum that he is not allowed to touch her hands. The women dance, generally with castagnettes, a slow step with very little variety, but sometimes not without grace. There's a stupid description of a stupid ceremony for you.

I have, moreover, seen a Jew's wedding, which is odd enough; but I'll spare you the description. We were all almost smothered. Imagine, in one of the hottest days of the hottest season that has been known in this hot climate, a hundred and fifty people, from ten till twelve in the morning, in a room little bigger than a closet, with a great lustre of candles a-light, and two immense flaring tapers. After this, dancing minuets, and a narrow escape of country dances! For me, I am a perfect salamander in these heats: they don't the least affect my health, and have much to do to make me complain. *Triste avantage!* It puts me in mind of what I was reading t'other day in Saint Anthony's speech to the fishes, where he congratulates them upon their happiness in not feeling, or suffering by, the Deluge. However, it is an advantage when one is here, and since it is one's fate to live in a furnace, it's a comfort not to be scorched.

In the meantime I have a constant eye upon Italy, and meditate my

flight there with the very first occasion that offers. I am a little sorry that I did not get recommendations from you, Lord Orford, &c., for Florence and Rome; for since I have been out now, I have found it a melancholy thing to go into a strange town without 'em. At Marseilles I was as if a Chinese had been there, knowing not a soul, nor conversing but with our *table d'hôte*. I have some hopes from Mr. Mann;* but, not knowing him, shall wish I had had letters.†

Adieu, dear Horry. This is a tedious scroll; but excuse it, pray. You can't think the comfort there is in writing and complaining. I know no more of England at present than of Grand Tartary. Not one line from thence yet, even from Lady Ailshury, since I have been here. Indeed this is very melancholy. Pity me do, and believe me very sincerely and affectionately yours,

H. S. C.

Mahon, Sept. 26th, 1751.

Dear Horry,—I can't say how much disappointed I was on the arrival of the packet to-day, among a great bundle of English letters, after being absent almost eleven weeks, and after having writ to you twice, to find none from you. I don't care to think you have quite forgot or neglected me, and therefore choose to suppose either my letters to you, or yours to me, have been lost; for I can assure you there never was a worse place to be forgot in by one's friends than this. It is really a better place to be writ to in than to write in by much, though I write, as you find, without ceasing; but without it, I could not expect to hear from my friends, and without that this horrid place and life, that nothing can reconcile, would be quite intolerable. There's a relief in complaining too, and for that purpose I own I write chiefly at present to complain of you, to complain of everything here, and to complain of the worst fortune in the world, without which I might by this time have made my escape—for some time at least. As to the first, I shall say no more, though I could say a great deal. On the second head of complaint I could talk for ever, the place is such a complication of ugliness, dulness, and *ennui*; rocks, sands, mountains, bareness, brownness, barrenness; no mirth, no joy, no society; much ignorance, much poverty and superstition. 'Tis a horrid little spot indeed—an abominable one beyond all other abominations. Of my ill-fortune, too, I could say a good deal; but shall only tell you now how it has served me in regard to my voyage to Italy, which, as I have told you, my mind has been set upon from the moment I left England. There has been a man-of-war expected here a good while from Portugal, in her way to Italy. Two days ago she was met at sea. They told us she'd come in immediately, having money for the garrison and letters for the governor. I asked his leave to go in her, and was preparing everything for my voyage. Now judge of my ill-luck! Last night she comes in at twelve o'clock—knocks up the coffee-house man for lemons and greens, I think—drops her money and letters—sets sail immediately—and this morning was irrevocably gone before I knew she had been here. The silly captain, it seems, was in a hurry to see his wife, whom he had left in Italy.

So there's an end of my Italian scheme for the present, at least; though

* British envoy at the court of Florence.

† Horace Walpole had anticipated his friend's wishes, as appears in his letter to Mann, dated July 16, 1751:—'My chief reason for writing to you,' says he, 'is to notify a visit that you will have at Florence this summer from Mr. Conway, who is forced to go to his regiment at Minorca, but is determined to reckon Italy within his quarters. You know how particularly he is my friend: I need not recommend him to you; but you will see something very different from the staring boys that come in flocks to you once a-year like woodcocks. Mr. Conway is deservedly reckoned one of the first and most rising young men in England. He has distinguished himself in the greatest style, both in the army and in parliament. This is for you: for the Florentine ladies, there is still the finest person and the handsomest face I ever saw—no, I cannot say that all this will be quite for them; he will not think any of them so handsome as my Lady Ailshury.'

I am still bent upon pursuing it whenever an opportunity offers. And *à propos* to that, if you ever write to Mr. Mann, as I suppose you do, 'twill be a vast comfort to me if you'll just mention me to him, as I am sure I shall run headlong into Italy, *sans avis*, without any acquaintance or recommendation, and appear like a vagabond.

I am just returned from the tour of the island, from seeing it all over, and finding it all the same I thought it at first, and in our neighbourhood. Our journey, or expedition, was of six days, for I should own I lay still three of 'em, and, in the course of it, presented us with nothing but two ordinary towns and a village, two mountains and a cavern. At Cuidadella I staid three days with Colonel Lockart, and by way of visit, for it's a mean place enough; though, in the Spaniard's time, the capital of the island. On one of our mountains is a convent of Augustin friars, who, with all the air of austerity and retreat which such a situation bears, live, if the world belies 'em not, more like the herd of Epicurus than the flock of St. Austin. The place, however, is in great odour of sanctity, and as full of lies and miracles as it can hold. They gave us a good breakfast, and we a small tribute to their favourite image, with which both parties were equally content.

Our other mountain is curious for an ancient Spanish fortress; and our cavern, by description, must be like that vulgarly called the Devil's in Derbyshire. Adieu, dear Horry.

Ever most sincerely yours,

H. S. C.

Rome, Jan. 23rd, 1752.

Dear Horry,—I received a letter from you just before I left Florence of a prodigious old date, by which I assure you I had a very particular satisfaction in finding, not only that you had not quite forgot me, but had been very good in writing two letters before which I never received, and which I assure you I very heartily regret. You won't suspect me of complimenting you when I say such letters must always be very agreeable to an indifferent person, nor when I say their value is doubled to me by all my connexions and regards for you. It felt more awkward and more mortifying than I can express to seem neglected by *you*. Our acquaintance and connexion are almost as old as our relationship, that is, almost as old as ourselves, which, by the bye, begins to grow very old; and I feel both vain and bappy when I can flatter myself it is not a mere habitude on your side, finding it so very different from it on my own. Why they robbed me of your letters that, as you tell me, were neither treasonous nor scandalous, I don't know, unless for a very natural reason that might easily escape *you*, though it's pretty obvious to me—because they liked 'em and chose to keep 'em. You see, by this, my Lady Townshend's *bon mot* did not find me at Minorca: I am sorry for those poor people who don't hear one in an age; but I certainly was very glad for myself. You'll see where it found me by my last, and though I said something in it of the very easy, polite, and agreeable reception I met with there, I never can say enough. I never saw a better heart, nor with more turn to oblige and to please. I have seen but little of him,* or rather but for a little while, for he is one of those marked characters one can't but know immediately, especially in the situation I was in, where I had such constant experience of it.

I left Florence with great regret, I assure you; but after staying five weeks, instead of five days, found it absolutely necessary, or to abandon all thoughts of Rome, which, besides my curiosity for the Gran Città that you know I have long entertained, I thought would really be too ridiculous after coming so far and so near it.

I saw but little of the Griffoni † at Florence, and, by the little I did see, it's a shocking truth, but it must out some time or other, I can't think her

* Mr. Mann.

† A Florentine lady, much admired by Horace Walpole, and to whom he applies some of the Earl of Surrey's love-verses, addressed, in Henry the Eighth's time, to the fair Geraldine of Florence.

handsome. As to agreeable, there are so many tastes I shall say nothing. To speak the truth, it is not fair, I saw so little of her. But her sister Antinori pleased me vastly; she's infinitely agreeable and sensible, and, for a beauty of that age, very handsome. The loves, and scandals, and odd stories, of Florence would fill a volume—they are of all sorts, serious and comic, but much more of the latter. It is a scene of cicisbèship, and of intrigue beyond anything, in all kinds of people of all orders, ages, and conditions, and in all ways. * * * The grand flame of Florence is a Madame Acciaiuoli—Mr. Pelham's flame, a Mr. Langley's flame, now a young Florentine's (one Piccio), and soon, they say, to be another's; and, what's particular, she is perhaps the homeliest young woman in Florence, and there really are many. Of beauties I count but four.

I came hither with Lord Stormont, an acquaintance I just began at Paris and improved at Florence, and you'll believe I think myself lucky in it when I say he is one of the most agreeable young men I have known, both sensible and lively. We have lived together since we came here, and shall, I suppose, till I go, which I expect soon, as all my letters flatter me of late with a regiment of dragoons and a sudden recall; though whether I shall be able to obey it immediately I don't know, the weather is so very bad, and the cold so extreme, that I fancy the Alps must be impassable. You may, however, imagine I shan't be very long in attempting it, at least. In the meantime, we live here in one perpetual hurry and *giro* enough to turn one's head; three hours every morning for the antiquities, and two more for the palaces, pictures, &c., with late dinner, dressing after the Opera, and company. Here's your old friend the Venetian ambassadress, as silly and whimsical as ever. We have been at her balls, and she insists upon having known me very well in England. She did not stir at her ball, t'other night, till it was just over, and then danced torlanas, dragged everybody about the room, and made the fiddlers dance with her all round the house. Lord Charlemont is here, and Lord Tilney, driven hither from Calais by contrary winds *in his way to England, literally*; so he was forced on shore at Ostend, and set out immediately for Rome! With this, he's really a good little creature.

Adieu, dear Horry. Believe me ever very sincerely yours,

H. S. C.

P. S. I'll talk of Rome at the end of Warwick Street.

Belturbet, May 22, 1752.

Dear Horry,—I am at present under the circumstances of reviewing with a head full of firelocks, pistols, swords, jack-boots, and returns. To-morrow we perform before General Bligh, and, in about a week after, march for our new quarters at Sligo. Lady Ailesbury, whom I left in Dublin, joins me here, and we proceed immediately to Sligo, there to stay a decent time to see the regiment settled, and then to Park Place, where you may imagine we are rather impatient to be, and where we expect you'll bring your wife to make us a visit; or, if you are resolved to resign her, I desire, at least, you'll come yourself, and do it in a decent manner.

What shall I tell you of Belturbet? It's a strange, dirty, Irish country-town,—a market-town, if you will, and a borough-town; but yet as mean in appearance as most of our villages, and dirtier almost than any. Yet here our whole regiment is assembled; here we have had horse-races since I came; and here we had a ball two nights ago; and, what is strangest of all, out of these dirty holes, like rabbit-burrows, they turn eight or ten good, genteel girls, really well-dressed, and fit to appear at any York or Chester assembly, and good dancers.

Lady Ailesbury and Nanny, in the meantime, are feasting and gadding in Dublin, at their Vanxhalls, and I don't know what. They pretend it's very dull; but I am afraid they'll find Sligo rather more so. Adieu. Give my love to your spouse, and believe me, dear Horry, most sincerely yours,

H. S. C.

Leizlip, July 14th, 1752.

Dear Horry,—We have been here these two or three days on our road home. I am not sure you know where 'here' is. It is the primate's house seven miles from Dublin. On Saturday next, this being Tuesday, we propose to embark for Holyhead, from whence eight days bring us to town; so that, with a fair wind and barring accidents, we expect to be there on Monday se'nnight.

I don't summon you to give up your charge,* but to a performance of your promise of bringing her to us to Park Place, which I was very glad to have under your hand in your last letter. Now, when I say 'bring her,' that shall be as you please; for we come to town first, where I fancy Lady Ailesbury will be glad to see her, and save you the trouble of carrying her down: but not that of coming there, which we absolutely look upon as our right; nor will Lady Ailesbury receive your report anywhere else, though we shall be very glad to meet you in town.

My cousin's and Lady D.'s is an excellent history; but really the farce of it has ended a little too tragically in his losing his estate, or, at least, the settlement of it, which seems to put it in no small danger with a father capricious enough to object to Lady Di. seriously, as I hear he did, *because she was not the sort of beauty he liked.*†

You complain of your want of news, and send us a volume. I could talk of nothing but ourselves and our own uninteresting history at quarters, and have not time for that; it has been made duller than usual by very bad weather, which is not much mended here. You see it's time to finish when one comes to the weather. So, till we meet, which I assure you I think of with impatience,

I remain, most sincerely yours,

H. S. C.

P. S. Lady Ailesbury and Nanny salute you. I hope poor Mrs. Leneve is better. Pray make my compliments to her. We are not sure we shan't be in town on Sunday, and I fancy Lady Ailesbury would be very sorry not to find Missy in waiting for her; so will beg you to send her there to our house.

Sligo, May 8, 1753.

Dear Horry,—I told you I'd write to you, and now perform my promise, according to rule, by letting you know of my good journey and safe arrival; events so much, of course, that I have a notion you have no great curiosity about 'em; and much less to hear the detail of a dull, solitary journey of a dull person to a dull place; which is my history in three words. I lost my chaise, that is, broke it, and left it three miles from Chester, and have not recovered it since. That's my only event, and, in consequence of it, I have most unmercifully jumbled myself down here for four days successively upon these stony roads in a hackney coach, that it's a mercy I have a whole bone in my skin.

I stayed very little at Dublin, and learnt no news in the world but the death of old General Read, who is since come to life again, to the disappointment of half-a-dozen colonels that expected his regiment. General De-

* The daughter of General Conway and Lady Ailesbury.

† The 'history' alluded to by Conway is thus narrated by Horace Walpole in the letter to which the above is an answer:—'My Lady Ailesbury,' writes Walpole, 'says I must send her news, and the whole history of Mr. Seymour and Lady Di. Egerton, and their quarrel, and all that is said on both sides. I can easily tell her all that is said on one side (Mr. Seymour's), who says the only answer he has ever been able to get from the Duchess or Mr. Lyttelton was, that *Di. has her caprices.* The reason she gives, and gave him, was the badness of his temper and imperiousness of his letters; that he scolded her for the over-fondness of her epistles, and was even so unsentimental as to talk of *desiring to make her happy, instead of being made so by her.* He is gone abroad in despair, and with an additional circumstance, which would be very uncomfortable to anything but a true lover; his father refuses to resettle the estate on him, the entail of which was cut off by mutual consent, to make way for the settlements on the marriage.'

grangue was thought to be dying, too, when I came from Dublin; hut, in short, death, that is vulgarly reckoned the most certain, is, of all things, the most uncertain, and there's no depending upon it. I have no interest in these deaths, observe; hut we military men all make *cause commune* of it, and take it seriously ill if an old general does not die when he should, and are quite peevish. There's poor Lord Molesworth, too, whom I saw in Dublin, if he lives long will give great cause of complaint. I never saw in anybody living a stronger appearance of decay and mortality; and though I must not talk such language in the barracks here, to you I may own that I am heartily sorry for it, as he will leave a young wife, two grown-up young women by his first, and five or six children by the present: all, I believe, without a penny. One must be very military, indeed, to be pleased with such an event.

To think of entertaining you with anything from Sligo would be a folly. You know no thing nor creature here. It won't bear describing, and I am bad at description, too, so shall make this short. Let me hear the news of the town from you, and particularly your own, I desire. Believe me, dear cousin, most faithfully yours,

H. S. C.

Sligo, May 19, 1753.

Dear Horry,—I am vastly obliged to you for thinking of me and writing to me at a time when, by all the rules of correspondence, it was my business to write first; and the more because it looks as if we were not to write by rule. What you call your tittle-tattle wanted no apology. I need not tell any body else, but I find it's necessary to inform you that it's more agreeable, more entertaining, and generally more interesting, than greater and graver events, as they are commonly told; not but that some of your paragraphs would figure in a gazette. The death of poor Lord Hyde is, indeed, but too grave. I saw it in the newspapers, hut was in hopes it was not true. I am sorry, as you seem to be, for the disposition he has made of his estate, particularly on poor Lord Charles's account, who, I believe, has a great deal of merit, and wants the property much more, I fancy, than they where it's gone. I don't understand how he came to have so much to dispose of, or what power he has over anything that falls by Lord Clarendon's death.

We live as dully as possible here; yet I neither envy nor regret your balls and masquerades. I submit a little to my age, as you do; that is, to my disposition and situation. I think to be always in those whirlwinds of diversion, without gallantry, is childish, tiresome, and insipid; and to be gallant neither suits my present state nor inclination. I am not wiser nor better than other people, hut you have always told me I was more indifferent. I believe that might be true to a degree, at least comparatively, and it's more so now. I don't mean that I am insensible either to the people or things that make me happy now: that can't be, since my happiness does not result from a mere absence of misfortunes and wants; hut then it is not that turbulent happiness of the gay and gallant—that revelling and enthusiastic pleasure with which people are carried in the air and in the clouds, looking down with pity and contempt upon such poor veterans as you and I that crawl peacefully upon the earth. I look up at 'em with wonder sometimes, but not with envy; not even of my Lady Northumberland, nor my Lord Holderness, whom I regard as the two gayest of the age.

Here I am, daily fighting my squadrons and battalions, and amusing myself, poor thing, as well as any one can with his mere dry duty, and with a head so full of firelocks, swords, and bayonets, and so stuffed with huff accoutrements, slings, and belts, and pouches, boots and spurs, bridles and saddles, that I have scarce room for any other idea there. Don't wonder, therefore, if I talk strangely and incoherently; it's much for me to talk at all out of my occupation, I assure you: nor does this town afford a single event, great or small, that could bear the telling even by yourself. I must, therefore, go back to yours.

As to Mr. Spencer's match, knowing nothing of the parties, I can only guess at it by the opinion of others. Lord Grenville, you say, is for it, and Lady Cowper, I hear, is in despair about it, which would rather make one

think well of it. But he is vastly young to marry; they say, only eighteen: so there's a dreadful time to cool and grow tired, and at a season when I doubt one's most likely to do so.

Your history of my ancient princess is admirable.* I don't think her quite incapable of giving provocations, but what provocation could move her antagonist to such an outrageous pitch of violence and impertinence I am curious to know. You civil people that bow to her, don't quite lose your reputation, I think; but it's a mercy neither Colonel V. nor I are any longer her lovers. As to my lord, I suppose he's out of the question. It's a shocking violence, to be sure: in France the offender would be put in prison for it, or worse; but here, when you and all her friends have exclaimed, 'They'll get my Lady Yarmouth not to have her teeth drawn or cleaned by him,' it will end. I expected to hear a fracas of another kind about a person I named, and am curious to know if her victorious and happy rival has hazarded a conflict or retreated to her castle in Yorkshire.

You are reading Lord Bolingbroke's last volume of letters, you say; and I have just taken up Lord Orrery's, in which I am an age behind all the world. They were read by everybody last year before I came home; and I either did not bear or have forgot the opinions about 'em: but, for myself, except the character of Swift had raised people's curiosity, I should wonder they were read at all. I think they are in as florid and flimsy a style as anything I have seen a great while.

I think Sir Charles's distich † neither very new nor very ingenious, I must own. How the German language may have brightened it up, I don't know. Monsieur Munchausen looks like a judge.

Sincerely yours,

H. S. C.

Park Place, June 24, 1753.

Dear Horry,—The day before yesterday I returned from my travels in Ireland, which I notify to you, that I may learn at the same time where you are, what becomes of you, and when one may hope to see you.

I received your letter with the history of the Marriage-bill, ‡ which diverts

* This alludes to a diverting story of a titled lady, of whom Conway, in early life, was an admirer. It is thus told by Horace Walpole:—'The heroine is Lady Harrington; the hero is—not entirely of royal blood; at least, I have never heard that Lodomie, the tooth-drawer, was in any manner descended from the house of Bourbon. Don't be alarmed: this plebeian operator is not in the catalogue of your successors. How the lady was the aggressor is not known; 'tis only conjectured that French politeness and French interestedness could never have gone such lengths without mighty provocation. The first instance of the tooth-drawer's ungentle behaviour was on hearing it said that Lady Harrington was to have her four girls drawn by Liotard, which was wondered at, as his price is so great. 'Oh!' said Lodomie, '*Chacune paie pour la sienne.*' Soon after this insult, there was some dispute about payments and tooth-powder, and divers messages passed. At last the lady wrote a card, to say she did not understand such impertinent answers being given to her chairman by an *arracheur de dents*. The angry little gentleman, with as much intrepidity as if he had drawn out all her teeth, tore the card in five slits, and returned it with this astonishing sentence,—'I return you your impertinent card, and desire you will pay me what you owe me.' All I know more is, that the tooth-drawer still lives; and so do many lords and gentlemen formerly thought the slaves of the offended fair one's will and passions, and, among others, to his great shame, your sincere friend, H. W.'

† This alludes to a panegyric distich by Sir Charles Williams on the Queen of Hungary, as follows,—

O regina orbis prima et pulcherrima, ridens
Es Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens.

'It is infinitely admired at Vienna,' says Walpole; 'but Baron Munchausen has received a translation of it into German in six verses, which are still more applauded.'

‡ This was a bill introduced by Lord Bath for the prevention of elandestine marriages, with a view to put an end to the abuses practised in the precincts of the Fleet Prison, May Fair, and other unlicensed places. It gave rise to violent party altercations.

me a good deal, and puzzles me a little. I think by your and other accounts that the party heats seem more than the zeal for or against the scheme could naturally have produced; and yet the policy of ministers showing their teeth and snarling at one another, when it is not time to bite, I don't clearly understand. But I must own myself (and very honestly do) a miserable politician. Perhaps as the last general war of politics ended by the event of two years ago, these skirmishes are only to keep our orators in breath till another breaks out: for it's so much the nature of Englishmen to divide and subdivide, that if there were but two left in the world I believe they'd form two parties; and if there was but one, he'd quarrel with himself. I have actually heard of two men living in a lighthouse off the coast of Cornwall, where they see no soul but themselves, who quarrelled and did not speak to one another for a twelvemonth, though, as I have said, they had no mortal to speak to, and, I believe, could neither read nor write.

Adieu. I hope Strawberry has fared better than Park Place. We are choked with drowth, all our ponds emptied, our trees dead, and our turf burnt. If there is any news, tell me, and believe me most sincerely yours,

H. S. C.

WATERING-PLACES AND SUMMER HAUNTS OF ENGLAND.

IT was an observation of the great French chancellor, D'Aguessau, that he invariably found a relief to continued occupation on one subject in change of study. '*Le changement d'étude*,' said he, '*est toujours un delassement*.' If those wearied and worn-out in body, and suffocated with the smoke and smells of London, would adopt the advice of the great French magistrate and lawyer, and, when sick or suffering, move from one place to another—in a word, change the scene and the air, what a world of suffering and expense might be saved to the delicate valetudinarian, to the pale and pensive scholar, to the fragile beauty with shattered nerves and broken health, who has gone through the gaieties of the London season. How the eight or ten thousand general practitioners who live within the bills of mortality, a-galling of simples, instead of culling them, would suffer in purse and in practice in consequence! How much less physic would be swallowed, and how much more rude health we should everywhere see prevailing, we need not stop to detail. It is our firm belief, founded on no mean experience, that nine-tenths of the complaints called 'stomach,' 'nervous,' 'dyspeptic,' 'bilious,' and 'want of tone,' would disappear with a change of air, of diet, and of mode of life, in the space of two or three months.

At this period in the past year, when cholera raged so fearfully in London, how few of those who left their business avocations and hurried down to Brighton, Broadstairs, Dover, Ramsgate, Little Hampton, the Isle of Wight, or even to Southend or Herne Bay, suffered from the malady, and how many of those who remained in London fell victims. But whether cholera, fever, influenza, or any other epidemic prevail; whether men or women be worn out and jaded by toil, by study, or by exhaustion, or by the inordinate pursuit of pleasure or of business, depend on it, gentle reader, there is nothing like change of scene and of air—like journeying from one watering-place to another, in search of health and amusement. The man or the animal who has been too long confined to one spot without intermission, commences, after eight or nine months' sojourn, to feel a yearning for a change of air and scene; and if such change be not speedily effected, the general health begins to suffer, and day after day, symptoms of languor, of restlessness, of indigestion, and of incapacity to labour, present themselves. Recourse is then had to the general practitioner, or to the family doctor or surgeon, when the inevitable stereotyped blue pill and colocynth, or Plummer's pill, or an alterative course of calomel, is ordered,—a dose

which, for a time, gives relief. But after a month the symptoms return with renewed vigour, and the poor patient is again pilled and purged drastically, and *secundum artem*, and again he experiences a topical and temporary relief. But meanwhile the vital energy is diminishing, and physic becomes a necessity of nature. The dressing-room and table of the patient becomes a laboratory, on which are ranged in admired order, or terrible show, pill-boxes, phials, and powders, black-draughts and tonics, boluses and electuaries. If, instead of swallowing these things, the soddened sojourner of St. James's or St. Giles-in-the-Fields had taken a railway ticket for Sandgate or Southampton, for Dover or Dawlish, at the beginning of the month of August, or of this instant September, how different would have been the result as to his health and spirits, nay, peradventure, even to his pockets; for apothecaries' bills at the end of three months, sometimes with attendance and the unfailing etc. etc., amount to considerable sums.

It is our opinion that no man or woman, professional or otherwise, who has been in any part of London, however healthy, from the previous October, should again be found in the same latitude after the first week of August. In June or July, if the weather be sultry, London is bad enough in all conscience; but in August London is positively insufferable even in the sweetest, the most open, and the healthiest parts. In Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill; in Chancery Lane, Back Lane, and Goswell Street; in a word, from Pall Mall to Mile End Old Town, the stench is intolerable, and not to be endured by any man who has a few pounds to spare. It is not merely that the sewers smell rankly, but there is a baked, a soddened, and a sourish smell, in all the streets, alleys, courts, and corners. The very bricks, and slates, and stones, seem redolent of anything but sweetness, while all animal and vegetable matter become almost immediately putrescent. Can the breathing of such an atmosphere be otherwise than pestiferous? Certainly not. The sooner, therefore, they who desire to preserve health and strength

flee away from it the better. Where turn to, however? Why, there are at least twenty watering-places, beginning with Aberystwith in Cardiganshire, and ending with Weymouth, Worthing, and Yarmouth, if we were to follow an alphabetical order.

It is many years ago—in the days of stage and long coaches—since we were ourselves at Aberystwith, which was then considered a far-off place, being 208 miles north-west of London. But now that there are railroads to Worcester, Shrewsbury, Liverpool, and Chester, the journey to Aberystwith can be accomplished in a fourth or fifth part of the time it required some eighteen or twenty years ago. Our own journey thither was performed from Shrewsbury, about fifteen years ago, *i.e.* in 1835 or 1836; and well do we remember, that even then it took us (for we went a party of four or five) from six or seven in the morning till seven or eight in the evening. Now the whole journey from London may be made in less time than was then given to perform a distance of less than sixty miles.

Aberystwith in those bygone days was certainly not a place as civilized as Brighton, Bath, or Cheltenham; but the natural beauties of the country through which you travelled, the purity of the air, and the very peculiarities of the people, rendered it, and we have no doubt still render it, to the Londoner, a zestful sort of place in which to spend a fortnight or a month, if he be so minded. The bathing is unquestionably good; and though the sojourner from town will not find those comforts attainable on the Kentish and Sussex coast, still, if his object be health, and a moderate expenditure, he may attain the first-mentioned blessing without greatly encroaching on the balance in his banker's hands. If, however, our invalid or wanderer be a person loving the delights of a French *cuisine*, or one to whom tolerable English cookery is a necessity, we advise him not to take up his quarters at Aberystwith. In that primitive place nothing but the simplest boil and roast are attainable. In the lodging-houses you are served, or at least we were some fifteen years ago, by women dressed *à la Galloise*,

with men's hats and long blue cloth cloaks—such women as one sees, or formerly saw, vending mushrooms and catsup in the summer months, in the towns of Shrewsbury, Chester, and Liverpool. These worthy creatures are as choleric and superstitious as in the days of the bards of Ogmor and Kidwelly. It was our misfortune, during our short stay in one of the boarding-houses, to break the looking-glass in the bedroom, or rather to cause it to be broken, by leaving the window facing the table on which it stood open in a high wind. From that day forth we were looked on with an evil eye by the mistress of the house, a notable Welsh woman, and her deputy, a Welsh cousin, and at the end of a week were glad to beat a retreat to the hotel, to the infinite satisfaction of our landlady, who told one of her boarders she was rejoiced the English gentleman was gone, as there was no luck in living in the house with one who broke a looking-glass! Aberystwith was, in the days spoken of, and even still is, chiefly frequented by the gentry from the two or three neighbouring counties, and certain stray visitors from Liverpool, Manchester, and the county of Lancaster generally. But you are, in some degree, independent of society, for there are walks and rides to Llanbadarn Vaur, to Plas Crug, to the vales of Rhydol and Ystwydd. The coast of Cardiganshire is dangerous, and not much frequented by craft, so that there wants the eternal variety of shipping to be seen on the Kentish coast.

We shall now transport the reader suddenly, and without notice, from the coast of Cardigan to that of Kent—from Aberystwith to Broadstairs. Nothing can be more marked or sudden than the contrast from the beach in Cardiganshire to the tall white cliffs of Kent—Kent, one of the richest and most fertile counties in England, celebrated for its oak, its orchards, and its hop-grounds—its cherries, its plums, and, in the Isle of Thanet, for its agriculture and garden-seeds. The facilities in getting to Broadstairs, which is seventy-five miles from town, are not so great as they ought to be. With swift, well-appointed, and sufficiently powerful steamers, Broadstairs and Ramsgate ought to be made, in any-

thing like fair average weather, in five hours, whereas generally seven hours, and often eight or nine, are exhausted in the passage. Then by the railroad, even by express, four hours are consumed in the journey, and five hours by the ordinary trains, at an expense of twenty shillings in first and fifteen in second-class carriages, by the ordinary, and, we believe, twenty-two or twenty-four shillings by the express train, which takes no second-class passengers. You are carried about thirty miles out of the direct line to Margate, and about five-and-twenty miles out of the direct line to Ramsgate. To those to whom time and money are equally valuable, these are serious drawbacks; and until some different system be entered on, the whole coast of Kent must in consequence suffer. Even, however, with sluggish steamers, and with a bad and expensive rail, Broadstairs is a delightful and quiet sojourn, situated as it is in the very middle of the Isle of Thanet, between Ramsgate and Margate. The little town is free from the glare and hustle of Ramsgate, and from the pretentious vulgarity of Margate. If you travel by steam to Broadstairs in fair weather by the Ramsgate steamer, you may avoid landing at Ramsgate, and making a journey of two or three miles additional. The steamers each maintain a boat for the convenience of passengers, which lands them on a small wooden embankment called a pier.

Broadstairs was anciently called Bradstow. It was in the olden time a place of some importance, and employed several vessels in the cod fishery; but now its utmost efforts in the fishery extend not beyond the coast of Sussex, whither a couple of huggers resort in the herring and mackerel season. The great beauty of Broadstairs is its seclusion and perfect quiet, and the pleasant walks it affords to pedestrians. 'All the Isle of Thanet,' says Camden, in his quaint but correct manner, 'standeth upon a whitish maile, ful of goodly corne fields, and being a right fertile soile, carrieth in length eight miles, and foure in bredth.' Every portion of the island is intersected by pleasant paths, over which the public have a right of way, so that there is no want of walks in corn and grass

fields, through which you may wend your way to St. Peter's, Margate, Ramsgate, St. Laurence, Minster, and many other villages and hamlets.

Of the inhabitants Camden thus speaks:—

Neither must I pass over heere in silence that which maketh for the singular praise of the inhabitants of Tenet, those especially which dwell by the roads or harbours of Margat, Ramsgate, and Brodstear. For they are passing industrious, and as if they were amphibii, that is, both land creatures and sea creatures, yet their living both by sea and land, as one would say, with both these elements: they be fishermen and ploughmen; as well husband men as mariners; and they that hold the plough taile in eering the ground, the same hold the helm in steering the ship.

According to the season of the yeare, they knit nets, they fish for cods, herrings, mackarels, &c.; they saile and carry forth merchandise. The same againe dung and manure their grounds, plough, sow, harrow, reape their corne, and they inne it. Men most ready and well-appointed both for sea and land; and thus go they round and keep a circle in these their lahouers. Furthermore, whereas that other whiles there happen shipwrackes heere (for there lie full against the shore those dangerous flats, shallows, shelves, and sands, so much feared of sailers, which they use to call the Goodwin Sands, the Brakes, the Four foots, the Whildick, &c.), these men are wont to bestir themselves lustily in recovering both ships, men, and merchandise endangered.

Nearly the whole of this praise, though written more than two centuries and a half ago, holds good to the present day. The Broadstairs men are indeed 'passing industrious,' though they go not forth to the banks of Newfoundland as in 1586 and 1600. But they manure their grounds, sow, plough, and reap, as industriously as in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and plough, sow, and harrow, with all the newest modern appliances. During the last half century a number of new houses have been erected at Broadstairs. Some of those in Eldon Place are spacious and comfortable, and the houses on the Terrace, Paragon, and Nelson Place, are all clean and comfortable. There is an excellent inn facing the sea, kept by a very civil and intelligent man, Mr. Ballard,

who has a bin of good sherry and claret at the service of his customers. There are two libraries, one kept by a dealer in wine and brewer, of the name of Hale. Some years ago this worthy man had two parcels of wine well worth attention, both of the stock of the late Marquis Wellesley, and purchased from East Cliff Lodge, where the marquis then resided, and where Sir Moses Montefiore now disports himself in the summer and autumn. One of these was a bin of white hermitage, a rare, and what wine-merchants would call 'a curious old wine,' in perfect preservation; and the other, a bin of Chablis, rather the worse for too long keeping, and which required immediate drinking. A friend of ours purchased considerably of both, and consumed what he purchased, midst friends and kindred, on the premises which he rented at Broadstairs for the three summer months. Mr. Hale was said in those days to have had some very curious and unequalled old port, also from the cellar of East Cliff. But when a celebrated serjeant-at-law applied to him for some dozens in the following season, it appeared that the whole bin had been ordered by a London bookseller without reserve, who had originally become acquainted with the wine in first ordering a dozen of it, to be delivered to a cottage which he rented for a month or so.

The bathing, cold and warm, at Broadstairs is good. The warm baths, kept by Mrs. Crampton, are among the best in England; and the establishment, especially in an abundant supply of clean warm linen, is most commendably conducted.

In the neighbourhood of Broadstairs and Ramsgate the land is high and rich. The face of the country presents fertile corn-fields, intermixed with artificial grasses; the fields are open and uninclosed, and thus the whole country has a champaign and cheerful look. The farms are generally large, and the farmers well to do.

Ramsgate, though a much larger and more bustling place than Broadstairs, and distinguished by a considerable foreign trade, is, nevertheless, in our mind, a less agreeable sojourn. There are some good man-

sions, both in the Crescent and on the Cliff, commanding a fine sea prospect; the quay and pier likewise form a cheerful and healthy promenade; and the beach beneath the cliff is unrivalled, at least on the coast of Kent, for its sands. The air, too, is remarkably pure and bracing, but our own taste would lead us to prefer the quiet and tranquillity of Broadstairs to the comparative hustle of Ramsgate. There is no doubt a more abundant supply *de re cibaria* in the large market of Ramsgate than in the small village of Broadstairs; yet, with its two or three streets, Broadstairs has its couple of fishmongers, poulterers, butchers, and bakers; and with the aid of these worthy men, and the help of the Queen's coin, one may be thoroughly well-provided without leaving this retired village. In the season itinerant venders of fish arrive from Margate, and in the present month of September offer you fine supplies of sole, mackerel, and a haddock little inferior to the Dublin-bay haddock in flavour and nuttiness. There is no want of hotels, boarding-houses, bathing-machines, and pleasure-boats, at Ramsgate, and the daily and evening papers may be seen at three or four libraries, at the baths on the West Cliff, and at the subscription marquee on the bathing sands.

Margate is four and a half or five miles nearer to town than Ramsgate, and one hundred and twenty, or even one hundred, years ago was considered a fashionable watering-place. From 1740 and 1742, down indeed to 1770 and 1775, the first people of the day used to run down to enjoy the sea-breezes at Margate, but in a few years after the accession of George III. the tide of fashion turned in favour of Weymouth. One has only now to look at the deserted hall and assembly-rooms of Margate to be convinced that it was, seventy-five or eighty years ago, in the season, a place as fashionable as Bath in England, or as Pyrmont then was on the Continent. The buildings about Hawley and Cecil Squares and Union Crescent, in their extent, solidity, and substantial comfort, attest that Margate was not then the resort of hairdressers, tailors, bootmakers, publi-

cans doing a large stroke of business, and retired gentleman's servants; in a word, of the 'cankers of a calm world and a long peace.'

From about the year 1620 Margate maintained a very considerable intercourse with Belgium, Germany, and France. In James the First's time the Elector Palatine and his consort landed here. William III. and George I. and II. also landed at and took their departure from Margate in journeying to the Continent. Marlborough arrived here in 1703; and Duncan in 1797, after the victory off Camperdown. In 1815 the wounded from Waterloo were also landed at Margate.

At the end of the last century the character of Margate as a fashionable resort, however, completely changed. The boys of 1790 and 1800 cast on the pier and jetty a strange sort of company, and for now more than half a century the character of Margate as a fashionable watering-place has been altogether gone. But the salubrity of Margate is above the reach of fashion, or the carping of a detestable and vulgar conventionality, and no human power can, fortunately, deprive it of the advantages it enjoys from nature, in pure air, pleasant drives, and admirable sands.

The coffee-room of the York Hotel is spacious, and the living excellent in every respect. The market is, perhaps, even better and more extensively supplied, especially in the articles of fish and fruit, than that of Ramsgate. At the principal fruiterers you may have excellent grapes and Spanish Bon Chrétien pears, from the garden of Mr. J. P. Powell, of Quex, a few miles from Margate. Mr. Powell is, or was (for we believe he has recently departed this life), the only proprietor in the Isle of Thanet who adopted the French custom of bells appended to the collars of his farm-horses. In every portion of the island you met his fine team of black horses, with their 'sweet bells jangled,' not out of, but most harmoniously in, tune. So fond was Mr. Powell of the pealing of bells that he erected a tower or belfry, and maintained at Quex a fraternity of ringers at his own expense.

The bathing, cold and warm, at

Margate is good, and there is no want of walks or drives—of pleasure-boats to go a 'hovelling,' to use the Kentish phrase—or flies to go an airing to Garling, Mutterer Twenties, Nash Court, Birchington, St. Nicholas, or Dandelion, once the property of C. J. Fox. Whilst either at Ramsgate, Broadstairs, or Margate, a visit ought to be paid to Kingsgate, where Charles II. landed in 1683. Here is a castle beautifully situated, built by Lord Newborough, in which Henry Fox, Lord Holland, resided, and in which the late lord, about forty years ago, used to spend a couple of the summer months.

From Margate the transition is natural to Dover. There are, we believe, about twenty-three miles between them, but this is soon traversed either by steamer, railroad, or by the coaches and vans which still ply. The situation of Dover is admirable. Formerly this port was resorted to chiefly by visitors to France,—mere birds of passage, who spent a night or a couple of days there to recruit themselves after the land journey; but within the last thirty years, from its delightful situation, the advantages of its fine shingle beach, and purity of its air, it has become a regular bathing and watering-place, and many families now sojourn here all through the winter. There are assembly-rooms, circulating libraries, an abundance of inns, a theatre, and a market twice a-week, and no want of flies, pleasure-boats, &c. Excursions may be made to Arches Court, St. Rhadagund's Abbey, to Deal, to Canterbury, to Walmer, and Sandgate, &c.; not to speak of walks to Shakespeare's Cliff, a little south of the town, so admirably described in *King Lear*:—

There is a cliff, whose high and bending
head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep.

• • • • •

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the
midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half-
way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful
trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his
head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice; and yon tall, anchoring
bark

Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight.

The heights to the west of Dover, and Shakespeare's Cliff to the S. W., shelter the town, and render it less exposed than other portions of the coast of Kent. There is, probably, also a greater variety of beautiful scenery between Dover and Sandgate than in any seven or eight miles' drive in the county of Kent.

Several families, fond of seclusion and retirement, and for whom the bustle of Dover is too great, sojourn at Walmer—a quiet little watering-place, about a mile to the south of Deal, whose castle is occupied by the Duke of Wellington, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. It was our good fortune, about a dozen years ago, to have made a perambulation of the interior of this castle. The duke's bedroom struck us as remarkable. It was a middle-sized room, in a corner of which was placed a small iron camp bedstead, without curtains, and of the greatest simplicity of structure. By the side of this was a small table, on which lay a common metal inkstand, a small Bible, a Spanish grammar, in the fly-leaf of which was written, 'A. Wellesley, 1809,' and two or three parliamentary papers, which it was evident the hero of a hundred fights had been just perusing.

Sandgate is a pretty little village about seven or eight miles from Dover, beautifully situated, which has risen into greater importance since Folkestone has become a packet and railroad station.

Sandgate was a favourite summer residence of the late Wm. Wilberforce, and one is not surprised, from its quiet and secluded character, that it was so. The beach consists of shingle, so that the sea-water is clear. Near to Sandgate is the castle built by Henry VIII. Here Queen Elizabeth lodged when she visited the coast in 1588. The walk on the cliff from Sandgate to Folkestone is one of the most delightful in England. On a clear day you see the French coast with amazing distinctness.

Folkestone was formerly a quiet old English town, peculiarly built on the side of a hill, where a vast many

Quakers and Quakeresses repaired for the sake of the sea-bathing; but since it has become a railway-station, and a port of embarkation to the Continent, Folkestone has increased considerably in size, but the Quakers do not frequent it in such numbers. Folkestone, however, is a most ancient town. Camden says:—

Folkestone was a flourishing place in times past, as may appear by the pieces of Romane coine and Britaine briccs daily there found: but under what name it is uncertaine. Probable it is that it was one of those towres or holds which, in the reign of Theodosius the Younger, the Romans placed for to keep off the Saxons, as Gildres saith, at certain distances along the shore in the south part of Britaine. Famous it was, and much frequented by the English Saxons, for religion sake, by reason of a monasterie that Eansurde, daughter to Eadbald, king of Kent, consecrated there unto nunnnes. But now it is a small towne, and the greatest part thereof of the sea bath, as it were, pared away.

Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was a native of Folkestone.

With Tunbridge Wells we will finish Kent. Tunbridge is, as our readers are aware, an inland place, at a distance of about six-and-thirty miles from London. Notwithstanding the present state of its population and its immense popularity, Tunbridge Wells is a locality of comparatively modern renown as a watering-place, though the Spa was first discovered by Dudley, Lord North, when in the last stage of a consumption, in 1606. It is recorded that, when given over by his physician, three months of the Tunbridge waters restored the patient to perfect health. But even this remarkable cure would not have led the votaries of fashion to have sojourned here, had not the place been frequented by James II. The wells are one hundred yards above the level of the sea. The component parts are steel, marine salts, an oily and an ochrons matter, and a volatile vitriolic spirit, too subtle for analysis. In a languid state of the circulation, in nervous complaints and ailments, arising from sedentary occupations, the waters of Tunbridge are said to be most efficacious. The accommodations in respect to hotels, libraries, &c., are admirable. Near to Tunbridge are

many walks and rides of surpassing interest—among others Speldhurst, Penshurst, Somerhill, Balham Abbey, and Eridge Park, the seat of the Earl of Abergavenny.

At length we come to Sussex, and of this county Brighton is, as will be admitted, the gem. Who is there, in these days of rail and speedy locomotion, that has not been to Brighton over and over again? The place is as well known to every Londoner as Charing Cross, Howell and James's, or the County Fire Office. Yet this really beautiful town has risen to what it is in the course of little more than one generation. It is, in the greatest degree, to George IV. that Brighton owes its extent, its wealth, and its popularity. This monarch, when Prince of Wales, selected Brighton as a summer sojourn, and ever since that period it has risen in public favour and importance. The Pavilion, so long the favourite abode of the monarch, as Prince of Wales, as Prince Regent, and as George IV., was commenced in 1784, when the Prince of Wales was in his twenty-third year. It originally consisted of a circular building, crowned with a dome, and of a range of apartments on each side. In 1802 two wings were added, and the front of the building now extends a length of 200 feet. The architecture somewhat resembles that of the Kremlin at Moscow, and the interior is finished in the Chinese style. The grounds of the Pavilion are spacious, and well laid out. On the north side are the splendid suite of stables erected for the royal stud, and adjacent are the saddle and harness rooms, and the riding-school, in which the monarch, with his favourite companions and attendants, was wont to take exercise.

Probably a finer *manège* exists not in Europe. The gardens and grounds—once the exclusive resort of the Fitzherberts, the Hertfords, the Conynghams; where Fox, and Sheridan, and Moira, and Erskine sauntered, and held their councils with the Prince—are now thrown open to the public, having been purchased with the Pavilion itself, by the authorities of the town of Brighton, for a sum of 53,000*l.* Here, in these very gardens, the Londoner, who has left town after an early

breakfast, may enjoy shade and shelter from the mid-day sun, inhaling the salubrious sea air, or the breezes of the gently-sloping Downs.

There is little to interest in the early history of Brighton. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was a small fishing-village; and even at the accession of George III. in 1760, ninety years ago, it was little more than a collection of half-a-dozen streets, with a few fishermen's huts. Yet now, in 1850, it is a magnificent city—a city, indeed, of palaces; for what are those noble mansions in Kemp Town, Brunswick Square, and Brunswick Terrace, but palaces?—not so costly or extensive, indeed, as some of the palaces in the Strada Nuova at Genoa, or on Chaija at Naples; but far cleaner, more commodious, and more comfortable.

Brighton is protected from the N. and N.E. winds by a range of hills of easy access. From the summits of these hills, on a clear day, the Isle of Wight may be plainly seen. The soil of Brighton is chalky and dry,—so dry, indeed, that in half-an-hour after the heaviest rains the pedestrian may resume his exercise. This dryness of the air greatly contributes to the healthfulness of the place. Brighton has a capital market, and is, perhaps, next to London, the best-supplied city in England with provisions and provender of every kind. Fish is reasonable, and generally abundant in the market. On the flavour of the Brighton soles it were needless to dilate. There is a freshness, flavour, and *merey* relish in them, which you seek in vain in the soles of London. The mackerel and red mullet, caught in the deep water off Worthing, are also remarkably fine. On the superiority of the Southdown mutton comment were, indeed, superfluous. Brighton is now remarkably well supplied with fruit and vegetables; and in the season there is no want of delicious figs from Taring and Lancing, near to Worthing, nor of grapes, peaches, and nectarines. Hotels, club-houses, boarding-houses, and circulating libraries abound. There is also a greater supply of saddle-horses for hire at Brighton than in any town in England, or, indeed, in the world. The Bedford, York, and Albion hotels are

among the finest in England, and are more moderate in the charges than in the days of 'our hot youth, when George IV. was king.' We remember, a quarter of a century ago (we were then young and green in the ways of this wicked world), paying, at a fashionable Brighton hotel, a crown for a breakfast, consisting merely of chicken and cold ham, on embarking for Dieppe at this port. Another advantage, in which Brighton resembles the metropolis, is in its 'husses, and its cabs. Attached to some of the hotels are baths; but where such luxuries are not found within the curtilage of your 'hostel,' you have but to step out on the Steyne, where you will find your pick and choice of bathing establishments. Of pleasure-boats, as may be supposed, there is no lack whatever. Brighton has also its chalybeate spring, which is supposed to be efficacious in cases of general debility, indigestion, and atony of the stomach. But with the sea before one in which to plunge, or, if our reader be delicate, with warm sea-water and douche baths at hand, he must be curious in spas who would seek a chalybeate at Brighton. Spas should be altogether unnecessary to the visitor who makes a proper use, on foot or on horseback, of the Downs, or of the elegant, or, for health, the glorious, Chain Pier.

It must be admitted that, of late years, Brighton has not been a cheap place. Houses and apartments are dear, and provisions are even a shade dearer than in London. Among the excursions to be made in the neighbourhood of Brighton, the Devil's Dyke, Preston, Rottingdean, Shoreham, Hove, and Worthing, may be mentioned.

Worthing is situated eleven miles east of Brighton, and a visit to this fashionable watering-place may be now accomplished for about the sum which, twelve or fifteen years ago, you disbursed in turnpikes on the short journey thither from Brighton. Worthing is a much more tranquil and retired place than Brighton. House-rent and apartments are also considerably cheaper. The town is sheltered by the Sussex Downs, which, even in March and April, exclude the chilling blasts of the N.E. winds. The sands of Wor-

thing afford delightful rides to Lancing and Little Hampton.

With a few words as to Hastings and Eastbourne, we must conclude our remarks on watering-places in Sussex. The entrance into Hastings by the London road from Fairlight Down is picturesque and beautiful. It opens on a smooth terrace, where is an extensive prospect of Pevensey Bay, Beachey Head, Bourne Hills, and a wide range of ocean. A new town, called St. Leonard's-on-Sea, has been, within the last twenty years, erected by Mr. Burton, the houses in which are commodious, presenting all modern appliances and improvements. There are assembly rooms, warm baths, bathing machines, flies, donkeys, pad-chairs, and every other convenience and luxury that one finds in the most civilized watering-places. The hotels, too, are on a large scale, and are clean and comfortable. The drives and rides about Hastings are some of the most beautiful in England. There is Fairlight Downs, Broomham Park, Hurstmonceaux Castle, Pevensey, Rye, Battle, &c. To such as have delicate lungs, or are troubled with pectoral complaints, there is no more desirable residence.

Eastbourne is a place of a different character from Hastings. Its aspect is altogether more grave and serious, and a certain sombreness is added by the appearance of the trees, which, contrary to general custom, flourish luxuriantly to within almost a stone's throw of the sea. Eastbourne is, for the most part, frequented by families belonging to the county of Sussex.

Turn we now to the Isle of Wight and Hampshire, where Southampton first claims attention. Little more than a dozen years ago Southampton was a ten or eleven hours' journey from London, even by the fastest coaches. Now, one is whisked from the Waterloo terminus to the capital of Hants in three hours. The approach from London to Southampton by the old coach-road is uncommonly beautiful, but in passing by rail your eye can scarcely do more than momentarily fix itself on the scenery of the Isle of Wight and the New Forest. With a little alteration, the line of Burns may be applied,—

A moment seen, then gone for ever.

But once lodged, either above or below bar, you can walk, ride, or drive, during your sojourn, amidst some of the most delightful scenery that England affords.

The High Street of Southampton is one of the finest in our island, and is distinguished by the wealth, beauty, and luxury of its shops. In this quiet country town you can supply yourself with every article of elegance and fashion, almost as easily as in Bond Street or Regent Street. In one article, fruit, Southampton beats even London itself. This arises from its proximity to Jersey and Guernsey, whence the finest Charmoncel and Marie-Louise pears are daily sent, and also from its trade by steam with Lisbon, Vigo, Cadiz, and Seville. Independently of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, which periodically start from and arrive at Southampton, sloops are continually passing and repassing between Southampton and the Channel Islands. There is also a communication twice or thrice a-week with Havre, so that much fruit comes from Normandy. Southampton, as a watering-place, possesses great attractions. The soil is of a hard gravel, and as the town is sheltered from the violent winds by the New Forest and the thickly-wooded domains of the gentry living in the neighbourhood, it is a spot peculiarly suited for an invalid. The principal streets are dry and clean, and the town abounds with remnants of monastic architecture. Southampton possesses good inns, bathing establishments, an assembly-room, a theatre, a five's-court, a bowling-green, and numerous libraries.

From Southampton to Cowes the passage is easy and quickly made, the distance being about fifteen miles. Nothing can exceed the beauty of East and West Cowes; the air is salubrious and balmy, and the face of the country beautifully diversified. But, it must be confessed, there is a *per contra* side to the account. Living in the Isle of Wight is inordinately dear, and, independently of this, there are some constitutions for which the air of the island is too relaxing. But to such, there is the really British sport of yachting in reserve. The head-quarters of all the yacht clubs is at the Isle of Wight. Several of the finest of

these vessels have been built at Cowes.

It must be remembered, that however bracing and salubrious, there are people who do not like the sea air. To such, there are several inland watering-places open, as Bath, Cheltenham, Clifton, Bristol, Hotwells, Matlock, Harrowgate, &c.

Bath, in the middle of the last and the beginning of the present century, was one of the most fashionable places in England; and there can be no question that its waters are most efficacious in gout, rheumatism, and other complaints; but of late years, from some cause or another—probably from the opening of the Continent since 1815—the crowd of visitors which anciently resorted to Bath seems to have considerably diminished. Yet Bath is, unquestionably, one of the most magnificent cities in England; and has as admirable inns, apartments, and lodging-houses for the accommodation of visitors as any town in the world. There is the York House, the White Hart, the White Lion, the Castle, the Lamb, the Greyhound, and the Christopher, all first-rate.

The great Pump-room was originally built under the auspices of Beau Nash, in 1704; in 1751 it was enlarged; in 1786 its handsome portico was added. In 1796 the old Pump-room was taken down, and the present handsome building erected on its site. The general time of bathing at Bath is between six and nine in the morning, when there is a fresh supply of water. The bathing of the fair sex is thus alluded to in some satirical lines:—

You cannot conceive what a number of ladies
Were washed in the water the same as
our maid is;
How the ladies did giggle and set up
their clacks,
All the while an old woman was rubbing
their backs.
Oh, 'twas pretty to see them all put on
their flannels,
And then take the water like so many
spauuels!

Anstey, the author of the *New Bath Guide* (no relation of the member for Youghal, we believe), himself a native of Bath, playfully alludes to the contrast between the theory and practice of the Bath physicians in reference to these waters,—

But what is surprising, no mortal e'er
viewed

Any one of the physical gentlemen stewed;
From the day that King Bladud first
found out these bogs,

And thought them so good for himself
and his hogs,

Not one of the faculty ever has tried
These excellent waters to cure his own
hide;

Though many a skilful and learned physician,
With candour, good sense, and profound
erudition,

Obliges the world with the fruits of his
brain,
Their nature and hidden effects to explain.

To every literary man Bath must be dear. It was here Fielding produced his *Tom Jones*. Here Miss Linley, the first wife of Sheridan, was born and educated; and here the accomplished Richard Tickell first drew the breath of life.

Cheltenham, distant ninety-five miles from London, in the days of stage-coaches the fatiguing journey of a long day, may now be reached in three hours by the Great Western. Its level above the sea is about 100 feet, but surrounded on the N.E., E., and S.E. by the lofty range of Cotswold Hills, it is in a great degree sheltered from the winds that blow from those quarters. It is said by the meteorologists of the place that westerly winds blowing off the Bristol Channel, and entering the vale of Cheltenham between the Cotswold and Malvern ranges, prevail eight months out of the twelve. This circumstance conduces greatly to the general health and mildness of the climate and to the preservation of a more uniform temperature than is experienced in any other place occupying the same geographical situation.

There are at Cheltenham alkaline waters, magnesian waters, sulphur waters, and chalybeate waters, so that those afflicted with impaired or depraved digestion, loss of appetite, nephritic or liver diseases, may find a remedy. Long experience has proved that spring and autumn are the best seasons for drinking the aperient waters of Cheltenham. From April to August the attendance becomes daily more numerous; and August, the present month, and October are considered as the height of the season.

Upwards of a century has passed since the sanative virtues of the Cheltenham waters were discovered. The discovery is said to have thus occurred. In a meadow situated at the foot of Bays Hill, and belonging at the time in question to a Mr. Mason, a small rivulet was observed to attract the neighbouring pigeons, great numbers of which congregated round the spot, exhibiting a marked partiality for the water. It was further observed that this stream continued to flow when other streams were frozen. The spring being examined was found to contain a strong saline impregnation, and having been subsequently submitted to experiment, the result proved the medicinal properties of the water.

From the time when George III. visited Cheltenham, public attention became more particularly directed to the sanative character of its mineral springs. Each succeeding year brought with it an increase of visitors, and the demand became greater than they could satisfy. But, even so far back as thirty years, Mr. Thompson of the Montpelier Spa continued boring for other springs; and at the period of his death, in 1820, he had upwards of eighty wells all yielding mineral waters, several of them widely different in their chemical properties from any that had been previously known.

The hotels and boarding-houses at Cheltenham are quite as celebrated as those of Bath. The Plough in the High Street is an old-established and favourite house; and the Queen's, making up 110 beds, and at present to let, is one of the finest hotels in England. The amusements at Cheltenham are of a gay and cheerful character. There are evening musical promenades, rotunda balls, assembly-rooms, concerts, music-rooms, a theatre, hunting appointments with the

Berkeley hounds, billiard-rooms, riding parties, &c.

Not merely are there abundance of libraries, as the Montpelier, Williams's, Lee's, the Literary Saloon, Lovesy's, Wright's, and Roberts's, but there is also a Literary and Philosophical Institution, and several good newspapers, as the *Cheltenham Chronicle*, *Journal*, and *Looker-on*.

Excursions may be made from Cheltenham to Cleeve, Toddington, Halles Abbey, Gloucester, Southam, Berkeley Castle, and even to Malvern and Ross.

With a word or two as to Matlock and Harrowgate we shall conclude.

Matlock, about 144 miles from London, is now easily attainable by the Midland Junction. It is situated in a beautiful and romantic country.

Harrowgate, better known, and about 212 miles from London, is also attainable by the York and North Midland within the compass of a single day. The waters are recommended in gout, jaundice, and spleen, and all complaints arising from obstructed secretions. The season at Harrowgate begins at May and ends at Michaelmas. The inns at Harrowgate are the Dragon, Granby, Queen's Head, the Crown, the Half Moon and White Hart. The various parties mess in common, and nothing can be more agreeable than an intercourse by which parties enjoy, at a reasonable rate, not merely comforts, but all the luxuries and delicacies.

Reader, if you have not already taken your railway-ticket for Harrowgate, or for Sidmouth, Dawlish, and Ilfracombe, go and do so immediately, for rest assured that a sojourn in London in the month of September is good neither for body nor for mind. *En route*, then, for the watering-places; and till we meet there, adieu.

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JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

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WATERING PLACES AND SUMMER HAUNTS OF ENGLAND.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of Fraser's Magazine must decline any longer to return papers that are sent for consideration. The labour of doing so is considerable; and authors who desire to keep what they may have written, had better make copies for their own use.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1850.

GEOLOGY VERSUS DEVELOPEMENT.*

IT is scarcely necessary to apologize for a geological article. The appearance of an eighth and low-priced edition of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, in which geological facts, highly distorted to support a dreamy hypothesis, have been presented with artistic effect, proves that general readers are not disinclined for geological reading of a popular kind. If further proof were wanting, we might appeal to the fact that the Geological Section of the British Association has always the largest non-scientific audience, and is the most resorted to by the ladies. We might instance, also, as a proof of the appetency of the public for popular science, the favourable reception experienced by an article on *Recent Discoveries in Astronomy* which appeared in *Fraser* for May 1848. If the multitude are disposed to drink of the streams of science, it is incumbent on those who supply them with popular science to supply it pure; unadulterated by the palatable and sparkling, but poisonous mixtures, which have been of late but too successfully mingled with it. We therefore hail with pleasure the appearance of antidotes to this poison, in the *Foot-prints of the Creator*, in which the doctrines of the *Vestiges* are combated by so good a geologist and so popular a writer as Mr. Miller; and also in the new edition of Professor Sedgwick's *Discourse on the Studies of Cambridge*, containing much new matter directed to the same end. There are, however, many who have read the *Vestiges*, and who will read an article in a magazine, who will not concern themselves about the studies of Cambridge. We are, therefore, anxious

to contribute our aid to enable such readers to regain the highway of geology, who may have lost themselves in the maze into which they have been led by following the primrose paths and royal roads of the author of the *Vestiges*. In that work the theory of creation by development was moulded with much ingenuity and plausibility into a popular form, which professed to combine, into one general plan of nature, the most recent discoveries in all the sciences; and which has been received with the most favour by those who possess the least knowledge of every science which it undertakes to expound. The doctrine is neither new nor true. It is not new; for it is but a revival, under a modified form, of that which Lamarek had promulgated nearly half a century before, and in which Maillet had anticipated him by nearly another half century. It teaches that the higher orders of animals have been derived from the lower, the mollusc from the monad, the fish from the mollusc, the reptile from the fish, the mammal from the reptile, the monkey from a dolphin, and man from the monkey. It teaches that the vegetation of the sea has been transmuted into that of the land, that the fuci and algae, the sea-weeds which strew the shore, have been transformed into the lichens which mantle the rocks; that these have expanded, in the course of ages, into the elegant fern and the stately palm; or into the giants of the forest, the cedar, the pine, and the oak. There is, however, some difference between the older and the more modern doctrines of development. The former supposes the change to have

* 1. *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. Second People's Edition. 1850.

2. Hugh Miller's *Foot-prints of the Creator*. 1850.

3. Sedgwick's *Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge*. Fifth Edition, with a copious Preliminary Dissertation, Notes, and an Appendix. 1850.

been produced by a change of external conditions, which imposed on certain individuals new wants, compelling the employment of existing organs for purposes to which they had not previously been applied. The new habits produced a change in the structure of organs, parts previously little used acquiring, under these new conditions, an extraordinary development and vigour; and parts now disused becoming enfeebled in power, or diminished in size, or even entirely obliterated.

The modern development theory, while it adopts, to a certain extent, the notion of changes induced in the structure of organs by the presence of new conditions, necessitating new uses of them, derives the complex from the more simple forms of organic existence, by means of a higher species of generation, under which, instead of giving birth to a mere repetition of the parent form, like occasionally produced unlike; the change, at each step, being of 'a very simple and modest character,'—merely from species to species, till at length the higher steps were attained from invertebrate to vertebrate, and from fish to reptile, from reptile to bird or mammal. These different modifications of the development hypothesis have been fathered on geology; but geology repudiates the paternity of so misshapen a monster,—a monster of which it may be said,—

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter
atram

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?

We might almost suppose that the author of the above celebrated lines had been reading a treatise on development when he added,—

Credite, Pisones, isti tabule fore librum
Persimilem, cuius, velut agri somnia,
rursus

Finguntur species: ut nec pes, nec caput nni
Reddatur formæ.

Such dreams belong not to inductive geology; for this reason, that they are older than the knowledge of the facts on which they have seized for support. They originated in views of the existing creation, before anything was known of the extinct races buried in the crust of

the globe. When Maillet wrote the *Tellamied*, geology was in its embryo, cosmological state, and had not emerged from the universal ocean of Leibnitz. Lamarck also propounded his theory when geology was still in a very humble stage of development, and still bound in the mineralogical trammels which the Wernerians had wound around it: five years before the foundation of the Geological Society of London—a great epoch in the science—and fifteen before the publication of Smith's map of England and Wales. The regular and invariable succession of the strata, as discovered by him, was then known to few, denied by some, and doubted by more; and his identification of strata by means of organic remains was derided as empirical by the 'well-educated geognosts,' as they called themselves, who were insisting that their granite and 'floetz trap' were of aqueous origin. The speculations of Saint Hilaire and the *Physio-Philosophy* of Oken preceded the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*; and the latter work bears internal evidence that its author first adopted his theory, and then 'crammed' for geology to support it.

The grand facts of the order of superposition, and of the exclusive presence of certain fossils in each group of strata, were worked out by Smith for the whole English series, from the chalk to the coal measures inclusive; and while using fossils for the practical purpose of the identification of strata, he designated them by their homely local names of pun-dibs, ponndstones, and hogs'-ear oysters, unconscious of their relations to existing organisms, and guiltless of all speculations regarding their origin, beyond the simple belief that God had made them.

The same facts had been determined, independently and simultaneously, in France, for a part of the strata above the chalk, by the philosophic Cuvier, the reformer of the classification of the animal kingdom, and the founder of the new science of palæontology,—a science which treats of the extinct forms of animal and vegetable life which have successively flourished upon the earth. This great man, so thoroughly capable of appreciating the true relations

of the lost races of animals, whose forms his genius restored from their mutilated skeletons, and of estimating the intervals which they filled among their kindred forms in the existing creation, contended against the development theory, as taught in his days by Lamarck. He appealed to the mummies of animals, which Egyptian superstition had embalmed, for proof that three thousand years had effected no greater change in the structure of the domestic and wild animals thus preserved than in the human form; though in the meantime they had been transported over the whole world, and naturalized in climates the most dissimilar. If there is one geologist to whom, more than to another, the transmutation doctrines might have been expected to be acceptable, it would have been Sir Charles Lyell; who refers the formation of the strata, and the disturbances by which they have been affected, to an uninterrupted series of operations, not only similar in kind, but the same in degree, as those which we see in daily operation. The creation of organic bodies, at successive periods, to supply the place of those which became extinct—a fact which repeatedly forces itself on the attention of the geologist—is a fact quite beyond the limits of human experience; and therefore evidence of a system of creation by law, could such evidence have been discovered, would have been gladly received, as bringing the appearance of new species on the earth within the ordinary operations of nature, and as harmonizing with that uniformity in the system of change in the inorganic world, for which he contends as having existed from the most remote periods of which we possess geological monuments.

In the *Principles of Geology*, however, published long before the appearance of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, four chapters are devoted to the discussion of the question; and the conclusions at which the author arrives are, that species have a real existence in nature; that each was endued, at the time of its creation, with the attributes and organization by which it is distinguished; that there is a capacity in all species to accommodate themselves, to a certain extent, to

a change of external circumstances, the extent varying greatly according to the species; that the changes thus produced are governed by constant laws, the capability of variation forming part of the permanent specific character; that some of the acquired peculiarities of form, structure, and instinct, are transmissible to the offspring; but consist only of such qualities as are intimately related to the natural wants and propensities of the species. He shows, moreover, that these variations from the original type may usually be effected in a brief space of time—two or three generations—after which no further deviation can be obtained by continuing or increasing the alteration in the circumstances under which they are placed. The species most susceptible of these changes are the domestic animals and the cultivated plants, and some curious instances are adduced, on the one hand, of new habits and instincts acquired by transportation to new countries, and on the other hand, of the rapidity with which the peculiarities distinguishing some of the domestic races disappear, when they are permitted to revert to a state of nature.

We would recommend a perusal of chapters 24, 25, 26, and 27, of the *Principles of Geology*, to those readers who may have been bewildered by the sophisms of the *Vestiges*. It is true they were written before the publication of that *Novum Organum* of the New Philosophy; but our references are to the seventh edition of the *Principles*, published in 1847, when Sir Charles Lyell might have had the benefit of the doctrine of creation by law announced in that celebrated work; and there is evidence, both external and internal, that he had heard of it, if he had not read it. Instead, however, of any mention of it, we find the following passage:—

The theory of progressive development arose from a desire to ingraft the doctrines of the transmutationists on the most popular generalizations of geology. But modern geological researches have almost destroyed every appearance of that gradation in the successive groups of animated beings, which was once supposed to indicate the progress of the organic world from the more simple to the more complex forms.

It is not by Cuvier and Lyell

alone that the doctrine of creation by development has been opposed; almost every other name of note in geology and palæontology — Buckland, Conybeare, Sedgwick, Murchison, Mantell, Agassiz, Owen, Phillips, Cautley, and Falconer, have, at one time or other, protested against it, under its older or more modern form. The latest geological protest is in that work to which we have already alluded by Miller, the value of whose researches in the palæontology of the old red sandstone is acknowledged by those most competent to appreciate it, while they express an admiration, almost bordering on envy, at the pure and popular style, the extensive reading, and lively imagination, which have enabled this self-educated man of genius to render attractive to general readers discussions usually regarded by them as dry and repulsive.

He comes forward, he says, to combat the doctrines of the *Vestiges*,

Because its errors involve moral consequences. There is a species of superstition which inclines men to take on trust whatever assumes the name of science, and which seems to be a reaction on the old superstition which had faith in witches, but none in Sir Isaac Newton; and believed in ghosts, but failed to credit the Gregorian calendar. And owing mainly to the wide diffusion of this credulous spirit of the modern type, as little disposed to examine what it receives as its ancient unreasoning predecessor, the development doctrines are doing much harm on both sides of the Atlantic, particularly among intelligent mechanics, and a class of young men engaged in the subordinate departments of trade and the law. And the error, thus considerable in amount, must necessarily be more than merely considerable in degree; for it invariably happens that when persons in these walks become materialists, they become also turbulent subjects, and bad men. That belief in the existence after death which forms the distinguishing instinct of humanity, is too essential a part of man's moral constitution not to be missed when away; and so, when once fairly eradicated, the life and conduct rarely fail to betray its absence.

He acquits the author of the *Vestiges*, as well as the Lamarckians in general, of positive atheism, since God might as certainly have originated the species by a law of development as he has continued it by

such a law, and the existence of a Great First Cause is as compatible with one scheme as the other. The non-geological opponents of the transmutation dogmas are therefore warned, that in this contest the old antiatheistical arguments, founded on evidences of design or on the preliminary doctrine of final causes, cannot be brought to bear. It is contended, however, that the transmutation doctrines are practically atheistical, by doing away with the responsibility of man in a future state; since, if human beings have been rising to their present condition by almost infinitesimals, from compound microscopic cells, begotten by electricity on dead gelatinous matter, it follows that either all the vitalities, whether of monads or mites, fishes or reptiles, birds or beasts, are individually and inherently immortal, or that human souls are not so; because there can be no class of beings intermediate between the dying and the undying. If therefore the development doctrines be true, man in his present state must be a mere animal, possessed of no immortal soul, and as irresponsible for his actions as the beasts that perish to the God before whose bar he is never to appear. If attempts are made to evade the difficulty, by alleging that God might, at some certain point in the ascending scale, have breathed into a mortal creature an immortal soul, it is replied, that the renunciation of any such direct interference on the part of the Deity is not only the prominent and characteristic feature of the scheme, but the very nucleus round which it originated.

This is perfectly true. We would judge the transmutation theory, however, by its merits as a contribution to our knowledge of physical truth apart from its moral consequences, and weighed in this balance it is found wanting. The laws by which the material world is governed, even to the highest laws of causation, are legitimate subjects for human investigation; and though they who have penetrated the deepest into the mysteries of nature are the first to admit, that in every line of inquiry there is a point at which those laws elude their grasp, yet if we can discover the processes by which the animated tribes originated, and by

which the inorganic passes into the organic, there is nothing to prohibit the inquiry. If our philosophy be true, we need not fear that it will be in collision with moral truth, since both proceed from the same source, the God of all truth. Physical truth, however, is only to be attained by the slow and laborious process of sound induction, and inductive research is not the path which the author of the *Vestiges* has pursued. He starts from an hypothesis; his strongest arguments are analogies, often vague and fanciful, and his reasoning follows a perpetual circle: now proving the development theory from geology, and now correcting geological fact by the development theory.

At those points of each science where inductive philosophy halts, as on the confines of the region of conjecture and speculation, he boldly pushes forward; just as mortals of a certain class are said to 'rush in, where angels fear to tread.' He based his system of the cosmical arrangements of the universe on the nebular hypothesis, at the very moment when the discoveries made by the telescope of Lord Rosse had led astronomers to regard it with greater doubt than at any period since its promulgation; and how little connexion that hypothesis had, even before those discoveries, with inductive astronomy, he might have learned from Sir John Herschel's *Treatise* (par. 625), where the only notice of it, if notice it can be called, is contained in the thirty lines commencing, 'The nebulae furnish in every point of view an inexhaustible field of speculation and conjecture,' and closing with, 'It is easier to propound such questions than to answer them. Meanwhile appeal to fact, by the method of constant and diligent observation, is open to us; and as the double stars have yielded to this style of questioning, and disclosed a series of relations of a most interesting description, we may reasonably hope the assiduous study of the nebulae will, ere long, lead to some clearer understanding of their intimate nature.'

In like manner, the author of the *Vestiges* appealed to geology for proofs that the succession of animated beings indicated the progress of the

organic world to have been from the simpler to the more complex structures, at the very time when that school of geology to which the development doctrines would have been most acceptable had declared, as we have seen, that modern researches had almost annihilated every appearance of that gradation which the transmutation theory requires. The verdict of science is against the great modern expounder of development. He informs us in the *Sequel to the Vestiges*, with the greatest naïveté, that 'all the men of science are against his theory.' The Herschels and Brewsters, the Sedgwick and Lyells, are, therefore, denounced as unable to take 'comprehensive views of nature,' devoted to 'minute facts and experiments in narrow walks,' as regarding all beyond with suspicion and distrust, and unable to rise above the common ideas of their time. 'It is before another tribunal, therefore, that the New Philosophy is to be truly and righteously judged.' It prefers, like the Irishman, being tried by its brother Patrick. It appeals from science to ignorance, from facts to speculation, from geology as it is to geology as it ought to be. The appeal has been made in the form of a cheap edition, designed for those who are unable to distinguish the glitter of the counterfeit metal from the sterling gold of philosophy, who swallow without discrimination the poison of any nostrum presented to them by the quack in the name of science; and, believe, with implicit credulity, any deception practised upon them by the juggler.

The stony leaves of that volume which geologists have extensively but still only partially deciphered, the autobiography of the earth from an early period of its history—for they do not now attempt to trace it back to its commencement—furnish incontrovertible evidence, in the long series of the stratified rocks, that vast periods of time were employed in their formation before the creation of the human race; and that the surface has, at successive periods, been inhabited by successive creations of plants and animals, all differing more or less from the existing races, and the oldest differing the most. The fossiliferous series is divided zoologically into three great

groups, each containing a distinct assemblage of plants and animals, the subordinate groups of strata being likewise characterized by minor zoological peculiarities. The lowest great group is the primary or palæozoic, comprising three systems or minor assemblages of strata, named the silurian, zoologically the same with the cambrian; the devonian, the carboniferous, and the permian; the last the lower part of the system called the new red or poekilitic, from which, on zoological evidence, it has recently been separated. In the silurian system we have a great variety of invertebrate marine life with a few fishes, but no air-breathing animals, either vertebrate or invertebrate. The vegetation hitherto discovered has been wholly marine; and the earliest known animals are molluscs, of by no means the lowest orders of that division of the invertebrates. The strata below are generally altered in their texture by subterranean heat, but below the silurian there have been found in some localities a considerable thickness of unaltered strata, very similar to them in lithological aspect, in which no traces of organic bodies have as yet been discovered. These, with the crystalline stratified rocks below them, the gneiss and mica slate systems, constitute the azoic strata of Murchison, the hypozoic strata of Phillips. Above the silurian we have the devonian, or old red sandstone system, long held to be totally destitute of organic remains, but now found to abound locally with marine invertebrates, and a rich and varied assemblage of fishes. Besides seaweeds, we have in the beds a few traces of land-plants in the form of fragments of coniferous trees. The carboniferous system exhibits a rich terrestrial vegetation, and some air-breathing animals, vertebrate and invertebrate, have been discovered in it, consisting of insects and reptiles. The latter had been for some years known in the permian system, but they have very recently, both in America and Germany, been found in this lower carboniferous group. The permian system presents a scanty fauna and flora. It contains the last remains, in greatly diminished numbers, of the genera of molluscs, corals, and crinoidea, which were so

abundant in the other members of the palæozoic series. A few of the species of the carboniferous system endured into this, but the greater portion are peculiar to it. The fishes are numerous, in comparison with marine invertebrates, of many genera and species, but only one of them is common to this and the carboniferous system. The plants are of carboniferous genera, but distinct species. The reptiles are not those which would have best linked on to the highly organized fishes of the preceding systems.

To the palæozoic succeeded the mezozoic, or secondary group, comprising the trias (or upper part of the former new red system), the lias, the upper, middle, and lower oolites, the wealden (a local estuary deposit), the green-sand system, called on the Continent the neocomian, and the cretaceous. The last consists, in England and the north of Europe, of the well-known chalk, but in the south of Europe and America it appears under very different mineral characters. The mezozoic group is distinguished by the abundance and variety of reptile life, particularly in its middle portions, by the presence of many cephalopodous molluscs, different as to families and genera from those of the palæozoic series, which appear nearly to have suffered extinction during permian era.

In the cretaceous system two new orders of fishes, which comprise the majority of the families and genera to which living fishes belong, came suddenly into existence, distinguished by remarkable differences of structure from the two orders of fishes of the palæozoic strata, the greater part of whose families and genera are now extinct. The mezozoic vegetation is distinct from that of the preceding carboniferous and succeeding tertiary epochs. Its lower and middle groups of strata exhibit traces of birds, and its upper a few exceptional remains of mammals, but it is not till the subsequent kainozoic period that they became abundant.

The kainozoic, or tertiary series, comprises four divisions, distinguished by the varying proportions of existing species of shells contained in them. In the eocene, or oldest tertiaries, we have the dawn of existing

species, not amounting to more than five per cent. In the miocene, or middle tertiaries, they still constitute the minority. In the pliocene, more than two-thirds of the shells belong to existing species; and in the pleistocene, or newer tertiaries, these amount to from ninety to ninety-nine per cent.

The pleistocene deposits, over a considerable portion of the north of Europe and America, evince, both by their physical characters and their fossil contents, the temporary prevalence of an arctic climate, as low as the fortieth and fiftieth parallels of latitude. To the pleistocene succeeded the modern period, during which were formed the peat-bogs which cover so large a portion of Ireland, and occupy considerable tracts in the north of England; also the deposits of such alluvial districts as Romney Marsh, Pevensy Level, the Lincolnshire Fens, and other low-lying tracts bordering rivers and estuaries, and forming deltas, at their mouths. It is in these most recent formations only that human remains and works of art have been found. They are associated with the remains of quadrupedal mammals, all of existing species, and of species now inhabiting the neighbourhood, or which are known to have inhabited it, within the times of history and tradition. Many of the alluvial deposits of Britain have been formed since the Roman invasion. There are others of a somewhat older date, intermediate between these and the strata of the glacial period, and containing shells, all of existing species, but not all now inhabiting the vicinity, together with the remains of elephants and other large mammals, which belong partly to extinct species, partly to species now living in the neighbourhood, and partly to species now existing, but no longer inhabitants of Europe. Human remains have never been found associated with these.

The earliest assemblage of organisms, of which geology has evidence, is that of the silurian system. The transmutationists may imagine earlier as the parents of these, but their existence is purely conjectural. It is to these that they originally appealed as examples of the commencement of organic life upon the earth; and by

these, till they can show older, their theory, as far as it rests on geological evidence, must be judged. They were described in the *Vestiges* as comprizing the unpretending forms of a few humble sea-plants, certain zoophytes and polypiaria (corals), and a variety of shelled marine animals. Geologists replied, that among these shelled marine animals or molluscs were two of the higher molluscous orders, which rank in perfection of structure the nearest to the vertebrates. The author of the *Vestiges*, however, reiterated the assertion in his *Sequel* (1845), that these strata exhibited a scanty and imperfect development of life insisting on the absence of fishes from the lower silurian strata. Let us hear Professor Phillips on this subject in a paper in the *Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Great Britain*, containing the results of his silurian researches when acting as palæontologist to that survey:—

The animal kingdom admits of being classed in four grand divisions, of which one, including the vertebrates, is decidedly superior; another, including the zoophytes, is inferior, and the remaining divisions, articulates and molluscs, may be regarded as intermediate groups, uniting the superior and inferior organizations. Of these grand divisions examples occur in the silurian strata, but in unequal proportions. Of a hundred species of animals in the silurian strata, we estimate that six belong to vertebrates, twelve to articulates, sixty to molluscs, and twenty-two to radiates. In existing nature the corresponding numbers might, perhaps, be found, ten vertebrates, eighty-four articulates, five molluscs, and one radiate; the enormous preponderance of articulates in the modern fauna arising from the number of land insects, and the abundance of molluscs in the strata being the consequence of their formation in the sea.

Resolving these four great groups into their constituent classes, he enumerates fishes as the only vertebrates, and concludes that in the marine silurian strata remains of the air-breathing vertebrates and of the air-breathing articulates are as yet unknown; and that the soft aculephids (sea-nettles), the minute infusoria, and the internal entozoa (parasitic animals inhabiting the interior of other bodies), are equally undiscovered, while all the other classes

of the animal kingdom, except, perhaps, the cirripedes (barnacles), have left traces of their former existence in these ancient stratified rocks. Among the inferences which he draws from the distribution of these remains are the following,—that the elementary terms of the series of life are in a certain order of succession; but that they are not produced by the transformation of one older species into another newer species, either gradually or by varieties proportioned to the time or change of physical conditions; and that races are, in some cases, suddenly lost, and others as suddenly introduced; but the older races occasionally return, and the new species cease for awhile; which he attributes not to local creations, but to local centres of life and varying sea-currents.

Agassiz, in his work on the fishes of the old red sandstone, had, in like manner, remarked respecting the palæozoic organisms in general, the simultaneous appearance of all the types of invertebrate animals, insisting on it as a proof that they could no longer be regarded as forming a progressive series, as had been formerly supposed. He had even predicted from the numbers of fishes in the devonian system immediately succeeding the silurian, that though they had not been discovered, except in the upper silurians, that class of vertebrates would hereafter be found in the most ancient fossiliferous deposits, and prove to have been contemporaneous with all the classes of invertebrate animals.

Since this conjecture was hazarded, ichthyic remains have been discovered lower in the series. Mr. Miller cites cases, on the authority of the Government geologists, of defensive spines of fishes from the Bala limestone. We believe, however, that there was some mistake on this point, and that the deepest strata to which they have yet been traced is the Wenlock shale, the base of the upper silurian in England, and the Onondago sandstone in America, of whatever portion of the English silurian series that rock may be the equivalent. Be this as it may, there can be no question that the earliest known fishes are highly organized fishes of the cestraciant family of placoids. They are few in number;

fewer even than Mr. Miller supposed when, with respect to them, he compared the palæontologist to the patient angler, who, having cast his line day after day into some water abounding with molluscs and crustaceans, can, after the lapse of months, scarcely record a nibble, and, at the end of years, cannot boast of having captured more than a score. Considering that the silurian deposits have been eagerly explored, for more than ten years, in various parts of the world, and that they have hitherto yielded so few fishes, while all their other organisms are abundant and well preserved, we may conclude that the ichthyic life of that period will always be found poor in comparison with its exuberance in the next group of palæozoic rocks, the devonian; but, on the other hand, bearing in mind how that system was held, twenty years ago, to be destitute not only of fishes, but, in a great degree, of organic remains of any kind, and that the subsequent discoveries have been made in limited regions, we do not despair of considerable additions to the silurian fishes, when geological research shall have hit upon some great centre of silurian life.

There is this remarkable difference between the silurian and devonian fishes, that while the latter are of two orders, placoids and ganoids, none but placoids have hitherto been found in the former. Let us here explain the meaning of these terms. All fishes, fossil as well as living, have been ranged by Agassiz into four orders, founded on distinctions in their scaly covering, which are coexistent with other peculiarities of internal structure; these he has named placoid, ganoid, ctenoid, and cycloid. The two former have bony plates or scales covered with enamel, the two latter have horny or bony scales destitute of enamel. The placoids are distinguished by having the skin irregularly covered with these plates, in some cases large, in others reduced to small points, as in the shagreen of sharks. The ganoids shine, as their name implies, in a complete cuirass of these enamelled plates, joined together at the edges. More than five-sixths of this order are extinct, and to these two orders belong all the fishes of the palæozoic

period. The ctenoids and cycloids compose the majority of the families of existing fishes. They make their appearance, as we have said, suddenly in the chalk. These orders are distinguished, not only by the matter of their scales, as stated above, from the placoids and ganoids, but from each other by the forms of them. The scales of the ctenoids are jagged at the outer margin, those of the cycloids are not. The perch is a ctenoid, the herring a cyloid.

The palæozoic fishes are remarkable for another peculiarity of structure, the heteroöceral tail, in which the spinal chord is prolonged into the upper of two unequal fins, as in the sharks and dog-fish. The homoöceral tail consists of two equal wings, into which the spinal chord is not prolonged. This, which is the structure prevalent among the present race of fishes, has not been found in any strata below the mezozoic.

The earliest known fishes are placoids. This was asserted in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1845, in a critique on the *Vestiges*, the writer of which is generally understood to have been one of the great masters of geology; and he asserted also that they were the very highest types of the class of fishes. This was decoied by the author of the *Vestiges* in his *Sequel*, because they belonged to the cartilaginous fishes, the chondropterygii of Cuvier, placed, it was said, by that naturalist as a second series in the descending scale, though in some measure parallel to the first. He added, too, that Linnæus was so impressed with the low characters of this class, that he actually ranked them with worms. Several sections of Mr. Miller's *Foot-Prints of the Creator* are employed in unravelling the confusion of this objection, or refuting its sophistry, and in asserting for the true placoids that standing as animals which has been assigned to them by Miller and Oweo, and, what is more, by the prince of modern continental transmutationists, Oken. An analysis of the arguments will, we trust, not be uninteresting.

In the classifications which prevailed before the time of Agassiz, naturalists divided fishes into two series,—the ordioary or osseous fishes, having a bony skeleton; and the cartilaginous, in whose skeletons carti-

lage supplies the place of bone; and these two series being ranged, not one after the other, but in *parallel lines*; with this further peculiarity, that the cartilaginous line, though containing fewer genera and species, outflanks the osseous line at both extremities, from the fact that some of its families rise higher, and some sink lower in the scale. The placoids of Agassiz, and among them those of the silurian strata, belong, it is true, to the cartilaginous series of former classifications, but to that extremity of the line which ranks above the generality of the osseous fishes. The testimony of Linnæus, appealed to as against the claims of the placoids, is, in fact, in favour of them. His error consisted in ranking them too high. Disregarding their cartilaginous skeleton, and looking only at their standing as animals, he actually erected into an order of reptiles, under the name of *amphibæ nantes*, those placoids like the sharks and rays, which, to an internal skeleton of cartilage, add external plates or spioes of bone. At the other extremity of the cartilaginous line are the suctorii or lampreys, soft, slimy-skinned fishes, the lowest grade of the class which includes the 'glutinous hag,' or 'ramper eel,' a worm-like creature without eyes, movable jaws, or vertebral joints, and destitute of plates, points, or scales. These, by an error in an opposite direction, he rated as much too low as he had ranked the placoids too high, placing them among his worms. The classification of Agassiz is so far a natural arrangement from the fact of its being in accordance with the history of fishes, which came into existence by groups and families, in the manner in which he has arranged them; the placoids first, then the ganoids, and, at a later period, the ctenoids and cycloids.

Its defects are, that having created four orders on the principle of the external covering, and finding several families which could not be ranged under any of them, he distributed these among his orders on the totally different principle of Cuvier's classification—that of cartilaginous skeleton—and thus included among the placoids the suctorii, which are not true placoids, and possess no character in common with them, except

that of the cartilaginous skeleton; just as the earth-worm and the frog possess the characteristic of red blood in common with the higher vertebrates, and among them with man.

These suctorii, or fishlike worms of Linnæus, are, in the classification now regarded as the most natural—that of Agassiz, modified by Müller and Owen—restored to their true place, the first and lowest division of fishes; while the greater part of the fishlike reptiles of Linnæus—the true placoids—occupy the highest.

In contending, against the advocates of development, that precedence among animals is to be assigned to brain, not bone, Mr. Miller adopts a principle from which the author of the *Vestiges* cannot dissent, since it is on that principle that he has himself selected the dolphin as the marine ancestor of the human family. Mr. Miller informs us, that having examined the brains of almost all the common fishes of the Scottish coast, he found the different species of dogfish possessing the largest brain in proportion to their size, and next to them the rays. These, it will be remembered, are placoids. The osseous fishes compose, at least, the main body of the rear; 'while still further behind them lags a hapless class,—the suctorii, one of which, the 'glutinous hag' before mentioned, has scarcely any brain, and one, the amplexus, or lancelet, wants brain altogether.

I have compared (he adds) the brain of the spotted dogfish with that of a young alligator, and have found that, in scarcely any perceptible degree, was it inferior in point of bulk, and very slightly in point of organization, to the brain of the reptile. And the instincts of this placoid family, one of the truest representatives of the placoids of the silurian system to which we can appeal, correspond, we invariably find, with their superior cerebral development.

This comparatively large development of brain, and its corresponding manifestations of instinct, possessed by the true placoids, accompanied by other characters in which they rank, not with the osseous fishes, nor even with the lower reptiles, but with the higher orders of that class to which the tortoise and the crocodile belong, are considered by the author of the *Vestiges* to be neutralized by the presence of other cha-

acters, such as the cartilaginous skeleton, analogous to the spinal chord in immature reptiles and mammals; the heterocercal tail, which is borne by the salmon and all other osseous fishes in the embryo state, and the mouth placed under the head, instead of at its extremity. Mr. Miller shows, in opposition to these views, that the vertebral joints of the existing placoids—sharks and rays—possess an osseous nucleus, which retains, when subjected to the heat of a common fire, the form of the joint, and that the cartilage of their internal skeleton differs from that of embryo birds and mammals in not containing gelatine, and consequently not dissolving in hot water. He contends, moreover, that the one-sided tail may be regarded as a mark of dignity, approaching more than the homocercal tail to the character of that of reptiles. In illustration of this, he shows how the tail of the dogfish may be developed into that of a reptile by the simple process of boiling, under which the caudal fin, consisting, unlike the cartilage of the internal skeleton, of gelatine, is dissolved into isinglass. After this process the terminating vertebra assume very much the appearance of the tail of the ichthyosaurus, considered by Professor Owen to have been furnished with a caudal fin, placed vertically, as in the shark, and which dissolved during the putrefactive process, as that of the dogfish does in boiling. He further shows, that the reptile tail thus obtained may be developed, by harning, into that of the mammal; for after being subjected to a red heat till the merely cartilaginous portions are consumed, the whitened bodies of the vertebra retain their form, and present an exact resemblance to the tail of a dog.

The Lamarckians (he says) may well deem it an unlucky circumstance that one special portion of their theory should demand the depreciation of the heterocercal tail, seeing that it might be represented with excellent effect in another, as not merely a connecting link, in the upward march of the progression, between the tail of the true fish and that of the reptile, but as actually containing in itself—as the caterpillar contains the future pupa and butterfly—the elements of the reptilian and mammiferous tail.

But the position of the month?

This is a weapon with a double edge. On the one hand, the terminal mouth might be called a low character, because it is possessed by the suctorii, the lowest order of fishes; and if, on the other hand, it is to be regarded as a mark of dignity, that is the position of the mouth of the Cestracion Phillippi, the nearest living analogue of the silurian placoids, and the sole surviving representative of the cestracion family--the oldest of vertebrates.

It is thus easy to convert characters which have been alleged as marks of inferiority in the earliest fishes into proofs of high organization, accompanied as they are by other characters indicating an approach to a higher class of vertebrates. It must be conceded, however, to the author of the *Vestiges*, that he has the authority of Agassiz for regarding the cartilaginous skeleton, the inferior position of the mouth, and the one-sided tail, as embryonic analogies, characterizing the embryonic age of the class of fishes. But what if they are? How does that prove that points of structure, which are signs of immaturity in one set of animals, are marks of inferior organization in the mature animals of another? What if the lower classes of vertebrates preceded the higher in the history of organic life? What if the existing orgaoisms of the fish and reptile classes typify in their embryo state the mature state of their predecessors of the same class? What if the higher classes of vertebrates, in the present state of nature, pass in their embryo condition through stages similar in some respects to those which are passed through by the lower vertebrates in their immature state? How does this prove that one class, or even one species of a class, has descended from another? There is a resemblance, but nothing more. There is proof of unity of plan amidst numerous modifications of structure pervading the entire organic creation through all time, and of one mighty Intelligence presiding over it from its commencement; but there is not even a shadow of evidence as to the process by which the operations of creation were conducted. The facts of embryology on which, more or less distorted and overstated, the author of the *Vestiges* has raised a large

portion of his structure, are unsuitable for popular discussion. We shall, therefore, dismiss them with the remark, that if Agassiz is to be appealed to for the embryonic character of the early placoids, he may also be appealed to as a strenuous opponent of the doctrine that one species has been developed from another. If he considers it proved that the embryo of the fish during its development, the class of existing fishes in its numerous families, and the fish type in its planetary history, pass through analogous phases,—or, in more general terms, that the successive creations have passed through stages of development analogous to those which the embryo passes through in its growth, and similar to the gradations which the actual creation in its ascending series presents as a whole, he also insists, in the strongest manner, on the contemporaneous appearance, in the earliest fossiliferous strata, of all the classes of invertebrates, accompanied by one class of vertebrates as indicating the impossibility of referring the early inhabitants of the earth to a small number of original stocks, which diverged under the influence of external circumstances. He urges these facts as proofs of the direct intervention of a Creative Intelligence, and as proving the folly of those 'atheistic or pantheistic theories' which attribute to finite beings the causation of their own existence, or which make them depend solely on the influence of indeterminate external influences.

More than fifteen hundred species of fossil fishes (he says), of which I have acquired the knowledge, tell me that species do not pass insensibly one into the other; but that they appear and disappear unexpectedly, without any direct relation with their predecessors; for I cannot think it possible seriously to pretend that the numerous types of ctenoids and cycloids, which are almost all contemporaneous with one another, were descended from the placoids and ganoids. It might as well be affirmed (he adds, thus using for the *reductio ad absurdum* that which the author of the *Vestiges* deems the crowning discovery—the very consummation of science),—it might as well be affirmed, that the mammals, and with them man, are lineally descended from the fishes. All these species have an epoch fixed for their appearance and disappearance, their existence is even

limited to a determinate time, and yet they exhibit in their groups numerous affinities, more or less strict, to a determinate co-ordination in a given system of organization, which has more or less intimate relations with the mode of life of each type, and even of each species. There is, moreover, an invisible thread, which unrolls itself at all times through this immense variety, and which presents to us as a definite result a continued progress of that development of which man is the termination, the four classes of vertebrates the intermediate, and the entire of the invertebrate animals the accessory accompaniments. Are there not here manifestations of a mind as powerful as fertile, of an intelligence as sublime as provident, indications of goodness as infinite as wise, the palpable demonstration of a personal God, the First Great Author of all things, Governor of the universe, and Dispenser of all good?

It may be as well to remind the reader that 'progressive development,' as here used, and as employed by geological writers in general (though they sometimes use it loosely in both senses), bears a very different meaning from the progressive development of the transmutationists. The former merely express by it the historic fact that there has been a progressive *exhibition* of organic life,—as far, at least, as regards the vertebrate classes; that fishes preceded reptiles and birds, and these mammals; and that man closed the procession. The long periods of time of which they have evidence as employed in the work of creation, they refer solely to the will of the Creator; and they do not profess to have discovered the means by which creation was effected. The latter assert that time is a necessary element in the process of creation; that all life commenced in the simplest, or monad form, and passed through successive stages of transformation till it reached the highest. The absence of foundation for such an assertion has been shown. We have seen, that in the earliest fossiliferous strata which geologists have discovered, all the forms of invertebrate life which might be expected to occur in marine strata appear contemporaneously, and that the earliest fishes were not of a low grade, but such as stand at the head of their class. As far as the present state of the evidence can be relied on, they were few in number, and of the placoid order alone. In

the devonian strata we have a great abundance of ichthyic life, comprising ganoids as well as placoids. Agassiz observes of this system, which has been explored as yet in but limited spaces, and was till lately thought a local formation peculiar to the British isles, that it contains an ichthyic fauna as considerable as that which, under equal conditions, inhabits the European seas; and that, although the species of the old red belong to a smaller number of families than the living species, they are not less varied in their forms and general aspect, nor less curious for their external characters and organization, nor less different in size and in the degree of power with which they were endued. Respecting certain genera of predaceous fishes of the old red, with others more approaching the reptile character, which rose into great importance during the subsequent carboniferous period, he notices the singular fact of the shoals in which they are congregated in the fossil state as contrasting strongly with the much rarer occurrence of large predaceous fishes in the modern seas.

Contemporaneous with these saurion fishes of the carboniferous era are found a few remains of reptiles, not under their most fishlike form of the ichthyosaurus, as would best suit the development hypothesis, but as huge four-footed reptiles of the batrachian order, to which frogs, toads, and salamanders belong. Like fishes, reptiles have been traced of late years down to a lower part of the series than they were once supposed to occupy. Rather more than twenty years since it was held that they had not come into existence before the period of the lias. Within that time they have been discovered, first in the triassic system, next in the permian, and more recently in the carboniferous. Sir Charles Lyell, during his second visit to America, satisfied himself that the strata in which the footsteps of the labyrinthodon, one of the large batrachians before mentioned, had been found, were undoubtedly deep in the palæozoic coal-measures of Pennsylvania; and since the discovery of these was announced in 1841 by Dr. King, Professor Goldfuss of Bonn has published descriptions of more than one saurian from

the ancient coal-measures of Saarbrück, near Treves.

We must hold ourselves prepared for the discovery of reptiles in systems still lower. It is true, that in the carboniferous system we meet with the earliest indications of extensive tracts of land in the exuberant vegetation which constitutes the mass of the coal seams, and of which the forms are so beautifully preserved in the shales and sandstones. In the devonian and silurian strata below, nothing has as yet been found except marine animals and plants, with the exception of a few fern leaves in Wales, and a fragment of coniferous wood discovered by Miller in the old red sandstone of Scotland. This ancient tree floating in the ocean of the old red, like the trunks, few and far between, which navigators encounter in the Pacific, proves the existence of land, of greater or less extent, in some quarter or other, during that period; and when geologists shall have the good fortune to explore deposits bordering some silurian or devonian island, as large as Britain or New Zealand, we may expect to hear of traces of air-breathing animals.

It may be remarked, by the way, that this coniferous fragment of the old red furnishes a refutation of that part of the transmutation doctrines which asserts the earliest vegetation to have been of the humblest kind. So long as we look only on marine vegetation we see it under its lowest forms of sea-weeds, but the moment we catch a glimpse of land, be it but a solitary island, we have evidence that it supported the higher types of vegetable life. With the increase of land in the carboniferous period we have a great increase of vegetation, and among innumerable specimens of ferns and club mosses, and strange plants analogous to the horsetail tribe, all belonging to inferior orders, we find magnificent trunks of coniferous trees, and, in some coal-fields, true wood, constituting the most abundant vegetable remains. These, which are comparatively modern discoveries, have overthrown the conclusions formerly promulgated by Adolphe Brogniart, which were sound as far as they were based on positive evidence, while the deductions from negative evidence have failed. It is

true that inferior orders of plants flourished during those early ages, of gigantic size, and in rich profusion, such as the world has not since exhibited; but it is not true that they exclusively composed the carboniferous flora: it abounded with noble trees of the great families of pinus and auracaria. The development theory is as unhappy in its botanical evidence as in that which it seeks in the animal department of palæontology. It derives all vegetation from the sea, and demands time for its transformation. Creative power worked more rapidly, and, even during periods earlier than the carboniferous, produced the higher grades of plants, as contemporaneous with the humbler forms from which they are supposed to have sprung.

But to return to the reptiles. Though their commencement dates, at present, from the carboniferous era, their reign was during the mesozoic ages. They then flourished in all their splendour, with no higher vertebrates to dispute with them the mastery of the earth. They swarmed, under a variety of type, in numbers, of colossal proportions and proportionate power, and of extended diffusion, which contrasts strongly with their diminished importance and restricted limits in the present creation.

The modifications of structure exhibited by the class of reptiles, from its commencement to the present times, are equally curious with those which we have seen in the fishes; and they present the same remarkable analogy between the phases in their succession as a class, and those observed in the development of an individual reptile from the egg, while those structural peculiarities in the ancient reptiles, which typify the embryonic state of the existing races, are accompanied by others, just as in the case of the ancient fish, which would cause them to rank higher in the scale than their living representatives. This analogy is treated by the author of the *Vestiges*, and his predecessors of the Lamarckian school, as a proof that the modern reptiles are descended from the ancient. Professor Owen denies the inference, as strongly as it had been denied in the case of the fishes by Agassiz, observing that, 'though a slight survey of organic remains may

appear to support those views, in no department of science is it more necessary than in palæontology to drink deep or taste not.' Referring to the Summary of his Report on British Fossil Reptiles,* for the many curious and interesting details on which his conclusions are founded, we must content ourselves with the following extract:—

The evidence acquired by the researches which are detailed in the body of this Report, permits of no other conclusion than that the different species of reptiles were suddenly introduced on the earth's surface, although it demonstrates a certain regularity in the order of their appearance. Upon the whole, they make a progressive approach to the organization of the existing species, yet not by an uninterrupted succession of approximating steps. Neither is the progression one of ascent, for the reptiles have not begun by the type of organization by which, at the present day, they most closely approximate to fishes; nor have they terminated at the opposite extreme, where we know that the reptile type of structure made the nearest approach to mammals.

Thus, though a general progression may be discerned, the interruptions and faults—to use a geological phrase—negative the notion that the progression has been the result of self-developing energies adequate to a transmutation of specific character; but, on the contrary, support the conclusion, that the modifications of osteological structure, which characterize the extinct reptiles, were originally impressed upon them at their creation, and have been neither derived from improvement of a lower, nor lost by progressive development into a higher type.

The fish and reptile classes furnish the best test of the truth or falsehood of the transmutation doctrines, because they, among vertebrates, have the most extensive range through time. Reptiles, moreover, are the class most transitional in the range of its modifications, making, on the one hand, the nearest approach to the fishes; and, on the other, to the mammals; and holding an intermediate place in point of time, as in structure, between the two. They likewise are the only class of vertebrates in which some species undergo, after birth, a metamorphosis as singular and extreme as insects.

Fossil mammals, however, in the hands of some of the most eminent cultivators of that branch of palæontology, have furnished arguments equally cogent against the hypothesis of creation by development, had we space to enter on the subject.

It is not till after the close of the cretaceous period, the latest of the mezozoic formations, that mammals become abundant. The earlier mammalian forms differ the most from those now living; and there is a gradual approach, through the whole tertiary series, to the present state of that division of the animal kingdom. The only exceptional cases of pre-tertiary mammals have been discovered in England. They consist of three jaws of a small species of animal allied to the opossum, from the oolite of Oxfordshire. Besides these, there is a doubtful case mentioned in Owen's *British Fossil Mammals*, of part of the backbone of a grampus found in the superficial deposits of Cambridgeshire; but, from its state of mineralization, supposed to have been washed out of one of the clay beds of the oolite. The author of the *Vestiges*, like the older transmutationists, assumes the mammals of the sea as the ancestors of the mammals of the land:—

*Delphinum silvis appingit fluctibus
aprum.*

The facts of geology are against the assumption. With the solitary and doubtful exception of the Cambridge specimen, we have no proof that marine mammals preceded the terrestrial; but we have proof that the latter were abundant in the older tertiaries, while it is only in the newest that marine mammals have been extensively found. The bones which figure in the *Vestiges*, on the authority of Cuvier and Buckland, as those of whales from the oolite, were ascertained long since to belong to some of those gigantic marine reptiles whose bulk equalled that of the cetacea. The absence of marine mammals, like the whale and the seal, from the oolitic and cretaceous deposits, is an argument against their existence at that period; for there is no reason why

* Report to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. 1841.

they should not be found in such deposits, as well as the numerous marine reptiles of those epochs. The same remark applies to the quadrupedal mammals; and their absence from the wealden, an estuary deposit at the mouth of a great river, which floated down innumerable carcasses of land reptiles, as large as the elephant and the hippopotamus, but in which no mammal has been found. The transmutationists once appealed to the silurian strata, as affording examples of the commencement of organic life. Now that it is found not to have commenced under the humble forms which they require, they take refuge in the darkness of the pre-silurian strata, as the appropriate region of fabulous history, and place the ancestors of the silurian organisms among the non-fossiliferous strata, where they are either hereafter to be discovered, or never can be discovered, because they have been destroyed by the internal heat of the globe. In like manner, there is the most palpable absurdity in tracing the lineage of the small marsupial mammals of the Oxfordshire oolite from the gigantic mammal-like reptiles of the same epoch; or in connecting these last with the large extinct mammalian quadrupeds of the Paris basin, separated from them by so wide an interval of time: they are compelled, therefore, to seek a parentage for the one and the other in transitional fossils, which are hereafter to be found. The great doctors of development are so determined on a simial ancestry for themselves, that they are unanimous in deriving man from the quadrumana; but as there is no living or fossil species sufficiently human for their purpose, a theory which professes to be founded on natural history and geology, is compelled to have recourse to an imaginary monkey, just as it places its earliest fossils in the non-fossiliferous strata, and denounces 'the fossil blank at the conclusion of the cretaceous era, as having helped to

keep the light' from that interesting question—the reptile ancestry of the mammals. Nay, we are not quite certain whether, as development becomes more developed, the simial origin of man, which held so conspicuous a position in the first edition of the *Vestiges*, will not be abandoned in favour of an origin from the frog, or the labyrinthodon, if we may judge from what is to be discerned through the haze of the following mysterious passage in the sixth edition:—

We cannot but regard with profound interest the question respecting our own immediate ancestry. The mind immediately reverts to the simial family, whose form, size of brain, and general characters, make so manifest an approach to our own. Yet it may be doubted if the particular species from which the human family was derived has ever come under the notice of naturalists. It seems, judging from analogy, as if a larger species than any yet described, were required for this place in the tree of being. It may be observed that, of all the reptilian orders, the batrachian is that which has the best pretensions to a place in the origin of the primates. 'It is singular,' says Dr. Roget, 'that the frog, though so low in the scale of vertebrated animals, should bear such a striking resemblance to the human conformation, in the organs of progressive motion. It is the only animal besides man with a calf to its leg. It is evidently,' said Dr. Roget, 'making an approach to the higher orders of mammalia.' The frog, however, is but a humbler offshoot of the main line, terminating in the primates. *There is something more like a lineal ancestor of the order in the labyrinthodon of Owen, that massive batrachian, which leaves its hand-like footsteps in the new red sandstone, and then is seen no more. Not for nothing is it, that we start at the picture of that strange impression—ghost of anticipated humanity—for apparently it really is so.**

Not contented with having vindicated the claims of the early placoids to a high organization, Mr. Miller contends for a progressive degradation in the fishes of the mezozoic and more modern periods, evinced by a departure from 'homological sym-

* As we anticipated, the ancestry of man is in the course of modification in the brain of the author of the *Vestiges*. The labyrinthodon is given up. The passage we have marked in italics, and which was from the sixth edition, is omitted in the last. The ancestor of the human family is a very Proteus. We venture to predict, that the large undescribed monkey of the author's imagination will slip quietly out of the next edition.

metry of organization,' in the position of the organs of motion, and in the homocercal or equally lobed tail. With this portion of the work we have been the least pleased. Anatomists, it is admitted, are divided as to what is to be considered the normal and primary, and what the aberrant position of those fins in fishes, which correspond with the fore-limbs of the higher vertebrates; and we are disposed to regard what are deemed unsymmetrical deviations, not as indications of monstrosity, but as manifestations of the fertility of the Creative Intelligence which could engraft so many variations of structure, subservient to the purposes of life, on one general plan.

It is true, nevertheless, that in magnitude and numbers, in variety of type and extent of range over the earth, the earlier vertebrates decline as each succeeding dynasty rises into importance. This is true of the sauroid fishes of the palæozoic, and of the gigantic reptiles of the mezozoic era—with its marine ichthyosaur, plesiosaur, and cetosaur—the last scarcely less bulky than the whale; its flying pterodactyls; its mighty terrestrial lizards, the carnivorous megalosaur, and herbivorous iguanodon; its magnificent and well-mailed crocodilians. All these reptile families, except the last, had become extinct before the tertiary era, when the reign of quadrupedal mammals began; and that family, of smaller size, and of more humble pretensions, than their oolitic predecessors, now stands at the head of the reptile class, dwindled and diminished as it exists at present. It is the same with the elephantine, and other huge quadrupedal mammals, which ranged in vast herds over Europe and America, from the arctic regions to the equator, during the latter portions of the tertiary era; and are now either extinct, or restricted to the tropical regions of Africa and Asia. They declined, and apparently without the intervention of man, on the rise of that dynasty to which was committed, by formal grant, 'dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.'

If the expression respecting the antediluvian men, 'there were giants

in the earth in those days,' is to be understood of corporeal stature, not of moral turpitude, there would be an analogy in this respect between the early races of men and the early races of the other vertebrates.

We object, however, to the attempts which Mr. Miller has made in parts of his recent work, to connect his degradation theory with facts in the moral history of the world. What is this but to run into errors which he has reprehended in others,—the error of the author of the *Vestiges*, in confounding two things so distinct as the creation of species, and the development of the individual; the error which he has also reprehended of good men but weak reasoners, who referred to the transformation of the caterpillar into the chrysalis and the butterfly, as containing evidence of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and the immortality of the soul? Neither science nor religion has gained, or will gain, by attempts to blend moral and physical truths. Least of all are such attempts likely to succeed in the case of an advancing science like geology, in which conclusions founded on negative evidence to-day, may be overturned by a single positive fact to-morrow. The time has not yet arrived when we can safely 'piece together the revealed record and that written in the rocks,' or trace in the rise and fall of the various vertebrate reigns, analogies with the four great monarchies, and the four faces, three brute and one human, in the vision of Ezekiel—the origin of evil and the Mystery of Redemption. We need not fear that the stony record, when completely deciphered—as it is not yet—will prove at variance with the correct interpretation of the language of Scripture respecting physical events connected with the history of the human race. We may, on the contrary, feel confident, that the latter has been so worded as not to startle the ignorance of one age, and to admit of an interpretation not inconsistent with the matured science of another. In the meantime let us be satisfied to regard the long ages in the earth's history, during which fishes, reptiles, and quadrupedal mammals, were successively the dominant race, merely as expres-

sions of the Divine Will designed to manifest to the various orders of intelligences which people the many mansions of space, and are gifted with powers to comprehend their full import--the wisdom, the power, and glory of the Creator, and to excite their admiration when, at the exhibition of each new modification of the one plan of creation, 'the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.'

In the preceding pages we have treated only of the geological arguments against the transmutation dogmas; and want of space has compelled us to omit, or to pass lightly over, some of those. Since it was written, we have had the pleasure of perusing the fifth edition of Professor Sedgwick's *Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge*, with a preface and supplementary appendix, containing between them nearly six hundred pages, in which the author of the *Vestiges* has been followed into the other sciences in which he has dabbled, and tracked through the maze of his sophistries and misstatements.

After an introductory section on the doctrine of final causes, Professor Sedgwick proceeds to the question whether the animal kingdom has been produced by spontaneous generation, and afterwards perpetuated by transmutation and progressive development. This question he answers in the negative, denying the asserted facts of spontaneous generation in the living world, and the life-producing results attributed to the galvanic experiments of Crosse and Weeks. He insists, also, on the failure of art, pushed to the utmost, to produce one true specific change, so as to raise the progeny of any known animal to a higher grade of the organic scale.

It will not serve our purpose (he says) to trench ourselves in the dark corners of the animal kingdom, where, as in the case of the entozoa, from the inevitable want of evidence, we may, by casting away analogy, affirm that generation is ambiguous, and that species are inconstant. The author's theory demands specific transmutations on the whole ascending scale, from a monad to a man. To suppose that specific transmutations are going on at the bottom of the scale,

where our senses fail us, and we can have no good evidence of the fact, while no transmutations are going on in the upper steps of the organic scale, where we have good evidence, is to stultify the whole argument, and to suppose an inconstancy in Nature's workmanship abhorrent from any conception we can form of a true organic law.

For reasons which have been stated, we declined to attack the author of the *Vestiges* in the details of fœtal transformations, by means of which he has established his strongest hold on the popular mind, in favour of the development doctrines. For the same reason we cannot follow Professor Sedgwick through those portions of the preface in which he demolishes that entrenchment, and proves that which we have contented ourselves with asserting, that the facts of embryology have been as much distorted in support of the transmutation hypothesis as those of geology. We recommend this valuable portion of the work to those readers who, having imbibed their opinions from the *Vestiges*, still retain them.

The preface then passes from the phenomena of the living creation, as bearing on the development hypothesis, to those of former periods in the earth's history, and exhibits, in a powerful manner, through nearly a hundred pages, facts and arguments, some of which have been employed in our controversy with the author of the *Vestiges*. We would gladly avail ourselves of some quotations from such high authority in support of our views and laudatory of Mr. Miller's *Foot-prints of the Creator*, of which mention has been made in the preceding pages, but we are compelled by want of space to confine ourselves to the following:—

Do then the ascertained phenomena of geology suggest a theory of development based on any known law of organic nature? So far as the theory is concerned, the real questions for discussion are such as follow:—Are the animal remains of our successive groups of strata presented to us in such order as to suggest a theory of natural development by transmutation from one organic form to another? Are the genera and families of the old world so ill-defined as to pass into one another by insensible gradations? Are the organic intervals between the different orders and classes of the animal kingdom so far interpolated by new

forms of nature as to lose all semblance of reality and permanence, and to show that all our systematic lines of separation are but the artifices of immature knowledge—that order may spring from order, and class from class, in the way of natural generation? Do the organic types of the old world follow one another chronologically, in such a manner as to arrange themselves on any conceivable organic scale, whether simple or complicated? To all such questions, I can do no more than return a most unqualified negative; and, I may add, that the genera and families of the old fossil world are more abruptly defined, and exhibit fewer connecting links, than in existing nature.

The eighth and ninth sections of the preface proceed from the pretended facts of the author of the *Vestiges* to the system of mental philosophy adopted by him. His materialism is weighed against his pantheism, and the results of his scheme are considered,—a scheme of which he boasts that it has ‘weakened the hold of the supernatural on enlightened persons;’ has effected ‘a revolution in the view of our relations to the Father of our being;’ has dispensed with His personal interference in creation, and His providential government of human affairs; while it has removed the barrier between moral and material, between mind and matter. We could have wished to have extracted some passages on the galvanic and phrenological hypothesis. The brain has been compared to a galvanic pile, and the action of the mind to a galvanic current, and the mind itself has been inferred to be little, if anything, more than electricity, and, therefore, material. By Professor Sedgwick, the electric telegraph is exhibited as an illustration of the difference between the mind and the material mechanism by which it acts,—as a mechanism not animated or thinking, but requiring a mind exterior to itself to set it in motion, and another mind, also exterior to itself, to comprehend its movements. There are some beautiful passages, which we could also have wished to extract, on the tendency of false philosophy and quackery to dog the steps of advancing science, as exhibited in the alchemy and astrology

of a former age, and the mesmerism and phrenology of the present. We must, however, content ourselves with the following summary of the science of the *Vestiges*, and its relation to this philosophy of the cap and bells:—

Let a shallow writer like the author of the *Vestiges* teach, and make popular among the smatterers in material knowledge, that inductive science is but philosophy in leading-strings,—that the accumulated wisdom of ages is but a kind of milk fit only for babes, and unfit for the food of full-grown man,—that there is no difference between soul and body,—that man is the progeny of beasts,—that all nature, dead and living, is wrapped in undeviating mechanical laws,—that acts are the undeviating effects of mechanical organs,—that the organs we inherit are drawn from Nature’s wheel, where we have as good a chance as our fellow-men, and, therefore, have no right to grumble at our lot,—and that all our conceptions of what is supernatural and immaterial are false and superstitions, and but the fogs of a Bæotian brain; and let this belief become current in society, and accepted by the multitude as true. What, then, will follow? The reader may judge for himself. I can see nothing but ruin and confusion in such a creed. It is not grounded on the evidence of material nature, and on that account I believe it false. If current in society, it will undermine the whole moral and social fabric, and will inevitably bring discord and deadly mischief in its train; and on this account (having a belief in the harmony of Nature and an overruling Providence) I believe it also untrue. An honest materialist may mean no mischief to his fellow-men, but that belief proves not his doctrine to be innocuous. He may be sincere, but sincerity, I repeat, is not the test of truth, whether we turn our thoughts to things material or immaterial.

We cannot conclude without expressing a hope, that in the next edition of the *Discourse* those parts of the preface and appendix which have relation to the development doctrines will be separated from it, and published, without reference to the studies of the University of Cambridge, as a refutation of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, in a form which will be at once accessible and attractive to every reader who has imbibed the errors of that work.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

BY A NEW YORKER.

LIFE AT A WATERING-PLACE.—ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

'HURRAH, old fellow!' shouted Ashburner's host, on the seventh morning of his visit; 'here's a letter from Carl. I have been expecting it, and he has been expecting us, some time. So prepare yourself to start to-morrow.'

'He can't have been expecting me, you know,' suggested the guest, who, though remarkably domesticated for so short a time, hardly felt himself yet entitled to be considered one of the family.

'Oh, us means Clara, and myself, and baby, and any friends we choose to bring,—or, I should say, who will do us the honour to accompany us. We are hospitable people, and the more the merrier. I know how much house-room Carl has; there is always a prophet's chamber, as the parsons call it, for such occasions. You *must* come; there's no two ways about that. You will see two very fine women there,—*nice persons*, as you would say: my sisters-in-law, Miss Vanderlyn, and Mrs. Carl Benson.'

'But, at any rate, would it not be better to write first, and apprise him of the additional visitor?'

'We should be there a week before our letter. *Ecoutez!* There is no post-office near us here, and my note would have to go to the city by a special messenger. Then the offices along the Hudson are perfectly antediluvian and barbarous, and mere mockery and delusion. Observe, I speak of the small local posts; on the main routes letters travel fast enough. You may send one to Albany in nine hours; to Carl's place, which is about two-thirds of the distance to Albany, it would take more than half as many days,—if, indeed, it arrived at all. I remember once propounding this problem in the *Blunder and Bluster*:—*'If a letter sent from New York to Hastings, distance 22 miles, never gets there, how long will it take one to go*

from New York to Red Hook, distance 110 miles?' We are shockingly behind you in our postal arrangements; *there* I give up the country. 'No, you mustn't write, but come yourself,' as Penelope said to Ulysses.'

Ashburner made no further opposition, and they were off the next morning accordingly. Before four a cart had started with the baggage,* and directions to take up Ashburner's trunks and man-servant on the way. Soon after the coachman and groom departed with the saddle-horses, trotters, and waggon; for Benson, meditating some months' absence, took with him the whole of his stud, except the black colt, who was strongly principled against going on the water, and had nearly succeeded in breaking his master's neck on one occasion, when Harry insisted on his embarking. The long-tailed bays were left harnessed to the *Rockaway*,—a sort of light omnibus open at the sides, very like a *char-à-banc*, except that the seats run crosswise, and capable of accommodating from six to nine persons: that morning it held six, including the maid and nurse. Benson took the reins at a quarter-past five, and as the steamboat dock was situated at the very southern extremity of the city, and they had three miles of terrible pavement to traverse, besides nearly twelve of road, he arrived there just seven minutes before seven; at which hour, to the second, the good boat Swallow was to take wing. In a twinkling the horses were unharnessed and embarked; the carriage instantly followed them; and Harry, after assuring himself that all his property, animate and inanimate, was safely shipped, had still time to purchase, for his own and his friend's edification, the *Jacobin*, the *Blunder and Bluster*, the *Inexpressible*, and other popular papers, which an infinity of dirty boys were crying at the top of their not very harmonious voices.

* An American never uses the conversational term *luggage*, but always speaks of his *impedimenta* as *baggage*.

'Our people do business pretty fast,' said he, in a somewhat triumphant tone. 'How this would astonish them on the Continent! See there!' as a family, still later than his own, arrived with a small mountain of trunks, all of which made their way on board as if they had wings. 'When I travelled in Germany two years ago with Mrs. B. and her sister we had eleven packages, and it used to take half-an-hour at every place to weigh and ticket them beforehand, notwithstanding which one or two would get lost every now and then. In my own country I have travelled in all directions with large parties, never have been detained five minutes for baggage, and never lost anything except once—an umbrella. Now we are going.'

The mate cried, 'All ashore!' the newsboys and apple-venders disappeared; the planks were drawn in; the long, spidery walking-beam began to play; and the Swallow had started with her five hundred passengers.

'Let us stroll around the boat: I want to show you how we get up these things here.'

The ladies' cabin on deck and the two general cabins below were magnificently furnished with the most expensive material, and in the last Parisian style, and this display and luxury were the more remarkable as the fare was but twelve shillings for a hundred and sixty miles. Ashburner admitted that the furniture was very elegant, but thought it out of place, and altogether too fine for the purpose.

'So you would say, probably, that the profuse and varied dinner we shall have is thrown away on the majority of the passengers, who bolt it in half-an-hour. But there are some who habitually appreciate the dinner and the furniture: it does them good, and it does the others no harm,—nay, it does *them* good, too. The wild man from the West, who has but recently learned to walk on his hind legs, is dazzled with these sofas and mirrors, and respects them more than he would more ordinary furniture. At any rate, it's a fault on the right side. The furniture of an English hotel is enough to give a traveller a fit of the blues, such an extreme state of fustiness it is sure to

be in. Did it ever strike you, by the way, how behindhand your countrymen are in the matter of hotels? When a traveller passes from England into Belgium (putting France out of the question), it is like going from Purgatory into Paradise.'

'I don't think I ever stayed at a London hotel.'

'Of course not; when your governor was out of town, and you not with him, you had your club. This is exactly what all travellers in England complain of. Everything for the exclusive use of the natives is good—except the water, and of that you don't use much in the way of a beverage; everything particularly tending to the comfort of strangers and sojourners—as the hotels, for instance, is bad, dear, and uncomfortable. I don't think you like to have foreigners among you, for your arrangements are calculated to drive them out of the country as fast as possible!'

'Perhaps we don't, as a general principle,' said Ashburner, smiling.

'Well, I won't say that it is not the wisest policy. We have suffered much by being too liberal to foreigners. But then you must not be surprised at what they say about you. However, it is not worth while to lose the view for our discussion. Come up-stairs and take a good look at the river of rivers.'

Ashburner felt no disposition to deny the beauty and grandeur of the Hudson. At first, the shore was lined with beetling ramparts of trap-rock. After many miles of this, the clear water spread out into a great lake, with apparently no egress. But on turning a promontory, the river stretched away nearly as wide as before, under wooded cliffs not dissimilar to those of the Rhine. Then came the picturesque Catskill mountains; and near these Harry was to stop, but Ashburner did not stop with him. At West Point the boat had taken up, among other passengers, two young officers of his acquaintance, then quartered in Canada. They were going to take the tour of the lakes, including, of course, Niagara, and offered Ashburner, if he would accompany them on this excursion first, to show him the lions of Canada afterwards. On consulting with Benson, he found that the

trip would not occupy more than a month or five weeks, and that after that time the watering-place season would be at its height.

'And it will be an excuse for my staying with Carl till August,' Harry continued. 'The women are half crazy to be at Oldport already. I would rather stay at Ravenswood. We shall expect you there at the end of July. But, and here, for the first time since their acquaintance, Ashburner perceived a slight embarrassment in his manner, 'don't bring your friends.'

'Oh, dear, no!' said Ashburner, not comprehending what could have put such a thing into the other's head, or what was coming next.

'I don't mean to Ravenswood, but to Oldport; that is, if you can help their coming. To tell you the truth, your university men, and literary men generally, are popular enough here, but your army is in very bad odour. The young fellows who come down among us from Canada behave shockingly. They don't act like gentlemen or Christians.

Ashburner hastened to assure him that Captain Blank and Lieutenant Dash were both gentlemen and Christians, in the ordinary acceptance of the terms, and had never been known to misconduct themselves in any way.

'Doubtless, inasmuch as they are your friends, but the general principle remains the same. So many of your young officers have misconducted themselves that the *prima facie* evidence is always against one of them, and he stands a chance of being coolly treated.'

Ashburner wanted to know what the young officers had done.

'Everything they could do to go counter to the habits and prejudices of the people among whom they were, and to show their contempt of American society; to act, in short, as if they were among uncivilized people. For instance, it is a custom at these watering-place hotels to dress for the *table-d'hôte*. Now, I do not think it altogether reasonable that a man should be expected to make his evening toilette by three in the afternoon, and, indeed, I do not strictly conform to the rule myself. But these men came in with flannel shirts and dirty shoes, and altogether in a

state unfit for ladies' company. Perhaps, however, we were two fastidious in this. But what do you say to a youngster's seating himself upon a piano in the public parlour, while a lady is playing on it?'

Ashburner allowed that it was rather uncereemonious.

'By various similar acts, trivial, perhaps, individually, but forming a very disagreeable aggregate, these young men made themselves so unpopular, that one season the ladies, by common consent, refused to dance with any of them. But there is worse behind. These gentlemen, so stupid in a drawing-room, are sharp enough in borrowing money, and altogether oblivious of repaying it.'

Ashburner remembered the affair of Ensign Lawless, and made up his mind to undergo another repetition of it.

'I don't speak of my individual case, the thing has happened fifty times. I could tell off a dozen friends who have been victimized in this way during the last three years. In fact, I believe that your *jeunes militaires* have formed a league to avenge the Mississippi bondholders, and recover their lost money under the form of these nominal loans. You may think it poetic justice, but we New Yorkers have no fancy to pay the Mississippians' debts in this way.'

It would be foreign to our present purpose to accompany Ashburner in his Northwestern and Canadian tour. Suffice it to say, that he returned by the first of August, very much pleased, having seen many things well worth seeing, and experienced no particular annoyance, except the one predicted by Benson, that he sometimes *had to take care of his servant*. Neither shall we say much of his visit to Ravenswood, where, indeed, he only spent a few hours, arriving there in the morning and leaving it in the afternoon of the same day, and had merely time to partake of a capital lunch, and to remark that his entertainer had a beautiful place and a handsome wife, and was something like his younger brother, but more resembling an Englishman than any American he had yet seen.

The party to Oldport was increased by the addition of Miss Vanderlyn, a tall, stylish girl, more striking than her sister, but less delicately beauti-

ful. Though past twenty, she had been out only one season, having been kept back three years by various accidents. But though new to society; she had nothing of the book-mnslin timidity about her; nor was she at all abashed by the presence of the titled foreigner. On the contrary, she addressed him with perfect ease of manner, in French, professing, as an apology for conversing in that language, a fear that he might not be able to understand her English,—*Parceque chez vous, on dit que nous autres Américaines, ne parlons pas l'Anglais comme il faut.*

As we are not writing a handbook or geographical account of the Northern States, it will not be necessary to mention where the fashionable watering-place of Oldport Springs is situated—not even what State it is in—suffice it to say, that from Carl Benson's place thither was a day's journey, performed partly by steamboat, partly by rail, and the last forty miles by stage-coach, or, as the Americans say, 'for shortness,' by stage. The water portion of their journey was soon over, nor did Ashburner much regret it, for he had been over this part of the route before on his way to Canada, and the river is not remarkably beautiful above the Catskill range.

On taking the cars, Benson seized the opportunity to enlighten his friend with a quantity of railroad statistics and gossip, such as, that the American trains averaged eighteen miles an hour, including stoppages,—about two miles short of the steamboat average; that they cost about one-fifth of an English road, or a dollar for a pound, which accounted for their deficiency in some respects; that there were more than three thousand miles of rail in the country; that there was no division of first, second, and third class, but that some lines had ladies' cars—that is to say, cars for the gentlemen with ladies and the ladies without gentlemen—and some had separate cars for the ladies and gentlemen of colour; that there had been some attempts to get up smoking-cars after the German fashion, but the public mind was not yet fully prepared for it; that one of the southern lines had tried the experiment of introducing a *restaurant*, and other conveniences, with

tolerable success; and other facts of more or less interest. Ashburner for his part, on examining his ticket, found upon the back of it a list of all the stations on the route, with their times and distances—a very convenient arrangement; and he was also much amused at the odd names of some of the stations—Nineveh, Pompey, Africa, Cologne, and others equally incongruous.

'Don't be afraid of laughing,' said Benson, who guessed what he was smiling at. 'Whenever I am detained at a country tavern, if there duly happens to be a good-sized map of the United States there, I have enough to amuse me in studying the different styles of names in the different sections of the Union—different in style, but alike in impropriety. In our State, as you know, the fashion is for classical and oriental names. In New England there is a goodly amount of old English appellations, but often sadly misapplied; for instance, an inland town will be called Falmouth, or Oldport, like the place we are going to. The aboriginal names, often very harmonious, had been generally displaced, except in Maine, where they are particularly long and jaw-breaking, such as *Winnipiscoggit* and *Chargogogog*. Still we have some very pretty Indian names left in New York; *Ontario*, for instance, and *Oneida*, and *Niagara*, which you who have been there know is

Pronounced *Niagara*,
To rhyme with *staggerer*,
And not *Niagara*,
To rhyme with *starer*.'

'What does *Niagara* mean?'

'*Broken water*, I believe; but one gets so many different meanings for these names, from those who profess to know more or less about the native dialects, that you can never be certain. For instance, a great many will tell you, on Chateaubriand's authority, that *Mississippi* means *Father of the waters*. Some years ago one of our Indian scholars stated that this was an error; that the literal meaning of *Mississippi* was *old-big-strong*—not quite so poetic an appellation. I asked Albert Gallatin about it at the time—he was considered our best man on such subjects—and he told me that the word, or words, for the name is

made up of two, signified *the entire river*. This is a fair specimen of the answers you get. I never had the same explanation of an Indian name given me by two men who pretended to understand the Indian languages.

'What rule does a gentleman adopt in naming his country-seat when he acquires a new one, or is there any rule?'

'There are two natural and proper expedients, one to take the nearest aboriginal name that is pretty and practicable, the other to adopt the name from some natural feature. Of this latter we have two very neat examples in the residences of our two greatest statesmen, Clay and Webster, which are called *Ashland* and *Marshfield*—appellations exactly descriptive of the places. But very often mere fancy names are adopted, and frequently in the worst possible taste, by people too who have great taste in other respects. I wanted my brother to call his place *Carlsruhe*—that would have been literally appropriate, though sounding oddly at first. But as it belonged originally to his father-in-law, it seemed but fair that his wife should have the naming of it, and she was so fond of the *Bride of Lammermoor*! Well, I hope Carl will set up a few crows some day, just to give a little colour to the name. But, after all, what's in the name? We are to stop at Constantinople; if they give us a good supper and bed there (and they will unless the hotel is much altered for the worse within two years), they may call the town *Beelzebub* for me.'

But Benson reckoned without his host. They were fated to pass the night, not at Constantinople, but at the rising village of Hardscrabble, consisting of a large hotel and a small blacksmith's shop.

The *contretemps* happened in this wise. The weather was very hot—it always is from the middle of June to the middle of September—but this day had been particularly sultry, and towards evening oppressed nature found relief in a thunder-storm, and such a storm! Ashburner, though anything but a nervous man, was not without some anxiety, and the ladies were in a sad fright; particularly Mrs. Benson, who threatened hysterics, and re-

quired a large expenditure of Cologne and caresses to bring her round. At last the train came to a full stop at Hardscrabble, about thirty-six miles on the wrong side of Constantinople. Even before the usual three minutes' halt was over our travellers suspected some accident; their suspicions were confirmed when the three minutes extended to ten, and ultimately the conductor announced that just beyond this station half-a-mile of the road had been literally washed away, so that further progress was impossible. Fortunately by this time the rain had so far abated that the passengers were able to pass from the shelter of the cars (there was no covered way at the station) to that of the spacious hotel *stoop* without being very much wetted. Benson recollected that there was a canal at no great distance, which, though comparatively disused since the establishment of the railroad, still had some boats on it, and he thought it probable that they might finish their journey in this way—not a very comfortable or expeditious one, but better than standing still. It appeared, however, on inquiry, that the canal was also put *hors de combat* by the weather, and nothing was to be done that way. Only two courses remained, either to go back to Clinton from which they had started, or to remain for the night where they were.

'This hotel ought to be able to accommodate us all,' remarked a fellow-passenger near them.

He might well say so. The portico under which they stood (built of the purest white pine, and modelled after that of a Grecian temple with eight columns) fronted at least eighty feet. The house was several stories high, and, if the front were anything more than a mere shell, must contain rooms for two hundred persons. How the building came into its present situation was a mystery to Ashburner; it looked as if had been transported bodily from some large town, and set down alone in the wilderness. The probability is, that some speculators, judging from certain signs that a town was likely to arise there soon, had built the hotel so as to be all ready for it.

There was no need to question the landlord: he had already been dili-

gently assuring every one that he could accommodate all the passengers, who indeed did not exceed a hundred in number.

Logicians tell us, that a great deal of the trouble and misunderstanding which exists in this naughty world, arises from men not defining their terms in the outset. The landlord of Hardscrabble had evidently some peculiar ideas of his own as to the meaning of the term *accommodate*. The real state of the case was, that he had any quantity of rooms, and a tolerably liberal supply of bedsteads, but his stock of bedding was by no means in proportion; and he was, therefore, compelled to multiply it by process of division, giving the hair mattress to one, the feather bed to another, the straw bed to a third; and so with the pillows and bolsters as far as they would go. This was rather a long process, even with American activity, especially as some of the hands employed were temporarily called off to attend to the supper table.

The meal, which was prepared and eaten with great promptitude, was a mixture of tea and supper. Very good milk, pretty good tea, and pretty bad coffee, represented the drinkables; and for solids, there was a plentiful provision of excellent bread and butter, new cheese, dried beef in very thin slices, or rather *chips*, gingerbread, dough-nuts, and other varieties of home-made cake, sundry preserves, and some pickles. The waiters were young women—some of them very pretty and lady-like. The Bensons kept up a conversation with each other and Ashburner in French, which he suspected to be a customary practice of 'our set' when in public, as indeed it was, and one which tended not a little to make them unpopular. A well-dressed man opposite looked so fiercely at them, that the Englishman thought he might have partially comprehended their discourse and taken an offence at it, till he was in a measure re-assured by seeing him eat pound-cake and cheese together, —a singularity of taste about which he could not help making a remark to Benson.

'Oh, that's nothing,' said Harry. 'Did you never, when you were on the lakes, see them eat ham and

molasses? It is said to be a western practice: I never was there; but I'll tell you what I have seen. A man with cake, cheese, smoked-beef, and preserves, all on his plate together, and paying attention to them all indiscriminately. He was not an American either, but a Creole Frenchman of New Orleans, who had travelled enough to know better.'

Soon after supper most of the company seemed inclined bedwards; but there were no signs of beds for some time. Benson's party, who were more amused than fatigued by their evening's experience, spread the carpet of resignation, and lit the cigar of philosophy. All the passengers did not take it so quietly. One tall, melancholy-faced man, who looked as if he required twice the ordinary amount of sleep, was especially anxious to know 'where they were going to put him.'

'Don't be afraid, sir,' said the landlord, as he shot across the room on some errand; 'we'll tell you before you go to bed.' With which safe prediction the discontented one was fain to content himself.

At length, about ten or half-past, the rooms began to be in readiness, and their occupants to be marched off to them in squads of six or eight at a time,—the long corridors and tall staircases of the hotel requiring considerable pioneering and guidance. Benson's party came among the last. Having examined the room assigned to the ladies, Harry reported it to contain one bed and half a washstand; from which he and Ashburner had some misgivings as to their own accommodation, but were not exactly prepared for what followed, when a small boy with a tall candle and face escorted them up three flights of stairs into a room containing two small beds and a large spittoon, and not another single article of furniture.

'I say, boy!' quoth Benson, in much dudgeon, turning to their chamberlain, 'suppose we want to wash in the morning, what are we to do?'

'I don't know, sir,' answered the boy; and depositing the candle on the floor, he disappeared in the darkness.

'By Jove!' ejaculated the fasti-

dious youth, 'there isn't as much as a hook in the wall to hang one's coat on. It's lucky we brought up our carpet-bags with us, else we should have to look out a clean spot on the floor for our clothes.'

Ashburner was not very much disconcerted. He had travelled in so many countries, notwithstanding his youth, that he could pass his nights anyhow. In fact, he had never been at a loss for sleep in his life, except on one occasion, when, in Galway, a sofa was assigned to him at one side of a small parlour, on the other side of which three Irish gentlemen were making a night of it.

So they said their prayers, and went to bed, like good boys. But their slumbers were not unbroken. Ashburner dreamed that he was again in Venice, and that the mosquitoes of that delightful city, of whose venomousness and assiduity he retained shuddering recollections, were making an onslaught upon him in great numbers; while Benson awoke towards morning with a great outcry: in apology for which he solemnly assured his friend, that two seconds before he was in South Africa, where a lion of remarkable size and ferocity had caught him by the leg. And on rising, they discovered some spots of blood on the bed-clothes, showing that their visions had not been altogether without foundation in reality.

The Hardscrabble hotel, grand in its general outlines, had overlooked the trifling details of wash-stands and chamber crockery. Such of these articles as it *did* possess, were very properly devoted to the use of the ladies; and accordingly Ashburner and Benson, and forty-five more, performed their matutinal ablutions over a tin bason in the bar-room, where Harry astonished the natives by the production of his own parti-

cular towel and pocket-comb. The weather had cleared up beautifully, the railroad was repaired, and the train ready to start as soon as breakfast was over. After this meal, as miscellaneous as their last night's supper, while the passengers were discharging their reckoning, Ashburner noticed that his friend was unusually fussy and consequential, asked several questions, and made several remarks in a loud tone, and altogether seemed desirous of attracting attention. When it came to his turn to pay, he told out the amount, not in the ordinary dirty bills, but in hard, ringing half-dollars, which had the effect of drawing still further notice upon him.

'Five dollars and a quarter,' said Benson, in a measured and audible tone; 'and, Landlord, here's a quarter extra.'

The landlord looked up in surprise; so did the two or three men standing nearest Harry.

'It's to buy beef with, to feed 'em. Feed 'em well now, don't forget!'

'Feed 'em! feed who?' and the host looked as if he thought his customer crazy.

'Feed *who*? Why, look here!' and bending over the counter, Harry uttered a portentous monosyllable, in a pretended whisper, but really as audible to the bystanders as a stage aside. Three or four of those nearest exploded.

'Yes, feed 'em *well* before you put anybody into your beds again, or you'll have to answer for the death of a fellow-Christian some day, that's all. Good morning!' And taking his wife under his arm, Benson stalked off to the cars with a patronizing farewell nod, amid a sympathetic roar, leaving the host irresolute whether to throw a decanter after him, or to join in the general laugh.

BERLIOZ ON DER FREISCHÜTZ.

EDITED BY MORGAN RATTLER.

WEBER wrote three great operas ; each is in its way a masterpiece of science and genius ; but their fortunes on the stage were various. *Oberon* failed positively ; *Euryanthe* failed comparatively. The success of *Der Freischütz* has been superlative. To *Euryanthe*, the most ambitious of these works, nothing like justice was ever done in the performance. A very scant measure of justice only was dealt out to *Oberon* in all respects, but chiefly by the singers who emroidered Weber's robes of gold, precisely after the fashion Rabelais declares the commentators did the text of the Justinian Code. *Der Freischütz* was more fortunate in its execution, and is, besides, of that genial character, and possesses in itself that irrepressible buoyancy, that nothing could swamp it. True, the partition and the story were both put upon the stage in a truncated, if not a mutilated manner ; and that which was left was by no means rendered satisfactorily. There was no Costa to lead the hand, and there was no such hand to lead as now obeys his bâton ; the choruses (we mean, of course, the singers thereof) were execrable—'timeless, toneless, tuneless, noteless' fellows, male and female ; and as for the singers, they were, in the vulgar phrase, 'no great shakes' in Weber's music, though they quavered, as usual, with intense vigour and perseverance for the galleries. Still *Der Freischütz*, from the first, excited and charmed the public—that honest public, or that part of it which judges musical compositions by its own sensations, and not by abstract rules of science, or the vulgar canons of fashion, taste, or criticism. No doubt the startling scenic effects—the novel devilry with its legend, and consistent meaning and moral attached to it—together with the quaint dresses, and dances, and other accessories, to effect upon the eye, had something to do with this—for John Bull loves a hit of melodramatic show dearly)—but that not much ! The story, which is at once weird and heart-home, and told from first to last in such lucid order, and with such unflagging energy, had

more ; but, in good sooth, the exquisite melodies, and strange and fascinating, yet easily-caught harmonies, had most : so that the former came in an incredibly short space of time to be ground upon organs through our streets, and whistled under the shadow of the butcher's tray, by those swains whose care is directed to the pastoral animal in the defunct state. *Der Freischütz*, however, greatly puzzled the critics and the pseudo-critics of the severe schools. Condemn openly they dared not ! But they hinted, that probably there was more of tact, and trick, and eccentricity, than of science or genius in it. They did not understand the one, and they could not enlarge their minds to appreciate the other. They were little aware, that while the popular element was as strong in it as in Mozart's *Don Juan*, its construction is pre-eminently scientific. In it the inspirations of the finest and largest imagination, and the results of the deepest knowledge, are combined. Every gift of nature that may belong to the musician, and every resource of art he may have acquired after long and profound study, have been employed upon this marvellous structure. The *melody* and the *harmony* throughout are as exquisite as in any masterpiece of Mozart or Beethoven. The *rhythm* is wonderfully original, various, and always appropriate to the situation, and effective to a degree attained only by Beethoven—the *expression* true throughout to the story to be told, and the feelings and passions to be portrayed ; an excellence in which the mighty Mozart has often shown himself deficient ; the *modulation* fresh, powerful, and charming ; the *instrumentation* (which is exactly to music what colour is to painting), a miracle of inspired art ; the degrees of the *intensity of sounds*, and of the volume, and *multiplicity of sounds*, admirably managed and controlled. All this is plain to those who have the physical organization, the nervous sensibility, and the musical education and experience, which enable them to feel and understand music in its essence, and in its full

power of developement, at once as a sentiment and a science. But such individuals are very few in number. Some of the excellencies to which we have referred are plain to everybody who is capable in any degree of receiving pleasure from music. Perhaps the great peculiarity and prerogative of such masterpieces as *Der Freischütz* and *Don Juan* is, that they administer gratification and delight to each listener in the proportion of his capacity of enjoyment. *Der Freischütz*, then, pleased from the first, but that pleasure was considerably increased and enhanced when it came to be represented by the German company. Satisfaction, however, has been brought up to that point of fulness which is delight, according to the measure one is capable of receiving it, by the way in which, during the last season, it was put upon the stage of the Royal Italian Opera, and executed by its company. Grand operas, the great works of great masters, labour under this disadvantage, as compared with works of an inferior order. For the ordinary run of operas, as far as the persons of the lyric drama are concerned, M. Villebrune's prescription will answer, — *Ma femme et quatre poupées* ! For the rest, a few chanting animals to scream or roar in chorus ; one violinist and a few fiddlers to play accompaniments ; and a 'long drum,' as Lablache loves to call it, when 'he pokes fun' at the audience ; and sundry brass instruments to make a clang and a clash, or a sort of orchestral explosion, at stated intervals ; and *voilà tout* !

But grand works, such as *Der Freischütz*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète*, must, in order to be at all comprehended and appreciated, be interpreted after a different manner ; and, for their due execution, require numerous appliances and vast means. Everything must be on a scale in proportion to the grandeur of the masterpiece. And each department must be fitly and perfectly supplied as integral portions of one great whole ; for each and all are essential to the *ensemble* which is destined to work out the composer's idea, and the slightest deficiency or failure will occasion a maimed result. There are no unimportant characters in the drama ; every one of them

should be sustained by an artist. There must be large, well-taught, and well-trained choruses ; a requirement of cost, and time, and trouble. There must be a band, very numerous, carefully select, and admirably disciplined ; and there must be the soul of a master and the hand of a leader to direct it—a chief as rare to be found as a great general ; one who can, like Costa, first mould his host into one animated machine, and then use it as if it were a single instrument, ever obedient to his will for the one purpose, though constituted like the human frame, of a vast variety of parts contributing to a general effect by the discharge of different functions. Delightful is it, then, in the execution of some great composition—say the overture to *Der Freischütz*—to see such a leader now ruling the whirlwind he has raised, and again brooding over the calm he has caused, like the spirit of the elements he had set in motion, and appeased.

But this is a rare delight, and most difficult is it to satisfy those requirements ! In point of fact, to see one of the great lyric dramas performed in a style closely approaching to perfection, is an event which can happen but seldom during the course of a man's existence. We are accordingly disposed to take advantage of the recent representation of *Der Freischütz* at Covent Garden for the purpose of introducing to the public some abstract remarks upon this opera, the *whole* of which, as it was designed and completed by Weber, they have heard for the first time, and so performed that if the composer could have lived again and been present, his desire to witness the full and faithful embodiment and evolution of his great idea must have been well-nigh gratified.

We will not say one word about the *special* performance. We advert to the opera in the abstract as it might appear upon any stage ; and as, indeed, it once before did on that of the Académie Royale. The remarks we purpose to introduce are from the fervid pen of Hector Berlioz, who, besides being a composer of the loftiest genius and profound musical science, is unapproachably the best writer on music that we have ever read. For he writes with the heart of an enthusiast, and with the head

of a scholar. It was he who, with a reverent hand and consummate ability, added the recitation to *Der Freischütz*, and thereby greatly enhanced its effect; for, in our opinion, an opera interlaced with spoken dialogue is as preposterous as a tragedy with songs. In a little fugitive publication, utterly unknown in this country—one of the many Berlioz threw off at a heat, but which would well deserve to be rescued from oblivion—the poet musician has given an analytical criticism of *Der Freischütz*, and this we are now about to translate. The occasion he avails himself of for the purpose was the first representation of the *whole* opera at the Académie Royale, with the full force of all the powers and resources of that great lyric establishment. Thus the circumstances to which he refers bear a striking analogy to those which obtained the other day with regard to the representation at our own theatre. Berlioz begins by alluding to the deep disappointment he experienced some twenty or two-and-twenty years ago, when he missed seeing Weber, who once, and once only, passed through Paris. It was on his way to London, where he went to witness the failure of his *Oberon* and die. The young admirer of his genius sought in vain to catch a glimpse of the composer; and deep was his disappointment, and much does he lament that he had not the opportunity of doing homage to him.

Notwithstanding his popularity, notwithstanding the immense renown and fashion of *Der Freischütz*—notwithstanding the consciousness which, doubtless, he had of his own genius, Weber, peradventure more than any other, would have felt happy in this humble but sincere homage. He had written pages worthy of all admiration, which were treated by the *virtuosi* and critics with the most contemptuous coldness. *Euryanthe*, his last opera, and the most ambitious, had only obtained a half-success; and well might he entertain some inquietude as to the fate of his *Oberon*, in nourishing the imagination that for such a work there should be an audience of poets, and a pit filled with kings of thought. Besides, Beethoven himself, the king of kings, had for a long time misunderstood him. One can therefore understand—as at a later period he declared in writing—that sometimes he had doubts in his musical mission, and would fall dead with the blow

which smote *Oberon*. But if the difference in the fate of this marvellous composition, and that of its elder-born *Der Freischütz*, was great, it is not that there was anything vulgar in the traits of the fortunate object of popularity. No, there was nothing mean in its form, nothing false in its splendour, nothing inflated or exaggerated in its language. The author neither submitted the one nor the other to the patronage of the executants. Never did he make the slightest concession to the puerile exigencies of the fashion, nor to the still more imperious demands of the pride-blown singers. He was equally simple and truthful, alike proudly original—equally hostile to all mere *formule*—equally grand in the face of the public, whose applause he would purchase by no base compliance—in a word, an equally great artist in *Der Freischütz* as in the *Oberon*. But the poetry of the first is full of movement, of passion, and of contrasts. There the supernatural leads to strange and violent effects. The melody, harmony, and rhythm, in their combination, thunder, burn, and blaze: everything conspires to rouse and waken their attention. The characters, moreover, taken from common life, attract more numerous sympathies; the importraiture of their sentiments, the picture of their manners, give occasion sometimes to the use of an humbler style, which animated by an exquisite elaboration acquires, even for those who despise all tricks of sound, an irresistible charm, and thus bedecked appears to the crowd the fair ideal of art and the miracle of invention.

In *Oberon*, on the contrary, albeit therein human passions play a considerable part, the fantastic is still predominant—and it is the fantastic in a calm, fresh, and graceful form. Instead of monsters and dread apparitions, it is with choruses of aerial spirits, sylphs, fairies, and water-nymphs, we have to deal. And the language of this people of the soft smile—an exceptional tongue, which lends its chief charm to the harmony—whose melody is capriciously vague—whose rhythm is slow, veiled, and oftentimes difficult to catch, and little intelligible to the multitude, inasmuch as its delicacies cannot be perceived, even by musicians, without extreme attention united to a high vivacity of imagination. Undoubtedly the German habit of reverie sympathizes more easily with this celestial poetry; but with us Frenchmen I fear it will never be more than a subject of curious study for a moment, from which fatigue and *canni* will spring soon after. We may form a judgment on this from what happened in 1828, when the Carlsruhe Company gave some representations at the Théâtre Favart. The

chorus of water-nymphs—this chant so softly cadenced—which expresses a happiness so pure and perfect, is only composed of two short strophes. But as inflections constantly soft are see-sawing, as it were, upon a slow movement, the public attention became, at the end of a few measures, extinguished; and at the close of the first complet the uneasiness grew evident—a murmur ran through the house: and it was impossible to get a hearing for the second strain; and, indeed, the attempt was only made once. But, however it may be with the difficulty of popularizing *Oberon* amongst us, let me remark that the success of *Der Freischütz* was rapid and general, and is not likely to abate. The mode in which this masterpiece has been lately put upon the stage of the Grand Opera has given it, as it were, a new birth. The public now-a-days comprehends and appreciates this composition, as well in its entirety as in its details—this composition, which formerly seemed no better than an amusing piece of eccentricity. People now perceive the reason of things which up to this time remained obscure. They now recognize in Weber the most severe unity of thought, the most just sentiment of expression. They perceive the dramatic conformities, united to a superabundance of musical ideas, worked out with a reserve replete with wisdom, from an imagination whose immense wings on no occasion bear the author beyond those limits where the ideal ends and the absurd commences. Difficult, indeed, would it be in searching the schools, ancient and modern, to find a composition so irreproachable in every point as *Der Freischütz*—so constantly interesting from one end to the other—whose melody has more freshness in all the various forms wherein he has been pleased to clothe it—whose rhythms are more captivating—whose harmonic inventions are more numerous and more striking—and whose employment of masses of voices and instruments is more energetic without the show of effort, and more sweet without affectation. From the commencement of the overture down to the last accord of the concluding chorus, it is impossible to discover one passage the suppression or the alteration of which would appear desirable. Intelligence, imagination, genius, blaze on all sides, with a force of irradiation which would fatigue any eyes except those of an eagle, if a tenderness inexhaustible, but always under restraint, did not interpose to mitigate the splendour, and throw over the auditor the soft shelter of its veil. The overture is universally regarded, now-a-days, as the crowned

queen. Nobody would dream of disputing the fact. It is always cited as the model of its kind. The themes of the *andante* and the *allegro* are sung throughout. There is one to which I must refer specially, because it is less commonly remarked, and because it moves me incomparably more than all the rest. It is that long moaning melody thrown forth by the clarionet athwart the *tremolo* of the orchestra, like a distant lamentation scattered by the winds through the depth of the woods. This strikes home to the heart; and to me, at least, this virgin-chant, which seems to exhale towards the heavens a timid reproach the whilst a sombre harmony murmurs and threatens beneath it, is one of those contrasts, the newest, the most poetical, and the most beautiful which modern art has produced in music. In this instrumental inspiration you can already easily recognize a foreshadowing of the character of Agatha, soon to be developed in all its passionate candour. Borrowed, however, it is from the part of Max. It is the exclamation of the young hunter at the moment when, from the height of the rocks, he sounds with his eye the abysses of the infernal valley. But this phrase, a little modified in its contour and instrumented after a different fashion, is completely changed in aspect and accent. The author possessed, in a supreme degree, the art of effecting those melodic transformations. One should write a volume to consider in separate studies each face of this work so rich in various beauties. Besides, the principal traits of its physiognomy are pretty generally known. Everybody admires the hitting gaiety of those couplets of Kilian with the burden of the chorus laughing in peals—the surprising effects of those female voices grouped *en seconde majeure**—and the hurdling rhythm of male voices which completes this bizarre concert of raileries. Who has not felt the desolation of Max? the touching good-nature that breathes in the chorus seeking to console him? the exuberant joy of those robust peasants departing for the chase? the comic platitudes of that march played by the village fiddlers at the head of Kilian's triumphant procession? and the diabolic song of Caspar, and the savage clamour of his great air, 'Triomphe! Triomphe!' which prepares us after a manner so threatening for the final explosion? All at present, amateurs and artists alike, listen with delight to that delicious duet in which at once we see depicted the contrasting characters of the two girls; of Agatha, always tender and dreamy—of Annette, the happy child who knows not love, who delights

* We use the French musical phraseology and notation, and cite the French libretto as in the original throughout.

in innocent coquetries. Ever does her joyous prattling, her linnæan-like song, cast its sparkling sallies into the midst of the interviews of the lovers ill at ease, and sadly distraught. Not one of those sighs of the orchestra during the prayer of the young virgin awaiting her betrothed escapes the auditor—not one of those murmurings softly strange, wherein the attentive ear fancies it can trace

Le bruit sourd du noir sapin

Que le vent de nuit balance ;

and it seems that the darkness becomes of a sudden more intense and more cold at this magic modulation in *ut major*,—

Tout s'endort dans le silence.

With what a sympathetic thrill, moreover, you are seized with the burst a little further on, *C'est lui ! c'est tui !* and above all with the rapturous cry which enkindles the whole soul,—

C'est le Ciel ouvert pour moi !

No, no ! it must be admitted there is no other such exquisite air. No, never did any master, German, Italian, or French, make successively vocal in one scene, the holy prayer, inquietude, meditation, melancholy,—the sleep of nature, the still eloquence of night, the harmonious mystery of the starry heavens, the torture of waiting and watching,—the touch of hope, half-certainty, joy—the intoxication and transport of delight, and the bewilderment of love ! And what an orchestra to accompany those noble vocal melodies ! What marvellous inventions ! What ingenious devices ! What treasures are revealed by each flashing inspiration !

* * * * * The day when Weber first heard this scene rendered, as he dreamed that it might have been rendered (if in such sort he ever did hear it), that radiant day must, doubtless, have made all other subsequent days look pale and melancholy. He ought then to have died. What more was life worth after such joys ? * * * *

In certain of the German theatres, with the view of carrying truthfulness in the art of horror as far as possible, it is said that during the scene of casting the bullets the most discordant noises are heard,—cries of animals barking, yelping, roaring,—the crashing of trees, and so forth. But how can the music be heard in the midst of this hideous tumult ? And why, even in case we ought to be made to hear such things, place the reality side by side with the imitation ? Though I may admire the hoarse barking of the horns in the orchestra, the real voices of dogs in a theatre could only inspire me with disgust. The natural cascade, on the contrary, is not one of those scenic effects incompatible with the interest of the composition ; far from that, it adds to it. This equable and

constant noise of falling water disposes to reverie, and impresses us strongly, during those long *points d'orgue* especially which the composer has introduced so happily, and, moreover, accords admirably with the tones of the distant clock that slowly strikes the fatal hour. I need not tell the Germans that in this scene I have abstained, whilst writing the recitative, from making Samiel sing. This proceeded from a well-considered intention. Weber has made Caspar sing, and Samiel speak, some words in reply. Once only are the words of the Fiend put in rhythm, and then each of the syllables rests on a note of the kettle-drums. The stringency of the rule which forbids spoken dialogue in an opera, is not so great as absolutely to prevent the introduction into a musical scene of a few words spoken after this manner ; I was accordingly anxious to avail myself of this latitude, so as to preserve the idea of the composer. The partition of *Der Freischütz*, as already said, was performed in its entirety, and in the exact order in which it was written. The result of the fidelity—too rare at all times, and all places—with which this masterpiece has been put upon the stage, has been, that the finale of the third act has come upon the Parisians well-nigh in the shape of a novelty. Some of them heard it a great number of years ago, at the representations given by a German company ; but the majority of them knew nothing of it. This finale is a magnificent conception. The whole of Max's song at the feet of the Prince is impressed with shame and repentance. The first chorus in *ut minor*, after the fall of Caspard and Agatha, is of a fine tragic tint, and announces admirably the catastrophe which has taken place. Then the return of Agatha to life ; her tender exclamation, 'O Max !' the shouts of the people ; the menaces of Ottocar ; the pious intervention of the Hermit ; the unction of his conciliating words ; the entreaties of all the peasants and hunters to obtain pardon for Max—a noble heart led astray but for a moment—that sextet in which hope and happiness seem to revive ; the benediction of the aged monk, before which every head in its emotion bows down, and which makes gush from the bosom of the prostrate crowd that hymn so mighty in its brevity ; and lastly, the concluding chorus, in which, for the third time, the *allegro* of Agatha's song already heard in the overture re-appears. All this is as worthy of admiration as that which precedes it. No more, and no less. There is not a note which is not in its place, and which could be suppressed without destroying the harmony of the *ensemble*.

A VISIT TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY

BY AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

IT was in the pleasant early summer of last year, that S—e and myself found ourselves afloat on Lake Erie, in pursuit of the 'greatest wonder in all creation.' Now we had certainly heard something of the great discovery for which this distinction was claimed; but nothing could be more vague than the current information on the subject. That the Mammoth Cave was situated somewhere between Christendom and Tennessee; that the entrance to the northwest passage probably lay there, since no one had got to the end of it; all this we knew—beyond this all was speculation. Demurring, however, a little at the assurance of an American friend, that Niagara was nothing to it, we determined to seek it out. Happy the man who has seen a greater wonder than Niagara. We were fresh from communion with the many-voiced and mighty cataract, the noblest of all terrestrial types of infinite power, of purpose, 'without variableness or shadow of change.' We had just seen that exhaustless flood pouring through the channel of ages, rejoicing as a giant to run its race, and glittering under a summer sky. Surely, thought we, the rival of Niagara must be sought elsewhere than in the regions of silence, or the abiding place of the night.

Of the cave itself, we heard that the extraordinary purity of the air, which no decaying substance polluted, the unvarying temperature, and something peculiarly sanitary in the effects of the nitre by which the soil is impregnated, peopled it with invalids; that there was a broad road into it, leading, as we supposed, to an hospital, where these interesting inhabitants had their residence. Lastly, we were told of subterranean streams miles within the earth, and we thought of

Forests, ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery,
Where Alph the sacred river ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

All this was inducement enough for making a journey of seven or
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eight hundred miles. The vessel^{cl} in which we left Buffalo, the *Canada*, had not, like some of her competitors, cost 40,000*l.* in building and decoration; nor was she, like the floating palaces of the Hudson, larger than a first-rate man of war, and luxurious as a royal yacht; but she was, nevertheless, such a vessel as American waters alone can boast, and the more admired by our patriotic taste, as belonging to the country whose name she bears.

There are few objects in the United States more exclusively national than the magnificent steamboats by which the flood of traffic is maintained in the great lines of inland navigation—the Hudson, the Mississippi, and the Lakes. Europe has nothing of the kind; and a degree of good taste and substantial comfort accompanies their luxury, for which Jonathan does not always get credit. In the *Mayflower* of Lake Erie, which we visited at Detroit, the saloon is not far from three hundred feet long; the carpet of the richest fabric, in one piece; the chairs, sofas, ottomans, in cut velvet; while tables of marble and rosewood, mirrors, lustres, gilding and colouring, all in quiet and admirable taste, give it the air of a drawing-room of more than common elegance. The very engine, ponderous and powerful, is displayed through panelling of plate-glass in the centre of the room, which extends the whole length from stem to stern. Below is a cabin, into which open on either side six elegant bed-rooms, called *bridal-chambers*, intended for the accommodation of the happiest of mortals on their way from the altar to pass the honeymoon. In each is a spacious bed of rosewood, elaborately carved, with furniture of spotless purity; a sofa, and all the necessities of the toilette. These *dove-cotes*, instead of being numbered like ordinary cabins, are designated by the names of eminent poetesses of America, engraved on plates inserted in the doors. There is also a cabin for single gentlemen; and a nursery for children, supplied with a dozen baby-jumpers. At the time of our tour

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the fare for three hundred miles was only two dollars. Alas! the picture has another side: the captain, with tears in his eyes, related how these low fares loaded him with a class of passengers whose ways embittered his existence, and whose reverence for velvet and rosewood, for a rich carpet, for the beds on which they tumbled, was but one remove from that of their prototypes, the Yahoos.

A railroad has been recently opened from Sandusky, near the west end of the Lake, to Cincinnati, a distance of 218 miles, and it passes through some of the richest parts of Ohio. At this time the youthful 'City'—for it seems always to receive this affix—was in its greatest prosperity. Sandusky city numbered 3000 inhabitants: six weeks later it reckoned but 900! The cholera had been there—it had numbered its victims by hundreds, and the rest were scattered in flight. We passed through it unsuspecting of the impending visitation. Like most of the American railroads, this will be found intolerably tedious by any one who has whirled along the Great Western. Stoppages included, the rate is fourteen miles an hour. Nor does the comfort of the carriages make amends. The American cars, which contain about sixty passengers each, are fit only for such people as the stately traveller who made the grand tour without touching the back of his carriage. No one taller than an Esquimaux can travel with comfort at night, unless he possess the secret of doubling himself up like a foot-rule. In this case he may manage to repose upon *two* benches, if lucky enough to monopolize so many. For a considerable distance from the lake the ground continues nearly level, and the abundance of stumps and heavy masses of timber around show how recent had been the invasion of the white man. Our course was nearly due south, and the fir, which forms so marked a feature in the Canadian woods, was no longer to be seen. After leaving Springfield, where we changed carriages, the country became diversified by agreeable undulations pleasantly set off by trees, among which the butter-nut was very conspicuous. The scenery was altogether very pretty,

and only required the frequent village spire which we missed so much, and hedges instead of the eternal snake-fence, to make it thoroughly English. After a journey of seventeen hours we reached the 'Queen City of the West,' that Cincinnati so dear to Mrs. Trollope; whose modest dwelling, by the bye, is still pointed out, with the respect and affection always commanded in this grateful world by wholesome truth.

Coleridge declared, that in Cologne he

Counted two-and-seventy stenchs,

All well defined and several stinks!

How many he might have detected in Cincinnati is a matter of curious conjecture. Although admirably situated for sewerage, and abundantly wealthy, it is on a par with the old towns of the Continent in the barbarisms of open drains, with undisguised tributaries from every yard and dwelling. Typhus and cholera are here, as in quarters nearer Bow bells, less dreaded than a little taxation. The population of Cincinnati is said to approach 100,000, including, probably, the two villages on the opposite bank of the Ohio, which to all intents and purposes are part of it. Of this number nearly one-third are Germans. In 1840 it was returned at a little over 43,000! What crocodiles were in Egypt, what cows are in Bengal, or storks in Holland, pigs are here, with this trifling difference—their sacredness of character lasts but as long as their mortal coil; and this is abbreviated without ceremony, and from the most worldly motives. In life the pig is free—is honoured; he ranges the streets; he reposes in thoroughfares; he walks between your horse's legs, or your own; he is everywhere respected: but let the thread of his existence be severed, and, shade of Mahomet! what a change! They think in Cincinnati of nothing but making the most of him. How many of his kind perish annually to cement the vast prosperity of this city, cannot be told. About fifteen years ago, when it contained only one-fifth of its existing population, a few bold speculators began the trade. Selecting the hams and the sides of the animal, they made pickled pork; of the rest they took small account: soon, however, the idea occurred to

one more acute than his fellows, that the heads and the feet, nay, even the spine and the vertebrae, might be turned to account. Trotters and cheeks had their partisans, and these parts looked up in the market. About this time the makers of sausages caught the inspiration, they found those luxuries saleable; and so many pigs were to be slaughtered that the butchers were willing to do it for nothing, that is to say, for the perquisite of the entrails and offal alone. The next step was due to the genius of France. A Frenchman established a brush manufactory, and created a market for the bristles; but his ingenuity was outdone by one of his countrymen, who soon after arrived. This man was determined, it seems, to share the spoil; and, thinking nothing else left, collected the fine hair or wool, washed, dried, and curled it, and stuffed mattresses with it: but he was mistaken in thinking nothing else left, as yet little was done with the lard; they invented machines and squeezed oil out of it—the refuse they threw away. Mistaken men again! this refuse was the substance of stearine candles, and made a fortune for the discoverer of that secret. Lastly came one who could press chemistry into the service of Mammon: he saw the blood of countless swine flowing through the gutters of the city; it was all that was left of them; but it went to his heart to see it thrown away: he pondered long, and then collecting the stream into reservoirs, made prussiate of potash from it by the ton.—The pig was used up.*

No one should pass through Cincinnati without bestowing a day or two on the beautiful country around it. Nobly wooded, picturesque with hill and dale, thickly studded with suburban villas and cottages, with gardens, and even vineyards, we are reminded everywhere of our approach to a genial southern climate. Considering that Cincinnati is six degrees to the south of Milan, it may seem to be slight praise that it has the summer temperature of that beautiful city; remembering, on the other hand, that it has nearly the winter temperature of Copenhagen,

the luxuriance of the vegetation, and the profusion of flowering trees and creepers, takes one in some measure by surprise. The quantity of wine made in the neighbourhood is very considerable, chiefly from the native or Catawba grape; what we tasted was a tolerably pleasant *vin ordinaire*, but inferior to the commonest Rhine wines: there is said to be a superior sort, which can be got up into excellent champagne. The great staple of the country is, however, Indian corn, for which the land has an inexhaustible fertility; it will not only bear such heavy crops, that 110 bushels to the acre are not very uncommon, and 120 have been known, but it will go on bearing corn without rotation for an indefinite number of years. This, in fact, it is which gives Ohio such advantages for the rearing of swine. The mode of fattening these, which operation must be finished by the end of October, is to let them eat off the corn as sheep do turnips in England. This is called *hogging down* a field. It is a common speculation for a man to buy a crop on the ground, and then a quantity of lean hogs which he turns into the field, penning off small divisions at a time, and to sell them when they become fat, which they do with extraordinary rapidity.

From Cincinnati we descended the Ohio by steamboat to Louisville. The scenery of the banks of the river was uniformly beautiful. From Louisville there are sometimes the means of reaching the village of Bowlinggreen, not far from the Mammoth Cave, by water. We preferred the stage route, which passes for about 120 miles through a country called, with justice, the Garden of the West, and which at that season was in its freshest beauty. There is a genuine love for trees and flowers distinguishable in Kentucky: the wayside taverns are embosomed in refreshing shade, masses of climbing roses decorating their porches; the streets of almost every village are lined by catalpa trees, which are in full flower about the middle of June; the farms are thickly dotted with well-grown timber; everything

* This little chapter in the Economy of Manufactures is given on the authority of an American friend, who would, however, have related the story much better.

combines to give the country an air of comfort, peace, and luxuriant fertility. Let no one expect, however, from all this rural beauty, to find cleanliness and wholesome simplicity presiding in one important department. Kentucky is a slave State, and we were soon convinced that, whatever may be the advantages of slavery in a political view, they do not extend to the region of the kitchen. We became painfully aware of this fact on our very first introduction to the Kentuckian *cuisine*, which happened on our stopping to breakfast at a sort of farm-house near the road. Several dirty female slaves waited on us, while a little one stood behind her mistress at the head of the table, and pulled the string of a sort of punkah, which was suspended from the ceiling over the greasy viands in order to drive away the flies. After a most unsatisfactory repast we re-entered the stage, determined Abolitionists. Would that some Soyer, some gastronomic regenerator, would teach this benighted people how to use their abundance—would consign to the dogs, for whom alone they are fit, one-half of the dishes that load every table—and disenchant landladies of the delusion that any multitude of bad things can make a good dinner! Like Gulliver exposed to the cruel kindness of the Brohdignag monkey, the traveller, good-natured and confiding, is betrayed every time he sits down to a meal into some inexpressible embarrassments. Compounds never heard of by Mrs. Rundell are forced upon him, he is mocked by a parade of abundance, and finds everything dirty, badly cooked, worse served, and thoroughly uneatable.

There are two stage-routes from Louisville: one of which passes through Glasgow, seventeen miles from the cave; the other, which goes to Nashville, passes by Bell's tavern, which is much nearer, and has been justly renowned, for twenty years, for its famous compound of peach-brandy and honey, which the worthy host, a great character in his way, presents to all his guests on their arrival. The first is the longest, but most interesting; the road was macadamized, and in very fine order. Near Newhaven it enters a charming valley, along the level

bottom of which it runs flanked on either hand by hills 150 feet high, covered with beautiful trees. On reaching the head of the valley it mounts to the higher ground up an admirably planned winding ascent, having the bank on one side and a precipice on the other concealed and secured by the most luxuriant foliage. Contrary to our expectation, the country did not acquire bolder features on approaching the termination of the journey; it is throughout hilly, but on a small scale. For the last few miles it has the name of the Barrens, although the prairies which gained it this name have long since been covered with forest, which still abounds in deer, wild turkeys, and smaller game. It was after several miles of this scenery, beautiful enough in its way, but lifeless and somewhat monotonous, that we emerged abruptly and unexpectedly from the forest upon the property attached to the cave, and halted at the door of a most comfortable hotel. We found hut one traveller here, the season not having commenced. The cave has been made a sort of watering-place, and in August and September there are frequently two or three hundred visitors, but almost all from the surrounding country, the place being still very little known. There are neither baths nor mineral springs, it is true; but probably the absence of these would be but little missed by the general frequenters of fashionable watering-places. The hotel forms the end of a handsome lawn, down one side of which a long row of neat cottages built of logs extends. The whole of the surrounding country is covered with wood. The day was too far advanced to allow us to satisfy our curiosity at once, but the delay was rendered endurable by a capital supper of venison steaks, discussed amid speculations, grave and deep, on the wonders we had to see on the morrow.

In a deep and shaded ravine, close behind the present house, through which, although by an agonizing road, it is possible for ox waggons to reach the neighbouring banks of the Green River, there is a small house of true American type—all portico and green shutter,—which so nearly blocks up the descent, that involun-

tarily, as we stroll down the path, we are conducted straight to the front. And now a sudden current of cold air, and a damp, chilly sensation from behind, inform us that we are at the portal of the great cave. We look hastily round, and see we are standing on the brink of a pit forty feet deep, overhung with rank vegetation, and dripping with moisture, which a pile of rubbish had concealed from view until this moment, and which directly faces the house in question. Hurriedly we descend the rude and slippery steps overgrown with moss to the bottom of the pit, and stand, not without awe, before the huge yawning vault which opens beyond it. After a brief and silent contemplation of the wondrous portal, we ascend to acquire the assistance of a guide and a lamp.

With a zeal unimpaired by daily visits for twelve years, Stephen, the guide, girds on his canteen of oil, provides from his stores a flaring lamp for each person, and plunges boldly down into the darkness. The first, or entrance passage, which is about twenty feet wide and eight high, takes a direction rather to the south-east. About a hundred yards from the foot of the steps it has been artificially walled up, save an open doorway, through which, in the summer, so strong a current of air sets outwards as to extinguish half the lamps. No great philosophy is needed to trace this to the difference of temperature, sometimes as much as 30°, between the interior and exterior atmosphere. In the winter the current sets the other way, the mean temperature of the cave remaining very constant throughout the year. Advancing from the doorway the road is hard and even, and bears a little to the left, with a slight descent, for 200 yards, when suddenly we lose the grey walls and the smooth roof, which have hitherto confined us and made us involuntarily stoop, and stumbling a few paces forward, in darkness deeper than before, we stand under the great arch of the Rotunda. This enormous vault, which at once apprises the visitor of the scale of the cave, covers by fair measurement nearly half an acre, and is fifty or sixty feet high. The area is far exceeded, it is true, by many structures of man, but seen by the

imperfect light of a few lamps it appears vastly larger than it is. We had, however, brought with us from Cincinnati some thermometers and a measuring-tape, as we were anxious to bring within the domain of the inductive sciences some part of the marvellous relations we had heard.

Impenetrable darkness before us and on the left hand indicates where two great passages, the one seventy, the other forty-six feet wide, enter the Rotunda from the profoundest depths of the cave; and as we gaze on its massive walls, its roof stretched in one majestic expanse, far above our heads, we feel but little inclined to bring mortal handiwork into the comparison. The greater part of the arca is rendered exceedingly rugged by the pits from which salt-petre earth was formerly extracted, and the heaps of rubbish thrown out of them; the effect would be much improved if these were levelled, and access permitted to every part of it. It is usual to take first the passage to the left-hand from the Rotunda, which is called the main cave, leaving Audubon's Avenue, the other passage, for another occasion. Cautiously following our guide, we descended a winding-path to a somewhat lower level, and pursued this route. In a short distance the main cave contracts to about fifty feet, with a height of forty, and preserves these proportions with considerable uniformity for a mile and a quarter. The first object to which attention is directed are the singular traces of the action of water on the limestone strata, which form the west wall of the passage, and which gains them the name of the Kentucky Cliffs, from their prototype on the Ohio. A little further we enter the Church, so called from a certain projecting rock, not much like the 'drum ecclesiastic' perhaps, but which, taken in connexion with a ledge or gallery near it, has been dubbed the pulpit. It stands out from the angle formed by a deep recess or transept, at the end of which runs forward a passage at present unexplored, and blocked up with rubbish; but, from its dimensions, not unlikely to be of considerable length. Yet an hundred yards and we reach the Second Hoppers, a spot to which a regular

supply of water was formerly conducted by wooden pipes for the saltpetre washing; it is about the third of a mile from the entrance. Thus far the road has been smooth, but undulating over artificial mounds and hollows occasioned by the 'dry diggings' of the American Patriots, thus causing a fluctuation in the apparent height of the cave; nevertheless the roof appeared to be formed of one and the same stratum nearly all the way, and was here found by our measurement to be forty-five feet high. One of the most important passages branches off to the right from the Second Hoppers, at a level some twelve or fourteen feet above the floor of the main cave. To this we shall return. The main cave for the next four hundred yards offers nothing for remark; we then encounter one of the most striking and imposing objects in it, as well as its most important landmark. It is a huge rock of symmetrical shape, thirty-six feet long and twenty high, lying prone on the floor of the passage and close to one of its sides. Its name, the Giant's Coffin, aptly describes it. We often passed it in our subsequent explorations, sometimes alone, and never, so perfect is its shape and so appropriate its designation, without a strange feeling of intrusion on the repose of some mighty dead. It lies among fragments of smaller dimensions sufficiently rugged to make approach to it difficult; and through a crevice in the wall behind, so small as to be easily overlooked, is the only access to the subterranean rivers and the principal wonders of the cave. A little beyond this point the passage turns sharply to the left. At the Acute Angle we pass three desolate and deserted cottages, built in the centre of the passage, of stone and mortar, formerly tenanted by invalids, and in two hundred yards enter the Star Chamber. What a proof of the love of life is afforded by these dwellings, which are met with elsewhere in the cave, but nearer the daylight. In such living tombs were persons frequently found to take their residence for months; and nothing but sad experience of the inability, even of their uniform temperature and pure atmosphere, to avert consumption, keeps them

untenanted now. They have not been occupied for several years. The Star Chamber, which is a little beyond them, and twelve hundred yards from the entrance, is a singular and beautiful object. It is a portion of the cave, more than usually regular in shape, of which the roof is covered with a black film, said to be sulphate of lime; and scattered over it are innumerable glittering white particles, probably crystals of the carbonate, like small stars seen in an intensely dark night. A blue-light, or still better a Roman-candle, with both of which we were well provided, exhibits this curious scene in great beauty. Some distance beyond we have the same contrast under the different form of large white patches upon a black ground, hence called the Floating Clouds. Up to this point we have had a path free from loose stones, and tolerably even; it here becomes exceedingly rugged, the floor being a continued bed of sharp angular fragments of rock, vividly recalling the poet's description of the 'wondrous river' in his charming Jewish legend, on its Sabbath rest:—

A wondrous river flows;

Between whose banks no water rolls,

But rush and roar along

Rocks, stones, and sand together mixed,

With tumult loud and strong;

And higher than the houses' tops

Huge fragments leap and fly—

But on the holy seventh day

It sleepeth quietly.

And only such a river could have so strewn, it would seem, the floor of this mighty cavern.

At exactly a mile and a quarter from the entrance we reach the Cataract, a small stream falling from crevices in the roof, into a pit some twenty-five feet deep, and which has lost nothing by the naming. Here we halted a few moments to trim and supply our lamps. The main cave goes but a few yards further; but Stephen, clambering up the heap of *débris* at the side, nearly to the roof, suddenly dived into a low passage at right angles to our previous course, and led the way to the Chief City. This branch was exceedingly uneven; sometimes we were walking on a smooth sandy floor, then would come a breakneck descent, and a wilderness

of angular blocks, the whole with twists and turns that defy description. In this way, after proceeding a quarter of a mile, we arrived at what appeared like a mountain of loose fragments, and on climbing it found we had reached the object of our exertions, to which it formed the entrance.

A mile and a half from the mouth of the cave by matter-of-fact measurement—three miles and a half by the best local authorities—is this stupendous vault. A city, indeed,

Whereof the silence aches upon the ear,
and fitter than any place in the world to realize the conception of the noble poem from which I borrow this line. Here, if anywhere, might we expect to find

The old world's white and wave-swept bones,

The giant forms of creatures that have been.

And here

Whole cities, that in flood or fire,

Or famine or the plague, gave up their breath;

Whole armies, whom a day beheld expire,
might, if anywhere, lie

By ten thousands in the arms of Death.

I do not wish to exaggerate its actual dimensions, which are little more than twice those of the Rotunda already described; but has the reader a clear idea of what even an acre seen under one vault is, and can he clothe it in profoundest night, and build its walls of living rock, and pile on them a mountain for a roof?—this is the Chief City. One unbroken arch spans from side to side, a distance of one hundred and ten feet, and for a length of three or four hundred. Under this, thrown in the wildest confusion, are great rocks, one of which, with inappropriate levity, is called Satan's Throne; and an inclined plane of difficult ascent rises on the left as high as the spring of the arch, which here, as in several other places, is marked by a natural moulding upon a noble scale, being no other than the edge of the stratum which has furnished the fragments below. We sat here long, and again and again revealed the stern features of the scene, and lit up every recess by red and blue lights. When it was first discovered fire-places were found here, with

charred embers still collected round them. Thus far, then, there can be no doubt the Redmen once ventured. What a startling thought that these intricate passages may have witnessed the stratagems of Indian warfare, and echoed the terrible war-whoop! But it is not probable that warriors so circumspect would venture to pursue a retreating foe to such a distance; and the circumstance that no weapons or human remains have been found, excepting in peaceful burial, makes against the supposition. Much to my regret, the majority of our party voted here for a return. We did not explore the outlet from the Chief City, or visit the smaller chambers called the Second and Third Cities; there is, however, no novelty in them, and the end of the passage is said to be reached in about half-a-mile. We returned to the cataract. At this point, as I have mentioned, the way is interrupted by a deep, funnel-shaped pit; scrambling round its edge and climbing a heap of rubbish, beyond which is a deep and winding descent, we reach a passage, so low for the first twenty yards, that it is necessary to creep on hands and knees: it afterwards expands to more agreeable dimensions, and in a quarter of a mile terminates at the Fairy Grotto, famous for its numerous and beautiful stalactites. There are many smaller branches on either side of the principal passages, for which we were content to take the guide's word, as they led to nothing, and offer nothing for remark.

It was about seven in the evening when we turned our steps back to the Giant's Coffin, intending to take our supper in one of the chambers on the way to the river. As we wended our way, I could not but remark how soon the natural sense of awe or hesitation which is felt on first entering the cave wears away when we are accompanying a party, however small. It is necessary to pause to watch out of sight the last gleam of the retiring lamps, to let the last footfall die on the ear, before one can thoroughly appreciate the character of the place. Then, indeed, with one solitary ray upon them, the stern grey walls and the murky roof find airy tongues that syllable men's names; the awful silence, the eternal darkness, the stillness of the

grave, that surround him, sink upon the traveller's spirit; and when he arises at length to pursue his companions, he will retire from these stupendous solitudes with an insight, such as he never obtained before, into the spiritual world.

I have already mentioned that the passage of the river Styx is found through the crevice behind the Giant's Coffin: it is exceedingly rugged and tortuous for the first hundred and twenty yards, and at the same time descends rapidly; in two or three places there are flights of steps. Advancing about the same distance, through a passage of moderate dimensions, we come to the Side-Saddle pit, the first of the deep chasms which are numerous about this part of the cave. They mostly communicate with one another, and are probably but ramifications of one great fissure produced by some remote geological cause. About three hundred yards from the Giant's Coffin there is a ladder to the bottom of one of these chasms, which we descended. We found ourselves in a cleft of the rock scarcely three feet wide, which followed a winding course parallel with our previous path, and in a short distance terminated. Wondering what had brought us there, we turned to Stephen; he raised his lamp into an opening in the wall on the left, and we found that we were separated by a natural partition, as thin and fairy-like as the stone-work of Strasburg Cathedral, from the startling abyss called Goring's Dome, and that by craning through the apertures we could look directly into it. It is a chasm some twenty or thirty feet wide; its length concealed by windings, descending in profound darkness to a great depth below, and rising far over head. Its walls are scored and fluted by the water which has trickled for ages down them, and frowned forth indignantly from their endless night at the momentary gleam of our fireworks. It is an *oubliette* more inscrutable than the Holy Office ever devised for the doctrines and carcasses of its victims—truly the *sanctum sanctorum* of the cave. There is said to be a way of reaching the bottom without the assistance of the laws of gravity—we were contented instead to send down

one of our lamps at the end of a line of sixty feet, disclosing, as it descended, the same formation we were familiar with above.

A very few yards beyond this spot the cave was supposed, but ten years ago, to terminate. Here, at least, its explorers were arrested at the verge of the Bottomless Pit; and, from the faint splash of the stones they threw into it, could conjecture but imperfectly the undiscovered waters beyond. The attempt was made successfully to bridge it in 1838 or 1839, by passing a ladder across; and the Columbus of the New World was no other than our guide Stephen. He first, of mortals, invaded this ancient realm of night, and he, if he be indeed mortal, and not, as we strongly suspected, some unearthly production of the cave itself, may here claim the proud *Circumspice* for his sole monumental inscription. We found a bridge, not indeed of the soundest appearance, and such as any sinner of unusual enormity would do well not to cross, but it afforded us safe passage. Great and praiseworthy care is taken here, and in almost all other dangerous places, to guard against accidents. The bridge has a substantial iron hand-rail, but its floor is of wood; and the great rapidity with which that material decays here, renders constant precaution necessary. With regard to the depth of the chasm, a lamp at the end of our line did not disclose the bottom—its actual depth is said to be one hundred and sixty feet. I pass reluctantly Pensico Avenue, which branches off to the right, about thirty yards from the pit, and is highly interesting. I must hurry through that curious but detestable passage, created in malice for the embarrassment of ladies, 'fair, fat, and forty'; and of gentlemen, who, if not clean past their youth, have yet, in Falstaff's phrase, some smack of age and its dignity about them. For seventy mortal yards have we to struggle through a cleft nowhere more than two feet wide, and presenting angles, points, and knobs, at every step, as if expressly devised to battle out the little breath that can remain in the carcass of anybody who undergoes this ordeal. It terminates at last, and at an ample passage, most appro-

privately designated Great Relief; and here was the scene of a little adventure on one of our after-visits.

That imp of darkness, Stephen, pointing out to us a hole in the opposite rock, intimated that we might take a short cut that way, passing at a higher level the very passage we were in, and so reach Pensico Avenue. He excused himself because the path was low, and he could not conveniently stoop. The way was so uncommonly low, that in a very few yards after we reached the top we were all on our faces, and in momentary terror of being squeezed flatter than pancakes by the loosening of some great stone above. Pushing our lamps before us we struggled on, lugging still the measuring line, and counting our progress by the chain. Luckily, although the flat rock which our heads struck was undeniably hard, the substratum was soft, dry sand; and we persevered until our leader tumbled into a passage of respectable height, at which the shelf we emerged from terminated. We followed it to a branch still more lofty, to the right and left hand, and wondered why the guide was not there to direct us. Leaving one of the party at the spot, in order that we might not lose sight of it, the others explored, and first they tried the right-hand passage. It ended in a chamber heaped with blocks of stone, but from which they could see no outlet: we then reunited, and took the other branch. The foul fiend whispered,—

‘Eleemon, Eleemon,

Thou art sold to the demon!’

Unutterable suspicions suggested themselves as we thought of the last look of the goblin guide. It was very silent, and very dark, one solitary name, ‘Hiram K. Peabody,’ smoked on the wall, gave us a welcome assurance that others had been before us there. We followed along. Two hundred yards of blind passage is a great distance under such circumstances; but for that space, although we passed more than one turning, we recognized nothing. At length a light dawned upon us. This, said one, must be the edge of the Dead Sea! and truly we found that, instead of having reached Pensico Avenue, we had travelled in a directly opposite direction, and were a quarter of a mile from it. This would

have been a pretty fix to any one, who, like our two American companions, had never been in this region before; but, fortunately, our previous close attention in endeavouring to make a rough survey of it, stood us in good stead, resisting their motion to return by the way we came, we had no difficulty in taking the right course, and in a few minutes joined the astonished Stephen, who pretended to have been uneasy at our non-appearance.

After this digression, we must return to the Great Relief, which, at a point not far beyond, branches at a right angle to the right and left. The latter arm conducts to the margin of the river Styx,—the waters of which, in seasons of flood, advance to the junction of the passages; and the muddy state of the floor at this time showed such to have been recently the case. We took the road to the right, which passes first through the Smoke-Room, named from the illusory hams which seem to compose its ceiling; then ascends a rugged pile of fragments, among which excellent specimens of oolite may be found, and enters the Bandit’s Hall; hence winding to the left, with a continued ascent, it conducts to a spacious passage with an even sandy floor, but so low, that it is necessary in some places to creep on hands and knees, and at last it runs out at rather less than a mile and a quarter from the entrance, on to a narrow, elevated ledge, with a wall on the right and a pit on the left. We learn that we have now reached the Mammoth Dome, the loftiest in the cave.

To this noble vault we paid several visits, the last of which was particularly interesting from the striking manner in which it illustrated the extraordinary way in which the passages wind about and even pass under one another. Not far from the mouth of the cave, at the end of the Little Bat-Room, there is an insignificant crevice in the floor, which was accidentally discovered, some years ago, to be the apex of the Mammoth Dome; thither we had on this occasion resorted first, and were circumstantially assured by Stephen that it was just 296 feet from thence to the bottom. We had our line of sixty feet, and, inspired by some good genius, tied a lamp to the end, and

swung it into the Crevice Pit. A feeble reflected light, as the line ran out, gave assurance that it was in the right path, but the oblique direction of the chasm concealed it from view. Leaving it secure, we took the long circuit of a mile and a quarter, following the tedious and intricate passages which lead to the Mammoth Dome, doubting if it were possible that the two places, so lengthened a march asunder, could be vertically so near. We did not doubt long. On reaching the ledge, a faint gleam, like the dawn of day, was stealing round a salient corner, and in a few paces the lamp was within view, 'pendent by subtle magic' in mid-air, and burning in serene repose. One faint and distant star amidst unbroken gloom, it seemed like Abdiel taking flight from the rebel world, or a minister of grace descending to it.*

It was the most startling and the most beautiful effect presented in all our rambles. Far from being nearly three hundred feet, the actual depth of the vault can scarcely exceed one hundred and forty, of which forty are below the ledge. The general shape of the place is a crescent, the bottom rising at a considerable angle from the lowest corner, so that the distance to be descended by ladder to the slope is not above fifteen feet; and by following it upwards, which is not easy, we gain a station much higher than the entrance: in fact, a distinct apartment, and by far the most interesting part of the dome. Finding it nameless, we christened it the Chapter House—an appellation unintelligible to our American companions, but justified by the ecclesiastical look of two massive and well-proportioned columns furrowed out on the wall, which stand forth, under the momentary glare of the fireworks, in the noblest relief. Nothing can be more rugged than the floor; it is dotted over with incipient stalagmites, nourished by perpetual

droppings from the roof, and in one of these we laid up a stumbling-block for future antiquaries, by wedging down a shilling piece, lawful money of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and destined hereafter, when Zachary the Twenty-fifth ascends the presidential chair, and when the nineteenth century, with its wealth and its squalor, its science and its ignorance, its Utopias and its El Dorados, has been consigned to the mythic chapter of the American history, to throw fresh confusion into all its chronology.

We left the Mammoth Dome as we reached it, there being no other road, and resumed the path to the Styx. There is one chasm, called the Dead Sea, to be crossed after leaving the river hall, one wet and slippery ladder to be descended, and then we reach the brink of that stream of ghostly memory,—

A savage place! as holy and enchanted,
As e'er beneath a waning moon was
haunted

By woman waiting for her demon lover!

Dimly glittering before our lamps we saw these secret waters, flowing out of darkness to darkness, *aus der Ewigkeit zu der Ewigkeit hin*, like human life itself as it flits across the sunlit stage of this world. The river was at this time thirty or forty feet wide, the waters turbid from the recent freshet; the boat by which we were to have crossed was nowhere to be seen, being probably submerged. As Stephen had all along assured us that it was hopeless to get beyond the rivers, we contented ourselves on the first occasion with reaching this point, which is really a mile and a quarter from the entrance, but is called exactly double that distance. We then returned, disappointed in getting a sight of any of the rare fish which are peculiar to them. Upon ordinary occasions visitors embark here, and proceed one or two hundred yards by water,

* How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us, that succour want!
How oft do they, with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant
Against foul fiends to aid us, militant!
They for us fight: they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant.
And all for love, and nothing for reward—
O why should Heavenly God to men have such regard?

SPENSER'S *Faerie Queen*.

passing under a low vault into another subdivision, denominated *Lethe*. As the water now filled the vault, this route was impracticable. At our next visit we took the river-side path—a difficult passage, which passes along above the left bank of the *Styx*, and reaches the same point. We found here almost the only really dangerous place in the cave; the whole passage having been recently filled with water was excessively slippery, and about the middle it contracted to a narrow ledge, which we had to pass, by clinging to the rock on one side, and holding our lamp as we best could with the other, while an open and precipitous descent into the *Styx*, thirty or forty feet below, offered a dismal prospect for a false footstep. This danger passed we presently reached the bank of *Lethe*, also extremely steep, and so slippery that it required considerable care to descend it. Here we found a large flat-bottomed boat, moored to a stake by a cable of wild vine, as flexible as a rope, and equally tough; but high as the water then was, it had been higher: our boat was hung by the bow, bottom upwards, to a 'beaked promontory' of rock above our heads, and we had to set down the lamps and strive manfully to dislodge it. There was barely standing room, so precipitous was the bank; dark and deep were the waters of oblivion before us, but it was impossible not to be struck with the picturesque appearance of the group so engaged. Conspicuous above all was the red shirt worn, after the fashion of a kilt, by my excellent companion, whose grave countenance was half-concealed by his 'Buena vista' hat, battered by many a bump. While, as far advanced as he could venture, he toiled, like *Sisyphus* at his rock, to dislodge our boat. Stephen, whose costume might be best described by what it wanted, whose diversity of rags attested that sad circumstance of his lot to which I will not further refer, advanced a little deeper, and rocked the bow; the rest, now splashing in the mud, now kicking over a lamp, now hauling on the rope, exerted their strength in aid. This is among the loftiest parts of the cave, one projecting

ledge at a considerable height caught the rays of the lamp; the roof and the further side were indistinguishable, nor did they relax their stillness to echo back our sounds. After considerable exertion the boat was shaken off, and came down with a splash to the water, half filling at the same time. There were no oars; our resources for baling were limited to an old shovel, happily discovered, and a tin drinking-cup; nevertheless, with these we got enough of the water out to enable her to float, and, five in number, we embarked. How

Those happy souls that dwell—

In yellow meads of asphodel,

Or amaranthine bowers,

may have felt when they stepped into *Charon's* ferry-boat we are not informed, but as we pushed off from the shore, and, floating between the walls of rock, lost sight of the sole landing, we could readily have fancied ourselves of their crew, so complete a farewell did we appear to have taken of the familiar objects of this life. It was difficult to estimate distance, as we were by this time reduced to a scanty allowance of light, and could hardly catch sight of objects 'on shore.' Some of our lamps were out, one had been knocked overboard—thus there was very little proof of progress to be obtained; of this our guide, after an immortal example, took advantage.

Hitherto (says *Don Quixote* to *Sancho*, in the famous adventure of the enchanted bark) have we gone and sailed some seven or eight hundred leagues, and if I had an astrolabe here, to take the height of the pole, I could tell thee how far we have gone, though either my knowledge is small, or we have now, or shall quickly pass the equinoctial line, which divides and cuts the contraposed poles in equal distance.

In the same spirit did Stephen estimate our progress, and we, like *Sancho*, might have replied:—

I cannot believe any of this, since I see with these eyes that we have not gone five rods' length from the bank, for there *Rozinante* and *Dapple* are, in the same places where we left them; and looking well upon the matter, as I now do, I swear by me that we neither move nor go faster than an ant.

We did, however, move a little, and landed at last on a sand-bank, dividing *Lethe* from the *Echo* River, where again there was a boat.

In this way, after two or three emarkations, we reached the last stream; and here, to our great disappointment, our last hopes vanished of attaining the further portion of the cave: there was again a vault to be passed under, and it was filled to the top. By climbing over a narrow isthmus, called Purgatory, we got a few yards further, but at the point then reached there was no boat. Very wet and bemired, we were reluctantly forced to return, ill-consolated by the negro ditties with which Stephen roused the only echo in the cave, in the piece of water named after it.

I have alluded to the curious fish found in these waters. Like the Proteus of the Styrian caves, they seem to have been created for the circumstances of their habitat: they are wholly without eyes,—not the smallest trace of that organ can be detected externally; the rudiment of an optic nerve is its sole internal representative. They are perfectly white, or colourless, and, when the water is clear, are easily detected in consequence. We had not the good fortune to see any, but, if there be aught of truth in the old proverb, *Parmi les aveugles le borgne est roi*, we captured one of their royal family. In baling out one of the boats, we caught a small fish like a minnow, with an undeniable pair of eyes; and the circumstance is important, as it shows the connexion of these waters with the neighbouring river. Their actual origin and exit has been very much mystified. Some of the authorities, to enhance the marvels of the cave, represent them to be considerably below the bed of the Green River, and hence infer that they must flow underground a great distance before they can find an outlet on lower ground. There was another circumstance equally conclusive against such a supposition: the temperature of the water was 70°, whereas that of the air in the cave was from 54° to 56°, as was also that of several detached pools of water by the same thermometer: it was evident, therefore, that the

flood at present swelling these subterranean channels had but recently quitted the external air. An eyeless craw-fish, exactly like the common hrook erawfish, but curiously contrasted with it in colour, being also white, is found in these subterranean waters.

Here, as a faithful historian, must I close my narrative, for although we remained a week at the hotel, passing many hours every day in the cave exploring, we were yet unable to get any further than the point last mentioned, owing to the continued height of the water. The portion of the cave beyond is little less extensive, and more abundant in objects of beauty, than the nearer side. Our experience had made us sceptical of distances, nor could we believe it to be four miles from Lethc to Cleveland's Avenue, which is its greatest attraction, but we had abundant evidence of the elegance and beauty of its stalactites in the cabinets of friends at Cincinnati. The report is, that they cover its walls, in endless variety, for two or three miles. What is less doubtful is, that they are among the rarest and most beautiful objects of their class. This part of the cave is not pretended to have been measured, and as ladies, and even children, can proceed its whole length, there is great reason to believe that its miles would be reduced to halves, or something less, by a judicious application of the chain. Estimating distances by time, visitors, especially the fairer and more credulous portion of them, swallow the most enormous exaggerations, of which the ground we have last described furnishes one of many proofs. The various distances from point to point between the Styx and the end of Purgatory amount in the aggregate to a mile and a quarter, according to the guides; they cannot, in reality, cover more than four or five hundred yards. Nevertheless—making every deduction—we may safely affirm that the cave enters the earth four or five miles, and covers many times that distance in its ramifications.

PUBLIC NURSERIES.

WE observe with very great pleasure that the interesting and valuable letters on 'Labour and the Poor,' which have of late appeared in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, are already producing fruits of a very satisfactory nature. It was to be expected that the disclosure of the many tales of secret suffering and patient endurance, which the active correspondents of that paper have brought to light, would awaken feelings of compassion in the breasts of its readers, and that the first impulse of the wealthier among them would be to endeavour to relieve, out of their own abundance, some of the more startling cases of destitution thus presented to their notice. But had the effects of this sympathy been confined to the sending a few sovereigns, or a few bank-notes, to the distressed individuals most prominently brought forward, it would have been extremely doubtful whether any good at all would have been effected by so trifling an effort to deal with such an enormous mass of misery. The few guineas thus contributed would have been spent, and the givers would have remained satisfied with their supposed liberality, while the wide-spread sufferings, of which the selected cases were but the type, would have been left untouched, and in a few years it would have been almost forgotten that such an attempt had ever been made to probe the wounds of our English community.

Happily, the matter has not been thus allowed to sleep. In several cases benevolent individuals have entered upon the wide field which has been broken up by the *Morning Chronicle*, and have endeavoured, with praiseworthy zeal, to sow in that neglected soil the seeds of permanent and extensive future improvement: and whatever may have been the judgment they have displayed in some of their schemes, and whatever may be the success that will attend them, those who have thus laboured to take away from among us the reproach of neglecting our poor, our helpless, and our ignorant, deserve our warmest thanks; and, if we can point out no better way, our heartiest co-operation in their work of love.

The branch of this subject to which we are at present particularly anxious to draw our reader's attention, is one which possesses features of peculiar interest. It is, the efforts which are being made to apply a remedy to that saddest feature of our social system, the ill-treatment of infants among the poor. It was once beautifully said by a celebrated orator, that to take the youth from a State was like taking the spring out of the year; but we may well believe that he would have found a yet more melancholy image had it fallen to him to describe the condition of a country in which the heart of childhood is crushed, and the vigour of childhood destroyed, by systematic neglect and systematic cruelty, such as are found so largely to prevail among the lower classes in this our 'merry England.' 'The children of the very poor,' says 'Elia,' in his bitter sarcasm on the 'popular fallacy,' that home is home be it never so homely, 'the children of the very poor do not prattle.' They are accustomed to misery, ill-usage, and privation, from their earliest infancy; their spirits are broken from the cradle; they never know the joyousness which belongs to their age; and, worse than all, they never have their feelings touched by the softening influence of parental love. They are a burden to those on whom the duty of supporting them has devolved, and from the very first—shocking as it is to say so—the hand of their natural protectors is too often raised against them, and they are treated as a curse, and not a blessing, by those on whose care and tenderness they have to depend.

Yet this is not always the result of peculiar depravity on the part of the parents. It commonly arises from the grinding poverty which checks their natural impulses, and turns them from good to evil. Anxiety for the child, when combined with despair of being able to provide for it, engenders a bitterness which may, not quite unnaturally, display itself against the very object of solicitude. Instances are not uncommon of misdirected love, for such we needs must call it, having led the parent even to raise his hand against the life of his children, not from a desire

to injure them, but because he cannot bear to think of the misery which in the course of nature must be their lot, and because in his despair this one remedy is all that presents itself against a life of want and suffering. But whatever be the explanation, the fact at least is certain, that among the very poor the ill-usage of their children is a crime too common to excite much notice, except in those occasional cases of extreme brutality which from time to time startle and disgust us. Of the habitual harsh treatment, and the habitual neglect of poor children, those who do not look beneath the surface hear little or nothing. Of the fearful consequences of this treatment and neglect, exhibited as they are in the statistics of infant mortality amongst us, only the more diligent inquirers are at all aware.

We feel, therefore, that a debt of gratitude is owing to the authors of an unpretending little pamphlet* which has just appeared, purporting to be the joint production of two or three ladies, and containing a succinct account, first, of the amount and causes of infant mortality in our factory towns; secondly, of the institution called the *Crèche*, which has for some time been in operation in Paris, for the reception and care of infants during the hours when their parents are at work; and lastly, setting forth the possibility of establishing a somewhat similar institution in this country, with a short notice of the results of an experiment which is now in course of trial on a small scale in the metropolis. We commend this pamphlet to the notice of our readers; it is very short, and tells its story in simple language and with no attempt at colouring: but it is not on that account the less forcible. We learn from it that the mortality of infants, in those factory towns where the mothers go out to work, is not only very high in itself, but is greatly in excess of the general mortality of those places. Thus, for example, the general rate of mortality in Ashton (a factory town) is much the same as the general rate in Bath; the deaths being 1 in 35 in the first, and 1 in 36 in the second. But when we come to compare the deaths

among infants in these two places respectively, we find that, while in Bath they are no more than 21 per cent, in Ashton they amount to as much as 34 per cent. From a collection of such facts as this the authoresses infer that there are in the factory towns where the women go out to labour some special influences unfavourable to infant life in particular, and they then proceed to point out, by a reference to other authorities, what those influences are.

We hope all those who have children of their own, or who have hearts to feel for the children of others, will take the trouble of looking through the pages in which the system of 'putting out to nurse,' and its melancholy results to the nurselings, are described. The mother is forced by the necessities of her position to leave her children that she may earn their bread. Those in whose care she leaves them are for the most part as poor as herself, and being but hirelings and naturally anxious to take in as many children as they can possibly manage, they are reduced to shifts for keeping them quiet, which speedily undermine the health of their little charges and bring them to their graves. The evidence collected from the druggists as to the quantities they sell of such deleterious compounds as Godfrey's Cordial, Soothing Syrup, and the like, with a stronger infusion of laudanum in every succeeding dose, till at length they become afraid to mix them of the required strength, and sell the raw material to the nurse that she may herself compound the poison, is followed by a sad picture of the wasted forms, the skeleton bodies, and misshapen heads, which are the natural results of this dreadful system. Cases of a still darker complexion are also alluded to, and other evils resulting from neglect, such as the great number of children lost in the streets, (4000 in Manchester alone in each of the four years 1845-8!) are slightly mentioned.

For all these evils, the single remedy which suggests itself is that which the authoresses of this pamphlet propose,—namely, the establishment of a well-conducted public nursery. The mothers must go out to

* *Public Nurseries*. London: John W. Parker, West Strand.

work; while they are out the children must be cared for, and it is impossible to have them cared for except by persons who make the reception of children a regular and a profitable occupation. The object to be aimed at, therefore, is, to provide a proper supply of the sort of attendance which is required; and the problem can only be satisfactorily solved if good and careful nurses can be found to undertake the charge of the children, at rates of pay which shall be at once remunerative to themselves, and not oppressively burdensome upon the poor who send them. There would be little use in founding institutions which could not support themselves, or in opening them at charges which would be beyond the means of those who ought to resort to them. The case is like that of the model lodging-houses, which are a real blessing to the poor, when so conducted as to afford good accommodation at rents no higher than those which are usually paid for bad accommodation, but which, under other circumstances, would be little else than a mere delusion. Money cannot be better spent than in founding, and carrying through their first difficulties, institutions which have a fair prospect of subsequent success; but in such cases as this we are taught by experience that it is simple waste to establish what must be again abandoned so soon as the stream of charity shall have ceased to flow. Our authoresses, therefore, justly attach great importance to the question, Whether it is possible to establish a self-supporting nursery? and we are glad to find that they arrive, by very reasonable calculations, at the conclusion they announce, that the attempt is well worth making. They state that they are informed, on good authority, that about sixpence a-day may be considered an average charge for taking care of an infant in Manchester; and they therefore assume, fairly enough, that those who are willing to pay this sum for very inferior accommodation would pay the same for that which can be offered in a superior establishment. They then proceed to give an interesting account of an experimental nursery which they have themselves actually esta-

blished, and have been carrying on for some months, in Nassau Street, Marylebone,*—an institution which we can, from personal experience, assure our readers will well repay the trouble of a visit. The expenses incurred in starting this nursery, which is calculated to hold about thirty children, but which does not as yet contain above a dozen, were somewhat less than 40*l.*; and the quarterly expenditure, including rent, wages, fuel, food, and other charges, comes to about the same sum. But thirty children, paying sixpence a-day, would bring in 58*l.* 10*s.* a-quarter, or about 20*l.* more than the current expenditure; so that in about half-a-year, or, perhaps, rather more, as the greater number of children would involve some additional fittings, the original outlay would be replaced, and the managers might either reduce the charge for admissions, or expend a portion of the surplus receipts in providing further comforts and petty luxuries for the children. The results of this experiment are certainly not decisive, for London is not quite the place where it should have been tried, and thus far it has not been at all remunerative; but they afford good ground for cheerful anticipations of success, and if a similar one could be fairly tried in some factory town—the natural field for its operations—we should shortly be in a position to judge whether the system can or cannot be expected to maintain itself.

Meanwhile, we feel confident that it is unnecessary for us to bestow any commendations upon the pioneers of this useful undertaking. All that they need is that their work should be known; for, if known, it will speak for itself with a mute eloquence far more effective than any words which we could apply to it. In thus bringing it under notice we have been anxious only to explain its principal features; to indicate the evils which exist, and the need there is of a remedy; and, finally, to show that in the calculations on which the scheme is founded charity has not been suffered to exclude prudence, nor warmth of feeling deemed a sufficient substitute for coolness of judgment. And so we wish them God speed!

* This nursery is at No. 19 Nassau Street, not far from the Middlesex Hospital. It is open from half-past six in the morning till seven in the evening.

THE FOREIGN PRINCE.

CHAPTER I.—COBHAM.

THERE may be wilder spots, as among the outlying fells of Cumberland; more romantic, as in the heart of the turbulent scenery of the Highlands; more trim, as in fashionable watering-places, where Nature is put into stays and dressed *à la mode* as a court lady by Victorine; but there cannot be a more lovely place in the world than peaceful, quiet Cobham. The garden of England—sunny Kent—has many a leafy nook and beautiful village, but Cobham woods and Cobham lanes surpass them all. The village of Shorne, with its ivy cottage and its rustic dairy; Randall woods; the high banks of the Ridgway, covered with trumpet-lichen and flowers, and shaded by thick trees overhanging the top; the park, with its beautiful groves, its level lawns, its undulating ground, its mausoleum shrined in the loveliest spot of all; the lanes winding among rich meadows filled with flowers; the broad walks of moss through the woods lying round the park, where bright scarlet fungi are to be found, and where nightingales sing through May and June like spirits enshrined in the branches; all these make the country round Cobham a very Paradise of rural delights. And then the fresh, mild air of Kent, bringing the scent of every kind of wild-flower and graceful shrub; the birds gathering in thick colonies through the woods and lanes; the shy game starting up wherever a careless tread disturbs their haunts; the deer and buffaloes roaming wild through the park; such pleasures as are to be gained from familiar intercourse with living nature give a greater charm to its rural landscapes. But it matters not whether this hill lies to the east or that lake to the west, not whether a beech stands here or a willow sweeps there, as is the superstition among landscape-painters when representing a picture by brush or pen. For myself, the feelings which scenery awakens form its only worth; the position of the features counts for nothing. And of all places Cobham is most calculated to awaken every recogni-

tion of the Power in and above nature.

At least it was so when I first knew it, and when the Prince Antonio Corsini arrived there.

There was not much beside scenery, though, in Cobham to lure a wanderer or enchain a resident. The society was very limited in the immediate neighbourhood, though Rochester supplied officers and 'garrison belles,' and gave good suppers and *parvenu* vulgarity. But the Cobham people looked down on the Rochester world; and Gravesend was worse than Tottenham Court Road to Belgravia. The Darnleys were the chiefs of Cobham. These Darnleys were good, affable people, in the late lord's time, doing much for the poor, and living as large proprietors ought to live—on their estates and among their tenantry. Lord Darnley was the model of a country gentleman. Young, robust, fond of rural sports, and impatient under the control of artificial life, he gave himself up to the improvement of his property and the welfare of his people. He was doing a great deal, gradually disembarassing the estate of all the debts left by the old lord, when a fatal accident, arising from his rural occupations, put an end to his life and his good deeds together. His widow was left with two young children, and naturally lived in seclusion. This deprived the surrounding society of the Darnley family, and reduced the visitable party to four or five houses. The simple-hearted vicar, venerable Mr. Carnton, and his young wife, and the hurly, honest, Saxon squire, whose wealth the people said trebled that of the Darnleys, took the lead in the Cobham world. Beside these were the usual elements of country policy. A vast number of children was one prominent ingredient, for all the 'families' were young married people, and all seemed intent on filling their patriarchal quivers with such speed as Nature deems convenient. This is common in country places, as also is custom of vilifying and ridiculing one's dearest friends. Were

it not for this, friendship would long ago have become a world-worn myth.

However, we have but little to do with the rest of the Cobham world. The squire's family, or rather his only child, May Leigh, is the principal heroine of this story. The others are accessories only—dashes of colour thrown in by the artist—coryphées to a social *prima donna*.

May Leigh was a pretty but not an amiable child. She was cold, proud, ambitious; there was much strength of character in her, but no power of affection; and, without descending to the meanness of selfishness, she was utterly egotistical in all her thoughts and actions. She was not stingy, not grasping; nothing mean nor small disfigured her; but a deep overweening sense of self narrowed the world to the one little spot wherein she moved and she felt. All beyond this was folly, as the society low lying at their feet is to aristocratic believers in the sanctity of 'station.' Sensibility she despised as weakness, and affection she regarded as a kind of moral excrescence, unwholesome

and unsightly. A determined will, joined to that species of pride which is honoured under the name of self-respect, was all that she revered in the moral character; and birth, fortune, and station, were all that she regarded in the social condition of life. But as yet these various peculiarities of hers were merely indications, not developements. They had not gained sufficient strength nor definiteness from the culture of time to assume the shape of thoughts; they were simply germs lying hidden in the young heart, and penetrating her whole being as it unfolded. It remained for the next few years to show how deep these germs had root, and what influence they would bear under the altered condition of awakened instincts and strengthened passions.

While May Leigh grew up to womanhood, the Prince Antonio Corsini established himself at Cobham, in the beautiful little cottage called the Hollies, which had been last occupied by Sir Arthur Monk and his brother's runaway wife.

CHAPTER II.—THE PRINCE.

Every one knows what the curiosity of a circumscribed society amounts to, and what extravagancies country people commit in their estimation of new-comers. Either the stranger is a *parvenu*—a *roturier*—whom it would be a social crime to admit into the charmed circle, or he is a delightful acquisition, and little less than a hero if he brings the proper credentials of a few titled friends, a balance at his banker's, a conventional knowledge of the manners of 'life,' and sufficient cleverness to make use of the weaknesses of his neighbours.

The degree of morality which both these classes possess is not a question of importance, provided that the decencies of appearance are maintained.

The Hollies exemplified this.

The occupant before Sir Arthur was a retired hotel-keeper, with a good fortune, two very pretty facile daughters, and as small a portion of brains as places a man out of the list of idiots. His sole ambition was an introduction to the Rochester balls and an admission into Cobham society. Year after year he persevered in his attempt; but the two leading

families of Rochester, the retired brewer and the fortunate bricklayer (both of whom made their fortunes during the war by Government contracts), invariably blackballed the little Frenchified hotel-keeper; and as for Cobham, the very mention of Mr. Plantier threw the whole world into convulsions. But he was a worthy man, really good and kind, and with an unsullied reputation. He grew disgusted at last with the place, and went back to London. Sir Arthur Monk succeeded him, and Rochester lay at his feet, while even Cobham bowed approvingly. His wife was pronounced exquisite, and her moral sentiments were stereotyped for their purity. After a few months a lawyer's visit, a trial, and heavy damages, with a subsequent divorce of Mrs. Captain Monk from her legal spouse, revealed the true character of the handsome light o' love, and made all the real wives who had caressed her even more indignant than when Mrs. Plantier walked up the aisle in black velvet, with a big footman carrying a 'union' church-service behind her.

But to return to the Prince.

Well, the Prince Antonio Corsini was just the man to excite country curiosity. There was that mixture of romantic mystery about him, combined with such external proofs of respectability as are contained in personal beauty, unexceptionable appointments, and refined manners, which delight, bewilder, and excite. He declined all intercourse with the neighbourhood; and of course every one was dying to become acquainted with him; and he made such touching allusions to his fallen condition, and the class in which he had been born and reared, in his replies to various indirect solicitations, that the spirit of English generosity was roused, and he was regarded with a reverential sympathy, such as Napoleon in St. Helena might have awakened.

He took the Hollies, and commenced furnishing and fitting up. Rumours went abroad of the almost Eastern style of magnificence which he adopted; of green-houses filled with rare birds and rarer plants; of works of art unsurpassed by any national collection; pictures by old masters, each one of which was a fortune; and genuine ancient statuary worth twice the Townley Gallery; of hot-houses filled with delicious fruits unknown in England; of twilight-rooms, in which the dim sight must study long before it could understand half the luxuries crowded there; of dogs and horses of the purest breeds, the last imported direct from Arabia; of jewels kept carefully in padlocked cases, and only hinted at as worthy of a monarch's crown; all these were the reports rife in Cobham about the domestic life of the Prince, and the people were naturally strongly excited in their interest concerning the man.

And what a man this second Monte Christo was! A slight, elegant person, with that indescribable manner of a well-bred foreigner which has such peculiar charms for the English; an extremely beautiful face, with dark curling hair disposed in a fashion peculiarly his own; large eyes of a dark liquid brown, which seemed to give out a light when he spoke; long lashes that threw a gentle expression which might have been effeminate but for the strong, square jaw, and intellectual head; lips

thoroughly Italian, full, sensual, expressive, and insincere; small hands with long fingers; small feet; and, as I said before, a perfect figure, though small and slight. Such was the outline of the Prince, filled up by graceful manners full of dignity though so *suave*,—full of secret energy though so quiet, which fascinated the Cobham world. And to see him mounted on his bright bay blood, which he sat *à la militaire*, and managed to perfection—even an unprejudiced person must have confessed that there was a certain air of superiority about him which no other man of the society possessed.

He had another virtue beside those of wealth, title, and appearance, which certainly form three-fourths of the cloak of charity—he was kind to the poor. He converted a kind of barn into an exceedingly comfortable hospital, where he himself attended daily, and with decidedly favourable results; his practice proving a considerable knowledge of drugs and diseases. And he dispensed wine, clothing, and medicine with a liberal hand to all the poor around. Good Dr. Jenner, the village surgeon, who came on his traces wherever he went, used to say that he felt as if an angel had passed before him, the Prince left such evidences of good. This attacked the Cobham people on a national characteristic of the English; and it was more and more a matter of regret that two years had now passed since this glorious being first came, and that, like a secret odour, his presence was still only felt, not seen.

It could not be borne longer. In spite of the prohibition, old Mr. Carnton was deputed to call on the stranger, to present him the humble admiration of the neighbourhood, and to beseech the lifting of the veil of separation between his highness and the outer world.

The good old Vicar was admitted, and after a long pause, during which word was brought to him that the Prince was busied in his hospital and could not leave a dying woman, the generous, graceful host, appeared. Blinded with the unusual luxuries that he saw, charmed by the affable manners of the Prince, who treated him with that reverence which is the highest compliment from superiority that can be paid, delighted

with the deep piety of the sentiments he uttered, and dazzled by the various topics of knowledge, some abstruse and all diverse, which the Prince lightly skimmed over as one acquainted with the depths of all things, the good old man left the Hollies with a feeling of respect he had never before entertained for any living man. The beauty, too, of the Prince, of such rare perfection, added to the charm; and Mr. Carnton visited all his friends that very evening, to descant on the learning, goodness, piety, and benevolence of the Prince Antonio Corsini.

Such partiality of fortune was not to be endured. All must now be admitted into the sanctuary trodden by the Vicar; all must gaze on those marvels he had seen, and hear the deep thoughts and elevated feelings poured forth with that sweet mixture of manly truth and half infantine simplicity which a foreign accent gives. Accordingly, they all presented themselves in turn at the pretty little lodge of the Hollies, were conducted into the presence, were charmed as old Mr. Carnton had been, and, finally, the Prince agreed, after much pressing and many solicitations, to dine with Squire Leigh the following Monday.

It must be borne in mind that the Prince had lived for two years at Cobham, that his conduct had been irreproachable, that his manners were

unexceptionable, his retirement complete; and that his whole behaviour had been essentially that of an honest man, a gentleman, and a Christian.

This dinner was a momentous affair. A live prince is not always seen; and though barons and counts from foreign lands are a very drug, hanging heavy on the English taste, yet princes are more rare, and consequently more respected. A kind of superstition yet lingers round the name once so cherished in England; and even a 'Mounseer Prince' is not scorned for a nobody, as happens to a man of lower title.

This dinner was the pivot of all the future. The Prince professed himself so well pleased with the hospitality, kindness, and good-feeling of the Cobham world, that he accepted all future invitations as they came. And the Cobham world was naturally so much gratified with the urbanity of the Prince to itself, and his refusal to visit 'Rochester people,' that he was seldom many days together out of society. In a word, the Prince Antonio Corsini became the talk of the county, and the darling of all who knew him; and every one said, that for gentleman-like feeling, honour, and rational piety, he was every inch an Englishman.

So went on the game for the next two or three years.

CHAPTER III.—THE MARRIAGE.

In the meantime May Leigh's young form grew more womanly; her crude thoughts more mature; her plastic character more firm. Though still very young, being now only about eighteen, she had all the mind and force of a mature womanhood. Hers was a character which did not require circumstances to form it; it had such innate power, that it developed itself, and took spontaneously its own direction.

A husband must be sought for May. Many people noticed that she looked often at the Prince in church, where he was a constant visitor, and one of the most devout; and that she was met on the narrow lane leading to the Hollies, more frequently than elsewhere. Squire Leigh noticed this too, and thought of the sixty thousand pounds he had

to leave his daughter when he died. Thinking of this—loving the Prince in genuine Saxon frankness of trust, but with just so much shrewdness left as to wish to know more of what he loved—he one day asked the Prince to tell him candidly what he was—for he himself had hinted that his real name was not Corsini, but something even higher—and to explain why he was here in exile at all.

'You know that you are safe in England,' said Mr. Leigh, his burly face beaming with the instinct of protection so innate in his race, 'and to an English gentleman you may safely trust the most dangerous secret.'

'Ah, my dear sir,' sighed Antonio, in his soft Italian accent, 'were the secret my own you should

never have had to require this explanation. Of myself I would have revealed my history and true condition, that you might feel assured from facts—which now you can be but by faith—that I am a prince by birth, a gentleman, and a soldier, though an exile by the most cruel misfortune. For this reason of obligatory silence, and knowing how strict you English are with respect to the good characters of all your associates, difficult though it is to deceive you—and he laid his hand on a beautiful hunting-whip which Sir Arthur Monk had left behind him, a present from Mr. Leigh to that respectable individual—but not wishing to incur the smallest suspicion, I kept myself secluded until you yourselves so nobly forced me from my resolve, and took me to your friendship.'

'An act we have never repented, dear Prince,' exclaimed Mr. Leigh, generously.

'Ah! but you see, my dear sir,' pursued his highness, 'you took me voluntarily, under the conditions of mystery and secrecy; and now I cannot, to satisfy the most laudable curiosity, make a compact of confession for patronage for which I never stipulated nor asked.'

Mr. Leigh was obliged to allow the reasonableness of this; but a certain dryness of tone annoyed him, he scarcely knew why. He felt that he stood in the wrong position, and that he had voluntarily placed himself in the power of the Prince instead of the contrary, as almost unconsciously to himself he wished to assert.

'Setting this aside,' said the Prince, after a short and watchful pause, 'I would willingly place myself at your feet,' he added, with a look and manner that broke like sunshine over him, 'yet others of higher rank than myself—others even'—and here he sank his voice to a whisper—'with royal blood in their veins,—the royal blood of Austria—are implicated in this tragedy of mine; and, dear sir, wild horses should tear me limb from limb before a word of her who protected me at the cost of her life—her life, my dear sir—escaped my lips. I am a descendant of the Roman,' he added, striking his breast, 'and I am a gentleman.'

Mr. Leigh was silent.

'If,' continued the Prince, sorrowfully—'if it is necessary for the preservation of your friendship that I should reveal my secret, then farewell the delights of a sweet English home! Honour before pleasure has been my creed, and in the maintenance of that creed I will live and die. The grave has closed over the fair head of one whose life bought mine—of one whose brows were pressed by the imperial diadem; and the convent walls hold another whose friendship for me sealed her ruin. To keep my fidelity to those two women, my dear sir, I will forfeit my existence; and even that which has so sweetened this existence of late—the friendship of my English friends. Broken-hearted, exiled, unfortunate, may be written on Antonio Corsini's grave; but dishonoured—never!'

Mr. Leigh was overcome. The warmth, the feeling, the generous nobleness of the Italian's manner, subdued the rough Saxon squire. Taking his hand, he shook it in both his own heartily, saying,—

'This is the last time, my dear Prince, that you will hear of the subject from me. I respect your scruples, I esteem your character, and I swear to leave you undisturbed in the possession of your secret.'

They parted; Mr. Leigh more firmly bound than ever in the bonds of friendship; and the door no sooner closed on him than the Prince sat down, smiling, and wrote a long letter in ciphers to 'Ludovico Carne, the Quadrant, Regent Street, London.'

If young May Leigh was dazzled by the beauty of the Prince, his title, heroism, mysterious hints at something higher, and his evident superiority to his present circle, fascinated her still more. She grew up with one only vision—the Prince Antonio Corsini. Not that she loved him, that was not the feeling; but his rank, riches, and high position, were fuel to her pride, and a light to her imagination. She made up her life to one object. Antonio divined that object; he saw through its meaning; understood its source; and, with a strange mixture of feeling, asked her of her father in honourable marriage.

The old Squire, who was completely in the trammels of affection and faith, consented, with his blessing; and May's heart swelled proudly, while a blush, that was not maiden shame, covered her face and neck, when Antonio kissed her hand and called her his *fiancée*.

'The bride of a prince!' she whispered, as she let his hand fall dead from her own.

That livelong night the Prince paced his room with feverish steps. Every now and then he kissed the portrait of a beautiful girl, whose passionate eyes, pale cheek yet dusky too, showed her Italian birth, while her peasant's dress marked her as a *contadina*; and every now and then he would fling himself convulsively on the ground, muttering,—'Oh! if she did but love me I could be true!'

When the morning came, a dark cloud, like the shadow of an evil spirit, rested on his brow; and he laughed, with the sneer of a Cain,

when he thought of his past night's agony.

And they were married in the parish church of Cobham. The Prince Antonio Corsini and May Leigh stand in ineffaceable lines on the parchment register, bound for ever, according to English law, 'for better or for worse.'

An ominous echo hangs round the words.

'The Princess Corsini!' murmured May, when she flung herself into the carriage that bore her away; and she forgot that her husband's lips were on her cheek, while the delicious truth made her young fancy dizzy.

'A princess—perhaps of royal blood,' she thought, as she laid her fair head on the pillow, and gave herself up to the dream of pride that came around her. And then she started as from a beautiful vision to an unwelcome truth, when her husband gently whispered her name,—

'Dear May,' and called her for the first time his 'wife.'

CHAPTER IV.—THE FIRST EPISODE IN MAY'S MARRIED LIFE.

We sometimes arrive at a period when there seems to be a very confluence of good fortune; when everything works well for our happiness, every undertaking prospers, and every feeling or passion prominent in our natures is gratified to the utmost. Most people of strong will and determined character arrive at such a point once. How long they remain there forms another clause, not so easily disposed of. I think there must be some weakness in those who *never* attain their object: circumstances are not so stubborn but that a powerful resolution may change them. And in this facility of making the conditions of life yield to the determination of the mind, or *vice versa*, it seems to me depends the whole secret of happiness or misery. The weak man is the unfortunate and the unhappy; the strong one is the prosperous and the contented.

It was such a time of perfect attainment of all that she desired with May. The ambition which formed her sole passion was gratified; and her whole life seemed centered in the honours which gathered round her. The Prince was amiable and attentive; the novelty of the title

still bewitched her ears, like the harmony of some magic song; her home was beautiful and her mode of existence refined; and her social position was better, in every point of view, than any other of her society. No wonder then that she was happy.

One day a strange, bold, dissipated-looking man, mean in his attitude and dirty in his person, asked to see the Prince. He followed the footman as he crossed the garden to inform his master, and came upon Antonio and May strolling through the shrubbery.

The Prince was strangely moved; and May's haughty blood rebelled in a stormful blush, when she saw the familiar manner of the man to her husband.

'Ludovico Carne!' exclaimed Antonio, turning pale.

The man nodded with a leer; then, as if recollecting himself, removed his hat with an awkward attempt at respect.

'You will forgive me, sweet May,' said her husband, tenderly; 'but this is an old retainer of my family, and he has come on urgent business. I did not know that he was in London, else his presence would not have startled me so much.'

May felt uneasy, she did not know why, but she obeyed her husband, and left him and the stranger together.

They walked apart long and anxiously. Their discussion was animated. The man, called Ludovico Carne, apparently insisting on something which the Prince was slow to grant. Occasionally their voices rose high in dispute; but, as the conversation was in a foreign language, May could not benefit by that. If she had understood it, she would have heard the following finale to their discourse:—

'I tell you, Antonio, the money *must* be had. We have laid out a great deal on you, and the work requires compensation. I will give you to-morrow for the first thousand; and after then, in fortnightly instalments of five hundred pounds, you will be expected to return the principal and interest of all we have advanced on this scheme. We cannot live on air, and we have a numerous establishment.'

'But I have not got the money,' urged the Prince. 'I have explained to you the reason of this delay; and unless you choose to coin it yourself, you will get nothing more of me.'

'Pshaw! there's the old man!' urged Ludovico, contemptuously. 'And be —'

'Is suspicious of nothing while his purse is safe,' answered Antonio.

'Curse him! Where is your boasted skill in drugs, Antonio, if you cannot kill a rat like him!'

'Ludovico!' said the Prince, with a ghastly attempt at a smile; but he exchanged a look that spoke volumes from both.

Nothing more was said; and in a short time Ludovico took his leave, saying, in a menacing tone,—

'To-morrow, and every fortnight after!' While his companion nodded assent.

Antonio locked himself up in his own room, which was built off from the rest of the house and connected with the main building by a long covered corridor, and there he remained for some hours, writing, arranging parcels of bank-notes and *rouleaux* of sovereigns; and finally, with a heavy heart, writing off a cheque for one thousand pounds, payable to Ludovico Carne. This

did not diminish his hoard much; but he sighed and groaned as if he had lost his all.

At dinner, May noticed her husband's altered manner, and asked him coldly what was the matter with him?

'Bad news!—bad news!' murmured the Prince, striking his forehead. 'My poor mother!'

May had heard of his mother before, as a venerable noblewoman, a model of all womanly virtues, a perfect image of the former times of Roman grandeur. But she cared little for father or mother in the abstract; and the grand old princess was as little a human thing as a Juno or a Ceres.

'And what of your mother?' she said, her month full of plover's eggs.

The Prince put his handkerchief to his eyes. After a moment's pause, he suddenly rose, saying in a broken voice,—

'Forgive me, dear child, but I am too overcome to remain. I must go and speak with your father.'

The bright bay blood was saddened; May finished her dinner tranquilly; and the Prince rode off to Squire Leigh, whom he found over a bottle of claret, and deep in a pamphlet which set forth the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race.

To him the Prince drew a touching picture of his aged mother subject to the indignities of Austrian jealousy; of her poverty—perhaps starvation; of her noble pride, which refused to send even to her son for succour; and of his own deep distress and misery when, this morning, a faithful servant of the family had informed him of the sad news. He concluded by saying, with an air of manly pride and humility combined,—

'My mother starves. She is under parole; not arrested, as then the Austrians must support her, but under sentence to pay a thousand pounds before a week is past. Unless the money is raised she is sent to L. Piombi, at Venice; and I know, as well as Silvio Pellico, the horrors of the Venetian Leads.'

'And you have not the money?' said Mr. Leigh.

'I have not,' answered the Prince, with a look of candour, yet of shame. 'I have lent my last to my sister's

son, to purchase his appointment into the French army.'

'I did not know that the French sold their commissions as we do,' said Mr. Leigh, musingly.

'O yes! O yes!' the Prince answered, very hastily. 'He has drained me of my last resource; and unless I sell my jewels, I must wait a further remittance from my faithful banker before my poor mother is released.'

'In the meantime she shall not starve for want of money,' Mr. Leigh exclaimed, generously; and going to his desk, he wrote the Prince a cheque for 1500*l*.

His son-in-law showered blessings deep and fervent on him. Italian, English, and French, came in truly southern profusion; and he took his leave, kissing the old man's hand, and blessing his dear *benedetto mattonne*, his *cher vieil nigaud*, his *amato benét*—until Mr. Leigh himself became

fervent in his admiration of so much filial affection.

The Prince had never been more amiable to his bride than when he returned home. He told her of all that 'Papa Leigh' had done, and he spoke of his mother and his father for more than two hours: describing the beauty of his hereditary palaces in Rome, Venice, and Milan,—descanting on the family honours and family wealth before he had been the unlucky cause of ruin,—telling her old traditions, all of which went to prove the high place and renown of the Corsini, and all of which May's greedy ear drank in with rapture. Antonio noticed that her pressure was more fond, her look more loving, that night than it had ever been before; and when she left him to retire to rest, he uttered an imprecation on her coldness and vanity that startled even himself with its intensity of bitterness.

CHAPTER V.—THE CLAIRVOYANTE.

Months passed after this visit in an uninterrupted dream of proud happiness to May, and in a tangle of complicated feelings to Antonio. The fortnightly instalment pressed heavy on him, but he made up for it by repeated loans from Mr. Leigh, who began to feel his affection for the Prince hanging like an obligation about him. Yet these loans did not soothe Antonio's fretted rage; for he felt that he might, had he been free, have gained all this money in addition, instead of only as substitution. Suddenly, one day when May was with her father, whose lowliness of spirits even she could not fail to remark, a very beautiful young Italian woman arrived at the Hollies.

What took place between her and Antonio—for she was with him alone for many hours—no one knew, but she was presently instituted lady's maid to the young mistress, and prospective nurse to the heir expectant. The Prince told his wife that Giulietta was his own foster-sister, and that her mother had been his father's foster-sister; in fact, the family Pescone had held a kind of perpetual nursery for the young Corsini. This faithful girl had now travelled many weary miles, he said; losing her own baby by the way—dead from fatigue and exposure—and

partly by begging, and partly by the gratuitous aid of strangers, she had at last arrived at the house of her foster-brother, to continue to his child the hereditary office of her race.

If May had had any suspicions of her husband's truthfulness, she could have discovered the falseness of this statement from the fact of Giulietta's dress and appearance being perfectly neat and orderly, and not so much travel-stained as an ordinary voyager's would have been. But it is easy for persons to continue to believe when they have once hoodwinked themselves; and being indifferent personally to Antonio, she did not care to be watchful or jealous. And yet, had she ever seen the portrait which he possessed on the night before his marriage, and burnt immediately after the ceremony, she would have found another reason for his kindness to Giulietta beyond that of foster-fraternity.

However, the baby was born, and May was very happy. She stontly resisted the proposed arrangement that Giulietta should nurse her child, being guided to that conclusion more by good fortune than by any decided maternal instinct.

The Prince had many accomplishments. He was a good rider, a deft

draughtsman—he danced well, fenced, and played and acted,—at least he said so; and he exhibited, as a proof of one accomplishment, a number of beautiful drawings, which he said he had drawn in happier days. ‘Santogrillo’ was the name attached to them. He affirmed this to be his *nom de guerre*. Among other things he was a powerful mesmeriser. By mesmerism he did really much good among the sick poor of Cobham; and according to his own account he had performed infinite wonders of clairvoyance, and brought forth all the higher phenomena of mesmerism in Italy, France, and London.

Giulietta became a patient on account of nervous toothache.

In a short time she was clairvoyante.

The Prince himself seemed afraid of this new patient. Devoted to him as she was during her waking hours, with an earnest passionateness of affection that created much gossip both among the servants of the household and the neighbours around, she manifested a degree of horror to him when under mesmeric influence that startled Antonio, and surprised even the phlegmatic May, who saw it once exhibited. One day, when she was in the mesmeric trance alone with Antonio, May entered the room unperceived. She overheard the Prince say to her, tenderly,—

‘Tell me, Giulietta, *benamata*, why do you turn from me in this cold, repulsive manner when mesmerized, though you love me so well when awake?’

Giulietta answered in a broad provincial dialect which May did not understand, for she only knew enough of Italian to make out the sense of a sentence, but not every word of even a correct pronunciation.

‘Yet you know that,’ said Antonio, ‘you know my secret when you are awake—what makes you less virtuous then? what so rigid now?’

‘*Amore, amore*,’ sighed Giulietta; and then she said some more words, in which May could distinguish ‘virtue and falsehood.’

She left the room noiselessly as she had entered, but strangely disturbed. Those only whose sole passion is Pride—and while the newness of its gratification still sheds

a lustre on their lives—can understand the hidden storm that shook her very being as she retreated. She felt that a flaw in her jewel, hitherto unperceived, would one day rend the diadem from her head; she felt that the delicious landscape in which she had been indulging, as if it had been real, was but a painted show lit up by gaslight. She already saw herself knocked, stripped of all her honours, the scorned dupe of a common sharper; and, thinking of this picture of desolation, tears of burning agony scalded her hand whereon they fell.

It was too much—too painful. She dismissed it all from her mind, and clung to the idea that this was a preconcerted trial of her faith, as a sailor clings to the floating mainmast of his wreck. It should be so; and she battled down her heart, and was apparently at peace again.

After dinner she desired that Giulietta should be mesmerised. Antonio refused, but she insisted with such cold, dogged perseverance, that he was obliged to yield, lest she should suspect what he was anxious to conceal: and forthwith the girl was introduced. To May and to the child Giulietta was also fervently attentive. May was her beloved mistress, the boy her dearest child; and no trouble was hard, no toil irksome, which contributed to the smallest happiness of the three darlings of her existence.

In her mesmeric state she shrieked if the Princess approached her, and cursed the child in such frightful words, that Antonio never let them be again spectators of her wild pythonic passion. In fact May had forgotten that Giulietta was a mesmeric patient at all, until this unlucky discovery of to-day.

The girl was introduced; the Prince made the customary passes, and Giulietta sank to sleep uneasily, but silently.

‘Do you love me, Giulietta?’ said May, holding her husband’s hand by force.

The girl writhed and groaned, evidently held back from speaking by the opposing will of the Prince, but anxious to give utterance to some big feeling.

At last she shrieked a maniac ‘No,’ as if in open violence to this opposing will, and then fits of epi-

lepsy came on which took all the Prince's skill to cure.

'You see the experiment is dangerous,' urged Antonio, passionately, endeavouring to prevent his wife from putting more questions.

'Dangerous or not, it shall be made,' she answered coldly; and again addressed herself to Giulietta, 'Why do you not love me?' she asked.

'You are cold and vain,' answered the girl, dreamily.

The Prince was now at the other end of the room.

'And the Prince—do you not love him?'

Antonio was in agonies. But his game was not made yet, and he could not stop its course. He had still to preserve appearances.

'No.'

'Why?'

'He is false—heartless—a liar!'

'In what way, Giulietta?'

'Oh, I am weary!' she said, turning uneasily. 'Wake me. A cold pillar of snow stands before me without stain and without life, and I had rather see the fertile earth with its impurities, yet with its vigour

and its virtues. Wake me! wake me, Antonio!'

All this was said in English, and there could be no subterfuge.

May left the room, and Antonio woke the girl; himself stricken like a coward slave, and unable to rise up against the blow.

But he loved her, and she loved him; and as May never alluded to the subject again, her husband forgot, with the characteristic levity of the South, that any doubts had arisen in her mind. Giulietta's passionate love repaid him much, for she was the sole and only woman who ever filled his heart.

May grew rather paler—colder, too, and haughtier; but her family increased very rapidly, and her change was attributed to this.

She had had four children; but the two last died soon after they were born, though they came into the world fine, healthy, and well-grown. The Prince and Giulietta nursed them, and gave them all imaginable cares; but they died very strangely, and with wonderful swiftness.

CHAPTER VI.—THE INSOLVENT BANKER.

The frightful certainty of something wrong had gradually established itself in May's mind, though she could not give that wrong a definite shape or name. Yet, in spite of this certainty, it was strange to see with what desperate resolution she strove to blind herself to its consciousness, and to force herself to cling to hopes and desires as fallacious as their object. A decided change had also taken place in the Prince. Much of his exquisite delicacy had gone, and in its place had come a contemptuous coarseness—a hurried manner—a reckless indifference of appearances, which more than anything else mark the desperate man whose game is played out. His demands for money became more urgent; and he made his requests with a kind of brutal hardness that agonized the old squire, helpless as he was against this foreign, self-imposed incumbrance. At last affairs seemed to have reached their climax, when one day Antonio rushed to Papa Leigh, and informed him that his banker, in whose hands he had

placed the whole of his property, had been declared insolvent: thus explaining the cause of all the late delays which had taken place in the remittances. Consequently he, his son-in-law Antonio, was ruined, and dependant on *son cher papa* for bread.

Nothing remained but for the old man to undertake the sole support of the family. Of itself this was a grievous misfortune to a man fond of money, even had Antonio been frugal; but when, on the contrary, he had expensive tastes, extravagant habits, and bankers' cheques were drawn fast and faster, with large numbers increasing monthly, it became a real infliction.

In the meantime an under-ferment was working among the tradespeople round. None of them were paid,—not even the ordinary suppliers of daily necessities. When Mr. Leigh asked the Prince about it, he saw clear hooks and undoubted receipts; and he had to choose between the belief that his son-in-law was a hardened villain, a liar, thief, and perjurer or that his own people, whom

he had ever regarded with such fond pride, were in a cabal of villany against an innocent man. Neither alternative was pleasant; and things were in a most uncomfortable state, preparing for a 'crisis,' when suddenly an old friend of the family, a Mr. Seymour, arrived at Mr. Leigh's.

By chance Antonio met him in his father-in-law's dining-room. Both started, as if they had encountered something fearful; and Mr. Seymour, turning to the old man, asked in a peremptory tone,—

'What devil's chance brought that scoundrel here?'

'You know the Prince Corsini, then?' inquired Mr. Leigh, looking from one to the other in bewilderment and horror.

'Believe nothing he says,' cried Antonio, rushing about the room like a maniac. 'This cutthroat—ruffian—murderer, was my banker; and he has hunted me out here to traduce me and annoy me, and so force me to keep silence.'

When he had said this he became rather calmer, halting in his insane tumultuousness like a man who has made a clever hit, and who watches its effect.

'Son of a slave!' Mr. Seymour exclaimed, 'dare you say this to my face? Out, imp of vice, and never dare to pollute this house with your presence again! A fugitive galley-slave—a condemned forger—a charlatan and sharper, is no fit companion for an English gentleman. Thank my mercy that I do not choke you like a dog. Begone!'

He was a thin, muscular man: he took the elegant Prince by the collar of his coat, and in another instant Antonio's raven curls were whitened

with the dust of the road, whereon he fell sprawling beneath the kick and the blow of Mr. Seymour.

The Prince Antonio Corsini hurried home. False to the last, he called his wife, and in broken accents informed her of the sudden illness of his dear nephew, whose dangerous state a special messenger had made known to him, and of the urgent necessity there was of his immediate departure for Paris.

This nephew had long been a clever mask for May's suspicions. Whenever Antonio's absence was more profitable than his presence,—if a dangerous visitor arrived in Cobham, or unpleasant news from London demanded adjustment, the dear nephew was sure to be in some trouble or distress, which he, the affectionate uncle, could alone relieve. May did not credit these assertions,—nay, she believed that the nephew altogether was but a convenient myth; and she was not far wrong in this belief. However, it was good policy to keep silence; so she allowed Antonio to imagine that he deceived her.

Not a moment was to be lost. The Prince was not long in packing his valise,—he took only a few changes of linen, he said; and May did see that all the jewels were safe in their several cases. She felt a certain satisfaction always, when her husband went from home, in knowing that the jewels were safe. Calling Giulietta to accompany him, he drove off in his pony phaeton, taking the groom and the 'dear son'—the 'blessed heir'—with him.

The groom, the phaeton, and the child returned; but Giulietta and the Prince were gone for ever.

CHAPTER VII.—THE TRUTH.

We will pass over the old man's remorseful agony of regret; May's cold despair is too terrible to touch. There was something almost sublime in the calmness of her misery. Not a sigh, not a tear, not a reproach escaped her, though she knew from her soul that she had been betrayed and ruined. But the worst had to come. Not a picture, not a book, not a chair belonged to Antonio. Mr. Seymour had once made him his agent,—deceived, as all the world, by the apparent nobleness of the man;

and Baron Marotti, as he was then, suddenly disappeared with the wine, plate, jewels, books, pictures, and household furniture of the credulous Englishman.

In a few hours May was stripped of everything she possessed. Her title was gone: the mother of two children, she knew not by what name to call them. She had no home: the roof which sheltered her was the roof of an almshouse—the very bread between her lips was eleemosynary. She was a beggar—the wife of a con-

victed thief—the mother of a race sprung from a galley-slave: and yet she bore herself calmly and proudly, and hemmed herself in a panoply of self-respect which made the Cobham world wonder at her power of character.

But Mr. Seymour's time of trial had to come now. His choice wines were all drunk; his pictures had been stolen, and copies only replaced the ancient gems; but few of the best books remained, and many dumb boards deceived the eye in place of valuable works,—so valuable, that they were kept under glass-cases, and never, for any pretence whatever, suffered to be opened. They were heirlooms of the old Corsini family, Antonio said. Worst of all, the jewels were paste, and not worth the trouble of shivering them to atoms. There had never been a more clever cheat than this Italian had played,—carrying on the game of the persecuted high nobleman at Cobham under the borrowed flag of Mr. Seymour. And this was not the first nor the second time that he had thus duped clever and respectable people. He had such a charm of person and of manner, and, moreover, he was so adept a reader of character, and so exact an appraiser of the value of every word and sentence, that no man, not living in the same atmosphere of falseness and effect, could possibly suspect him, and no one could fail to believe in a man so superior and so delightful. Mr. Seymour, enraged at his loss, had traced the career of his dear friend, the Baron Marotti; and this was the story he had gained from the different ambassadors and ministers of police, &c., where he had passed:—

Antonio Pedrone was a native of Milan. His beauty gave him an early friend in a certain priest, whose clerical studies had not quenched his natural instinct for human loveliness. Antonio's mother was one of the loveliest women of her class,—not one of the most respectable; and that might have had some influence in the holy father's kindness to the son. This priest educated the young Antonio,—taught him Latin, Greek, singing, and writing; and the lad, being very quick and fond of acquiring knowledge, soon attained an education much beyond his class. When about sixteen, he was placed

as a clerk in a banking-office. There he learnt habits of business, and gained such a knowledge of different countries, and the manners and customs of foreign people, as stood him in good stead afterwards. He carried on a system of petty theft in this office for some years; till, at last grown bolder, he committed an enormous forgery, and escaped with the proceeds into France. There he lived in luxury and splendour for some time, moving in society far above him, and gaining rapidly a knowledge of the world, and a familiarity with the manners of polite society, which, added to diligent study of various accomplishments, a naturally graceful manner, and his extreme beauty, made him the darling of the Parisian world. Unluckily one morning he was quietly arrested, and marched backed to Milan. An action was brought against him; he was found guilty, and condemned to ten years' imprisonment as a galley-slave. He bore the marks of this sentence to his grave.

The young *forçat* laughed at this sentence, and with reason; for after a few months he either managed so cleverly as to evade detection, or he gained the keepers over to his wishes,—be that as it might, one fine May morning Antonio Pedrone was missing, and Italy never saw him again. On his way he robbed a travelling merchant, secreted himself in a banker's house and emptied the strong box; and thus provided, started once more in life as a gentleman.

He went to the Baths of Germany—gambled much, and always won; he went to St. Petersburg, to Vienna, to Switzerland; and wherever he appeared, favour and honours and woman's love fell on his way like flowers before a god. Many a ruined hearth attested to the social 'success' of Baron Marotti; many a maiden's grave, many a wife's disgrace. Heartless, false, vicious, he made playthings of their hearts, and planned himself on his prowess. He never loved one, though he ruined many. At last, he too became in love with the young Italian *femme de chambre* of the Baroness B—, his highest, most beautiful, and most impassioned mistress. On quitting Lausanne, where they all were then, he left the Baroness in hysterics, and took off Giulietta in a

whirlwind of transports. Faithful to her he did not remain for a week; his vanity was too great a temptation; but he remained ever most firmly attached to her, and no one, of all the high and noble dames who flung themselves into his arms, ever shared his heart with the young *contadina*, Giulietta Pescone.

Gambling, and other vices, at last exhausted his stock of ill-gotten gain; and Antonio found himself once more reduced to beggary. Just then he fell in with Ludovico Carne, the chief of an organized band of swindlers, who saw in his person, acquirements, and desperate villany, the fittest substitute for a deceased cavalier, well-known in certain houses about Saint James's. Antonio was at too desperate a point in life to refuse. He joined Ludovico's corps, and soon became one of the most successful of the work. When newly-furnished with a proper equipage, a house, servants, &c., and installed in the due receipt of a handsome fortune, Antonio met with a Mr. Seymour, who was then travelling through Switzerland. There was no cause for suspicion. The Baron Marotti moved in the best society—he was eminently the lion of the day; the noblest women were his *chères amies*, and the highest men his boon companions. His honour, generosity, probity, were the theme of the whole society; and Mr. Seymour did but follow in the track of his predecessors and superiors when he took the Baron to his intimate friendship.

And in truth the graceful Italian charmed the strict, grave Englishman, more than any other of his dupes. Mr. Seymour was so delighted with the English honour of all his sentiments, with his rational piety, his want of selfishness, his generosity to the poor, &c. &c., that he made him the unconditional repository of all his thoughts, wishes, plans, and prospects, and finally entrusted to his care the various papers relating to his property, consigned to warehouses and other places of security during his rambles abroad.

In due time they separated, and Baron Marotti proceeded to London. He changed his name to that of the Prince Antonio Corsini; took out all the property of Mr. Seymour from the warehouses; established

himself at Cobham, where he had heard of Miss Leigh and her sixty thousand pounds, and so played his part that the result was what we have seen.

He had now gone, and left no trace whatever behind him. The very work he outwitted; for he had converted all the valuables of Mr. Seymour into cash unknown to Ludovico Carne, and when he repaid the money advanced by the firm, he replaced it, as we have seen, by loans from Mr. Leigh. Altogether he had made up a large fortune, with which he absconded, taking Giulietta with him.

But May was married. By the laws of England really, truly, and indissolubly married. No villany of the impostor, no moral certainty of infidelity without legal proof, no lie which had been her ruin, no whispered suspicion of foul play to those two helpless little ones,—nothing of all *this* species of immorality could release her. She was a wedded wife by the law, and could not free herself. Henceforth she must pass through life branded as the dupe of a common galley-slave, bearing with her the children to whom she could give no name, herself their nameless mother. But a mocking custom still called her 'The Princess;' and still the once proud May heard the hateful echo of her faded dream daily repeated, till the very sound grew maddening. And thus wore on her life: a fiend gnawing ceaselessly at her heart's core, and destroying her peace for ever.

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This tale is true in its main features. Some minor circumstances have been changed, but very few. It may give more than one reader food for reflection, and force on them the two weakest points in English character; namely, that passion for foreigners, and that blind adherence to laws in their verbal integrity, which have made more than one such misplaced union, and then denied a severance. Justice, morality, all the best instincts of our nature, demand a divorce in such a case as we have quoted, but the law of England gives another verdict; and a marriage, contracted without legal impediment, cannot be set aside for any moral consideration without a legal cause of disruption.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

PART X.

THE Reptile-house in the garden of the Zoological Society of London has proved to be of no small attraction. I remember when the unhappy carnivora were doomed to live therein, breathing their own impurities, and dragging on a miserable existence as long as their constitutions enabled them to bear up against the miasmata that embittered their shortened, incarcerated lives. In vain was every argument enforced against the continuation of this condemned cell for carnivorous captives. For a long time the answer to all remonstrance was after the reply of those who still, in their despair, cling to the Smithfield abomination. The place was provided for the animals, and they must bear it as they could, —no matter what the cost, or the suffering, or the intolerable nuisance to all who were blest or cursed with noses. At last, the zoological John Bull was roused. Like his political brother, he showed his capacity for bearing a great deal, and was treated accordingly by those who did not know the nature of the being with whom they had to reckon. The zoological Bull gave signs of kicking, and then it was very wisely considered that there was something in his remonstrance, and a new den for the carnivorous quadrupeds was built, where they breathe the free air of heaven, and live long and comparatively happy accordingly, notwithstanding the cantankerous London clay, so fatal to the race. Their old roofed dens, every one of which looked into a close room, odoriferous with ammonia and all the rest of it, to an intensity not be described, were appropriated to the reptiles whose lower organization and aptitude for heat, combined with the comparative absence of anything that could taint the air, offered no similar offence to the senses, while the lives of the animals themselves were not placed in jeopardy; and so, notwithstanding the croakings and forebodings, this Reptile-house has become one of the most popular exhibitions of that most popular vivarium. At the risk of being thought somewhat presump-

tuous, I beg to recommend this instance to the consideration of those whose higher destinies are interwoven with zoological John's political brother. The latter, like the former, is, as we have already hinted, long suffering; but when he becomes restive in earnest, it is time to look out and take warning, or, depend upon it, he will toss and gore several persons.

The first remark made by an accurate observer, on looking round the apartment now dedicated to the *reptilia*, will, probably, refer to the fixed attitude in which they remain. There they stand or lie, motionless as statues. Here and there a snake may occasionally be seen to creep or raise itself, and a lizard to change its position, but, generally speaking, especially in the broad day, they are perfectly still; and there are times when not one is in motion behind the glass cases in which they are confined. At such periods, those may be excused who have taken the whole of the reptiles in this room for stuffed specimens. The inhabitants of that Oriental city who figure so awfully in the Arabian tale, turned into stone for their crimes, with the exception of the lonely one whose voice is heard reading the Koran in the midst of the petrified sinners, could not have looked more lifeless.

Why is this?

Because all predatory reptiles, especially snakes and lizards, take their prey by surprise; and, added to this motionless habit, the animal's haunt, when on the look-out for prey, coincides generally so harmoniously with its colour, that the bird or insect fearlessly approaches and is caught. Place, as a familiar example, a toad in a melon-bed—a plan frequently adopted if the bed be infested with emmets. These insects approach the motionless toad, whose hue corresponds with the colour of the earth of the bed, without suspicion, and are taken by the tongue of the reptile with a motion too quick for the eye to follow. All that can be seen is the approach of the emmet within a certain distance—within, in

fact, tongue-shot, and its there vanishing. The mechanism of this apparatus, by means of which the toad takes its prey, will be noticed hereafter.

Throughout the animal creation, the adaptation of the colour of the creature to its haunts is worthy of admiration, as tending to its preservation. The colours of insects, and of a multitude of the smaller animals, contribute to their concealment. Caterpillars which feed on leaves are generally either green, or have a large proportion of that hue in the colour of their coats. As long as they remain still, how difficult it is to distinguish a grasshopper or young locust from the herbage or leaf on which it rests. The hutterflies that flit about among flowers are coloured like them. The small birds which frequent hedges have backs of a greenish or brownish-green hue, and their bellies are generally whitish, or light-coloured, so as to harmonize with the sky. Thus they become less visible to the hawk or cat that passes above or below them. The wayfarer across the fields almost treads upon the skylark before he sees it rise warbling to heaven's gate. The goldfinch or thistlefinch passes much of its time among flowers, and is vividly coloured accordingly. The partridge can hardly be distinguished from the fallow or stubble upon or among which it crouches, and it is considered an accomplishment among sportsmen to have a good eye for finding a hare sitting. In northern countries the winter dress of the hares and ptarmigans is white, to prevent detection among the snows of those inclement regions.

If we turn to the waters, the same design is evident. Frogs even vary their colour according to that of the mud or sand that forms the bottom of the ponds or streams which they frequent,—nay, the tree-frog (*Hyla viridis*) takes its specific name from the colour, which renders it so difficult to see it among the leaves, where it adheres by the cupping-glass-like processes at the end of its toes. It is the same with fish, especially those which inhabit the fresh waters. Their backs, with the exception of gold and silver fish, and a few others, are comparatively dark; and some prac-

tice is required before they are satisfactorily made out, as they come like shadows and so depart under the eye of the spectator. A little boy once called out to a friend to 'come and see, for the bottom of the brook was moving along.' The friend came, and saw that a thick shoal of gudgeons, and roach, and dace was passing. It is difficult to detect 'the ravenous lucc,' as old Izaak calls the pike, with its dark green and mottled back and sides, from the similarly tinted weeds among which that freshwater shark lies at the watch, as motionless as they. Even when a tearing old trout, a six or seven-pounder, sails, in his wantonness, leisurely up stream, with his backfin partly above the surface, on the look-out for a fly, few, except a well-entered fisherman, can tell what shadowy form it is that ripples the wimpling water. But the bellies of fish are white, or nearly so; thus imitating in a degree the colour of the sky, to deceive the otter, which generally takes its prey from below, swimming under the intended victim. Nor is this design less manifest in the colour and appearance of some of the larger terrestrial animals; for the same principle seems to be kept in view, whether regard be had to the smallest insects or the quadrupedal giants of the land.

I have often traced (writes an excellent observer) a remarkable resemblance between the animal and the general appearance of the locality in which it is found. This I first remarked at an early period of my life, when entomology occupied a part of my attention. No person following this interesting pursuit can fail to observe the extraordinary likeness which insects bear to the various abodes in which they are met with. Thus among the long green grass we find a variety of long green insects, whose legs and antennæ so resemble the shoots emanating from the stalks of the grass, that it requires a practised eye to distinguish them. Throughout sandy districts, varieties of insects are met with of a colour similar to the sand which they inhabit. Among the green leaves of the various trees of the forest innumerable leaf-coloured insects are to be found; while, closely adhering to the rough, grey bark of these forest-trees, we observe beautifully-coloured, grey-looking moths, of various patterns, yet altogether so resembling the bark as to be invisible to the passing observer. In like manner, among

quadrupeds, I have traced a considerable analogy; for, even in the case of the stupendous elephant, the ashy colour of his hide so corresponds with the general appearance of the grey thorny jungles which he frequents throughout the day, that a person unaccustomed to hunting elephants, standing on a commanding situation, might look down upon a herd and fail to detect their presence. And further, in the case of the giraffe, which is invariably met with among venerable forests, where innumerable blasted and weatherbeaten trunks and stems occur, I have repeatedly been in doubt as to the presence of a troop of them, until I had recourse to my spy-glass; and on referring the case to my savage attendants, I have known even their optics to fail,—at one time mistaking their dilapidated trunks for camelopards, and again confounding real camelopards with those aged veterans of the forest.*

The Wizard of the North, who had a keen eye for the harmonies of Nature—and what poet, who is fond of field-sports, has not?—frequently manifests the results of his observation on animals and their haunts in his immortalities, whether of verse or prose.

So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

When a stag lies with his neck stretched out and his horns lying backward in such a lair, or among other low cover, none but a very experienced stalker is likely to detect him.

I remember, one very hard winter, passing more than once, in beating over a fallow field, what I at first took for a clod, but which proved to be a partridge frozen to death. As for the young of many birds who make their nests on the ground, their colours so closely resemble the localities in which they are found, that they are hardly to be observed by any but a very keen eye. Thus White, writing of the stone-curlew (*Charadrius edicnemus*), remarks, that the bird lays its eggs—usually two, never more than three—on the bare ground, without any protection,

so that the countryman in stirring his fallows often destroys them.

The young (he adds) run immediately from the egg like partridges, &c.; and are withdrawn to some flinty field by the dam, where they sculk among the stones, which are their best security; for their feathers are so exactly of the colour of our grey-spotted flints, that the most exact observer, unless he catches the eye of the young bird, may be eluded.†

The similarity of colour to that of their haunts, combined with the motionless habit above alluded to, serves, then, in the case of the reptiles, the double purpose of concealment for safety and lying in wait for prey, so as to give the victim the least possible warning. Few can see the snake in the grass, and the frogs on which it dines least of all. The sportsman treads on the viper, coiled up on a bright windy day at the edge of the copse, before he is aware of the presence of the reptile; and so does his dog, unless he is shooting with a pointer, which, if he have a good nose and the wind, will infallibly stand as stiff as a crutch, and as if he had a whole covey before him.

The ink that traced the last sentence on the paper was hardly dry when I came a friend who related that two of his dogs, pointers, had been bitten by a viper, that lay coiled up in the grass by the banks of a canal near the house in which I write. The serpent struck twice, and each time bit the dog attacked on the lip. The dog first struck—a very fine pointer, with a dash of the bloodhound in him—staggered, was frightfully swollen, and his system so much affected that fears were entertained for his life. Copious doses of oil, and embrocations of the same with laudanum, however, effected the cure. The mother of this dog received the second bite, but in her case the symptoms were much mitigated: there was no staggering, and, as is usual in such cases, the virus must have been much diminished before the second wound was given. The viper, on this occasion, corroborated the statements of those who lay it down as an axiom that the true vipers, unlike other venomous serpents—the cobra, for instance

* *A Hunter's Life in South Africa.* By Rounleyn Gordon Cumming, Esq.

† Selborne. Letter XVI.

—do not quit the scene of action after their murderous attacks. There it remained, and the master of the dogs took up a great stone and cast it upon the viper, without, however, crippling it, owing, probably, to some inequality in the surface of the ground whereon it rested. Then, but not till then, it made off. The owner of the dogs told me, that when they were bitten they uttered no cry. In general, they howl piteously when they feel the bite.

In this case we have again an instance of the virtues of oil, insisted on in a former chapter. Cato's remedy was not so simple, for he says (c. 102), that if a serpent has stung an ox or any other quadruped, one must pound an *acetabulum* of *melanthion*, called by the physicians *melanthion* of Smyrna, in an *hemina* of old wine, pour it into the nostrils of the beast, and lay hogs' dung to the wound. Nor is the savory remedy applicable to the restoration of brutes only, according to his experience; for he confidently directs the same remedy to be applied to a human creature, if occasion require it. One may conceive the sort of reward reaped by the *bubulus* by whose neglect the ox was exposed to the venomous bite, when the former was subjected to the tender mercies of the *ergastularius* in the prison* of the villa, under a dispensation which placed the life of the slave absolutely at the disposal of his master.

In that part of *The Way to get Wealth*† intitled 'The English Hous-wife,' dedicated to 'The Right Honorable and most excellent Lady, Francis, Countesse Dowager of Exeter,' with the running title of 'The English House-wives Household Physick,' we find a different formula set forth:—

To help all manner of swelling or aches in what part of the body soever it be, or stinging of any venomous beast, as Adder, Snake, or such-like, take Horehound, Smallage, Porrets, smal Mallows, and wild Tansey of each alike quantity, and bruise them or eat them small: then seeth them altogether in a pan with milk, oatmeal, and as much Sheeps suet, or Deares suet as a Hens egge, and let it boyl till it be a thick plaister, then lay it

upon a blew wollen cloath, and lay it to the grieve as hot as one can suffer it.

In the section of the same choice book headed 'Country Contentments,' we find it thus written:—

If your dogge have been bitten by either Snake, Adder or any other venomous thing, take the hearb Calamint, and beat it in a mortar with Turpentine and yellow Waxe, till it come to a Salve, and then apply it to the sore and it will heal it. Also if you boile the herb in milke, and give the dogge it to drink, it will expell all inward poison.

In the 'Table of hard words,' it is stated that 'Calamint is an ordinary hearb, and groweth by ditches sides by high waies, and sometimes in Gardens.'

For 'The Generall Cure of all Cattell,' we read in chapter 69, which treats 'Of venomous wounds, as biting with a mad dogge, tusks of Bores, Serpents or such like,' in the case of the horse, as follows:—

For any of these mortall or venomous wounds, take Yarrow, Calamint, and the grains of wheat, and beat them in a mortar with water of Sothernwood, and make it into a salve, and lay it to the sore, and it will heale it safely.

But in the case of 'The Oxe, Cow, etc.'—

If your beast be bitten with a mad Dog, or any other venomous beast, you shall take Plaintain and heat it in a mortar with Bolearmoniacke, Sanguis Draconis, Barly meale, and the whites of Eggs, and playster-wise lay it to the sore, renewing it once in fourteen hours.

Most of these simple remedies—except in the case of the 'mad dog'—were, doubtless, found efficacious in these fortunate islands, where the only venomous serpent is the viper and its varieties, and the harmless common snake throws its enamelled skin among those beautiful wild flowers, whose dewy blossoms bring back to the mind's eye the images of the dear ones now gone to receive their reward in heaven, who were wont to gaze lovingly with us upon those stars of the earth long, long ago.

But we must go back to our Reptile-house, where the murderous cobra, the deadly cerastes, the fatal puff-adder,‡ and the lethal rattle-

* *Ergastulum*, where the slaves were confined, bound or chained together, when they came from work, lest they should make their escape in the night.

† Small 4to. London, 1657.

‡ *Crotalus arietans*.

snakes remind us of the danger that lurks in paths made lovely by all the floral prodigality of warmer climates. There, too, are the giant forms of the boas and pythons, which, deprived of the stiletto of the smaller snakes, are recompensed with an herculean power of gripe that would make the ribs of an Antæus crack like pistol-shots, as they broke under the pressure of the mortal constriction.

Before we enter into a particular account of these forms let us inquire what a reptile is.

In common parlance the word would signify any creature that creeps; but, in the language of zoologists, it is used to designate those vertebrated animals, whether quadruped, biped, or footless, that are either oviparous or ovoviviparous, breathe by means of lungs for the most part, are destitute of hair and feathers, and are without mammae.

Their organization, although designed after the one great law which is manifested throughout the *vertebrata*, is more variously modified than that of any other class of that division of animals. If we examine the *mammalia* we find them formed after one leading type. From man to a marmoset, from a lion to a cat, from an elephant to a mouse, from a whale to the smallest cetacean that swims, the same plan of construction is manifested. Among the feathered race, from an eagle to a humming-bird, from a dinornis to an apteryx, we recognize an adherence to one settled principle of conformation. It is the same with fishes. But among the reptiles, a wide and extensive difference in the types or principles of structure must instantly strike the most superficial observer. A tortoise and a snake are both reptiles, zoologically speaking. Look at these animals alive, or examine their skeletons, and a glance shows you the wide difference of conformation displayed in the two forms. But without selecting types so obviously distant, we shall find similar discrepancies, external and internal, in this extensive class, and that even among the more cognate reptilians. Take a crocodile, an ichthyosaurus, or a plesiosaurus, place it by the side of a chameleon, and you will soon see, even with an unpractised eye, how different their osseous systems are.

The discrepancy will be heightened if you add the skeleton of a toad or a frog to the group.

If we descend to detail, the anomaly is still greater. A tortoise is toothless; a saurian (lizard)—take a crocodile, for example—is well furnished with implanted teeth. Both, however, are quadrupedal, both have a heart with two auricles, both lay eggs with a solid calcareous shell, and the young of both are hatched in the form which they retain through life without undergoing any metamorphosis. A serpent or ophidian is footless, but has a multitude of well-developed arched ribs. Those which are not ovoviviparous lay eggs with a soft though calcareous covering, but their young come into the world in the same shape as that borne by their parents. A frog or batrachian has no ribs, or is possessed of the rudiments of those bones only, and has a naked skin destitute of scales. The eggs are gelatinous, and laid in water. When the young are first hatched they differ from their parents, and are furnished with branchiae or gills, which, except in the perennibranchiate batrachians—Proteus, Axolotl, and Siren, for example—drop off as the animal arrives at its ultimate form. The metamorphosis of the anurous batrachians—those which, in their perfect state, are tailless—may be observed every spring by watching the development of the eggs of the common frog, of which Swammerdam counted 1400 as the production of one female. The greenish albumen of these eggs does not coagulate easily, and the yolk or vitellus is absorbed by the embryo. In the first stage of its existence the tadpole, or *têtard* as the French term it, has a somewhat elongated body, a tail compressed at the sides, and external gills. Its minute mouth is armed with small hooks or teeth, which it plies vigorously upon the aquatic vegetables which then form its food; and on the lower lip is a small tubular process, by means of which it adheres to the water-plants when taking its rest. In the next stage the external gills disappear, becoming covered by a membrane, and the tadpole then breathes like a fish. The head, provided with eyes and nostrils, has no neck, but is one with the now globular trunk, largely

distended by the extensive digestive canal; and the large tail enables the animal to swim well and strongly. In a short time the hind legs show themselves near the setting on of the tail, and are soon developed. Then the anterior feet are protruded; and as the limbs advance, the tail gradually lessens and shortens, shrinking till it entirely disappears. The mouth now becomes wider and loses the horny hook-like appendages, the head stands out more from the body, and the eyes are furnished with lids. The belly becomes more elongated, but is diminished in proportion to the size of the animal, and the intestines lose much of their length. The true lungs begin to be formed; and as they advance, the internal gills are gradually obliterated. Thus the whole circulation is altered, and the young frog quits the water, exchanging its entirely aquatic and herbivorous life for a carnivorous, and, for the most part, terrestrial existence. These metamorphoses, which rival those of the insects, may be seen on a grander scale in the *Rana paradoxa*.

The serpents have two auricles, but the batrachians have, strictly speaking, only one, but it is separated internally into two chambers.

One word more on the discrepancies of reptile organization, and we will cease to pursue an inquiry which would be followed out with more aptitude in a work more conversant with comparative anatomy than this can pretend to be; but the general reader, as well as the student, should keep those discrepancies steadily in view. The observations, however, shall be confined to the varying skeletons.

Take the cranium of a crocodile. A more solid, bony mass, you could hardly see. Now turn to that of a boa. The skull, you see, is made up of a considerable number of pieces, all admirably fitted and joined together, but with such an adaptation as easily to admit of separation. Why is this? The long head and widely extensive jaws of the crocodile enable it to secure and take into the stomach a comparatively large prey. But the serpent frequently has to master and swallow an animal utterly dispro-

portioned to the usual gape of the mouth; the skull is, therefore, so framed as easily to admit of partial dislocation, so that it may aid the dilatation of the jaws and throat, and facilitate deglutition. The ribs in the frogs, as before observed, are almost null; in the serpents they are so lavishly developed and so freely articulated that they are used as organs of motion. In the tortoises they are implanted and incorporated with the rest of the carapace. The ribs of a serpent may be compared to the legs of a millipede situated internally, and operating externally principally by acting on the scutes of the belly on which it creeps. Some reptiles have not only a true breast-bone, but also an addition, which has been termed an abdominal sternum. This may be seen in the crocodiles, and seems to be produced by the ossification of the tendons of the recti muscles. But while some have two sterna, others have none at all. The chameleon, for instance, though the ribs are well-formed, has no breast-bone. The tortoise, and the majority of saurians, are gifted with four sufficiently well-developed extremities. Chirotes and hipes have only two; the former an anterior pair, the latter a posterior pair, and those but poorly framed.

But though these and other great differences of organization are patent among the reptiles, every bone of every reptile is marked with such peculiarity of character as to indicate at once the class to which it belongs. A skilful comparative anatomist can never mistake such a bone for that of any other race of animals. Professor Owen and other palæontologists have largely profited by their knowledge of this peculiarity, as appears from the great and admirable work on British fossil reptiles by the Professor now in the course of publication.*

From the great difference in the organization of this class, a great variety of motility was to be expected:

The motion of reptiles is as various as their structure, and exhibits a great diversity, particularly in the modes of progression. The slow march of the land tortoises, the paddling of the turtles,

* *A History of British Fossil Reptiles.* By Richard Owen, F.R.S. &c. 4to. London: Printed for the Author.

the swimming and walking of the crocodiles, the newts, and the protei, the agility of the lizards, the rapid serpentine advance of the snakes, the leaping of the frogs, offer a widely-extended scale of motion. If we add the vaulting of the dragons, and the flying of the pterodactyles, there is hardly any mode of animal progression which is not to be found among the reptiles.*

When we examine the different systems published by zoologists with reference to the reptiles, we find, with few exceptions, the first place assigned to the chelonians or tortoises; and before we proceed to notice the other forms, let us rapidly survey this highly-interesting order.

The land-tortoises first claim attention.

28th July.—I went to see the great tortoise (*Testudo elephantopus*) presented by the Queen to the Zoological Society of London, and arrived at the garden in the Regent's Park between nine and ten o'clock. The morning had been rainy, but the sun bravely struggled through the clouds which cleared away before his radiant presence, as the story-book has it, and I saw the venerable reptile in its paddock before the newly-erected hut built for its reception near the otters' pond. It is the largest I ever beheld. The ancient seemed to be in a dreamy kind of doze, with its head tucked into its shell, which glittered—still moist with the rain that had fallen—in the sunbeams,—a shell fit to make a lyre for Polypheme, if he had been inclined to try his hand when tired of the hundred reeds of decent growth that made a pipe for his capacious month. Though the weather had been very wet since its arrival a day or two previously, it did not seem to have availed itself of the shelter of its hut. Another comparatively small land-tortoise was also in the enclosure near a corner, hut entirely exposed to the weather. One colossal anterior foot of the dozing giant rested on its sole; its fellow was carelessly lying on its side. The soles of both the hind feet were on the turf. I scratched the sole of the anterior foot, which was exposed, and then the head. The sleeper was awakened, and put forth its long serpentine neck, opened one eye

very deliberately, and then the other as lazily, gave a gasp or two, withdrew the head, and then again protruded it. Cabbages, lettuces, and vegetable marrows, the latter equalling in tempting appearance those which the mad gentleman placed upon the top of Mrs. Nickleby's wall, or projected into her garden, lay scattered in profusion around. In many of these the trenchant bill of the reptile had made incision; and as they had forgotten to provide the royal guest with a napkin, fragments of the last meal remained hanging about its horny lips. Large as the creature is, one may easily conceive the disappointment of the spectator who first sees it at rest. When it is in motion and the huge body is raised on the pillar-like legs, it is a much more striking object. Professor Owen had been summoned to Buckingham Palace to see it before its removal to the garden in the Regent's Park, by the gracious direction of her Majesty, and, in the presence of Prince Albert, proceeded to take the dimensions of the girth of the animal. To do this more effectually, he bestrode the reposing mass. While thus employed the tortoise, who probably

Never in that sort

Had handled been before,

What thing upon his back had got

Did wonder more and more;

and walked off with the Professor to the great amusement of the Prince, while the philosopher, as he rode along, calmly continued his measurement, which gave twelve feet as the circumference of this fine old Galapagosian. There appears to be good ground for believing that 175 summers and winters have passed over the head of this doughty devourer of vegetables; and there is no reason for coming to the conclusion that, if left undisturbed in its native wilds, it might not see as many more. The great fossil testudines of the Himalaya probably attained a much greater age; and when we consider the regularity of living and the quiet habits of the tortoises, the enduring nature of their organization, and their great tenacity of life, we may be pardoned if we hint at the probability that, under favourable circumstances, vitality might endure

As of old for a thousand long years.

* *Penny Cyclopædia*, vol. xix. p. 410.

The tortoises have no teeth to lose, no irritable nervous system to wear out the durable animated materials encased in their impenetrable armour.

Dampier and Mr. Darwin saw these enormous reptiles in their native haunts on the islands of the Galapagos Archipelago. The former describes them as being so numerous, that 500 or 600 men might subsist on them for several months without any other provision; adding, that they are extraordinarily large and fat, and that no pullet is better eating. The latter, in his excellent *Journal*, notices their numbers as being very great, and states his belief that they are to be found in all the islands of the Archipelago. In his walk among the little craters which there abound, the glowing heat of the day, the rough surface of the ground, and the intricate thickets, produced great fatigue; but, with the true spirit of a naturalist, he says that he was well repaid by the Cycloplan scene. He met two large tortoises, each of which must have weighed at least 200 pounds. One was eating a piece of cactus; and when Mr. Darwin approached it looked at him, and then quietly walked away; the other gave a deep hiss, and drew in his head. Those huge reptiles, surrounded by the black lava and large cacti, appeared to his fancy like some antediluvian animals. Mr. Darwin was informed by Mr. Lawson, an Englishman, who, at the time of his visit, had charge of the colony, that he had seen several so large that it required six or eight men to lift them from the ground, and that some had yielded as much as 200 pounds of meat. The old males, readily distinguished by the greater length of their tails—for that appendage is always longer in the male than in the female—are the largest, the females rarely growing to so great a size. They prefer the high, damp parts of the islands, but also inhabit the lower and arid districts. Those that live in the islands where there is no water, or in the arid parts of the others, feed chiefly on the cactus, whose succulent nature compensates for the want of liquid. But those which frequent the higher and moist regions, revel in a diet of the leaves of various trees, a kind of acid austere berry, called guayavita;

and a pale green filamentous lichen, hanging in tresses from the boughs of trees. It must not, however, be concluded that these tortoises do not care about water; for Mr. Darwin tells us that they are very fond of it, drinking large quantities when they can get it, and wallowing in the mud when they find it. The larger islands alone, it appears, possess springs, which are always situated towards the central parts, and at a considerable elevation. The tortoises which frequent the lower districts are therefore obliged, when thirsty, to travel from a long distance. Broad and well-beaten paths, the result of these travels, radiate off in every direction from the wells, even down to the sea-coast. This was not lost upon the Spaniards, who followed them up, and so discovered the watering-places. When Mr. Darwin landed at Chatham Island he could not imagine what animal travelled so methodically along the well-chosen tracks. Near the springs it was a curious spectacle, he observes, to behold many of these great monsters, one set eagerly travelling onwards, with outstretched necks, and another set returning, after having drunk their fill. He remarked that, when the tortoise arrives at the spring, it buries its head in the water above the eyes, quite regardless of any spectator, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls, at the rate of about ten in a minute. According to Mr. Darwin, the inhabitants say that each visitor stays three or four days in the neighbourhood of the water, and then returns to the lower country; but they differed in their accounts respecting the frequency of those visits. Mr. Darwin thinks that the animal probably regulates them according to the nature of the food which it has consumed; but he observes that it is certain that tortoises can subsist, even on those islands, where there is no other water than what falls during a few rainy days in the year. The rate of travelling in the visits to the springs, or when going to any definite point, is said by those who have come to their conclusion from observations on marked individuals, to be about eight miles in two or three days, and they continue to move onwards both by night and by day. Mr. Darwin watched

one large tortoise, and found that it walked at the rate of sixty yards in ten minutes; that is, 360 in the hour, or four miles a-day, allowing a little time for it to eat on the road.

The love-pranks of the male are continued with a deliberation worthy of a creature whose motions in excavating the earth for hybernation are so ridiculously slow, that White describes the movement of the legs when so employed, as little exceeding that of the hour-hand of a clock. Mr. Darwin relates, that when the Galapagos tortoise is *solus cum solâ*, he utters a hoarse roar or bellowing, which can be heard at the distance of a hundred yards, and then is vocally silent for the rest of the year. The female, it is said, never makes her voice heard; if, indeed, she have one. The white spherical eggs are laid in October, the female depositing them together where the soil is sandy, and covering them up with sand. Where the ground is rocky she drops them indiscriminately in any hollow. Seven were found placed in a line in a fissure. One measured by Mr. Darwin was seven inches and three-eighths in circumference. As soon as the young tortoises are hatched they are exposed to the attacks of a buzzard, which has the habits of the caracara, and fall a prey in great numbers to that bird. Accidents, such as falls from precipices, seem to be the principal events against which these tortoises have to guard. Several of the inhabitants told Mr. Darwin that they had never found one dead without some such apparent cause. They believe that these animals are, like the majority of Persian cats, absolutely deaf; and Mr. Darwin declares with certainty that they do not overhear a person walking close behind them. He was amused, when overtaking one of these great monsters as it was quietly pacing along, to see how suddenly, the instant he passed, it would draw in its head and legs, and uttering a deep hiss, fall to the ground with a heavy sound, as if struck dead. He frequently got on their backs, and then, upon giving a few raps on the hinder part of the shell, they would rise up and walk away; but he found it very difficult to keep his balance.

The flesh of these tortoises is

largely consumed, both fresh and salted. It is not unusual to collect them, harrel them up alive, put them on shipboard, and take them out as they are wanted, when they do not appear to have wasted much in consequence of their fast. From the fat a fine clear oil is prepared; and when a tortoise is caught, the state of its fatness is ascertained by a very summary process, which must be more satisfactory to the agent than the patient. The captor makes a slit with a knife in the skin near the animal's tail, so as to see inside its body whether the fat under the dorsal plate is thick. If it be not the tortoise is liberated for that time, walks away, and soon recovers so as to be none the worse for the operation. Those who follow this somewhat trenchant course of experiment are soon made aware, that to secure one of these tortoises it is not sufficient to turn them like turtle; for, as Mr. Darwin tells us, they are often able to regain their upright position after having been so left on their backs.

In America people have an odd way of immortalizing themselves, and leaving intimations to friends and succeeding visitors where they have been. When they find a tortoise, they turn it up, cut their names with a knife on the investing horny plates of the plastron or ventral portion of the shell, and then setting the reptile on its legs, give the walking inscription its liberty.

But if we are to credit ancient legends, our royal tortoise and its Galapagosian brethren must hide their diminished heads. De Laet avers that they grow to such a size in Cuba, that one will carry five men on its back, and walk off with them. But some authors never like to be outdone, and the writer of *Thaumato-graphia*, who, to do him justice, is a most industrious collector of marvellous stories, gives us one on the authority of Leo that throws all other testudinarian tales into the shade. A traveller in Africa, weary and way-sore at the end of a fatiguing day, after seeking in vain for shelter, looked about, as the shades of evening deepened, for some insulated rock in the desert on which he might repose secure from the fierce or poisonous animals that in-

fested those dreary wilds. At length, just as darkness overtook him, he saw what he wanted, climbed it, found a good flat place on its summit, lay down, and soon forgot the labours of the past day in a heavy slumber, from which he awoke not till the sun was up, and then he found that his dormitory had been moved nearly three thousand paces from the spot where he had laid down. This made him look about him, when he discovered that what he had taken for a rock was a tortoise, that had gone on feeding during the night, but at so imperceptibly slow a pace that the sleeper was not aware of the motion.

The great Galapagos tortoises which have hitherto been brought to this country have never lived long. They have thriven apparently till the time of hybernation arrived, and then have slept never to wake again. The returning spring has always found them dead. Whether they have not the means of properly laying themselves up and of reposing in the temperature exactly suited to their case, or have been fed too liberally on lettuce, which acts as an opiate when taken in any large quantity, are questions that have been considered, but as yet have not been satisfactorily answered. Taking into the account their usual diet in a state of nature, it may be questioned whether it is advisable to feed these gigantic tortoises so much on lettuces. The quantity of opium which must find its way into the system under so large a consumption must be very considerable; and it would be as well to try the effect of a supply of other succulent vegetables, such as gourds and cabbages, with a fair proportion of lettuce. And yet the 'old tortoise' immortalized by White selected milky plants, such as lettuces, dandelions, and sow-thistles, as its favourite dish; and for years continued to retire under ground about the middle of November, coming forth again about the middle of April. Its age was not known, but it had been kept for thirty years in a little walled court; and in a neighbouring village one was kept till it was supposed to be a hundred

years old. The tortoise introduced into the garden of Lambeth Palace in the time of Archbishop Laud continued to live there till the year 1753, and its death was then attributed to the neglect of the gardener rather than to age. The author of *Physico-theology*,* to whom the writers of modern treatises are so largely indebted, saw it in August 1712, 'in my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury's garden,' and speaks of it as having been there since the time of the prelate† who smoothed the path of the royal martyr from earth to heaven, and received, as the cold complaining eye of the victim was fixed steadily on him, the mysterious 'Remember!' from his dying lips. The shell of this tortoise was, and probably is, preserved in the library of the palace at Lambeth.

White's tortoise—for it afterwards became his, to the evident satisfaction of that charming naturalist and excellent man,—when it first appeared in the spring, discovered very little inclination towards food, but in the height of summer grew voracious. As the summer declined, so did its appetite; and for the last six weeks in autumn it hardly ate at all. Its habits seemed to have differed widely from those of the great tortoises of the Galapagos. They, as we have seen, delighted, after a long abstinence probably, to plunge their heads into the water and to wallow in mud. White's tortoise appears to have lived in positive dread of the element.

No part of its behaviour (writes White) ever struck me more than the extreme timidity it always expresses with regard to rain; and though it has a shell that would secure it against a loaded cart, yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinklings, and running its head up in a corner. If attended to, it becomes an excellent weather-glass; for as sure as it walks clate, and as it were on tiptoe, feeding with great earnestness in the morning, so sure will it rain before night.

Darwin's great tortoises marched by night as well as by day in their walks to the wells. White describes his as totally a diurnal animal, and never pretending to stir after it be-

* Derham.

† Juxon.

came dark : and yet he declares that nothing could be more assiduous than the creature, night and day, in scooping the earth and forcing its great body into the cavity intended for its hybernaculum. This, however, it must be remembered, was a work of necessity, in which delay would have been dangerous. Beginning its excavation on the first of November, it had no time to lose with the biting frosts close at hand ; and if it had been overtaken by them it would have suffered even more than Captain Dalgetty, when he learned the rules of service so tightly under old Sir Ludovick Lesly that he was not likely to forget them in a hurry :—

Sir, I have been made to stand guard eight hours, being from twelve at noon to eight o'clock of the night, at the palace, armed with back and breast, head-piece, and bracelets—being iron to the teeth, in a bitter frost, and the ice was as hard as ever was flint ; and all for stopping an instant to speak to my landlady, when I should have gone to roll call.

White's tortoise was careful to avoid the other extreme of temperature :—

Though he loves warm weather, he avoids the hot sun ; because this thick shell, when once heated, would, as the poet says of solid armour, 'scald with safety.' He, therefore, spends the more sultry hours under the umbrella of a large cabbage leaf, or amid the waving forests of an asparagus bed. But as he avoids heat in the summer, so in the decline of the year he improves the faint autumnal beams, by getting within the reflexion of a fruit-wall ; and though he never has read that planes inclining to the horizon receive a greater share of warmth, he inclines his shell, by tilting it against the wall, to collect and admit every feeble ray.

This pet was a huge sleeper ; for it not only remained under the earth from the middle of November to the middle of April, its arbitrary stomach and lungs enabling it to refrain from eating as well as breathing during that time, but slept the greater part of the summer ; for it went to bed in the longest days at four in the afternoon, and often did not stir in the morning till late. Besides, it retired to rest for every shower, and did not move at all on wet days.

When one reflects (says White) on the

state of this strange being, it is a matter of wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander away more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and he lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers.

But notwithstanding this lethargic temperament the old tortoise knew its benefactress, and as soon as the good old lady came in sight, who had waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbled towards her with awkward alacrity, but remained inattentive to strangers. There was too an annual period when he was unusually on the alert. We think we can see the worthy pastor of Selborne looking down, with the air of the melancholy Jaques, on his favourite, and exclaiming :—

Pitiable seems the condition of this poor embarrassed reptile : to be cased in a suit of ponderous armour, which he cannot lay aside ; to be imprisoned, as it were, within his own shell ; must preclude, we should suppose, all activity and disposition for enterprise. Yet there is a season of the year (usually the beginning of June) when his exertions are remarkable. He then walks on tiptoe, and is stirring by five in the morning ; and traversing the garden, explores every wicket and interstice in the fences, through which he will escape if possible ; and often has eluded the care of the gardener, and wandered to some distant field. The motives that impel him to undertake these rambles seem to be of the amorous kind ; his fancy then becomes intent on sexual attachments, which transport him beyond his usual gravity, and induce him to forget for a time his ordinary solemn deportment.

It is very possible that Cupid may have then been bestriding him. White's description looks very like the restlessness of passion,—

Nec tibi Vespero

Surgente decedunt amores,

Nec rapidum fugiente solem.

But the love of liberty and, not improbably, an annual migratory impulse in search of fresh pasture, may have been the prevailing motive. At all events, neither he nor the other *reptiles* are without their comforts. Each of them is independent of any capricious landlord, and both snail and tortoise, if they could speak, might say what it is a great privilege to be able to say,

'Death alone can turn me out of this house.'

The tenacity of life with which the *Testudinata* are gifted would be hardly credible to those who have not closely studied the subject. No well-regulated mind can read of some of the experiments which have been made to place the fact beyond all doubt without being shocked; but averse as every good man must be to the infliction of pain or death, it is but fair to allow that such experiments may be more cruel in appearance than in reality. Redi's operations must have been attended with instant death if made upon the higher and warm-blooded *vertebrata*. His tortoises lived, and showed no signs of acute suffering.

In the beginning of November he opened the skull of a land-tortoise, removed every particle of brain, and cleaned the cavity out. The animal was then set at liberty, but instead of dying or remaining motionless, it groped its way about freely as its inclination directed, without the aid of sight; for when the animal was deprived of its brain it closed its eyes, which it never opened afterwards. The wound was left open, but skinned over in three days, and the tortoise continued to go about till the middle of May, when it died. On examining the skull, the cavity which had contained the brain was found empty and clean as it had been left, with the exception of one small, dry, black clot of blood.

But this was not a solitary instance. Many other land-tortoises were subjected to the same treatment in November, January, February, and March. The result was similar, with some exception; for some moved about freely, but others, though they showed that they were alive by other motions, did not. Freshwater-tortoises, when made the subjects of the same experiment, acted like the others, but did not live so long. But Redi had a notion, that if the marine tortoises were deprived of their brain they would live for a very long time; for having received a turtle which was very much wasted and faint, he opened its skull and treated it in every respect as he had treated the land-tortoises, and, emaciated as it was, it lived six days after the operation.

But Redi proved the enduring vitality of these reptiles by a more decisive experiment. In the month of November he cut off the head of a large tortoise; the headless animal did not expire till twenty-three days had elapsed. This decapitated existent did not, indeed, move about like those which had only been robbed of their brain; but when any mechanical stimulus, such as pricking or poking, was applied to the anterior or posterior extremities, the headless trunk drew them up with considerable liveliness, and exhibited many other motions. To free himself from all doubt as to the vitality of these animals under such circumstances, Redi cut off the heads of four other tortoises. Twelve days after decapitation he opened two of them, when he beheld the heart beating, and saw the blood enter and leave it.

These were Redi's experiments: for them he is answerable. But it is only just to remark, that in this frightful state of life in death there may be more of irritability than sensation. The restoration of mutilated organs in the reptiles is wonderful to the uninitiated. Look at the eye: a subject for Newton. I remember to have seen in a large glass bowl a number of aquatic lizards, which were undergoing the curative and reproductive process, which kind nature had initiated—ay, and carried out completely—after they had been deprived of an anterior extremity or an eye. In both cases the organs were reproduced. The anterior extremity is nothing when compared to the organ of vision; but, after all, the cornea through which we see such glorious sights is nothing but a modification of the skin, and the rest of that wonderful orb in a low grade of animal nature may be easily supplied. It may occur to some that the clot in the cranium of Redi's brainless tortoise was an attempt to restore the great centre of the nervous system; but the probability is, that nature was endeavouring to repair the injury, and to secure as much of life as was to be obtained under the shocking circumstances.

The length of time during which Redi's headless tortoise lingered will not surprise those who have seen how much life remains, and for how long, in a turtle after all its wasting

by the unhealthy voyage. We have been taught, and truly with respect to the higher grade of animals, that in the blood is the life. But in the case of the testudinate which is to furnish forth the soup, the calipee, the steaks, the currie, for which and upon which aldermen live, any one who wishes to descend into the abysses from which that ambrosial feast is furnished forth, may find a headless trunk suspended neck downwards that it may bleed more freely, and the head placed bill uppermost on a cold plate for the resting-place of the severed neck. The snapping of the jaws of that distant head, and the movements of that suspended body, have startled more than one neophyte who has been taken down to see 'what a turtle can do when its head is cut off;' especially if, as it has happened to some of my friends, their fingers have chanced to come within reach of the turtle's bill at the snapping moment.

That such post-decapitation snaps and motions should raise horrible ideas of comparison is hardly to be wondered at; and I remember this instance of the vitality of the turtle's head being brought forward in corroboration of the sickening story of the blush on Charlotte Corday's face, when the brutal executioner struck it on the cheek as he held up the severed head to the execration of the friends of the imp Marat, the idol of the *canaille* that surrounded the guillotine. A friend saw an execution in Italy by an instrument resembling the Scottish maiden. He was very near the scene of death, and when the criminal's head was held up, he saw the eyes roll from right to left and from left to right. Those best qualified to judge, are of opinion that this and similar movements are merely convulsive, and that the severed head does not feel. To say nothing of the stunning shock to the nervous system, more especially if the ponderous trenchant axe falls upon the occiput, as it did in the case of the unfortunate Louis XVI., whose under-jaw was said to have been left on the trunk, either from his shrinking just before the fatal moment, or the shortness of his neck; the blood-vessels of the brain must

be so speedily emptied when a person suffers death by the guillotine, that all sensation must vanish in a very short space of time: but it is very far from clear that the head does not continue to live during that short space, and if it feels even for a moment or two, who shall say that in those moments it may not suffer an eternity of agony and shame. It has been hinted, that during that diabolical French carnival, when terror reigned supreme, and fraternity—the fraternity of Cain and his brother—had reached its culminating point, observations were made on the newly-severed heads that gave evidence of action, if not of feeling, after their separation from the bodies of the victims of the revolutionary tribunal. Some of our readers may have heard of another horror of that accursed time. At first, when the executions were few and far between, the body was thrown into quick lime; but as the thirst for blood advanced, when the guillotine was *en permanence*, and though it rested not, could not do the work of extermination fast enough; when the cord, and the pike, and the sabre, and the musket, and the cannon, were all brought into action, and the *noyades* were added to the *fusillades*, the utilitarians began to think that the quicklime operation was destructive of much good animal matter. So the muscle of the slaughtered was converted into adipocere for the candle manufactory, and their skins furnished no small quantity of exquisite leather. Little did the beauty of that age, as she charmed all eyes at the ball, think whence came the light in which she shone, or that the delicate glove which set off her more delicate arm was not the spoil of the kid.*

More than enough of these horrors—may they never rise again to shock humanity in our time!—and 'return we'—as a most excellent judge was wont to say when leading back the jury from a digression into which he had seduced them, but always with the effect of arresting their attention more strongly to the issue which they had to try—return we to the extraordinary vitality manifested by the *Testudinata* under the most adverse circumstances.

* The skin of a human being, properly prepared, is very like fine kid leather.

A small tortoise was received in this country in the winter; in a state of hybernation, doubtless. The condition of the little animal never occurred to the recipient. The head and limbs were tucked into the shell, and he put it into a drawer with a collection of snuff-boxes, intending to have it mounted as a companion to the rest. The drawer was not opened for many months, and when it was, it smelt, as the proprietor thought, rather musty. He therefore pulled it out on a fine, warm, moist, autumnal day, exposed it to the open air on the outside of a window, and went where his business called him. When he returned, he thought he would take a look at his drawer, and as soon as he cast a glance upon it, he saw, as he thought, one of his snuff-boxes walking about. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again. His senses had not deceived him, for there was the tortoise roused from his long, long sleep, by the genial atmosphere; and, though it was not exactly in the state to make soup for a fairy alderman, it soon gained strength under kind treatment, and lived long.

The alleged length of time during which suspended animation may be continued, with the power of again resuming the functions of life, would be considered as fit only for fable were it not confirmed beyond all doubt. Hear honest and true Benjamin Franklin, who thus relates a somewhat extraordinary anecdote of some flies which had undergone a similar fate to that of 'poor Clarence,' but with a much more happy result to some of the party:—

They had been drowned in Madeira wine, apparently about the time when it was bottled in Virginia, to be sent hither (to London). At the opening of one of the bottles at the house of a friend where I then was, three drowned flies fell into the first glass which was filled. Having heard it remarked that drowned flies were capable of being revived by the rays of the sun, I proposed making the experiment upon these: they were, therefore, exposed to the sun upon a sieve, which had been employed to strain them out of the wine. In less than three hours two of them began by degrees to recover life. They commenced by some convulsive motions in the thighs, and at length they

raised themselves upon their legs, wiped their eyes with their fore-feet, beat and brushed their wings with their hind-feet, and soon after began to fly,—finding themselves in old England without knowing how they came thither. The third continued lifeless till sunset, when, losing all hopes of him, he was thrown away.

The philosopher thus improves the occasion:—

I wish it were possible, from this instance, to invent a method of embalming drowned persons, in such a manner that they might be recalled to life at any period, however distant; for, having a very ardent desire to see and observe the state of America an hundred years hence, I should prefer to any ordinary death the being immersed in a cask of Madeira wine, with a few friends, till that time, to be recalled to life by the solar warmth of my dear country.*

Now, Heaven forbid, that in this incredulous time any doubt should be thrown upon this comfortable story; but I have somewhere met with another account of the extraordinary longevity of a fly. The relator, when in Germany, was promised by his host a superlative wine which had been ten years in bottle. The well-corked flask was produced, and while mine host was decanting on its age and merits, and holding it up to the light, he, to whom it was offered, beheld between his eye and the sun a fly vigorously struggling on the surface of the wine. Modest as he was, he could not resist his impulse to point out the struggler, observing that the venerable insect had, no doubt, been kept in health and vigour by the *elixir vite* in the bottle. The innkeeper—and this is the strangest part of the story—was abashed; and in his confusion was surprized into a declaration that he never would tell another lie.

The old nursery-book told us, and told us truly, under usual circumstances, that

The tortoise securely from danger does dwell,

When he tucks up his head and his tail in his shell.

The true Terrapenes, or, as those land-tortoises are called by Jack, 'Turpins,' may defy the general chapter of accidents, though there may be no safety either for him or the poet, on whose bald head a rap-

* Franklin's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 227.

torial bird may drop the reptile from on high, taking the calvarium for a stone. With a dorsal buckler constructed principally out of eight pairs of ribs, united towards their middle by a succession of angular plates, into which the ribs are, as it were, inlaid; and a plastron or breastplate composed of nine pieces, each of which, with one exception, are pairs, the ninth being placed between the four anterior pieces, with the two first of which it generally coheres, when it is not articulated with the four, and the whole forming in the adult a strong breast-and-belly plate—compact in all its parts, and united on each side to the dorsal buckler, the whole being so framed and composed as to resist a very high degree of pressure, or a powerful blow,—the land-tortoise has only to offer the passive resistance of its defensive armour to set at nought the attacks of ordinary enemies. There is one genus of land-tortoises* which does not grow to such a size, or carry such ponderous armour, as those of the genus *Testudo*, that has a still farther safeguard against the predatory animals to whose attempts it is exposed. In this form the anterior portion of the plastron, reaching backward to the space occupied by the two first pairs of sternal plates, is susceptible of motion. Under the strongly-marked suture of the second with the third pair, is the elastic ligament which serves for a hinge. When the animal wishes to open this movable lid, under which, when closed, the head and fore-feet are closely boxed up, it lowers the lid, protrudes its head and fore-feet, and walks or feeds till danger approaches, when it draws them in, raises the lid, and thus shuts itself up in a compact box; for the edges of this operculum on hinges fit close as wax to those of the carapace, which here forms a sort of animated door-case. Thus the animal has nothing to fear in front; and behind, it is securely protected by its enlarged and deepened plastron, under which the posterior extremities and tail can be entirely and snugly drawn up. Among the marsh-tortoises† there is a simi-

lar conformation; and the species so protected have obtained the apt name of Box-tortoises.

But, as if Nature were determined to show that she can vary any plan, however ingenious, she has thought fit to turn out of hand another phase of this box-like construction, and in *Kinyxis* we have it behind instead of before. The tortoises of this group are gifted with the power of moving the posterior part of their carapace, which they can lower and apply to their plastron, so as completely to close the box behind, as those of the genus *Pyxis* close the anterior part of their shells. But in *Kinyxis* there is no hinge-like apparatus as there is in *Pyxis*. In *Kinyxis* the bones bend; and, in consequence of their thinness and elasticity, the carapace can be bent down at the will of the animal, so as to approximate the plastron. A sinuous line, on which the animal mechanism operates, is indicated externally between the penultimate and anti-pennultimate marginal plate; and this point, or rather, line of flexion, is furnished with a tissue partaking of the nature of fibre and cartilage.

But which of the land-tortoises furnished the shell—the chorded shell, dear to Apollo and the Muses?

Pausanias says, that it was a species which was found in the Arcadian woods; and it very probably was that now known as *Testudo Græca*. Others declare that it was an African species (whose carapace and dried tendons gave ont a sound when struck by Mercury, who found it after an inundation of the Nile) that furnished the hint for the lyre.

The *Elodians*, or marsh-tortoises, are gifted with far greater activity than their terrestrial relations. They swim with great facility, and make a much quicker march on land, leading a predatory, quisquillious, amphibious life, and frequenting sluggish streams, the lake, the pond, and the marsh. Their food consists principally of freshwater molluscos animals, tailless and tailed batrachians,‡ and annelids, or worm-like creatures.

The honeymoon of these elodians endures for many weeks at a certain time of the year; and their prolonged loves are blest with a goodly

* *Pyxis*.

† *Sternotherus*.

‡ Anurous and urodele batrachians of the learned.

batch of spherical eggs, without any calcareous shell, but as white as those of the other chelonians. The nest is a shallow cavity in the earth, scraped out by the female; and the banks of the waters, wherein she spends much of her time, are generally selected; for her instinct teaches her that such a locality offers a refuge to the young, who take refuge in the waters from their numerous enemies as soon as they are hatched.

And here it may be observed that the *Chersians*, or land-tortoises, are, as a general rule, feeders on vegetables; the *Thalassians*, or sea-tortoises, commonly known as turtles, hotb vegetarian (in some cases almost entirely so) and carnivorous; while the *Elodians*, or marsh-tortoises, and the *Potamians*, or river-tortoises, which may both be classed under one common head, the gradation being almost insensible, are supported on animal food, the prey being generally taken in a living state. In conformity with this dispensation, the anterior extremity of the upper bill in the majority of species exhibits a large notch, and on each side of it a sufficiently strong tooth, reminding the observer of the beak of the higher raptorial birds.

In some of this group, Nature, which in the chelonian forms which we have already noticed had contented herself with a lid either before or behind, carries out what may be termed the box principle, by making, as in the genus *Cistudo*, a movable lid both before and behind. In this subgenus a cartilage attaches the wide oval plastron to the buckler. This cartilage is movable both before and behind, turning on the same transversal mesial hinge, and, at the will of the animal, presenting nothing but a well-closed box to the prying eyes of the enemy. In *Kinosternon*, also, the oval sternum is movable before and behind on a fixed piece; but in *Staurotypus*, the thick cruciform sternum is movable in front only. In others again, *Platysternon* and *Emysaura*, for example, the plastron is immovable.

The *Potamians*, or true river-tortoises, whose species have been confounded under the name of *Trionyx*, have among them some which grow to a considerable size. To say nothing of one which was kept by Pen-

nant, and weighed twenty pounds, seventy pounds have been stated as the weight attained by certain individuals. Inhabiting the streams and rivers, or great lakes of the warmer regions of the earth, their habits are generally similar. Swimming with much ease either upon or beneath the surface of the water, they pursue young crocodiles, other reptiles and fishes, which their agility enables them to make their prey. They are also said to be great destroyers of the eggs of the crocodiles, especially in the Nile and the Ganges. The angler baits his hook for them with small fishes or other living bait, unless his skill enables him so to play a dead or artificial one as to deceive the sharp eyes of these tortoises, whose flesh is considered very good for the table. If he goes out with proper tackle, the sport is satisfactory enough; but one of them took the fly of a justly-celebrated singer and skilful disciple of old Izaak's school, while he was fishing for trout. He thought he had got hold of an old boat; but, unwieldy as his prize was, he would probably have landed it if left to himself. His stupid attendant, however, rushed forward and seized the line, which thus deprived of the spring of the rod could not bear the strain, and the potamian got clear off.

Islets, rocks, floating timber, or the trunks of fallen trees on the banks, are the favourite places of resort to which these tortoises come for repose during the night. But they are very wary, and the least noise sends them immediately into the water. They are troublesome customers to those who are not aware of their mode of attack. When they seize their prey, or are on the defensive, they suddenly and most rapidly dart out their retracted head and long neck, like lightning, hitting most sharply; and rarely relaxing their bold till they have taken the piece, into which they have fixed their cutting and pertinacious bill, out. The fisherman, therefore, either cuts off their heads as soon as he has secured them, or reins them up with a sort of bridle, so as to prevent the dreaded bite; and in this last state, I have been told, they are often exposed alive for sale in the markets.

In the months of April or May, the sandy spots on the banks of the rivers or lakes which have a good exposure to the sun are sought out by the females, as the places of deposit of their eggs, to the amount of some fifty or sixty; and in July the young make their appearance. The patience of a German is proverbial; with the eternal pipe in his mouth, he calmly follows out his subject, and follows it out well; but when we find Monsieur Lesueur patiently counting the ova in the ovary of a potamian mother, and deliberately giving the results, we pause, and thank the gods who have disposed the mercurial mind of one of our near neighbours to quietly settle down to ovarian statistics. In the ovary of a pregnant potamian M. Lesueur counted twenty ripe eggs, ready to come forth at the bidding of Dame Nature. Then he saw a quantity of *ova*, varying in size from that of a pin's head to the goodly volume of rotundity which they attain, when the calcareous coat, which is necessary for the protection of the egg when it is exposed to the dangers of this world, is superadded:

what 'the tottle of the whole' is, may be ascertained by those who feel disposed to inquire of M. Lesueur; and if they will consult the oracle, they will rise from the consultation wiser men, unless they have sounded all the shallows and depths of testudinate life.

But enough, and for the reader who is not zoologically disposed, more than enough. He has been led, if he has condescended to follow, from the land to the marsh, from the marsh to the lake, stream, and river, the residences of the various modifications of testudinate life. A short repose should be placed at his disposal before, in the course of our narrative, he follows these great rivers of the old and new world, in which the freshwater-tortoises disport themselves, into that ocean in which all rivers, great and small, are lost. But there, in that boundless waste of waters, we shall find that Nature has modified the Chelonian type into the Thalassian shape, which occupies a distinguished reptilian place in the present world, and in that which is gone for ever.

ROME IN PEACE.

THANKS be to Heaven! yon grove of sombre pines,
Whose several tops, like feathers in one wing
Folded o'er one another, hang in air,
From yonder city hides me. From its sound,
Low but mysterious, urgent, agitating,
Not distance only, but those city walls
Immense (how oft at noontide have I watched
The long green lizard from their fissures glance,
And glide from thicket-mantled tower to tower),
Not less protect me. Thanks once more to Heaven!
This nook in which I lie, this grassy isle,
Amid the burnt brake nested, hath no name:
No legend haunts it. Unalarmed I turn,
Confronted by no despot from the grave,
By no inscription startled. If this spot
Was trod of old by consul or by king,
It is my privilege to be ignorant:
They lived and died. If here the Roman twins
Tugged at the she-wolf, they have had their day.
Yon lambs have now their hour; and I, a stranger,
Following the path their feet have worn, here find
Their cool recess, and share it. Pretty thrush!
Possess thy soul in peace, and sing at will,
Sharpening thy clear, expostulating note,
Or softening, 'mid the branches. Thou art free:

Save that hereditary song, no tie
 Connects thee with the past. Complacent stream!
 Sufficient to solicit and reward
 An unconstrained attention, thou to me
 (A lover of the torrents ere I heard them)
 This day art dearer far than alpine floods,
 In whose abyssal voices all the sounds
 Of all the vales are met and reconciled.
 From admiration I desire repose;
 Rest from that household foe, a beating heart;
 Yea, from all thought exemption save such thoughts
 As, lightly wafted towards us, leave us lightly,
 And, like the salutation of those winds
 That curl yon ilex leaves, if sweets they bring,
 Bequeath a sweeter freshness. Three weeks since
 To me this dell of grass had seemed a prison,
 And hours here spent ignoblest apathy.
 The change, whence comes it? Fevered nights and days,
 Make answer. Answer thou, mysterious city,
 Whose shade eclipsed the world a thousand years.
 Tomb, aqueduct, and porch I visited,
 And strove with adulating thoughts to clasp,
 And could not; for as some vast tree, the sire
 Of woods, flings off the span of infant arms,
 So by its breadth and compass Rome rebuked
 My sympathies. The 'lesser,' verily,
 'Is of the greater blessed;' and Love, a gift,
 Falls back, repulsed, from that which scorns its aid;
 From that which, solitary in its vastness,
 Admits no measurement, nor condescends
 To be in portions grasped; from that which yields
 No crevice to the climber's hand or foot;
 Whose height o'erawes our winged aspirations,
 Like some steep cliff of ocean in whose shade
 The circling sea-birds wail. And yet unable,
 With soul-unhurdening love, to clasp thee, Rome,
 Much more was I unable to forget thee.
 I mused in city wastes, where pitying earth
 Takes back into her breast huge fragments strewn
 Around, like bones of savage beasts extinct;
 From wreck to wreck I roamed. My very dreams
 Nested in obscure haunts and vaults unhealthy.
 Ruin on ruin pressed, rivals in death,
 Like grave dislodging grave in churchyards choked.
 Virtue alone no record here possessed.
 Triumphant Pillar, and vain-glorious Arch
 Towered in blue sky. Voluptuous Baths laid bare
 Colossal vice; and one great Temple, meet
 For that promiscuous worship Statecraft loves,
 Lifted its haughty dome and pillared front.
 I sought Cornelia's house, but found instead
 The Cæsars' Palace; sacred fane (elsewhere
 First found and last remembered monuments)
 I sought, but found instead the Coliseum;
 That theatre of blood, where sat enthroned,
 Swollen with the rage of Roman merriment,
 The Roman people, like an idol served
 With human victims.

From its own excess
 Triumphant Evil suffers confutation.
 Not here where, tested by the extreme it reached,

The imperial instinct stands unmasked — not here
 Can the sword's conquests subjugate the soul.
 A lucid interval perforce is ours,
 By these memorials sobered. Warlike sounds
 Confirm, not break a sleeper's martial dream;
 And energies of mind shut out full oft
 That truth to babes revealed. The race that here
 Trod down their brethren daily, in their day
 Might plead some poor excuse. Each war to them
 Some singular necessity might urge,
 Or final peace impledge: but we who stand
 Outfaced at once mid all the trophies reared
 By men who gloried in their shame; who pace
 O'er Tullia's way to reach Domitian's halls;
 Who in one choir behold the British Queen
 And earlier Sabine maid; who hear at once
 The wail of Veii and the falling roofs
 Of Carthage, till monotonous becomes
 The cry of nations, and the tale of blood
 A tedious recitation; we who scan,
 Marbled in Rome, the form of injured Earth,
 And trace her wounds, and count each accurate pang
 In that dread victim by Rome's talon and beak
 Grav'n and recorded, we are scantily moved
 On martial sway to dote. England, my country!
 Never be thine that praise which Rome ensued;
 Her course (o'er-ruled, no doubt, for good), shun thou!
 Call back thine eagles to the cliffs they love;
 Revere the landmarks of all lands. The sea,
 Thy servant, knows his limits: know thine own.
 Put from thee, like a God whose bound is fixed,
 Earth-worshipped Power not thine, though in thy grasp.
 Be thine to show the nations for what cause
 The nations are. Teach thou the potentates
 Why power committed was to mortal hand.
 By equal laws perfect the work of Law,
 To each man measuring forth a virtuous sphere
 For action and for rest; each man to each
 Subordinate in service. Shield the weak
 From toils that blight them: free your household slaves.
 Alone, the State is barren. From on high
 Those influences descend which fertilize
 The soil she sows and fences: therefore be sure
 That heavenly Stranger lodged within thy gates
 Receive due honours. Bid new temples rise
 In noisome alley; and beside them rear
 The sanctuaries of charity, and halls
 Where human learning feeds on truths divine.
 Let those who wander from their native shores,
 To plant the name of England and her hopes
 By trackless seas and streams unnamed, bear with them
 The ties of life, the laws, the arts, the faith,
 Which make a nation of a savage horde.
 Let tribes barbaric bless thee for their peace.
 From mountain top, far isle, and desert waste,
 The trumpet blow, and sing the song of man
 From servile appetites redeemed, and thus
 To sanctioned freedom by a living way
 Restored, and earth henceforth as Eden fair.

O Vision long departed of large hope,
 And manners pure and more than mortal life,

How from the gates of Heaven dost thou thine eyes
 Turn hack upon me! By what law obscure,
 That mates things opposite, dost thou descend
 And pitch thy spotless tent on Tyber's banks?
 The tawny Tyber is no mountain rill
 To slake thy sacred thirst. His muddied fount
 Thou canst not bathe in. Say, can Virtue walk
 In space choked up by Evil? Can she write
 Her mandates in a soiled and blotted book?
 The Future here is mortgaged to the Past.
 Hope breathes no gales of promise o'er that plain
 On which malaria broods: amid the tombs
 Her foot moves slowly, and where Hope is lame
 The social duties languish. To uprear
 A prostrate column on its crumbling base
 Is here an honoured augury; to restore
 Some temple rotting in unhealthy swamp
 Is here a reign's achievement. Art remains —
 (O that the dead had burial and found rest!)
 Her lifeless body, stretched across the street,
 Blocks up the public ways. The artist's study,
 Of old a hermit's cell, where Mind recluse,
 Pillowed on stores aforetime wrung from Thought
 By Passion, by Experience drawn from Life,
 Saw visions as in Patmos, and set forth
 The shapes it saw, is now a wrangling shop
 For them that buy and sell. In ancient time
 The painter was a preacher, whose sage hand
 Pictured high thought. If Martyrdom that thought,
 The radiant face of confessor unmoved,
 Expressed full well that death which is a birth
 Into the realms of light. If Faith that thought,
 Lo! where St. Jerome, eremite and saint,
 A dweller among rocks, himself a rock,
 Wasted and gaunt, fast-worn, and vigil-blind,
 Dying, draws near in faith (with both hands clasped,
 And awe-struck lip) to Him, the invisible,
 And on that 'Last Communion' hanging, rests
 The weight of all his being. If he mused
 On purity, ah, mark that seer (nor young,
 Nor female) who a lily holds, and sees
 Writ in its depths the life white-robed of them
 Who follow still the Lamb! How oft, how gladly,
 On such fair picture, found in village church
 Or home sequestered, has my spirit fed.
 But here in Rome, the centre of all Art,
 Her sanctifying influence Art hath lost:
 Her health is here in rank abundance drowned.
 The prosperous paint for profit. Pictures old
 Are to vain-glorious eminence reduced;
 And from the spots that gave them meaning torn,
 Hang now in brute confusion ranged round walls
 At which the crowd stands gazing. Art of old,
 Handmaid of Faith, prophet that witness bore
 Of God, not self, nor came in her own name;
 Initiate in the ideal truth that spans
 The actual scope of things, and thence advanced
 To stand great Nature's meek interpreter,
 In Rome is throned a queen; and keeps her court
 In galleries whose marble labyrinths,
 Like cities peopled by a race of stone,
 Branch forth unnumbered. Breathlessly we turn;

And sigh for stillness, sigh for utter peace,
 For darkness, or our northern twilight drawn
 In dewy gentleness o'er pastures broad,
 Whose cool serenity of blue and green
 Lures the tense spirit forth, and in a bath
 Of relaxation soft, soothes and contents it—
 Too much of ostentatious aid unasked !
 Are we so weak within ? Can we advance
 No step without a crutch ? no lessons learn,
 Save lessons thrust upon us ? Can we catch
 In Nature's music manifold no voice
 But sad confessions of her nothingness ?
 Trust we in dead things only ? Nature lives !
 Her moving clouds, the rapture of her waves ;
 Her rural haunts domestic ;—nooks sunwarmed
 Endear'd to babe and greybeard ;—her expanse
 Of fruitful plains, with hamlet, hall, and tower,
 Homestead and hedge, in autumn's glistening air,
 Drawn out at eve, or by the ferment dazed
 Of summer sunrise, or on vernal noon
 Melting in pearly distance like our dreams
 For man's far welfare ;—her mysterious glens,
 That with the substance of one shade are thronged,
 And other habitant have none, that speak
 Of God and God alone ;—transpierce the heart
 With wisdom less imposed on man than won
 From man's resources. Nature's demonstrations,
 Maternal, not scholastic, need have none
 Of diagram. Her own face is their proof,
 Subduing in the pathos of its smiles,
 Or power of eye. And being infinite
 Her life is all in every part, her lore
 In lowliest shape is perfect. Thou frail flower,
 Anemoné ! that near my grassy couch,
 By a breath shaken which I scarcely feel,
 Thy gracious head, as though in worship, bowest
 Down on thy mother's lap—in thee, in thee
 (I seek no further) lives that power supreme,
 Whereof the artists boast. Immaculate Beauty
 In thy humility doth dominate,
 Is of thy tremblings proud, and gladly clothed
 In thy light garb of colours and fair forms,
 Looks up and smiles. I pluck thee from thy bed—
 Lie lightly on a breast that weary grows
 Of haughtier burthens : cool a fevered heart
 That, seeking better things, hath sought in vain.
 Be thou my monitor : let me sum up.
 What have I chiefly learned from human life ?
 That life as brief as thine is to be praised :
 That life's best blessings are the joys we tread
 To death unseen, chasing inventions vain :
 That He who made thee, made the heavens and earth,
 And man ; and that in Him is life alone.
 Thine ancestress that bloomed in Paradise,
 Possessed no softer voice to celebrate
 (Joining the visual chorus of all worlds)
 Her great Creator's glory.

Hark that peal !
 From countless domes that high in sunlight shake,
 A thousand bells roll forth their harmonies.
 The city, by the noontide flame oppressed,

And sheltered long in sleep, awakes. Even now,
 Along the Pincian steep, with youthful step
 To dignity subdued, collegiate trains
 Follow their grave preceptors. Courts grass-grown,
 That echoed long some fountain's lonely splash,
 Now ring more loudly, smitten by the steeds
 Of prince, or prelate of the Church, athirst
 For some cold villa's shade. That peal again !
 And now the linked procession moves abroad,
 Untwining slowly its voluminous folds.
 It pauses—through the dusky archway drawn,
 It vanishes—upcoiled at last, and still,
 Girdling the Coliseum's central cross,
 The sacred serpent rests. With stealthy motion
 So slid the Esculapian snake of old
 Forth from the darkness. In Hesperian isle
 So rested, coiled around the mystic stem,
 The watcher of the fruit. The day draws on.
 The multitudinous thrill of quickening life
 Vibrates through all the city, while its blood
 Flows back from vein to vein. That sound prevails
 In convent walks by rustling robe trailed o'er.
 Like hum of insects unheh'd, it throbs
 Through orange-scented cloistral gardens dim.
 It deepens with the concourse onward borne
 Between those statued saints that guard thy bridge,
 St. Angelo, and past the Adrian Tomb.
 It swells within those colonnades, whose arms,
 Open alike at all times, and to all,
 Receive once more the concourse from all lands—
 The lofty English noble, student pale
 From Germany, diplomatist from France,
 Far Grecian patriarch, or Armenian priest,
 Or royal exile. From thy marble roofs,
 St. Peter's, in whose fastnesses abide,
 Like Arab tribe encamped, the bands ordained
 To guard them from the aggressive elements—
 From those aerial roofs, to whispering depths
 Of Catacombs by pilgrims visited,
 The murmur spreads, like one broad wind that lifts
 Ere morn the sighing shrouds of fleet becalmed.
 The churches fill ; the relics forth are brought :
 Screened by rich fretwork the monastic apse
 Resounds the hoarse chant, like an ocean cave :
 And long ere yet that obelisk which once
 Shadowed the Nile, across the Lateran court
 Protrudes its evening shade, like silver stars,
 Before white altars glimmering, lights shall burn,
 And solitary suppliants in far spots
 Weep before sainted patrons. Rome, O Rome,
 How nearly hast thou grazed Perfection's goal !
 How far run past it ! Excellence supreme,
 In thee corrupted, breeds Religion's plague—
 The salt of earth, if scattered, here in heaps,
 Taints the free air. Midway those heavens and earth
 Closed in man's soul, the angelic is brought low
 By that same music which the mortal lifts,
 And Good with Ill in spurious wedlock joined.
 False miracles with true traduce the truth :
 The memory of the martyrs is down trod
 By legendary saints. Too much of all things !
 Too much of learning, for the end thereof

Is ignorance of God. Too much of wisdom,
 Whose dotage turns to childish helplessness :—
 Too much of faith's rewards and ornaments —
 She dies beneath their burden. The strait road
 To heaven is here so thronged with guides to heaven,
 That none can freely pass. In ritual types
 The truth is so apparelled, that her robe
 Is more than she ; and (faith to sight subdued)
 A mockery of the great Triumphant Church
 Supplants the Militant, and feeds on sweets
 Her starved and nerveless soldiers. Moral lore,
 In Church tradition merged no more can yield
 That Church frank witness, or extrinsic health.
 The sacred calling has itself become
 An art of government, and sacred science
 A craft professional and technical.
 The human heart, religion's slave, not servant,
 Corrupts her master to avenge her wrong.
 Feebly the affections move : the winds of heaven
 Faint under loads of incense.

O my friends !

That sojourning at Rome are pure from Rome,
 Glad am I that ye move not with the crowd.
 In cool Egeria's fount perhaps, even now
 Your bands ye bathe ; or in your shadowy home,
 Faithful in absence, put aside the page
 Stamped with the dreams of painters old, to gaze
 In memory upon living forms more dear . . .
 Friends, sisters, brothers,—yea, the youngest babe
 That beautifies their hearth. Speak on. I, too,
 Am gladdened by your gladness. Speak aloud !
 The babe born yesterday in worth is more
 Than all yon crowd exults in. She that bore him
 Knows well if he be dear, and is not mad.
 Precious to her that infant as to Eve
 Her first-born, when the Promise stood fulfilled :
 Inheritor of earth as much—far more—
 Than if its only heir. Rejoice, thou mother !
 He lives : the idols of the world are dead.
 He is immortal : states and empires die.
 Diffused through all his being there abides
 Infinitude sphering infinitude
 Of Reason, Love, and Will. Sufficient cause
 It had been for the making of the earth
 That on its orb that wanderer through space
 Might rest his wing a moment.

As a mist

That strives no longer, swept by quiring winds
 From some peaked mountain, my oppression leaves me.
 The world is mine once more. Refreshed I rise ;
 And gales of life from that celestial bourne
 Whereto we tend strike on me. With soft shock
 Yon almond bower lets fall its summer snow.
 The sun is setting. The despotie day
 Which, blessing earth with increase, suffered none
 To lift a grateful eye, hath heard his doom ;
 And round him folds his robes, blood-stained and golden,
 With dignity to die. Like haughty hopes
 From one reduced by sickness, from the clouds
 Their pageantries are melting : and ere long
 No hue save that translucent, tender, green,

Will speak of pomps gone by. The increasing wind,
Incumbent on the pine-grove's summit broad,
Gathers in volumed strength. Within its vaults
An omnipresent and persistent whisper
Waxes in loudness. Well might I believe
The hosts angelic, who with guardian care
Urging belike the seasons in their course,
Circle the earth, even now on wings outspread
Were rustling o'er me, countless as sea-sands.
Glorious and blessed armies ! free ye are
From man's illusions. Passing in one flight
Calpé and Athens,—all that makes renowned
This many-mountained, many-citied globe,
To you our schemes of empery must seem
Like some poor maniac's towers in charcoal sketched
(Airy possession) on his cell's bare wall ;
Our science like that knowledge won from touch
By one born blind ; our arts like gems minute,
Poor fragments crumbled from your spheres eterne.
Pity us, then, bright Spirits, for ye know
The weakness of our strength ; the poverty
Ye know, which we for wealth misdeem, exchanging
The gold of Truth Intuitive and One
(Shared, not divided) for the baser coin
Of Thought Discursive, scattered through the world.
Ye know the sad vacuity of hearts
With trifles filled, and thence from Him averse
In love for whom is clasped the love of all things,
And their possession. Starlike in your ken,
By distance and that haze called ancientness,
Unfooled ye are. All things that truly live
And die not, all realities divine,
Live in the light of an eternal Present
And prime perpetual. Him whom we revere
As patriarch, ye behold a white-haired babe,
Poor, heaven-protected infant of fourscore.
His course accomplished, still in him ye see
His mother's new delight,—a bud dried up,
Dropt from the human stem at noon, ere night
Blown forth into the darkness. Spirits blest !
The sun that runs before yon rises ever,
For ever sets, reigns ever throned at noon :
Past, Present, Future mingle in your sight,
And Time its tortuous stream spreads to a lake
Girt by and imaging Eternity,
Between whose mirror and the infinite vault
Ye in the radiance bask.

Bask on, hright Spirits !
Bathe in the beam of Godhead ; or fulfil
With awe your ministries of love ; in man
That seeing which they saw not who of old
The Galilean mocked. By death absolved,
Man o'er the ruins of the world shall rise :
Yea, from the height of heaven, the throne of God,
Look forth upon a universe renewed,
And your resplendent hosts :—His hand shall raise,
And, with the voice supreme blending his own,
Shall bless you, and pronounce you 'very good.'

There is in Rome a temple, by what chance
Preserved I know not : seldom seen and small

It stands ; but Time has spared its fragile frieze,
 And circle of light pillars. Fair that fane,
 Inviolatè, and on its humble front
 A brightness hangs unscattered, undissolved.
 A child that passed me named it by a name
 That held me long in musing—Vesta's Temple.
 Vesta ! thy priestess was she, of that fane
 A servant sacrilegious, who gave birth
 To Rome's predestined founder. But the flame
 On thy dread altar shook not when she fell.
 By purer hands maintained, its primal spark
 From stormy age to age transmitted still
 The luminous tradition. Hail, O hail,
 Omen of hope ! That more than Vestal light
 To Christian Rome vouchsafed, howe'er obscured,
 Now in this night-time of a world at war,
 By mists of error from the sense exhaled,
 Lives yet at heart, and forth, at last, shall burst
 In venerable brightness. Should I die
 At Rome, no consecrated soil I seek
 In Rome's basilicas, nor there where rest
 My countrymen, beyond the city wall.—
 Beside the fane of Vesta make my grave.

THE AGE OF VENEER.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the industrial pursuits which distinguish the English nation, the manufacture of public opinion is one not the least remarkable. Like the great majority of our other gigantic operations, it is practised openly in the eyes of mankind,—that is to say, to those who choose to take the trouble of inquiring, all the processes and their results are accessible enough. There is, in fact, no secret, except for those to whom all things are a mystery—the apathetic or the credulous. The manufacture of public opinion, too, resembles the great staple manufactures of the country, in some of its general characteristics. The most powerful and important factories are in the hands, generally speaking, of large capitalists, who carry on their operations on a grand scale,—so grand as, by their giant size and many-handed ramifications, almost to dignify an otherwise ignoble pursuit. Competition, too, is carried on, in this branch of manufacture, with remarkable energy and activity. There are some 'houses' who pride themselves on having only the most scientific and accomplished workmen

—persons to whom the perversion of the true, or the skilful suggestion of the false, is a facile, and even almost an amusing pursuit,—who will never degrade themselves by allowing their pens to trifle with less than the reputation of a statesman, a philosopher, or a sovereign, or the welfare of a nation,—men who, while singing at their work, are ruthless in logic and rancorous in sarcasm ; who smile while they smite, and murder while they smile. Such men will pull you down a chancellor, for example, or stab with the envenomed weapons of slander a diplomatist or a statesman, will varnish over a dexterous partizan with the superficials of greatness, or so disguise a benefactor of mankind that he shall seem a demon in human shape. They are so highly trained, and so masterly in their craft, that to them may be entrusted with certitude any duty of the kind, however difficult or however dangerous. Their minds, 'subdued to what they work in,' acquire, by constant practice and emulation, a kind of relish for their profession. The more gigantic—nay, even the more loathsome the task, the greater the

intellectual triumph, either over truth or over conscience. Thus, to fit a capricious autocrat with the guise of a benignant and paternal sovereign, —to make a drunken king pass for a profound statesman, and to attribute to his solemn cogitations in the cabinet his passionate impulses in his cups,—to libel as Socialists, Democrats, a peaceful and upward-striving nation, hauling itself, with vast and painful effort, from the abysses of sin and anarchy,—to crush by calumny a noble nation struggling for freedom,—these, though labours for a Satan, are but holiday amusements for such highly-trained craftsmen as these choice intellectual gladiators, who, at the bidding of their masters, the great contractors for public opinion in England, are ever ready to rush into the arena, and to maul with equal gusto and relish a Christian, a Pagan, or a Jew.

But these great contracting houses are few. You cannot buy a human soul, except at a high price. You cannot go into the market and purchase the faculties of an educated English gentleman, with his sense of honour and love of truth included in the bargain, except for a good round sum. It must be something in the nature of immense power, of secured indemnity against the vicissitudes of fortune, or a dazzling immediate temptation to the baffled adventurer or the timid recluse. It is obvious that the large contractors only can effect this. As a natural consequence, there are smaller 'houses,'—establishments of various sorts engaged in the manufacture of public opinion, who cannot afford to pay such high terms, and who, therefore, cannot employ the more practised artificers. It is noticeable, however, that what is thereby lost in talent is often gained in truth and honesty. The rough, raw material of thought, is rudely hewn and shaped; but it will more often stand the test of scrutiny than the more showy, superficial, and attractive works of the superior artists. There is a third and widely-spread class of fabricators of public opinion, who, from some cause or other, do not get employed in the great factories, but who are compelled to work on their own account. They have often a larger proportionate quantity of the

raw material of thought than their more successful and gallant rivals, but they do not understand, or do not practise with skill, the veneering and varnishing processes, and, therefore, do not so easily entrap the vulgar with their simpler wares. Above all, they are in want of a market. The great contractors not only produce the commodity, but also create their own market, to the exclusion of their humbler competitors. These last stand much in the position of the luckless handloom-weavers. Starvation is very often their lot; and, at last, the best of them get drafted off into the factories, where they are employed in preparing the materials for the higher class of workmen. The competition in the manufacture of opinion is productive of much evil, as is the competition in other branches of national industry. The 'cheap' article finds its way to the market, and the general tendency is towards decline in quality and increase in quantity. Formerly, paper and print were the chief items of expenditure; now, paper and print cost less than brains, and, strange to say, the conscience market is found to rise in proportion to the increase in the rewards to pliability,—a fact worthy of consideration by Messieurs the Political Economists and the statistical machines.

The English people do not think for themselves. It is not that they could not, but that they will not. An Englishman thinks he thinks, and God bless him for it! for if it were otherwise, what would become of the mob of gentlemen who live with ease by thinking for him? If John Bull would only just 'put that and that together,' in matters of opinion, as he does in matters of business, then would there be no mission, no call, for any one to expose to his simple, unsuspicious mind, the profitable playfulness of his deceivers. The normal condition of John Bull is to have no opinions of his own. Instincts and fixed ideas he has, which, in the form of prejudices and accepted maxims, he takes for granted; but beneath the surface there is a great and rich mine unworked. No wonder this, if we reflect that, for upwards of two centuries, he has believed that he could live without

thinking. He goes to rest, trusting to the watchman.

In many classes of society, a man who thinks is looked upon as something rather dangerous than otherwise. Skim over the surface of subjects—deal in platitudes, put forward notions that have been sprinkled with holy water; talk mysticism, even, if you be dark, lofty, ‘philosophical’ enough—and the master of the house pushes round the bottle briskly: nay, if you be sufficiently poetical and unintelligible, perchance the mistress herself may graciously deign to smile upon you, and offer you with her coffee a seat by her side on a sofa, ‘to continue that delightful subject;’ but beware of stirring a question—even the most ordinary and every-day affair—to its very depths; beware of doubting the absolute, unimpeachable excellence and superiority of every thing that is, of the latest new nostrums in morals and politics, or, above all, of the favourite preacher! Beware, O adventurous German, of thy metaphysics! O Frenchman, of thy philosophy of politics and society! O Hungarian, of thy historical retrospections!—beware, O connoisseur in art, of thy aspirations after the lofty and supreme in religious decorations! O connoisseur in music, of thy passionate devotion to the spiritual in interpretative harmony! Trust not to that smooth and glassy surface of conversation which tempts thy warm and ardent impulses. Plunge not! ’Tis all ice: you must only skate over it; show to the admiring audience the wavy gracefulness of your polished mind, the delicate poise with which you touch and go.

There are in use two modes of administering truth to Englishmen. There is the homœopathic system. This is the more dangerous, but the more honest of the two: it requires a bold and skilful hand. You take a new idea. It is not perhaps absolutely necessary to tell John Bull that it is poison, because that is his first impression; but it is better to do so, as you thereby acquire a character for openness and frankness, which always much assists him in his simple logical processes. You next reduce that idea to its narrowest possible dimensions; carefully avoid associating it with others, as he dreads

the slightest approach to generalization; isolate it, in fact, as completely as you possibly can. You then commence to operate. You look him full in the face, admit the noxious character of the medicine, but point out to his moral perception that it is a specific, and that it will work this or that cure in his social system. Then the good man, sometimes in a flight of magnanimity, more often in an access of terror, manfully makes up his mind to swallow the dose, and patiently to await the result. If the specific medicine does not work the specific cure, you are a lost man, a charlatan, and a humbug. If you ameliorate any but the one thing you promised to aim at, you are done for. Never prescribe for him again. Go rather to France or to Germany, and generalize, philosophize. Or—but mind, it’s your only chance—turn statistician: that may hereafter save you; for John Bull has more faith in one statistic-chopper than in a thousand philosophers. The other mode of administering truth to an Englishman is more primitive, more domestic in its character, more suited to his nature, but, it is to be regretted, less manly and straightforward. You physic him as you do babies. You do not isolate your specific; but you mix up an amalgam of various ideas, principles, pretexts, and facts, in one large dose—the purgative action (reduced expenditure, reform of the Church, or such-like) predominating—you then bib-and-tucker him, hold back his head, and, spoon in hand, force it down his throat—in sugar. This mode he prefers of the two: after a time the medicine works—he feels decidedly better, declares that he has just gone through a ‘crisis,’ and so quietly commences a new accumulation of abuses against the advent of new physicians. These are of two schools. The one, which may be called the high-school, practise on the homœopathic system. These are the statesmen, the Peels, the Clarendons, the Grahams, or the Gladstones. The others may be with equal truth classed as the low-school—the Cobdens, Brights, and such-like practitioners of the apothecary class. There is an intermediate school, partaking of the character of each. Sometimes they administer very

small truths in the smallest possible doses : at others they pour in a good round purge. These may be ranked as a kind of 'general practitioners'—educated as physicians, but practising like apothecaries. To this intermediate or mongrel school belong the Russells and the Lansdownes.

Really, however, truth is about the last thing thought of by the artists engaged in veneering the public mind. With such a good, easy soul as John Bull to work upon, one cannot so much feel wonder that the temptation offered to politicians, journalists, artists, bookmakers, managers of public spectacles, should be too strong for natures not, perhaps, originally too stern and stoical. If a man goes about with purses hanging from all his pockets, and perpetually asking everybody his way, and how they'd advise him to go, one is not surprised if so much carelessness and simplicity should create some few rogues. If we look to political matters, what temptations there are ! Take the case of publications — quarterly, weekly, monthly, daily. So long as they are openly and avowedly party organs they do but little mischief ; they are the exponents of certain fixed principles, and the slaves of certain immemorial prejudices and passions. But now, you know, there is 'no party.' A witty journalist said not long since that Mr. Cobden thought repeal of the Corn-laws had done away with original sin. In like manner there are those who seriously believe that the late Sir Robert Peel destroyed party in this country. This throws people off their guard, and renders them more easy victims. Especially in foreign politics, too, it is perceptible that there is much scope for the craftsmen. It is to be regretted that John Bull, with all his great qualities, is somewhat selfish. His magnanimity is usually reflective. When England was herself a struggling nation, in a political sense, nothing could exceed the sympathy of the English for foreigners in distress. But now England is quite at ease. She has no tyrannical rulers or venal judges : she thinks she has no insidious politicians striving, under the mask of administrative reforms, to sap the strength of her free institutions. Still less has she

any mob, at least of a serious character. Therefore, she feels strongly inclined to take her ease ; and if you are only adroit enough in your choice of calumnies, you may get her to look on very quietly while the liberties of neighbouring nations are being crushed.

Public opinion on domestic politics, politico-economic questions, or social reforms, is manufactured on a system now so perfectly organized, that it can be worked with scientific precision. As the conviction of the public in their own infallibility marches steadily to the strains of flattery, and with the prestige of past success, the manoeuvres of the chieftains increase in boldness, and attain a sort of Napoleonic grandeur. Of late years the English have been very proud of what they call 'great popular movements.' They like to be told, every few years, that the people are going to 'arise in their strength,' and throw off this or that relic of a barbarous legislation. The principle of the system of operations is to make the public believe that they are doing everything themselves, when, in fact, they are the mere dupes of a few clever tacticians ; to pride themselves on the 'action of public opinion,' when they are only repeating, like parrots, the notions which, in the aggregate, tend to produce the desired superficial result. With a given amount of perseverance, lungs, and cash, almost any kind of 'public opinion' may be brought about in England, provided the artificers engaged are sufficiently good tacticians, and can hide the *modus operandi*. The most obvious and honourable method is one now altogether out of date, voted *rococo*, discarded as being too simple and straightforward for an enlightened age. Deliberate demonstration and argument, moderation in the mode of seeking, and justice in the object sought, are quite out of the question ; because the intention is to produce a superficial and false effect, not to work on the original raw material, and make the most of it. Some of the wiser and more honest among our statesmen have sought to modify, if not to obviate the evil, by a system of compromises. That, however, does not suit the new school, which boasts publicly of its power to impose any

set of opinions on the legislature that are not on the very face of them too absurd to be entertained; although, it should be added, that in matters of minor importance not directly affecting the more vital interests of the public, these practices are carried on to the extent of daring outrages on common sense. It is in the more important matters, however, that the art of veneering the public mind is carried on with the greatest dexterity.

Out-of-doors parliaments are an institution of comparatively recent origin. They are in their nature totally distinct from public meetings, as recognized in the practical working of the Constitution. A public meeting, in its natural state, is, or ought to be, a spontaneous manifestation of the general feeling, or of the wishes of particular classes, with the view of respectfully laying them before the legislature as elements of legislation. It is a strictly legitimate corollary to a limited suffrage, and a protracted duration of parliamentary sessions. The out-of-doors parliament is a new institution, essentially different in character and origin. It has nothing spontaneous in its nature, nor is it in the slightest degree deliberative. It is called together by beat of drum, as the quack at a fair collects his wandering and gaping audiences. The constituents of this out-of-doors parliament have nothing directly in common with the persons who undertake to represent them before the public and the Government. In the 'public meeting' the speaking is a necessity of the occasion, and the orators respond by a species of instinct to the feelings of the assembled people. It presents from time to time a fair gauge of the state of public opinion: statesmen can calculate upon the manifestations there made as having some weight, from their truthfulness and honesty of purpose, if no more. But the out-of-doors parliaments are got together for the orators, not for the people. The speakers do not respond to the sentiments of the auditory; they are in no respect a political necessity; they supply their auditors with *ad captandum* ideas, which, when accepted as truth, while the thinking faculty is dormant, present a superficies of opinion. We

have had, within the last twenty years or so, some instances of this manufacture of public opinion, so flagrant that it is needless to name them. To the political philosopher they are in the last degree contemptible; because opinions caught up so hastily cannot have much depth of foundation. One strong instinct—one antiquated prejudice, if you will—is worth a whole 'great movement' of this kind. On the one, a legislator can rely to a certain extent; on the other, no dependence can be placed, because, sooner or later, the bubble bursts. But a cunning statesman, seeking a pretext to immortalize his name by associating it with great acts of legislation, finds these large contracting manufacturers of public opinion very convenient. Aided at the opportune moment by journalism, and by the mysterious influence of example on multitudes, the veneer passes for the true stuff, and the object is effected. The out-of-doors parliaments, in fact, according to the latest accepted practice, supersede the regularly constituted legislature, which is insolently told that it must accept as the true ringing metal this electrotyped gold, skimmed over the native lead or brass at furnace heat. After all the shame we have suffered by the system, it ought to be well-nigh worn out. No such thing. There are yet lower grades of ignorance and conceit to be worked upon. The surface is wide; the industry of the artificers unlimited; the rewards too tempting not to bring fresh investments of capital.

The organization is simple and perfect. In the inner circle of all there is the master, who conceives the plan, and from time to time regulates its action. Sometimes there are more than one, and a common instinct of self-interest compels a common action. Subordinate to them are a highly-trusted class of *employés*, to whom is left the charge of the larger classes or gangs of inferior agents. If the public opinion to be manufactured is to be aimed at some institution of immemorial honour—say, for instance, the Established Church, or the law of primogeniture, or the army and navy (for to these gigantic operators no order is too large to be executed)—

the subdivision is very subtle and ingenious. The division of labour is carried to its utmost pitch of perfection. Though the work to be done is superficial, the process is long. It is necessary, on some subjects, to work secretly—to mask the ulterior destination of the fallacies manufactured, and kept always in readiness. When, at length, the fortunate moment comes, the whole army of workmen is set in motion. Public meetings of the out-of-doors parliament order are held everywhere at once with a most suspicious unanimity of feeling: peripatetic and locomotive orators spring up like mushrooms, all telling the same tale, but in a different form: there are fallacies to suit all comprehensions: the minor journals begin to find which way the wind is being blown, and spread their sails accordingly. A few great fundamental maxims have long since been sent off to the saw-mills: they are sliced, planed, and varnished, with an incredible rapidity; and in a space of time which would barely serve a thinking mind to collect a few of the materials for thought, and clear away prepossessions, you have a splendid superficies of public opinion; and the world is astonished by the spectacle of a great nation seeming to change its principles and policy with the rapidity of a pantomimic trick, or the deceptive ease of a 'dissolving view.'

It is unnecessary to say how far journalism plays a principal part in these manœuvres. Newspapers in England, which ought to lead public opinion, too often merely follow it. It is the great organs alone which are admitted to the secrets of the organization, and then only because it is found that they fall into the veneering practice with a suicidal facility. Experience has proved how powerfully pens, which ought to inculcate truth and wisdom, may be beguiled or influenced into the service of falsehood. Delighted with the prominent place accorded them, they do not see how they are abdicating their true functions. They indeed kill the goose for the golden egg. Time was—and that within the most recent memory—when great journals had a state-policy of their own; when they stood up really as the champions and guardians of the public inter-

ests; when a hint was enough to arrest the attention, and perhaps to change the policy of a statesman; when an epithet well applied could strike at the strength of a demagogue or an impostor, and reduce him to his proper level. The press was then the fourth estate, in fact, as well as in the happy flattery of a phrase. What is it now? It has abdicated its functions. From being the daily orator of the people, supplying in the present age the place occupied by the pulpit in former times, it has allowed the demagogues and agitators to take the wind out of its sails; to stand between it and the public; to make it their servitor, their flunkey: it has lost its independence, and with that its former power and dignity. The same law which has vulgarized our orators, and turned our statesmen into mere registrars of the edicts of out-of-doors parliaments,—the necessity they feel of descending to the market-place, and there haranguing the people, or showing their wounds, has acted on journalism. Increased circulation has necessitated decreased influence. Bulwer spoke once of knowledge being 'like a circle in still water, the wider it spreads, the weaker it grows.' And so with journalism. As the basis of circulation has been widened, it has been necessary to appeal to lower and lower orders of intelligence, and the result is, that the greatest power ever created by man by the agency of mind alone, is gradually 'abolishing itself.' The gentlemen who thus abdicate their functions, give up to mankind what was meant for the few, and cut up the fine wood of wisdom into the thin veneers of popular opinion, seem to think that there are more oaks in the forest, more illimitable plantations to be hewn at command. But they will find out their mistake, like the spendthrift, when it is too late. Statesmanship, whatever may be thought of it now, is the growth of ages. The errors and the successes of the past have alike contributed to its store of truths and axioms. Journalism, too, although a power of recent growth, arose out of the necessity for public teaching. The foundation of its influence is respect, faith, confidence. If the pupils see too much of the

weaknesses of their masters, they cannot be taught. The history of journalism in England presents the spectacle of a sudden rise to unexampled power, and a fall, as sudden and as Napoleon-like, from overweening confidence in seemingly unlimited resources and influence. Of course, there are honourable exceptions; but they are not always honoured in proportion to the self-sacrifice implied by the maintenance of an upright course, and a refusal to pander to the prevalent practice of people-worship. And on behalf of the others it may, perhaps, be urged, that they are not to be blamed for the low average of intelligence in their readers, and their apathetic neglect of their thinking faculties.

Statistics are very largely used in the processes referred to. An invention of comparatively recent date, it has come into almost universal vogue with remarkable celerity. Statistics present the striking advantage over every other description of facts, that they limit the faculties of the student to a simple mental process—one of calculation, in fact—excluding all moral considerations, and precluding all tests and modifications arising out of the impulses of humanity, and its consciousness of fallibility. A man who reasons from his experience or from history, or who has watched the diffidence with which even the wisest men of the past adopted and announced their conclusions, has always a certain modesty of spirit, which leads him, however satisfied of the accuracy of his conclusions, to hold them by a tenure subject to change. An observer of mankind, too, one who looks into things as they are, will assuredly find in all the operations of life, and all the arrangements of society, much of contradiction—much that makes him doubt the irrefragable stability of his impressions—much that makes him tender towards his fellow-men whom he sees tossed and tumbled about on the waves of the moral world, even though he may be anchored in safety. But the philosopher who calculates upon statistics takes a much more firm and exalted position. He has nothing whatever to do with humanity, save in the abstract. Men, women, and children,—morals, happi-

ness, misery,—all are figures—nothing more. Everything in the world is represented in his mind by signs and symbols, and he reasons with the precision and accuracy of a calculating machine,—so much so, that if, by chance, there should be a hiatus in the data, or one of the prime agents should rest in abeyance, he still goes on calculating, and sums up his results with a blind regularity and a provoking exactitude. He deals, indeed, not with living, moving, breathing facts, but with the skeletons, or rather the spectra, of truths: he lives in a world apart from that which he would govern by this army of phantoms; there is nothing real in his philosophy, or in his relations with the actual world. The statistic-chopper is himself a study,—one of the few original characters the age has produced. For an 'Age of Veneer' he seems to be cut out by Nature: you might have predicted his advent with as much certainty as that of a Robespierre,—with whom, in fact, though unconsciously, he has much in common; for he would devastate the world rather than give up his rule-of-three demonstrations. The statistic-chopper, too, is by no means an unamiable man: he has his own system of morality, to which he adheres with stoical self-denial; he is, indeed, too cold-blooded to take pleasure in the mischief created by his pernicious systems of thinking. The Board of Trade returns, or the tables of the Registrar-general, and so forth, are his Bible, by which he swears, and which to him embrace all truth. His one redeeming point is his fanatical faith. The victim of a course of thinking which tends to destroy all the natural religion of man, he clings to his figures with the tenacity and blind reverence of a true believer. He would die for them at the stake. He has recopied earth and heaven,—rooted out the old impulses and instincts of humanity, making a new people for a new world. He looks forward to a heaven of eternal joys, where the genins of mathematics shall reign supreme, and the eternal choir shall only chant inconceivable myriads of totals, and even lose themselves in the ecstasy of impossible calculations. He has but one serious sorrow—there is

bnt one tie that binds him to the living world: it is the 'impossibility of getting accurate returns.' To overcome this difficulty, he will make any sacrifice. For a new survey, or a more lucid method of setting forth a public paper, he will sell his vote to the minister. He besieges the Foreign Secretary with prayers that foreign states may be compelled to publish statistics, just as his latest predecessors in fanaticism used to bore him to make treaties against the slave-trade. The transition marks the change in the moral aspect of the nation.

The eligibility of statistics for veneering purposes was perceived at once. They have a natural tendency to preclude the exercise of private judgment: they are of an elastic nature, and their superficial attraction and deceptive symmetry fit them well to be a covering and a disguise for all the imperfections of the uneducated and unthinking dogmatist. They constitute, moreover, a kind of livery of thought,—a badge of retainership. If there be one thing, too, that an Englishman abhors more than another, it is the duty of generalizing. Accustomed as he was to have a few fixed ideas provided for him by his pastors and masters—a sort of political Creed and Ten Commandments, and a law of observances—to suit his insular position, and keep him isolated from all mankind, now that he is called upon to take part in the general duties of humanity he feels himself quite out of date and out of place. To be compelled to study the realities of his political and social position—to be obliged to see what an arrant hypocrite he is—how little his boasts of superiority are borne out by the test of facts—how he has neglected his duties for the sake of self-seeking and self-glorification,—this, to a modern Englishman, is an insupportable task. Yet, as every individual Englishman, from the duke to the drayman, has in these days undertaken the duty of governing the country,—as 'public opinion' is the great mother whence all truth springs,—perforce the new-born statesman, fresh from his fox-hounds, his law, his classical lectures, his cotton-mill, or his counter, must do something or other to sustain his new-born honours. As

if a gift from heaven, the science of statistics comes to his aid. Statistics, scientifically used, work with the same mysterious power that attached to the higher hieroglyphics in the hands of the Egyptian priesthood. But there is still an inferior order, adapted for the many. It is these that are used in veneering. As has been said, they draw the attention away from the real to fix it on the symbolical. Pauperism, horrible to contemplate in the reality, may be handled by the most delicate mind when it comes in the shape of totals. To see a man starved to death, is a thing to turn a purse-proud hypocrite or a sanctimonious sinner into a Christian,—to prostrate him in shame on the earth,—to make him wash his soul white with repentance. But when it comes in the mild form adopted by the statistic-chopper, it appears quite a matter of course. It is, to a religious and feeling mind, a great consolation to know that, 'if 3 per cent died of poverty and grief last year, this year there were only 2·089.' That shows that things are getting better,—that 'we are recovering from the terrible infliction which it pleased Providence to send down,'—that the happiest results have come from Mr. Macwhacker's plan for peppering paupers' gruel, and so forth. Statistics draw the mind away from the contemplation of facts, and supply excuses for apathy and selfishness. The science of statistics might be described as generalizing by machinery.

A leading organ of public opinion, for instance, institutes an inquiry into the social condition of the labouring poor. It comes to light, that in almost every trade the stress of competition and the cupidity of capital tend to bear down wages—to stretch the endurance of the hard-working poor to the cracking point. A rising statesman, a keen observer of mankind,—one who, from having held high official positions, has had opportunities rarely given of knowing the actual state of the country, puts it forward as a proposition, that 'the rich are growing richer, and the poor more poor.' A similar train of thought, some seven years before, had led one of the most profound and spiritual writers of the age to insert in the greatest organ of opinion

in the world a series of leading articles, in which that and some corollary truths were announced with the fervour of a holy missionary. They were the inspirations of a prophet in the language of a poet and a philosopher. These truths had sunk deeply in the national mind, when there came the extraordinary display and exposition of facts made by the commissioners of the morning paper first referred to. Well, surely these are matters on which a public so eminently philanthropic as the British ought to resolutely see about making a change. But here it is that the statistic-chopper comes in. He looks with abhorrence on any doctrine or preaching that can draw men away from the true faith. He rushes to his tables, consults his oracle, adds up, divides, multiplies, and calculates arithmetical proportions. Out comes a statement, founded upon the most faithful of public documents, which proves to you, by the irrefragable logic of figures, that the rich are growing poorer, and the poor richer. It is true that there is a primary defect in the data — that the statistician has got no tables of the state of things under 150*l*. a-year; but to him that makes no difference: the calculating engine has been set in motion, and, having been duly wound up, it must finish its appointed work. And so, in spite of the observations and conclusions of philosophers and statesmen,—in abnegation of the glaring facts brought to light from day to day in the *Morning Chronicle*, to say nothing of the personal knowledge of every man who will give himself the trouble to inquire, this statistical manufacturer of public opinion obtains currency for his bodiless creation, and the ugly truth is veneered over by a highly-varnished fiction.

One cause, doubtless, of the popularity of statistics as a raw material is, that they may, by dexterous artificers, be used with equal ease on both sides of any given question. Much of the mischief they are calculated to produce is hereby averted.

The gladiatorial character of newspaper combats is thus exposed, and sometimes the reader is tempted to turn away in disgust from the mangled figures strewed around him to the living facts which lie not. But these are exceptions. Statistic-choppers are usually optimists. With the self-conceit of being intensely practical, they are, in fact, the most arrant theorists. They promise a perpetuation of all that is enjoyed in the present, and a multiplication of it in the future. This is consolatory to a nation that would fain join God and Mammon on one altar. Statistics, however, if two-sided, are also two-edged. They are dangerous in unskilled hands. There would seem to be something in the mental and moral constitution of those theorists who, by a strange perversion of terms, are called political economists, which makes them peculiarly fitted for their use. Seeing the success that has attended their efforts, their political opponents, mortified at witnessing such a sudden change on the surface of public opinion, have essayed to use the same tools, and do a little veneering for themselves. But they make a sad business of it. They cannot abstract themselves enough from the realities around them. They are for ever mixing up a little feeling, a little humanity, a little demonstration, with their results. In the end, they only damage themselves; and if they would take the advice of a friend, they would altogether abstain from dealing with matters with which they have no natural concern.

It would be unjust to assume that the manufacture of public opinion, which, for the sake of analogy with the title of this article, has been presumed to exist in a systematic shape, is not often directed by good and philanthropic motives. On the contrary, there are instances innumerable where pious frauds are practised on our good John Bull for the purpose of guiding him to the most excellent actions. Of these the reader can judge for himself.

THE LATEST BOOKS ON GERMANY AND ITALY.*

FROM the year 1840, when mischievous little M. Thiers raised an anti-English feeling in France, and was very near setting the two countries by the ears, till the year 1845, there was great enthusiasm in this country for German literature. Young ladies from ten to twenty lisped the language in every mood and tense. German *bonnes*, German governesses, German butlers, and German couriers rose twenty-five per cent in the market; and every man, woman, and child in the country was going through his *Der Die und Das*, and conjugating his active, passive, neuter, reflective, and reciprocal verbs, from '*Seyn*' down to '*Sich einbilden*.' You could not meet a grave sugar-baker in Austin Friars, or a corpulent drysalter returning homeward, after the labours of the day, to Portland Place or Harley Street, but the dear obese lump of prosperous flesh was murmuring to himself as he went along, '*Ich bilde mir ein*,' '*Du bildest dir ein*,' and such-like phantasies. If you looked at the man of girth and gaiters inquiringly, he would say, 'Ah, my dear friend! Mrs. G—— will have it so. We are going up the Rhine this summer. My wife is now in the midst of *Kleiner Klatowsky*; Augusta is nearly at the end of the phrase-book; and Wilhelmina not merely chatters, but sings and writes German, with a divine sentimentalism that is really—believe me who say it, and yet ought not to say it—quite overpowering.' Impelled by notions such as these, shoals of people from Mayfair and Marylebone, from Belgravia and the new streets then in course of building in that vicinage, placed themselves aboard steamers for Rotterdam, and Antwerp, and Ostend, and, swollen with the new passion for *Deutschland*, wayfared it up the Rhine, and some of them down the Danube. For five long years the passion lasted; but towards 1845, after some summers' experience, it was visibly cooling. In 1846–7, German *bonnes* were at a discount.

In 1848, the events at Frankfort, at Vienna, at Berlin, and at Baden, marvellously cooled this English hyper-enthusiasm. It is now no longer the rage, or rather the *furor*, to go to Germany; but this is not owing to the unjust and unprovoked diatribes of a noble and learned lord (Brongham) delivered this summer in a certain house that shall be nameless. The fact of it is, that most persons who have the leisure and the means of seeing Germany have already seen it, and such as have not had that advantage are deterred by the unsettled condition of the country from moving to the great cities, and limit their peregrinations to a hathing-place, such as Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, or Aix-la-Chapelle.

We doubt, however, whether Germany, though small and more travelled by English during the five years of which we have been speaking, is much better understood by foreigners than it was thirty or even forty years ago. Of all the wishy-washy travels or books on Germany that have appeared in our day, in such unlicked and unshapen profusion, there is not one to compare with the *Germany* of Madame de Staël, written so far back as 1810—with the *Germany* of Russell, written in 1820, 21, and 22—or even with the work of Hodgskin, written in 1819 and published in 1820. The people who have gone on summer trips to Germany have not tarried long enough in the land to know the country or the people; they have moved about from place to place—here one day, there the next. Their journey has been a journey of pleasure, of hustle, of locomotion—not of study or business; they have visited theatres and operas, baths and gardens, curiosities and sights of all kinds; they have learned how to say, '*Wie befinden sie Sich*' to any acquaintance, or to say to the waiter in the morning, '*Ist das Frühstück da?*' or at the conclusion of the meal they are enabled to translate, perad-

* *Germania: its Courts, Camps, and People*. By the Baroness Blaze de Bury. Two Volumes. London: H. Colburn. 1850.

Young Italy. By Alex. Baillie Cochrane, M.P. London: John W. Parker. 1850.

venture, into mispronounced German, 'Take away the things,' or, 'Serve the dinner at five, six, or seven o'clock,' as the case may be. But this is not knowing Germany or the German literature or language, much less is it the being qualified to write a book on that country, so difficult to be understood.

To understand Germany and the Germans, one must have lived long and much in the land—one must have mixed with the people, have studied their literature, have followed the courses in some of their universities, and ate of their household salt in summer and winter. How few are there that have done this! Among all our own acquaintance who have visited Germany, amounting to some seventy or eighty persons, most of them men of studious habits and of considerable attainments, there are not more than a couple who thoroughly understand the language, the country, its laws or institutions, and these are the very men who have not leisure to write. Yet Germany, from its geographical position, may be considered the heart of Europe; and in any great mental, moral, or material conflict, Allemania is destined to play an important part among the nations of the earth. The people of Germany in general are brave, free-hearted, laborious, and sincere; and though there is, about all they say or do, a tinge of mysticism, melancholy, and romance, very difficult to be comprehended by a smart London Cockney man of business, or by a hard-headed, practical, and unpoetical lawyer of Westminster Hall, yet this mysticism, though often cloudy and nebulous, is generally allied with high thoughts and aspirations, with generous and noble views, though views, we admit, occasionally somewhat too poetical and transcendental. But with all their faults the Germans are an eminently lovable people; for they are truly honest, frankly well-meaning, and thoroughly sincere: they are, indeed, a people eminently formed, when thoroughly known, to gain on the good opinion of the English.

Germany is now, we admit, in a state of transition, in a new phase of its being as a nation. Many wild, conceited, impracticable, and occa-

sionally naked theories, have been broached during the last two years and a half in Baden, in Prussia, in Frankfort, and in Vienna. But these states, notwithstanding the promises of princes, had been so long kept in leading-strings—not to say bondage—the word of promise had been so often made to the ear and broken to the hope—their expectations had been so dallied with, and the moment of fruition so long delayed,—that it is not extraordinary that, after the events of February 1848, there was a great deal of extravagance, of both expression and of action—that the words Republic, Democracy, Socialism, and Unity of Germany, were heard and acted upon, and that outbreaks took place and crimes were committed at Vienna, at Berlin, and in Baden, Frankfort, and elsewhere, which cannot for a moment be palliated or defended. We are not defending, or even palliating, any of the excesses of the people, urged on by propagandists and professors; and God forbid that we should defend, palliate, or excuse, any of the excesses and crimes committed at Vienna, Frankfort, and elsewhere,—such as the execrable and sanguinary murders of Auerwald, or Lichnowsky, or Latour, or Lamberg. But if the German people are to be condemned at the bar of public opinion for some sanguinary crimes, for many errors, innumerable follies, and unpardonable excesses, the princes and cabinets of Germany are also obnoxious to censure for deeds of omission and commission—for expectations raised to be disappointed—for promises made only to be evaded, delayed, or altogether broken.

We say this much as a preface to the political pamphlet of Madame Blaze de Bury, in two volumes, the lady at present before us in our critical capacity. We say political pamphlet, for it is nothing more and nothing less. Sharp, clever, occasionally brilliant, and uniformly distinguished by *esprit*, are these volumes. But they are not travels in Germany, or a history of its 'courts, camps, and people,' to use the alliterative and attractive title which the bookseller invented for the book-maker. The volumes are a pungent diatribe against revolutionists and popular leaders generally, and a series of

panegyrics—often loathsomely fulsome—on the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia; on the Queen of Bavaria, and the Archduchess Sophia; on the Count and Countess of Chambord, on Radetzky, on Jellaichich, on Windischgrütz, &c.

The pamphlet, however clever and well put together, is altogether one-sided—completely unilateral, as they would say in Germany. While every prince, and nearly every minister, is flattered, commended, and highly approved, there is not a civil or even a fair word for Kossuth or any one of the men who in Hungary, Germany, or Italy, stood up against authority. The motives of all are depreciated, and their actions maligned.

There are reasons for this, abundantly apparent, in the very few glimpses which Madame Blaze de Bury gives of her own history. The lady is, it appears, a Scotch Roman Catholic, whose maiden name was Stuart, and as she lived with, was patronised and chaperoned, in Paris and elsewhere, by a countrywoman and a relative, a Mrs. Dunbar, it is not unfair to presume that Mademoiselle Stuart, now Madame Blaze de Bury, was always a Jacobite at heart. The names of Stuart and Dunbar smack of Charles Edward and the Chevalier. This Jacobite tendency accounts for Madame Blaze de Bury's admiration of the Count and Countess de Chambord—for her heart's whole devotion to the old Austrian system—for her extravagant admiration of the Ban Jellaichich—and for her denunciations of the English system in India. This, also, in part accounts for her disrelish to the family of Orleans, and for her elaborate panegyric on all the members of the elder branch, past, present, and to come. Yet there are not wanting those malignant enough to say that M. Blaze de Bury, the husband of the fair authoress, was, in 1846, 1847, and 1848, a candidate for employment under the junior branch of the House of Bourbon, and that great interest was used with the king to have the gentleman nominated to some post. M. Guizot, however, was inexorable, and M. Blaze de Bury remained, when the Revolution of 1848 broke out, unemployed and without place. We are ourselves no very enthusiastic ad-

mirers of the frigid and self-important *doctrinaire* of the Geneva school, M. Guizot; but when we find him designated, in vol. ii. p. 445, as 'the meanest and falsest of men,' we cannot help thinking that the examiner's inability to appreciate the peculiar aptitude of M. Blaze de Bury for official life may have had somewhat to do with this bitter denunciation of his 'meanness and falseness.'

M. Guizot should have remembered who it was that recommended M. Blaze de Bury to the King of the French's special protection, and if he wished for a quiet life he ought to have given the aspirant something. In 1846 or 1847 he was gallant enough to grant a Bureau de Tabac to the husband of Lady John Russell's *femme de chambre*, at the request of the *chère moitié* of the English premier, if we are to believe the revelations of the *Revue Retrospective*, given under the hand of the lady herself; and surely the ex-French premier might have granted a *sous préfet's* place, in 1848, to M. Blaze de Bury, if but to quiet the complaining tongue of the most vivacious and the most mercurial, but not certainly the worst-natured man, under the sun.

What other claims, if any, than foreign recommendation, M. Blaze de Bury had on the French Government, we profess to be ignorant. But supposing them to have been much stronger than we believe they were, we ourselves know that many abler and far more deserving men were neglected by that apparently austere minister, who took for his motto the words, *Linea recta brevissima*.

At what period Madame Blaze de Bury visited Germany she nowhere in these volumes specifically tells us. With that delightful disregard of time, and place, and circumstance, which may be charming in some cases, but which is intolerable in a book like this—we find but one date in the volumes, and that is to the preface, which appears to have been written at a place called 'Les Champeaux,' on the 6th of August, 1850. Where Les Champeaux is we have no means of knowing. It may be in the wilds of Brittany, or in the heart of *La Champagne pouilleuse*. From internal evidence, however,

we gather that this tour in Germany was performed at the end of the year 1848 or 1849.

We are ourselves no believers in a united Germany. We do not think the thing possible now, nor in our time—nor desirable in the interests of the rest of Europe even though it were possible, which it clearly is not. But the reasoning Madame Blaze de Bury brings to bear against a united Germany is singularly inconclusive. It is not because the native of Gotha dislikes the Bavarian, or the Prussian the Austrian, or the Saxon the Hanoverian, that a fusion of the races is not possible. We find these antipathies existing between the Englishman and the Scotchman, between the Scotchman and the Irishman, between the Englishman and the Welshman—nay, between different counties of the same kingdom, as in Ireland—and yet the three countries are indissolubly united. So in Spain. The Andalusian does not love the Asturian, the Asturian does not love the Gallician, the Gallician does not love the Catalanian, the Catalanian does not love the Biscayan, while the old Castilian looks down on all. Yet these people are united under one crown. The people of Italy yearn and strain, with all the reachings and graspings of vivacious, ardent, and enthusiastic minds, for unity, and one day or other they must be united; yet the strongest bond of union among them, as Forsyth says with his usual concinnity, is only a coincidence of hatred. The Tuscans are unanimous in hating the other states of Italy; the Senesi agreed best in hating all the other Tuscans, and the citizens of Sienna in hating the rest of the Senesi. But though a Roman or a Genoese cries out *Càco como un Fiorentino* in the street or the marketplace, yet ask a Roman or a Genoese whether he would like a united Italy, and he will bound to his legs at once, his eyes will sparkle and fire with enthusiasm, and he will answer in a transport a thousand times, 'Yes.' Madame de Bury, we therefore think, proves nothing in demonstrating the existence of these petty differences and antipathies. Among the same family oftentimes, husbands and wives, if the tongue of scandal speak truly (we know nothing of the

subject ourselves, not being in the holy state of matrimony), sometimes have little differences, and twit each other with their peculiar feelings and weaknesses. But, notwithstanding these passing clouds, the union is not the less binding, and neither party is desirous of looking for its repeal.

The second chapter of Madame Blaze de Bury's book is devoted to the Baden Republicans, whom she dedicates to the infernal gods with the zeal of a true Jacobite, and the hearty hatred of a woman.

Frederick Hecker, however, is a little better treated than his fellows. The lady thus speaks of him:—

Born in 1811 at Eichersheim, near Mannheim, after having completed his studies at the university, and received his doctor's degree (oh, a plague of German Doctors! it is they who have done it all!), he chose the law as his profession, and considered already by the Radical party as one of its greatest lights, he was elected upon the express recommendation of Itzstein as a member of the Lower House. He had then attained his thirty-first year; and in 1842 helped to overthrow the Blittersdorf ministry. From this moment, until 1845, Hecker was busy in all the doings of the Opposition. He called for ministerial responsibility, spoke in favour of freedom of the press, trial by jury, separation of the judicial from the political administration, establishment of an income-tax, and German unity. In many of these things he was right, and his eloquence would have deserved to have had better results; but there was that in Hecker, as in most of his political brethren, which under the mask of constitutionalism betrayed the wolf in sheep's clothing.

The Opposition, however, as will be remembered, was getting the heat of it, and in the autumn of 1846 the rival parties stood thus:—For the Radicals, 34; for the Government, 29; the Second Chamber counting only 63 members in all. Great reforms had been obtained, but the leaders of the Opposition wanted still greater; and upon the question of the Budget, after clamoring for universal suffrage, popular privileges, and liberties impossible, Hecker suddenly proposed a refusal of subsidies. Upon this ground, however, he found himself in an unexpected minority; and only nineteen of his party voted with him, fifteen of them going over to the ministry. Bekk, of whom we have just spoken, was then minister. This defeat sorely wounded the champion of the 'people's rights,' and in the following year he resigned his post as a deputy, and went to

the south of France, whence he returned with an increase of democratic ardour.

In September 1847, he was at the head of the meeting of Offenbourg, where, under the title of *Demands of the People*, the famous programme of the Radical party made its appearance. Now commenced the open struggle between the Government and the party which had left the ranks of the Opposition, properly so called, to enter those of that Radicalism, which is so speedily transformed into revolution and revolt. An attempt was made to pursue Hecker, Struve, and some others, judicially, but nothing came of it.

It would be too long to follow Hecker through all his career as a member of the *Vor-Parlament*, and of the Assembly of the Paulskirche; it is with his action in Baden that we have to do. Suffice it to say, that in Frankfort he was for some time the leader of the Extreme Left, and as such, an object of idolatry to the long-haired population of incipient doctors, who have nothing on earth to lose, and fancy they have a great deal to gain by revolution.

As a tribune of the people, Hecker had many advantages. He was good-looking and eloquent, and possessed of that quality which ranks so high amongst the sort of persons he was generally called upon to harangue,—the determination to 'go a-head,' let what will be the consequence.

Before going further, I think it but just to say one thing. Hecker was sincere in what he did. There are two sorts of revolutionists: those who would overturn the world and all its institutions for some advantage to themselves, (generally of the most material and sensual kind, for the love of glory actuates them but very little), and those who, perceiving objects in a false light, really believe they are devoting themselves to the truth. Hecker was of these. He was rich; married to a young wife whom he loved, the father of three children, and surrounded by several external circumstances which should have made him appreciate the tranquil pleasures of life. He was a sincere Republican; nor is it for this I blame him. Convictions are not to be condemned as such; their law is sincerity, truth, and if they are sincere they have a right to, and a claim upon respect, like all things true. But there where convictions, however sincere, become blameable, is where, instead of leading only to self-sacrifice, they involve the sacrifice of thousands, and may be the irretrievable ruin of whole lands. No man living has a right to force a body of his fellowmen to what he may consider their advantage against their will; and

he who, in the name of his idea, excites his countrymen to trample upon what is, charges himself with a responsibility, a complete perversion of vision alone can give him courage to assume.

Gagern receives more justice than Hecker. Madame Blaze de Bury admits that no enthusiasm inspired by the Archduke John, or the King of Prussia as future Emperor of Germany, equalled that inspired by the President of the National Assembly. In the streets, in the Assembly, and in society, his influence was the same. Women, according to our authoress, would tear a glove of his into atoms, and preserve the bits as relics; and Madame Blaze de Bury states she could name one noble lady who wore a sleeve-button of Gagern's mounted in diamonds.

Our lady-authoress admits the great services rendered by Gagern, but avers that his resources were exhausted before he had been enabled to do any more real good than that which lay in prevention of still further evil.

Madame Blaze de Bury contends that Gagern is worn out, because his brow is furrowed and his hair grey—because his figure is somewhat bent and his voice veiled. But if these be indications of a man's being worn out, Mr. Disraeli and the Earl of Carlisle, though younger men than M. Gagern, are also worn out.

Henry William Augustus Gagern is now only in his fifty-first year. He is the son of John Christopher Ernest Gagern—not Henry, as Madame de Bury has it—who was in the service of Nassau and Holland, and who spent some time in England between 1813 and 1814. The course of Henry Gagern, the son, has always been straightforward, independent, and eminently unselfish; and if he have not succeeded, either in the Paulskirche at Frankfort, at Berlin, or elsewhere, according to his wishes, the fault is more in his stars than in himself. Madame de Bury intimates that he is a man of aristocratic nature,—that he is, in every respect, a gentleman; and she alleges that this accounts for the antipathy of the Revolutionists and her own prejudices in favour of the individual.

We regret to perceive that this slavish deference, and what we must call this snobbish reverence, for what

she deems aristocracy, disfigures every portion of Madame Blaze de Bury's book. Whether this lady has been in the habit of moving in the first circles of society we have no means of accurately knowing; but as she always pulls up a title as the Countess This, the Duchess That, and the Marquise So-and-so, we incline to think that Madame de Bury's entrance into such circles is very recent, and, like most persons under such circumstances, the newly-admitted hierophant thinks she can never too often chink the coin of a sounding title on the counter. This is villanous and vulgar to a degree. In society abroad, one says 'Monsieur de Talleyrand' and 'Madame de Talleyrand,' 'Monsieur de Metternich' and 'Madame de Metternich;' not 'Prince' and 'Princess,' 'Count' or 'Countess,' or 'Viscount' or 'Viscountess.' Who, with the least *vanité* or breeding, ever called Chateaubriand 'Viscount,' or M. de Vilelle 'Viscount de Vilelle,' or M. de St. Aulaire 'Count?' The ringing the changes upon titles is reserved for the very lowest vulgar, and the worst classes of Cockney English and of underbred Scotch and Irish, who have always a title in their mouths.

In her descriptions of social life and of exterior objects, where Madame Blaze de Bury gives not the rein to her prejudices, but observes and notes down her impressions, her remarks are valuable, and, in general, correct. Her observations on Munich may be taken as an example. She says, and says truly, that, out of Paris, there is no place where luxury is so widely diffused as in Munich, or where the attributes and accessories of society are so magnificent.

The aristocracy of Munich manifests in its pleasures the association of art with enjoyment.

On the many virtues of the Bavarian aristocracy, male and female,

The boys with all their fathers' sense,
The girls with all their mothers' beauty,

as Sheridan hath it, we have not space to dwell. We cannot go over the 'lofty brow,' the 'dark eye,' the 'clustering brown locks,' the 'tapering fingers of her hand as she draws off her glove' (O Madame de Bury!), nor mark the 'exquisite nails that seem made to open, Aurora-like,

the gates of day.' These are the salient points of Caroline Countess of Hassenheim, 'a born princess of Wallenstein ['think of that, Master Brook! think of that!'], one of Bavaria's first and noblest dames.' Reflect on these things, York,—remember them, Norroy,—treasure them in your heart of hearts, ye Lodges, ye Dehretts, ye Dodds, and, quintessence of snobbery and flunkeydom, ye Burkes!

We cannot trust ourselves to touch on the two sisters that stand nigh unto the Hassenheim, 'one prettier than anything you can imagine.' This is Viscountess d'Almeida: the fascinating countenance of the other is owned by the Baroness Gumpenberg. Then there is Mademoiselle de Gumpenberg, who resembles 'a water nymph;' and our authoress would 'not be surprized if some day, beneath the groves of the Englische Garten, the green waves of the *Iser* [*quare*, *Iser*?] tried to allure her into their depths.'

In describing art and artists, Madame Blaze de Bury has got out of the millinery, the lady's-maid, and the court-newsman style. She seems to understand and appreciate the enthusiasm and the devotion of German artists, who live *for* art and not *by* it, as she well phrases it. Something of this feeling—indeed, a great deal—is due to the late King of Munich, Louis of Bavaria, a munificent patron of the arts; but it is in the nature of an educated German to love art for its own sake. It is this impulse within,—it is the love and the delight the Germans feel for art, that enable them to vanquish obstacles. '*Nur der innere Trieb, die Lust, die Liebe helfen uns Hindernisse überwinden*,' says Göthe. The following remarks on the celebrated German artist Schwanthaler will repay perusal:—

Schwanthaler.

Never was the spirit of chivalry so understood as by Schwanthaler. Other sculptors have other merits; Thorwaldsen, Dannecker, Schadow, Rauch, are names about the illustriousness of which there can be no question: some are classical, some poetical, all remarkable for elevation; but Schwanthaler alone is chivalrous. Look at yon figure of Rudolph of Hapsburg, at the end of the gallery,—is it not the very ideal of the warlike emperor, the *Deutscher Kaiser*,

who, before his call to the throne, had nothing but his horse, and his sword, and his old tower amongst the Alps—a true and genuine Ritter?

The observations which follow on the attitude of Bavaria and the historical party in Germany are, at the present time, of universal interest.

Historical party in Germany.

In the late divisions of Germany, the different German governments have worn the colours of two distinct parties: one is based upon the respect of treaties, and calls itself the Right; the other rests upon the manifestations of popular exigencies, and is termed, by its enemies, a Fact. One will hear only of what it maintains ought to be, the other calls in expediency to its aid. Between these two great parties comes a third, deriving its existence from the first; this is the traditional, or, as it is denominated, the Historical party.

That the 'Historical School' has exercised a considerable influence in German affairs within the last two years is what, I think, no one will attempt to deny; and nowhere has this influence prevailed more strongly than in Bavaria.

Bavaria, as we have seen, furnished the very name by which originally were designated the partizans of authority. Guelph was the term for those who supported the power of the Pope against the Emperor, whose adherents were styled Ghibellines. When the great war of the two eternally warring principles had ceased between the Tiara and the Crown, authority became exclusively lodged in the latter; and the empire, attacked by the Reformation, was now the symbol of power based upon right, and the Guelphs of this period are still the same, and we have the Elector Maximilian defending Ferdinand II., and opposing Gustavus Adolphus with all his might. The question of race also acts undeniably in this. Bavaria is in Germany (properly so called, and excluding therefrom Austria), the central point of the Southern States, and as such nourishes an antipathy for Northern Germany, but above all for Prussia, prompts, and has prompted, most of the political measures which the Bavarian Government has adopted.

One of the politicians, who has been most before the public for the last eighteen months or two years, in Bavaria, is the minister Von der Pfordten, a man unknown and unheard of ten or fifteen years ago. The race of the Armannspers, the Schencks, the Zeutners, and officials celebrated eighteen or twenty years

ago, appears to have been altogether set aside, and new men to have started into existence with a new king. Of these, Von der Pfordten has been most prominently before the public. Madame Barry thus speaks of him:—

Von der Pfordten.

Now I do not mean to give my own judgment in this question, time will show whether Bavaria has or has not acted wisely in opposing the Hegemony of Prussia, but that by the efforts of M. de Pfordten alone she did oppose it most effectually, and that in his intimate conviction it was the only part she had to take, are two irrefutable facts. We have already said that the courage and talent required to bring about this avowed tendency towards Austria were of no ordinary kind.

And no such very easy thing, either, would it have been to defend an opinion attacked by Pfordten. There is in what I would call the accessories of his eloquence something that reminds one of M. Guizot. The voice, the gesture, the dogmatical manner, have a certain resemblance with Louis-Philippe's ex-minister; but in the form he adopts in speaking there is a marked difference (greater still in the matter of the speech,) between him and the statesman who once declared, in a question of no slight importance, where two opposed measures were proposed, that '*L'une et l'autre conduite peuvent se tenir.*'

M. de Pfordten is exceedingly concise, always to the point, and (what in German is very rare) proceeds by short phrases. He is remarkable for that brilliant lucidity given by a powerful conviction; and as yet even his enemies have not ventured to mistrust his conscientiousness, or doubt his profound attachment to his country. Some think this attachment goes a little too far, inasmuch as it induces a perhaps somewhat exaggerated estimate of the influence likely to be exercised by Bavaria. Be that as it may, M. de Pfordten has attached his name to the first overt act of resistance against the principles established by the Assembly of Frankfort, and that at a moment when it was an arduous thing so to do.

A man better known in England than Pfordten is the Prince Octtungen Wallerstein, one of the cleverest and most agreeable men in Germany. We had ourselves the pleasure of knowing and of being received in the house of M. Wallerstein more than twenty years ago, when he was President of the Regency of the Danube, and subsequently at Munich.

Thus Madame Blazé de Bury speaks of him,—

Prince Oettingen Wallerstein.

The most famous adversary of this intrepid minister is, and has been throughout, Prince Oettingen-Wallerstein. The Prince is one of the very first *grands seigneurs* of Bavaria, and one of the men who best deserve to have applied to them the French word *spirituel*. He is *spirituel* to an eminent degree; and more than that, is so engaging in manner, that those who regret the deepest the conduct of the politician, are still fettered by the talents of the man.

After having been one of the last prime ministers of the sovereign who styled himself 'the Last King,' Prince Wallerstein gradually descended to the position of a leader of the extreme Opposition, distrusted by those for whom he sacrificed all, and whom the lustre of his name alarmed, a deserter from his order—the Mirabeau of Munich.

I know of few parliamentary speeches more brilliantly witty than that made by Prince Wallerstein in reply to the discourse of M. de Pförfen, from which I have made certain extracts in the first pages of this chapter, and which we had the good fortune to hear him make; but it would, at the same time, be hard to say what plan the princely revolutionist would oppose to that of the Government: for if he will not hear of Austria, neither will he bear the sound of Prussia's name, and unless indeed it be the much-talked-of *Triad*, in which Bavaria was to have the casting vote between the two great German powers, it is not easy to discern the object of M. de Wallerstein's desires. The opening of this speech is a very remarkable one:—'Gentlemen,' commenced he, 'we were yesterday reminded of All-Saints' Day; and it is certainly rather a singular circumstance that we should be called upon to discuss the question of a German constitution precisely upon that day which all Christendom devotes to the dead.'

The speech abounded in similar *traits d'esprit*; but, amongst others, I cannot avoid noticing one which set the whole House in a roar. After branching off at the end into general considerations upon the different states of the universe, he hints at a moment when England, the last bulwark of the old world's civilization, must give way in turn, and the new world rise triumphant in the form of America. 'But,' concludes he, 'this will not much influence the present discussion; for, before that comes to pass, there will elapse a period so long—so long, that by that time even the question of the German Constitution may be settled!'

Whilst looking at Prince Wallerstein's tall figure, and marking the gentleman-like grace with which he decks subversive thoughts, I could not avoid saying to myself, with an old friend of M. de Mirabeau's, *Quel dommage! il était si bien né!* I confess that, accustomed as I was to the abominations of the Babel-like Constituante of Paris, I was much surprised by the tranquillity of the Bavarian House of Commons; and I could not refrain from asking my neighbour, the Countess T—, why the Assembly in Munich was so orderly, that of Frankfurt having been so much the reverse?

'Because they drink beer here; and on the banks of the Rhine they drink wine!' was the laughing reply.

And the truth lies there. In Bavaria everything is connected indirectly with beer. The revolution which drove the king to abdicate was nothing; but in the insurrection occasioned by the addition of half a kreuzer duty upon beer, several lives were lost, and numberless excesses committed. The first idea among the lower classes is beer; and they show their admiration of the Glyptothek, by calculating how many measures of beer it must have cost.

Any one who has lived much in Germany, will agree in Madame Blazé de Bury's remarks on the manner in which the arrogant and conceited burghers of that newest of capitals interlard French and Italian among their words; as, for example, *Das ist charmant, Im Ersten piano*, &c. Our authoress calls their attempt 'clapper-clawing French,' and maltreating their own language after a manner peculiarly their own.

The remarks Madame de Bury makes on the Berlin society, are, in the main, correct. Ever since the days when Madame de Staël called Prussia *la patrie de la pensée*, the society of Berlin has become of a deeper blue. In the salons there are pedantry and pretension; in the streets drums, fifes, and soldiers—soldiers, drums, and fifes; and thus the year wears on from January to May, and from May to December. Our authoress contends that the Prussians owe a good deal of their success to their presumption, and we don't know that she is wrong.

We extract the following list of *petits journaux* published in Berlin and other parts of Germany. The names are curious:—

Catalogue of Berlin Journals.

The catalogue of a few of the *petits*

journaux published, not alone in Berlin, but in the different towns of Germany generally, is an amusing one, from the strangeness of names:—*The Spanish Fly, The Hornet, The Wasp, The Bee, The Gad Fly, The Nest of Gad Flies, Day Must Break, The Torch, The Gaslight, The Lantern, The Snuffers, The Eternal Lamp, The Bawler of Torgau, The Berliner Jaw, The Braggart of Berlin, The Barriade News, The Street Times, The Redcap, The Sans Culotte, The Ship of Fools, The Devil, The Devil on his Travels, The Devil let Loose, The Church Devil, The Revolutionary Devil, Kiaderadatsch, Hurrah! the Prussians are Come! The Universal Wash, The Political Ass, &c.* The greater portion of these belong to Berlin—some to Vienna. In the small towns, and in the country villages, almost all take the name of the people as their basis; as,—*The People's Messenger, The People's Friend, The People's Companion, The People's Mirror, The People's Voice, The People's Pulpit,* and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Madame Blaze de Bury pronounces so extravagant a panegyric on Frederick William IV., the actual King of Prussia, that we are tempted to think it satire in disguise. He is a lover of learning and the arts; he is a prince of eloquence; a prince of piety, of conscientiousness; a prince of firmness, 'who swerves no more from right, than does the needle from the pole;' a prince of heart and of conscience; in fact, a being altogether peerless and perfect. Now we wish to say nothing harsh of reigning sovereigns in the present position of Europe; but we think, if there ever was a lady in extremes in reference to an idol, it is Madame Blaze de Bury in reference to the King of Prussia.

The character which is given of Radowitz, the favourite of the King of Prussia, is marked by much of the extravagance and inconsistency of this lady; but as the individual is now prominent, we give a large extract:—

Joseph von Radowitz commenced his career against the country to which he was later to devote all his energies. Educated as a boy in France, he became an officer of the Westphalian artillery at the end of the year 1812, and at fifteen—for his extraordinary courage—received the decoration of the *Légion d'Honneur*. At the battle of Leipsic he was wounded and taken prisoner. Heinrich von Gagern, and Joseph von Radowitz, it will

be seen, entered life in very nearly the same manner. After the dissolution of the kingdom of Westphalia, M. de Radowitz took service with the Landgraf Elector of Hessen Cassel, and at eighteen he was appointed head-master of mathematics, and the higher branches of military science at the cadet's school of Cassel. Till the year 1821 he remained in this country; but the conduct of the Elector William II. to his wife, a sister of the King of Prussia, Frederick William III. was the cause of his leaving the Hessian court. Desired by her husband to show a tolerance wholly contrary to her dignity with regard to the person whom he had raised to the rank of Countess Reichenbach, the electress applied for advice to M. de Radowitz, then captain on the staff, and military tutor to the hereditary prince. The letter in which M. de Radowitz tendered to the princess those counsels of resistance which every honest man must have approved of, was intercepted by the elector, and the writer received his dismissal from the Hessian service.

Well recommended, as may be imagined, to her brother by the electress, Joseph de Radowitz left Cassel for Berlin, and from the King of Prussia soon received rapid promotion in the military career. Here it was that began a friendship based upon mutual esteem and analogous tastes, and that was only to be strengthened by years—the friendship of the Prince Royal and M. de Radowitz.

There are few branches of science in which M. de Radowitz is not versed—few subjects upon which he has not thought; and the severer studies have not destroyed in him the taste for the more elegant arts. Whilst publishing treatises upon trigonometry, and military essays upon the ricochet, this active and almost universal spirit was also occupied in studying the philosophical sense of the devices of chivalrous times, and had attained to a remarkable proficiency in music.

As military tutor to his younger brother, Prince Albert (the first situation given to his new *protégé* by King Frederick William III.), the Prince Royal had frequent opportunities of studying the character and talents of his future friend, and all that was most chivalrous, most enthusiastic in him, found an echo in M. de Radowitz.

Few men have ever known or understood the present King of Prussia so well as General Radowitz, and certainly none can be more entirely devoted to him; though the general is an ardent Catholic, there is in the piety of his royal Protestant friend something so exalted, that even the religious fervour

which at first would seem to separate, has, on the contrary, united them. M. de Radowitz is, above all, remarkable for his firmness and decision, and for the incessant activity of his mind. In his appearance, which is that of a military monk or knight templar of old, you see at once the character of the man, and you feel that such deep conviction, backed by such energy of will, and served by such indisputable talent, must in the end prevail. It is hardly necessary to say, that Radowitz belongs in politics to the school of Principle against Expediency; so much so, that I have read a very clever pamphlet of his published in 1839, written in support of Don Carlos's pretensions to the throne of Spain, and entirely denying the right of Ferdinand VII. to alter the line of succession to the throne. It is easy to understand that, with such opinions, the general should be a firm partizan of the union of Prussia with Austria: at the same time, he is one of those who are most strongly convinced of the necessity of remaining true to the vote of the 29th of June, 1848, by which the Bund was annihilated *de facto*.

It is this tendency—a double, but not a contradictory one, which caused M. de Radowitz to be often as wrongly judged as the sovereign whom he serves; and it requires to study profoundly the character of this really remarkable man, in order to conciliate the famous speech of the 29th August, 1849, in the parliament of Berlin, with the convocation of the parliament of Erfarth seven months later; to which act M. de Radowitz never ceased counselling the king.

Impartiality without indifference: extraordinary force of volition without self-willedness; indefatigable activity joined to mathematician-like method; these are the principal characteristics of General Radowitz; and it is not difficult to conceive that with such qualities, and in the very plenitude of man's maturity, the Prussian statesman has still, perhaps, the more important portion of his political part to play.

Under the head, 'Social habits of Vienna,' Madame Blaze de Bury treats us with many pages as to the definition of a *gentilhomme*; and as to the impossibility of the French middle classes—the aversion of Madame Blaze de Bury—ever becoming any better than they are, mere *bourgeois*, which the lady translates, 'He's a snob.' What all this has to do with Vienna it were difficult to find out. When, however, after fourteen pages of rambling and rigmarole, Madame de Bury does come to the question

—she finds out 'that the Viennese are a very strange race. With so much of our steady, honest qualities about them, they have, says this lady, 'an undeniable similarity of *esprit* with the French.' Really? This is news to us, and will, we fancy, be news to the world. 'They are as lively,' says our authoress, 'as quicksilver, and witty as a *gamin des barrières*.' We believe all writers on Germany, for the last half century, have failed to discover either this liveliness or this wit. On the contrary, the Viennese have ever been remarkable for stolidity and stupidity; for being the greatest eaters and drinkers, and the most illiterate people, in all Germany. Scarcely ever have they produced an eminent prose or poetical writer—never have they produced an eminent orator.

During the War of Independence, not being able to find in Vienna a man capable of writing spirit-stirring addresses to the army, Frederick Schlegel, a Hanoverian, was invited by the authorities to undertake the task; and M. de Gentz, the celebrated writer in the Austrian Chancery of Foreign Affairs, was a native of Breslau, brought up at Berlin. Grillparzer, it is true, is a native of Vienna; but 'one swallow does not,' according to the old proverb, 'make a summer.'

Though Vienna has not produced great authors, however, it has always been the cradle of great actors. To those who, twenty years ago (how time flies!), remember the inimitable Schuster at the theatre in the Leopoldstadt, the following sketch of Nestroy will be interesting:—

Nestroy, the Viennese Actor.

The unique Nestroy! How I wish you could see him. Look at that most inimitable invalid as he sits upon his rickety chair—more rickety he than it. Look at the patch over the eye that is lost, and then look at the eye that wakes—how it shows you at once that it does the work of two! And that nose! that potato-telling, but most sagacious nose! Did you ever see clothes so hang and slouch upon so unbendable a frame? So square, so angular, so perfectly drilled a man! You might have had news in the morning of the complete ruin of your West Indian property, and it would not prevent you from sharing in the general hilarity provoked by Nestroy in the *Zwölf Mädel in Uniform*. I

defy you to resist him, when, at the head of his little troop, he goes through the exercise before the commandant of the fortress. Notwithstanding the rustiness of his limbs, and the weight of his monstrous old musket, he goes strictly through the whole, until at the word *Links geschaut!* (eyes left), he finds a sudden and natural obstacle to his discipline. You should see the one eye look at you then, and hear the accent with which he says 'Na! that's beyond my power!' The words are nothing, but no one can resist them in his mouth.

But Nestroy's masterpiece is the scene where he is alone and occupied with a book of tragedies, and when he reads passages from them with his own comments. What work the one eye does then, to be sure! He reads scenes from Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*, from *Don Carlos*, from Goethe's *Egmont*, stopping at every other line to give forth some *plaisanterie de circonstance*: and now the public (the popular portion of it) becomes as curious to study as the actor. A communication establishes itself between Nestroy and the heroes of the pit and gallery, and the scene might last till the next day. Each time he attempts to rise or close his book, he is forced by clamours to resume his seat, and publish some fresh 'comments.' Then comes the turn of the contemporaries, the authors of yesterday—the very piece, perhaps, that is being played at the *Burg* for the second time; and I leave you to judge how they are handled! It is worse than Jules Janin's Monday *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats*. How he does maul them! and how the public enjoys it! Then actor and public warm into still greater confidence, and in this intimacy of this *tête-à-tête* Nestroy hazards political epigrams! *Gare à Welden!* if there is not actually a 'fling' at the 'state of siege'—and there, another at the 'equal rights'—and now to right, to left, all the *questions brûlantes* of the day receive in turn their hit, and a 'dead hit' it generally is: but the 'people' who are represented to us in other countries as 'impatiently submitting to tyranny' and 'groaning under military oppression,' enjoy the fun exactly as if some other and not themselves were concerned; and the good-humoured hits (for in the midst of all this his very sarcasm is good-humoured) dealt at the 'instruments of torture' by Nestroy are received with a frank, unembittered merriment, that would not, I suspect, be possible if they felt themselves very much pinched by them.

'*Judith! Judith!*' cries a Bursch in the pit (*Judith* was a tragedy that had lately appeared at the *Burg*), and Nestroy begins to 'comment' upon the treacherous

beloved of Holofernes. But what can he do in the Biblical East? Why, in one second base a witticism upon the 'three kings' and the *Drei Königs Bündnis*, which is as brilliant as it is unexpected, and which convulses the whole house.

We must be pardoned for not going over the history of Vienna and its revolutions, given in a partial and one-sided manner by Madame de Bury. We must also be pardoned for omitting a character of Francis Joseph and his mother, the Archduchess Sophia, which is far too fulsome to suit the taste of the English public.

On the proportions of the nobility in different states of the Austrian monarchy, however, Madame de Bury has evidently taken some pains to inform herself, and we dare say the following table nearly approximates to correctness:—

Proportions of Nobility in different States.

	One Noble to every
Moravia and Silesia	855
Bohemia	828
Dalmatia	568
Carinthia and Krain	365
Country above the Eus, or Upper Austria.....	353
Styria	353
Lombardy	342
Venice	260
Coast Land	239
Tyrol	222
Galicia	68
Transylvania	23
Hungary	20

Madame Blaze de Bury's character of the Hungarians contains, in the main, a great deal of truth, but it is defaced by her religious prejudices. It is true, as our authoress states, that many of his Oriental qualities the Magyar has preserved, but he has lost by his contact with Europe the deep seriousness of the East, and is as volatile and *colage* as a Pole. It is also true that the Magyar of old delighted in feudalism, and in lording it over his vassals. But that this feeling prevails since 1848 to anything like the extent it prevailed antecedently we do not believe. The colours with which Madame de Bury has painted the Hungarian struggle were evidently laid on in Vienna, and she deserves a rich reward from the Austrian Chancery.

What experience this lady has of Hungary we know not. We doubt,

greatly doubt, whether she ever travelled in the country, or proceeded beyond Pressburg, which is almost a *fauxbourg* of Vienna. We fully admit that a Hungarian village 'can be compared to nothing but *la Basse Bretagne*,' or the 'houseless wilds of Connemara;' but the wretched condition of Hungarian villages affords the Austrian Government no justification of its violation of the Hungarian constitution.

In the same degree as Madame Blaze de Bury vilipends all connected with the Hungarian struggle, from Bem and Kossuth down to Pulszky, in the same degree does she vaunt Jellachich as a kind of model or heaven-born general — as a glorious hero whom it is necessary to worship and adore, in the Roman Catholic sense of the words. Thus the lady speaks of her darling Ban:—

Jellacic.

I defy any one, unless he be of stone, and inaccessible to all ennobling emotion, to approach Jellacic unmoved. There is something about him that inspires you with involuntary respect. You reverence while you admire him. The one expression which dominates all others in the fine countenance of the Ban is goodness,—a goodness, a kindness, which draws you irresistibly towards him, and makes you instantaneously feel you would trust your life in his hands. On the broad bare brow sits intelligence, sovereign-like; round the gently-smiling lips hangs that peculiar cast of melancholy which is so essentially Slavonian; but in the eye beams forth a brightness of intellect and magnanimity which at once reveals all the treasures of the soul within.

I am strongly tempted to believe that the troubles of the last two years in Europe have produced but one man, and that he is Jellacic. He is a living denial of all the falseness, all the baseness, all the corruption of our times. He is an embodied protestation against disloyalty, and whilst, in every country, every unworthy passion has been let loose,—whilst everywhere men thirsted (let no one say they aspired!) for pomp, for power, for even viler gains, Jellacic has been, perhaps, the only one who, from the peculiarity of his position, has practised renunciation. To play the part of Waldstein successfully,—nay, almost without obstacle, lay before him, and, as I said, he would not be a Waldstein; Friedland's fame was too small, and Jellacic disdained it; Friedland's honour had a stain, and that of Jellacic must be

immaculate. Duty-worship, the enthusiasm for the Right, these are the incentives to every action of the Ban.

I would not be misunderstood in what I say. This devotion to duty, this heroic enthusiasm, every man in Austria shares in it, from the Emperor downwards; but none have had at a given moment the fate of the empire in their hands as had the Ban, the salvation of Austria dependent on their truth. And that is why events have made of him what many another might have been had his position been the same. The inequality lies only in the circumstances which, in the autumn of '48, put the decision of the whole contest into the hands of the Slavonic nations, who were led on and represented by Jellacic. His power over them was absolute.

The praise bestowed on the Archduke John is more sober and rational, and will find a response in every breast. Next to his deceased brother, the Archduke Charles, the Archduke John was clearly the favourite in Austria, and, indeed, in Germany.

The Archduke John.

I can understand the Archduke John and his love for these lands. He is, every inch of him, a mountaineer. His early years were, whenever he could dispose of himself, spent upon 'the hill:' he wore the attire of a Wildschütz, and amongst the Wildschützen he had his home: he partook of their sports and occupations, and shared in their misfortune when darker days came. He fought with Hofer for the freedom of Tyrol, and with such as Hofer did not disdain to break bread and drink mountain wine, or mountain milk, as the case might be. After a long day's shooting many and many are the times when, with gun on shoulder, the imperial huntsman, known to every creature that had life, and popularized under the name of *Hannes*, would stay his course at some peasant's hut, and entering take his place with the peasant's family round the board spread for the evening meal. It is easy to conceive how he is adored by these simple and stalwart sons of the mountain. Nor is the feeling an unreciprocated one. The Archduke John draws his very breath of life from the hills: without their free air he could not exist.

With one more extract we must conclude what we have to say of *Germania*. That extract has reference to a man who has played a great part in Italy—the veteran Radetzky. He is thus sketched:—

Radetzky.

Even the Italians are obliged tacitly to

confess his undeviating spirit of justice, and the mildness of Radetzky's rule. See him in his present head-quarters of Verona, and there you will have a slight idea of what Radetzky is. At the balls he gave every Monday night, all through the carnival of last winter, many of the Italian families might be seen won, in spite of themselves, by the manner in which the Marshal knows how to wield power, and by the frank cordiality, the total absence of anything like a wish to domineer, which he allies to necessary firmness. If there were a dozen Radetzky's to govern them, the Italian provinces of Austria would stand a fair chance in a couple of years of being almost as well affected towards the Imperial Government as any others.

There is something quite irresistible in Radetzky's manner. He is of extremely small stature, as many very great men have been,—if anything, he is, perhaps, less tall than the Duke of Wellington; but he is upright and sturdy as a knarled oak, and looks as though force were in him yet to out-weather many a storm. His activity and vivacity are beyond description, and even while he speaks with you you see that more than he can utter is pressing on his brain, and that his element is action, his nature to be doing. He is stirring, as was the great Frederick; but the eye of Radetzky, though as indicative of activity as that of the Prussian monarch, has a beaming expression that was wholly foreign to the latter. You see at once, and unmistakably, that he is goodness itself, and you understand the ardent sympathies he inspires.

'My officers and I are one family,' said he to us one day at Verona, with the air of a father speaking of his sons; 'it must be so for that intimate knowledge of one another to be produced, which creates indissoluble union between the commander and those whom he has to command.'

The simplicity and modesty of the Marshal are two qualities which distinguish him almost as much as any other. He is even now satiated with fame and glory, as he has been touched by the tributes of admiration which are perpetually brought to him from all quarters of the world; and you see that he feels the sort of pleasure natural to a kind and loving disposition in receiving proofs of his fellow-men's esteem. To judge of his modesty, hear him talk of other generals, and see how he delights in their praise. 'Il n'appartient pas à tout le monde d'être modeste,' says the Prince de Ligne,—'il faut avoir un grand fond de grandes actions pour cela;' and certainly, from this view of the case,

Radetzky has every right to be modest. Amongst the several qualities he has in common with the Duke of Wellington stands foremost the readiness to recognize merit in others. Speak to him of Sebhäns or Hess, and you will have an idea of how he appreciates the excellence of others. The wife of the latter has in her possession a document, I suspect, the wealth of Nepaul would be inadequate to purchase from her, in which the Marshal, alluding to the services rendered by her husband in the Italian campaigns, says,—

'If I have all the glory, he has all the merit.'

We have now done with *Germania*, yet, before we close the work, it is but right, as a key to the political feelings of the writer of it, we should give the following sketch of the Comte de Chambord. Our readers will see that Madame Blaze de Bury is *Carliste quand même*.

The Comte de Chambord is eminently *Français par l'esprit*, and his conversation, when he admits you to the privilege of enjoying it *en petit comité*, is attractive and charming beyond description. Until then he may be said to be rather reserved than otherwise. Anecdotal and *spirituel* as Louis XVIII., he is only prevented by the more modern forms of courtly breeding from being as jovially gay as Le Biarnais himself. Perhaps, unless it were for the uncompromising uprightness and sincerity of which I speak, Henri Quatre would be, of all his ancestors, the one whom the Prince resembles most: he has much of his acuteness, but you see at once that *Paris vaut bien une messe* could never have passed his lips.

Of the Comtesse de Chambord I frankly avow that I scarcely know how to speak. The impression she made upon me is so strong, the devotion I bear to her is so deep, that I find some difficulty in doing justice to her, without being accused of exaggeration. The Archduchess Marie Thérèse d'Este is said to be not handsome, but if beauty were to be judged by its effects I do not know who could vie with her. The power she exercises over all who approach her is fascination. I have never yet found any one who had either esaped or who could explain it, but so it is. Old men and young men, women, persons of all nations and all ranks, none can resist the charm—for that is it. It is *le charme*, as the French say; that nameless something which utterly defies definition.

We do not deny that these volumes are clever and lively, or that they are

often graphic and amusing. There can be no doubt that Madame Blaze de Bury is a woman of very considerable talent, and no ordinary learning and accomplishments; but it is also certain that she is a vehement, violent, and one-sided partizan, and these party pamphlets are wholly without authority as matter of history.

The other volume, *Young Italy*, which we have placed at the head of this article, possesses a captivating title, is extremely readable, and, in so far as style is concerned, is well and graphically written, and most artistically arranged, combining together fact and fiction. But though by no means so prejudiced an observer as Madame Blaze de Bury, and wholly devoid of her papistical predilections, Mr. Cochrane has such a horror of the very name Republic, and such a disrelish for all those connected with it, that he does but scant justice, and not always even scant justice, to those who wished a change.

We can understand a man having no affection for trading revolutionists, or for men anxious for change for the mere sake of change; but when Mr. Cochrane admits the madness and folly of the Papal Government, and of the men who seek to apply to the nineteenth century the theories and maxims of the thirteenth and fourteenth, does he not lay the foundation of a defence for Armellini, and Saffi, and Mazzini, and some of the other leaders, whom he so unsparingly coudemns?

Mr. Cochrane allows that the visions of Italian unity and Italian independence are not without their grace and their charm. Italy free and Italy independent, he admits, are ideas which gratify the imagination of the enlightened and the ideal of the scholar. If so, then is there not palliation, if not excuse, for men who have been dreaming this sweet dream their whole life long? Mr. Cochrane sees no hope for Italy until the temporal is severed from the spiritual dominion of the Pope—until the great anomaly of this monstrous union is abolished. Mr. Cochrane thinks that while all the world is changing, the doctrines of the papacy are immutable. Is there not, therefore, something to be advanced in behalf of men who wished to pro-

duce a change in the government of a Pope with a cabinet of bishops and priests?

Mr. Cochrane states that it is the firm conviction of the Pope that his obligations as temporal ruler fade into insignificance before his higher and holier duties of Supreme Pontiff. Is not here one pregnant cause of the misrule of the States of the Church, and are the men after all, however wrongly they proceeded to work, so much to blame who tried to reform that misrule? Mr. Cochrane's conclusion that they are, is altogether at variance with his premises. Against all crimes of violence, against all spoliation, against the worst of human crimes, murder, we are as indignant as Mr. Cochrane shows himself in this well-written volume.

We abhor the assassins of Rossi and loathe their crime; but while we lament the death of Rossi and denounce to execration his murderers, we cannot suffer the extravagant panegyric which appears in Mr. Cochrane's volume to pass under review without protesting against it with both our hands. Rossi was a man of considerable acquired knowledge, and more than the average attainments in history and jurisprudence; but he was without a particle of genius, and had not the least pretension to eloquence. To the last day of his existence he spoke the French incorrectly and unidiomatically, and as a foreign language, and with an Italian accent so marked as to be perceptible to a very ordinary ear. In the estimate of Mr. Cochrane he was a man of genius, of eloquence, of the highest mental faculties. To those who knew him for fifteen years before his death, and we were ourselves among the number, he appeared none of these things; and in speaking of his moral faculties, we would say that a man of a looser moral sense, and altogether more devoid of heart and principle, we never knew in any country. It is impossible Mr. Cochrane could have been acquainted with Rossi, or could have made the least inquiry in the school of law at Paris among those who knew him well.

We doubt whether there is more than one man in Europe who would subscribe to Mr. Cochrane's estimate of Rossi, and that man is M. Guizot.

Possibly the materials in *Young Italy* in reference to Rossi were derived from that 'austere' man, the ex-minister of the late Louis-Philippe, for eighteen years King of the French. If so, Mr. Cochrane is accountable only for the adoption of the character—the erroneous character—of a man whom he did not personally know, and had no opportunity of knowing.

We have left ourselves but little space to make any extracts from Mr. Cochrane's book. In his chapter on 'the Temporal and Spiritual Dominion of the Pope,' however, there is much sound and judicious matter, of which the following passage may be taken as a small sample:—

The fact is, that the whole system of the Catholic Church of Rome is one of contradiction: when we are disposed to paint, in the liveliest colours, the gorgeous splendour of the Catholic hierarchy—its picturesque hues, its bright scarlet and purple, as of Tyrian dye; its costly robes, which fall in graceful folds beneath the lace of exquisite texture, such as Vandyke loved to paint; when we look around on the columns of marble and porphyry, its shrines adorned with stones of rarest virtue; or monuments, the grandeur and elevation of whose character testify to the faith and piety of those who reared them, we cannot, at the same time, forget the moral ignorance of the thousands who draw near those shrines on their knees. When we look at the cardinals in the pompous equipages of purple and gold, we must glance, not without a deep interest and commiseration, at the people who are standing by the wayside. The abrupt contrasts of the Catholic Church are at all times most remarkable: its benevolent theories and imperfect practice; its doctrines of mercy, and severity of government; the altar and the prison, ever side by side; it passes at once from the wild license of the carnival to the most rigid abstinence; from the most solemn ceremonies of the holy week to the dissipation of Easter; from the awful consummation of the Passion to a light and joyous strain; life and death, light and darkness, morning and night, are not more antagonistic; but nowhere, as we have already remarked, is the contrast more apparent, than between the magnificence of the temple and the squalid hovels which surround it; between the glory of the worship, and the physical degradation of too many a worshipper. The most striking features of the Catholic Church are derived from these strange contrasts. Thus, we see

pale, emaciated forms, kneeling before the shrine of the beloved apostle. When his Holiness stretches forth his hand and blesses the people, his voice falls upon ears which are duller than the stones, and on hearts that are crushed as the forms which contain them.

In all honesty it must be repeated, that the union of the temporal and spiritual authority in the Papal government is opposed, even on the authority of the Pope himself, to liberal institutions, that is, to a liberal education, which fits men for liberal institutions.

Alas! why did not the Pope think of this when he first came to the throne? Why did he commence at the wrong end of the chapter, wishing men to run before they were able to walk alone? Why did he not remember, if he ever had met with the profane writings of Monti,

Che l'amor di libert , bello se stampa,
Ha in cor gentile, ma se in cor basso e
lardo.

Non virt  ma furore e scelleranza.

The misfortune of the Roman government, alike spiritual and temporal, is its ridiculous attention to forms and dogmas. Thus, strange to say, in the very heart of the Church, in the centre round which all Christianity lives, there is, perhaps, less religion than in any other part of Italy; thus it is that all the old ceremonies are so pertinaciously adhered to. The church is built upon dogmas; and, as every Pope thinks he must do something to immortalize his name, and there is very great danger in touching any of these ceremonies and forms, the only way in which he can be remembered is, by adding to them; and it is precisely the same thing in the civil government. Every idle form and officious interference is most carefully adhered to, and sensible improvements are stopped. The qualities necessary for great social ameliorations are always wanting to the Papal government—time, patience, and experience. Meanwhile, every one, from the Pope to Mazzini, cries out lustily, invoking the sympathies of the people. One person advises them one way, another the contrary; to-day one doctrine is started, to be refuted by its opposite on the morrow; and while each party is contending for the privilege of protecting them, the poor people, as too frequently happens, are torn in pieces.

It is not only those who, by their religious tenets, are opposed to Catholicism, who complain of its abuses; there are the statements of others who cannot be prejudiced in their opinions. The best Catholics do not scruple to admit that the society is corrupt, the government ill-administered and ill-regulated;

that justice, such as we understand justice—that is, a system impartial in its administration and beneficent in its operation—has no existence; that the government from first to last is based upon erroneous principles, and even these principles are injudiciously carried out. It is not only the Protestant who exclaims that the laws are powerless for good, and impede the progress of social life, instead of assisting its march. Only the other day, before the revolution, it cannot be denied that taxation overlooked the cardinal's couch, and fell on the indigent. Monopolies existed everywhere; even the most princely families having monopolies of the sale of meal or milk for some particular district. The consequences of all these evils are, that the character which St. Bernard gives of the Romans formerly, is applicable to them at the present day; that 'they are seditions and cruel, intractable, and scorning to obey.'

What are we to think, then, if all this be universally admitted; if even since the revolution the priestly government has returned improving in nothing, learning nothing, reforming nothing; are we to believe that the Church of Rome contains within itself the seeds of all those evils whose existence we lament?

This would be a very hasty and ill-founded judgment. At Rome it is not the heads of the church or the authorities who are corrupt. Take, for instance, the College of Cardinals; it is in general composed of men of moral and religious lives; they have only moderate incomes, and yet their private charities are comparatively very large; the breath of slander is never blown upon them; their intentions are excellent; but then, alas! it must be remembered that in general they are not men of any practical experience; their very education is opposed to all intellectual development. Thus it is that they scarcely knew how to check the mal-administration of their subordinates; men like Pio Nono, who would become great reformers, are like moles, who see very clearly within a short distance, but nothing beyond; that after the first blow is given to some abuse,

They start away as if afraid,
Even at the sound themselves have made.

They are like men who walk in the dark, and perceive in the distance a glimmering light; if they endeavour to reach it, they stumble at every obstacle, and risk doing much damage; so they remain inactive from the fear of moving, and even close their eyes to the light of conviction. The fact is, that the evil is not in the Church; it is in the peculiarity of the Papal form of government. Remove

this evil, and the Church would become greater and more powerful than ever.

And how can this, in the nature of things, be otherwise? The Church is founded on absolute doctrines. Obedience, veneration, and unconditional submission are the chief virtues. The rock on which the church of St. Peter is built, well represents the deeply-seated convictions and unyielding substance of the Catholic Church. This is as it should be; for obedience is the first of virtues, and convictions are wholly unworthy of the name, unless they are stoutly maintained; but these principles, which are admirable in the application to a church which cannot change, are totally at variance with the system upon which all civil government must be carried on. The spiritual obligations and requirements of men never vary; they are immutable, and as great now as they were when Christianity was first preached; but it is not so with temporal obligations and requirements, which are constantly varying, and assuming new shapes. How, then, can it be expected that men whose education, habits, interests, faith, all turn in one direction, can possess two sets of ideas? If they are well adapted to the government of the Church, of course this fact must prevent them sympathising with the spirit of the age. The education of churchmen is based on every kind of restriction; how, then, can they understand a system which is founded on concessions?

The proof that it is not the religion, but the action of the civil government which is opposed to the welfare of the people, may be found in the circumstance, that, in the provinces, where the influence of the central administration is less felt, and where the municipal privileges have been warmly cherished, there the character of the people is entirely different to that of the Roman citizens. There the authority of parents is respected; the people are civil and obliging, and by no means extortionate; the forms of religion are fulfilled with decent and scrupulous attention, and crime is of rare occurrence. If this happy state of society exists in the very neighbourhood, in the immediate vicinity of Rome, the influence of the Church itself cannot be so pernicious as many would have us believe.

Then, if the government at present established in Rome, and combining these two exalted dignities, is incompatible with the social happiness and moral improvement of the people, does it possess any other advantages? Has it at least realized the object for which it was instituted? Has it added to the dignity

of his government, or the independence of his spiritual authority?

It must be admitted that it has failed to realize both these objects. Since the primitive times, says Gibbon, the wealth of the Popes has been exposed to envy, their power to opposition, and their persons to violence. Gregory the Seventh, who may be adored or detested as the founder of the Papal monarchy, was driven from Rome, and died in exile. Six-and-thirty of his successors, until their retreat to Avignon, maintained an unequal contest with the Romans. Their age and dignity were frequently violated; and the churches, even amid the performance of the most solemn rites of religion, were polluted by sedition and murder. A long list might be given of

the Popes who have suffered martyrdom, not in the cause of religion, but in the cause of civil government. It is true, that for four centuries, since Eugenius IV., no Pope has been expelled by tumult from Rome, until this last sad instance of successful rebellion; but they have had, nevertheless, to submit to every indignity, and to the extremes of violence.

These are just and true remarks, and prove that where Mr. Cochrane has allowed himself to reflect, and has not taken his information from interested authorities, his conclusions are rational and manly, and worthy of an educated English gentleman.

SATIRE.

TO note what lack of common modesty
Prevails throughout the Parliament and Press;
How party-squabbles mock the land's distress;
What quibbles grin 'neath the Law's majesty;
What narrow prejudices travesty
Religion, whilst the crowd unlearns to bless,
And—every shame and scruple growing less—
The ruler's last concern is Honesty,
—Sometimes I wish my pen filled with the gall
Of Satire! So would I stern truths outsay
Sternly; each bad thing by its bad name call;
And (like one* whose worn spirit passed away
Upon the pallet of a hospital)
'Lash with a bloody verse these great men of a day!'

But God will do without me. 'Tis not mine,
Worldly—unclean—self-seeking—faint of heart—
To take on me the Accuser's awful part;
To void a wrath, boundless, because divine,
On lying Scribes and Pharisees; to twine
The scourge, and from the temple's godless mart
Whip forth the money-changers. Satire's dart
Wounds oft the heedless flinger; the red wine
Of anger maddens e'en the just; and I,
I have enough to do to watch and pray,—
Strive humbly to live well,—with fearful eye
Judge others,—and, though Wrong should gain the day,
Remember that God's promise cannot lie,
That vengeance is the Lord's, and that He will repay!

* Gilbert, from whom the line is literally translated,—

'Fouetter d'un vers sanglant ces grands hommes d'un jour!'

CANTERBURY, NEW ZEALAND.

SINCE the date of our last Number, another province has been added to the British empire—Victoria owns a new community; Canterbury is fairly launched among the tribes of the earth. As a fresh spring spouting forth from God's creation, it already commences its little tributary stream to the great course of the world's history; and as our own in origin, character, and destiny, we watch its outset with the deepest interest, as well as with an anxious sense of the gravest responsibility.

We have, indeed, no new country to announce. Just eighty years have elapsed since Benjamin Franklin wrote 'A Scheme for benefiting distant unprovided Countries;' and for the first scene of his benevolent experiment, he chose 'a country called in the maps New Zealand, and just discovered by the Endeavour to be two islands, together as large as Great Britain, the one named Acpy-nomawée, the other Tovy-poennam-moo.' The subject of our present contemplation is as widely different from Franklin's, as the plain matter-of-fact designation of our 'Middle Island' from Tovy-poennam-moo. *Tempora mutantur.* The scheme of a voyage by subscription, to convey the conveniences of life to savage inhabitants of remote regions, was the dream of an age of philosophers contemporaneous with the legislators who devised 'an Act for the Prevention of Emigration.' The colonizometer then stood at zero. Our great offset settlements were being goaded, by our blind infatuation, into national rebellion; and the narrow philosophy of the day shrank away altogether from the subject of its own confusion.

At such a time, when the wide unoccupied regions of the earth were no longer looked to as the destined scenes of national extension, yet still the spirit of Old England kept stirring on the seas, it is creditable to Franklin to have suggested to England, that if she would not occupy the shores she touched at, she might, at least, assume the more beneficent character of Ceres in her roving, and teach the nations the arts of life, rather than become the distributor

of scourges and corruption, which seemed the only alternative to colonization suggested to the less scrupulous minds of the statesmen then unfortunately in power.

To those who observe the tendencies of the present times, as many do with almost fatalist superstition, the intense attention paid by Europe at this moment to the 'Art of Colonization,' must be a striking and suggestive feature. It is, perhaps, the main characteristic of this period in European politics. In England we can travel nowhere without witnessing how the restless, or the enterprising, or the dissatisfied of our countrymen, are turning their thoughts daily where freedom seems to bid them. One finds one's self invited everywhere, by tempting offers of cheap, safe, and expeditious passages, to one or other of our numerous colonies—the question seems no longer whether to go, but only whither. The population of Ireland is actually receding from its shores, and Celticising the most distant corners of the earth. France sends her deputations to consult our oracles how, and where, she may inaugurate similar enterprizes. German princes obtain our permission to conduct their countrymen to our southern empire. At such a moment England, confessedly the most successful of all colonizing nations, herself sends forth a new colony—wholly new—unlike any precedent, yet strictly the result of the experience afforded her by the most multiform precedent, professing itself to go forth in careful avoidance of recent stumbling-blocks, and in eager aspirations after former successes. The main experiment in the main speculation of the day, must needs be the subject of main interest to all. While the general topic of colonization is so rife, and its discussion has been occupying every arena of intellectual activity, we need not recapitulate the arguments, nor the circumstances, by which men have arrived at what may be considered the present *status* of opinion.

We propose rather to test the pretensions of Canterbury to have reached the standard so set up.

All Europe is agreed that emigra-

tion is inevitable—that it is determinately taking place, and will continue to take place, only with the rapid ratio of increase with which population progresses. It is also agreed that it is a department of social economy not to be carried out on the *laissez faire* principle—either in justice to the citizen who emigrates, or in consideration of the interests of those who stay at home. In short, that the due preparation and welfare of the offset community is an essential consideration, and inseparable from that of the easement of the metropolis. Emigration has, therefore, by common consent, become but a subordinate department of the true state-craft of colonization. The principles of this noble art are also rapidly acquiring a settled ground of axiomatic acceptance. The great work of Edward Gibbon Wakefield has startled apathetically, enlightened darkness, silenced scepticism, stamped with the mark of genius each instalment of the arguments which he accumulated to a full and clear result, and solved, as in a crucible, the mass of worthless sophistries which have alloyed or counterfeited sound important truths, or impeded by a baser circulation of empiricism the currency of sterling principles in the nation's progress and expansion.

It is impossible the old fictions can long survive this death-blow. We may leave Malthusians to invent the process of sterility, contraction, and stagnation; we obey the Creator's word,—‘Be fruitful and multiply, and overspread the earth.’ He has said, and can we not do it?

The positions, then, to be assumed are these:—

1. That the object of colonization from England should be the provision to her citizens of a free and proper vent for whatever inclination or pressure to emigrate may from time to time, from various causes, occur.

2. That this provision should be adapted to the use of all classes of society, and never presented to any one class alone, unless as an exceptional re-adjustment of a previous inequality.

3. That it should in all respects be suitable to, and worthy of, this country; offering to an offset Eng-

lish nation, English institutions elsewhere.

4. That so provided, it should pay its own cost, and not only not impoverish, but enrich and improve the condition of those who remain at home.

Beyond these general principles, and looking into the inner detail of colonizing economy, we may add, that the peculiar system which now bears the name of Wakefield, seems fully to have vindicated its pretensions, though rather by indirect intimations afforded by the consequences of its imperfect and obstructed application, than by any real experiment of its *bona fide* adoption.

Canterbury, we may hope, will have the first-fruits of that idea really put in practice, the mere suggestion of which at once revolutionized the old philosophy of colonization.

The old *régime* of Downing Street must also give way. It is directly contradictory to every maxim of good colonial government, such as is now recognized to be a primary element of successful colonization; and the abuses of the system only needed such exposure to ensure an indignant condemnation. Strange only that it should have so long survived, since the very first thinker on the revived philosophy of colonial policy, Adam Smith, almost incidentally observed, in accounting for the rapid progress of the Greek colonies, as contrasted with the slow and inconsiderable success of the Roman, that the former were, and the latter were not, at liberty to manage their own affairs in the way they judged most suitable to their own interests.

We have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that none have condemned our present interfering policy, abstractedly (out of office), more cordially than its present administrators; and although Lord Grey may still inform West Indian proprietors, as he did the other day, that he has a conviction in his own mind against the policy of unrestricted contracts for labour, which must outweigh all their statements of bitter experience, and impose on them still the tale of bricks with-holding straw, yet it is manifest that colonial self-government in purely

local matters, or, to speak *Wakefieldic*, 'municipal government,' if not in word conceded, is now practically within the grasp of every colony fit to avail itself of the occasion.

Now we need not stop to consider what has stood in the way of these conclusions so long,—wherefore England has continued so long to cry out, 'Suffocation!' yet forborne to breathe the fresh air of heaven bounteously supplied to her,—nay, even appropriated by her, though unenjoyed. It were a weary recapitulation of her waywardness, in first polluting her sustenance, then obstructing its enjoyment. We have the more hopeful task of testing the pretensions of her first effort at repentance. Is Canterbury what colonization ought to be? Does it offer in its own economy, is there offered to it in its government, the now recognized elements of good colonization?

Are the circumstances of its going out favourable? Do they seem to present to its achievement the proper objects of colonization?

It is not when a nation is under urgent need of an immediate relief from inconvenient pressure of any portion of her inhabitants that she gives birth to genuine colonies. Under such circumstances she produces the *monstra horrenda* of convict settlements, or shakes off such disordered masses as the cessation of the Spanish wars inflicted on Virginia, or, at the best, exposes her weakest offspring to the service of an unnatural relief. On the other hand, neither is it in the sunny calm of uncrowded plenty that mere philosophic or enterprizing speculation can cast the reflexion of a nation in the broad margin of creation,—at least, if it does, it is but a shadow that it casts apart from its proper object, in which alone is all the substance and vitality. De Tocqueville says of the New England colonists, 'their *idea* was intellectual;' but no mere democratic theory would have created Massachusetts, had not the rigour of Laud's administration supplied a pretty substantial motive to put the idea into practice.

Canterbury leaves the shores of England while a moderate pressure bids a not impetuous effort, yet *some* effort for relief, on the part of all

ranks of society, and that at the very crisis of awakened interest and intelligence throughout the country, enlisting co-operation of many classes in the enterprise, and guiding it by large and enlightened views.

Let us next consider whether, in the words of the first prospectus drawn up by the Canterbury Association, this new colony appears to be provided with those elements, including the highest, which compose a good and right state of society. De Tocqueville says, 'The entire man is seen in the cradle, and the growth of nations is analogous; all bear marks of their origin, and the circumstances which accompanied their birth and contributed to their rise, affect the whole term of their being.'

One certainly recognizes in *limine* names of men of station and character amongst its promoters; but the child does not always bear the features of the parent, nor, even though all the intelligence, and wealth, and moral worth of England were represented in the Association, and calling out for the siuew of her labouring classes to complete the array, would we decide that the expedition so inaugurated must necessarily present that epitome of its elaborate original, which our high requirements for perfect colonization now demand.

To epitomize England, *ut illam tantum ore referret, parvula Britannia*, we must have all the various components of a somewhat aristocratic community, yet with the apparatus of self-administration completely distributed throughout all its departments, presided over by a popular form of government, and furnished with all the religious, intellectual, and social requirements of a highly civilized and industrious race. What do we find? To begin with the composition of the emigrating hody, take the first six shipsful which have already sailed.

Perhaps 800 colonists in all may be on board them. Amongst their lists we find several bearing the names of our aristocratic families and gentry; others whom we know as connected with the middle-class,—the great staple of English strength and substance; and labourers who have been selected with the greatest care, every one of whom were certi-

fied as good citizens, good churchmen, and able-bodied workmen, by the magistrates, clergy, and doctors of their former localities, before they could obtain permits to embark. The learned professions, also, whose members are to furnish the elements of learning and religion, are fully represented in these ships, both of holy orders from the bishop downwards, and of medicine, of science, and of law. The Church services already commence their daily order; from the wilds of their ocean way the tabernacle of their passage already typifies the future temple of their promised land. Schools are already training the next generation of New Zealanders, even before New Zealand knows their fathers' faces; these likewise indicating, or being themselves, the seminal principles actually germinating into the great educational institution—the culmination of all the schools of English education in the southern hemisphere, which Canterbury ambitiously proposes to establish on her own shores. The library of the college is on board, the laboratory also is not forgotten, nor all the various armoury of art. The *savans* clearly are not omitted from the expedition; and the love of old England inspires their first experiment—the fond attempt to carry out with them as many of old England's features as possible to their new abode.

Of the class of adventurers, on the contrary, we find not a single representative; indeed, the very nature of the terms of purchase obviously excluded them. There is scarcely even an agent of an absentee proprietor. We believe Lord Spencer, and only three or four more, compose the whole present catalogue of non-resident Canterbury landowners. Every man on board is carrying out with him his wealth, his skill, or at least his strength and muscle, each to invest his own proper capital in the scene, not, indeed, of his speculation, but of his permanent adoption and domestication.

So much for the social elements of this colony. The nucleus, indeed, of this perfect little community has long been gathering round it the material, both of growth and order, in Adam Street, Adelphi, where, though in the very din of London's Strand,

the colonists have gradually passed through their chrysalis stage, becoming callous to all sense of what passes here, and organized anew into a body of complete structure, fitted for their flight elsewhere. It is a very striking instance of the natural development of all associations of Englishmen into governmental arrangement, that this society of Canterbury colonists almost immediately agreed to constitute its council and general assembly, and appoint its officers; so that, in fact, before the first fleet sailed away with their original coterie, the Canterbury state existed in perfect embryo within the walls of the colonists' rooms. Would that our rulers could trust to the unflinching vigour of this natural tendency, this dormant, yet ever ready seminal principle of indigenous institutions.

But for the actual staff and framework of government we must take a wider search, as it finds itself already broadly laid. Emanating, of course, from the Sovereign, and cordially supported by the present Ministers, the presiding power first presents itself in official form in the Association, or more properly, in its Committee of Management, whose formation is, according to prescribed rules, and under authority of charter, to sell the whole territory, and with the proceeds to found the colony and furnish and prepare the site of its occupation. But this is but the scaffolding of government. When once the Association shall have received and appropriated the proceeds of its 2,000,000 acres, and, by levying an equal impost on every purchaser, shall have imported and distributed labour to each farm, built and endowed churches and schools for the whole settlement, and made the surveys, roads, and bridges, throughout the land—the Association will disappear from the scene of its beneficent labour. At this moment it is in the full performance of its part. Its office stands out on the most public thoroughfare of Charing Cross; its agency pervades the kingdom; its deputies occupy the desert shores of its intended enterprise, and have already reared a tenantless town—the city of the future; its surveyors have mapped the territory which it never will possess, nor even rule

over; and have engineered a road through solid rock, to the altitude of 600 feet above the sea. Meanwhile their ships are conveying over the life which is to put all this apparatus into action. The Association seems to be everywhere and everything, yet neither is it a component of the permanent colony, nor has it any share in its government; but only lays the whole foundation of the colony's economy, and stipulates the nature of its government, and that it shall ultimately reside within itself. The settlement is to be a distinct province, and with powers of self-government. Already the Association begins to extend the exercise of its ancillary offices in the scheming out of primary institutions, just as it acted as a scaffold to the first foundation. In the able despatch lately sent from the Committee to their chief resident agent, Mr. Godley, the constitution of Hundred Courts, and the like substrata for the participation of the people in the work of their own government (the grand secret of British freedom), is imperatively insisted on. Certainly a committee of management such as this, and, we must add, led by one of such indomitable energy and honest purpose as Lord Lyttelton, is a case of *Deus internū* unprecedented in colonizing annals; and we may excuse the ill-omened critics who, confounding it with such mercantile companies, and metropolitan proprietaries or directories as have been the curse of former colonies, predicted like disasters for Canterbury. Still it may be very questionable whether even the most disinterested or high-minded set of philanthropists or patriots any country was ever blessed with, and under circumstances the most propitious to colonization, could perform the preliminary task of pioneering fresh settlements of extended empire and civilized occupation, as well as the metropolitan government itself—if only it would fairly discharge the duty—neither grasping at needless and imperious interference, nor setting up for itself shortsighted claims of present advantage at the expense of more distant but large and permanent prosperity.

As the scaffolding of the Association is gradually to be removed, what

will appear from behind it as the permanent structure? It is stated, and we rejoice to repeat it, that Lord Grey has in the amplest manner guaranteed the earliest possible establishment of separate civil institutions, founded on the broadest principles of self-government; and that 'earliest period' is definitively fixed,—namely, as soon as the population shall number from 3000 to 4000 souls, and the revenue amount to 6000*l.* a-year. If, as we hear, four more ships are already engaged to follow forthwith the six which have just sailed, these terms may be very speedily complied with, especially as the pressure to this settlement from other colonies is only held back by the positive restrictions of the Committee in favour of English emigration; and the increase of population on the spot will have the full stimulus of new colonial life, unchecked by the mismanagement of former systems. Still, we cannot deny our own conviction, that the requirement of such an amount of population and of revenue, prior to the full provision of the embryo structure of future government, is a remnant of the modern blindness. Be it ever remembered, that the first emigrants to our New-England settlements were 150 in number, including the women and children; and no sooner had they landed on the barren shore than they constituted their little society, saying, 'In the name of God, Amen; we, the loyal subjects of our sovereign, do, in the presence of God, combine ourselves together in a civil body politic, and do constitute such laws, &c. as shall be thought most meet for the general good of the colony.' The electoral body consisted of the whole number of citizens. The future government, in fact, grew out of the earliest form of corporation, as in all Anglo-Saxon civil institutions may be done, the organization being the same in all. The wisdom is to let them grow one out of the other, and not seek to forestal the natural process, nor delay the sowing merely because the seed is small. We must, however, trust to Canterbury forcing on its growth to Lord Grey's requisitions as speedily as possible; and rejoice that we have at last a real British colony, so nearly rooted in the ground that we

may bank up the earth over which the official forester resolves to suspend its longing tendrils, before the sap has entirely dried out of them. We proceed with our inspection.

The scheme of Ecclesiastical polity, to borrow the actual words of the Committee's minute on the subject, will, as nearly as possible, resemble that of the Church in this country; combining, in due proportions, the elements of episcopal control, the reasonable independence of the clergy, and the co-operation of the laity as an essential part of the Church; and it is proposed that the permanent administration of the Ecclesiastical and Educational Fund should be vested in a body in the colony hereafter to be designated, which shall represent the laity no less than the clergy, subject, of course, to the acknowledged headship of the Bishop.

All this portion of the Canterbury scheme has been much misrepresented, as was to be expected in days when Gorham controversies are more readily understood than the simple fact that a complete society at least requires a Church of some sort, and that the Church to which the Canterbury Association belongs is the Church of England; its Committee comprising the two Archbishops Sumner and Whately, and several bishops, and its lay members being equally members of that Church. Those who criticize this primary feature of the enterprise we are discussing must bear in mind, that its elimination would leave the bare alternative of either an absence of all religious provision whatever, or else the miserable contrivance of a fund for equal distribution among all claimants; and that a young society should start in the face of God's creation without one social element of religion about it,—or that it should, on the other hand, volunteer to inflict on its youthful prime a gratuitous forestalment of the scars, and wounds, and mutilations which the casualties of this troubled world may very possibly inflict in sufficient time and number,—are both suppositions which no well-regulated mind could contemplate without dismay. The difficulties which surround the question of National Education, also, would scarcely be surmountable in the first arrangements of a new co-

lony, except under a similar alternative of either *unity* or *opathy* amongst its members in the matter of religious creed. There is a criticism on our New England colonies, very common in histories, though shallow in philosophy, that the very men who left England to escape from intolerance laid the first foundation of their new settlement in similar intolerance. What appears *intolerance* in an old country is *unity of purpose* in undertaking the foundation of a new one. Every stem in nature ramifies into a thousand branches, and the intolerant pruning-book which shears them off only mutilates the vigour which it can neither contribute nor restore; but the sapling which rises from the ground to propagate new offshoots comes singly from the parent-root, to supply with a sufficient current of original strength the various offspring of its own future growth.

It is a fact worth remembering of our vigorous and plain-dealing brethren who founded Massachusetts, that the exclusion from all political franchises of those who dissented from the Church, just freshly established in the province, did not at first give the sufferers any annoyance, but was recognized even by them as a necessary consequence of their general system of policy.

In ecclesiastical, then, as well as civil institutions, Canterbury bids fair for the revival of the colonizing art. She seems by her first appeal to have struck a chord of sympathy in the heart of this nation; and we can scarcely yet accustom ourselves to the novelty she has already realized in her speedy conquest of what Mr. Wakefield almost despondingly laments over, as the indisposition of respectable people to emigrate. Equally creditable appear to be the efforts made for preparation on the actual site of these emigrants' reception. Of this—though the cost exceeded the estimated allowance of the Association—their chief resident agent, Mr. Godley, observes, with discriminating judgment:—

The excess of expenditure may be amply repaid by the advantage of creating, at the earliest possible moment, that appearance of civilization and finish in which young settlements are so long deficient under our present system. The advanced and prepared look of Lyttelton will ma-

terially influence the character of the colony, by encouraging and welcoming the first settlers, and producing on their minds pleasant first impressions. Much of the deterioration in manner, costume, and even in more weighty matters, which we all see and deplore in colonists, may doubtless be traced to the coarse, rough, scrambling life, which they are compelled to live during the early days of settlement, and which becomes habitual and traditional among them.

We have, then, only now to consider whether the remaining postulates of the new philosophy have been fulfilled by Canterbury.

The Wakefield *sine qua non* of combination, as opposed to dispersion, seems unquestionably guaranteed, not only by the price of the land, but still further, by the novel experiment of attaching to it a sort of land-tax appropriated for the provision of all the primary requisites of civilized and complete settlement.

The due supply of labour, in proportion to the capital imported, is attempted to be provided for under one of the heads of that taxation—whether sufficiently or not, of course remains to be ascertained. The land-price will prevent the present importation of labourers too rapidly becoming landowners; and if the first supply proves altogether deficient, it seems, from their experience hitherto, they have hut to unlock their gates, against which a much more abundant force presses onward from this country, as their present lists of postponed applications amply prove. The attempts of the chief surveyor, Mr. Thomas, to enlist the natives amongst the labourers, seem to have been surprisingly successful.

We cannot mention this gentleman's name without a passing comment on the incalculable advantage this colony will derive from such a survey as he seems, by the accounts of trustworthy judges, to be executing with eminent skill. The accuracy of boundary—the facility of registration and transfer of landed property*—easy information so afforded for the choice of location—the certainty of the best lines being taken for roads, and their conse-

quently diminished cost,—are advantages which those only can duly appreciate who have suffered the loss of labour, time, and property, invariably incurred where such preparation has not been made. Such a survey is, indeed, a part of the system of high uniform land-price: for, to quote Mr. Wakefield's words, 'perfect liberty of appropriation is essential to the idea of sufficient price, and any deficiency of survey restricts that liberty, and so raises the price, which is, according to the hypothesis, already sufficient.' There is but one opinion as to the capabilities of the country itself. Its harbours, its climate, its soil, are all well spoken of by travellers, interested and disinterested—even by those who might be expected to take a hostile or a jealous view.

What, then, is the decision upon our whole review? Has Canterbury come up to the postulates required by the authorities quoted? Has she, in the circumstances of her outset, in the detail of her own composition, in the fulfilment of requisite conditions, in the due amount of preparation, in the conciliation of the good offices of government, and in the successful choice of site, acquitted herself satisfactorily? We think a favourable verdict may be given *nem. con.* Shall we, nevertheless, expose her to even another ordeal? We were, indeed, scarcely aware till lately that any authors of note still held out and gloried in the old prejudices against emigration in the abstract. We find, however, even such a writer as Mr. Laing maintaining, in a fresh volume† of no mean pretension, his unflinching hostility to the whole system, and expending large measures of benevolence in cautioning both the poor and the small capitalists of this country against treacherous lures to other lands. He sees population overflowing, yet boldly recommends us to cork up every outlet, and trust to Malthus to save us from starving. How will young Canterbury stand the glare of this philosophy, searching out every creak and flaw in her gaily-painted

* By the favour of Parliament, a special Act gives landowners of Canterbury a security of title unrivalled in colonial history.

† *Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848 and 1849.* By Samuel Laing, Esq.

promise? For instance, our very first condition is quoted against us. We have allowed it to be a test of good colonization, that it should not injure and impoverish, but relieve and ameliorate, the condition of those who remain at home. But it is here alleged that *all* emigration, so far from relieving over-population, only stimulates it, and so aggravates the evil which it pretends to cure. For every thirty families going out, it is asserted twice thirty are immediately propagated at home.

Now let us first consider the *rationality* of this argument, and then let us come to facts. It is supposed that the very outfit of the emigrants itself begins the evil, by giving a false stimulus to this country's production, *directly* in the way of manufactures, *ultimately* in the process of breeding children; and Mr. Laing furnishes an exact arithmetical calculation of the amount of this evil.

He gives his argument every benefit. His emigrants must arrive at their destination just at the very worst season, 'too late to sow or build,' and by dint of this precaution, and an unusually long voyage, one year and a half's provision must be laid in for them at once, at starting; and further, before the first hatch can have reaped a crop, a second must be on its way.

But, even supposing all this sudden demand were made on our home producers, calling forth such extraordinary energies, both in hutchery, baking, and in breeding, it would by no means follow that the stimulus must be false, in the sense of creating an increase of consumption neither real nor sustained. Why should it not be permanent? By the hypothesis the emigration is sustained, and made a regular and perpetual process. That is, indeed, one of the complaints urged against it, that it is Sisyphean in the recurrence of its effort.

But we go further: we think it would not only sustain itself, but, by a reaction of fresh demand from thriving colonies, would reproduce itself in geometrical progression of increase.

The statement of the case is, however, utterly incorrect. Not only, for instance, will the Canterbury colonists so arrange their departure as to arrive at a propitious season

of the year, but the commissariat provided to meet them on their arrival will not be drawn from this country, but from the neighbouring colonies of Australia and the northern island of New Zealand. Contracts are entered into with merchants on the spot; and it is asserted by competent authorities that no modern settlement has ever experienced any substantial inconvenience in this respect. So much for this redoubtable mare's-nest at starting.

Let us, then, suppose the first difficulty set aside. Let us bear in mind that only a very small proportion of the producers, suddenly stimulated by the outfit of a new colony, are inhabitants of this country, and that those will have a constant supply of perpetually renewed stimulants to keep them alive. Still it must be confessed, that even this means to say that the vacuum created by emigration will be ever rapidly refilling. Granted. But what then? Must it, therefore, be as absurd to encourage emigration from this country, as, in Mr. Laing's words, 'to attempt to hale out the North Sea into the Atlantic by a cordon of milkmaids from Flamborough Head to Plymouth?' By no means. Colonization is the provision of a proper conduit, by which all overflow of population may be properly conducted. This provided, it matters not how soon the escape may be replenished and the overflow recur. That is the natural process of a vigorous and thriving nation, spreading itself over the unoccupied parts of the earth, conquering territory without bloodshed, and extending its name and lineage without injustice or oppression. But to propose a stoppage of all the escapes of population, because a fresh supply will inevitably follow, is to propose a bank across the Thames at Gravesend, to stanch the incessant flowing of that incorrigible river. Nor would it reduce such a proposition within the bounds of common sense, even if the escape at Gravesend were followed by a perpetually *increasing* flow from Richmond. Our argument is, that as long as there is a perpetual pressure outwards, there must be a proper channel of escape, or else either a devastating flood, or worse, a dammed-up stagnant swamp, must soon ensue.

If it be said that, after all, the utmost amount of emigration has been insufficient, and has taken off but an inconsiderable drop of the overflowing population; that would be an argument for removing its obstructions and widening and improving its means of operation. Recent accounts from Ireland, however, do not bear out this allegation of insufficiency in even the present system; they would rather suggest the opposite alarm, namely, lest the drain should be already too exhaustive, were it not that Nature may be trusted to check that tendency in time. The love of home will reassert its supremacy, even before the readjusted resources of our country can offer an amount of comfort equal to that offered in the new locality.

On one point we cordially agree with Mr. Laing. He rightly accuses the present system of emigration of eastliness. It is, indeed, a system of bounties and artificial mechanism, surrounded by checks, obstructions, and discouragements; a set of self-presented stumbling-blocks, which it requires all the costly staff of Government officials to knock down again and clear away. Still, when Mr. Laing proceeds to assert that the Crusades, which he rightly calls the mode of emigration in the twelfth century, were a cheaper and more rational system for relieving population, he must have utterly forgotten to set off against the easy process of levying such expeditions the utter barrenness of their returns.

Our anti-emigrant, however, is much less successful in his next attack, reviving the oft-repeated argument, that such enterprises must drain out of this country the very class of small capitalists, and of the best workmen, which she can ill afford to spare. What, indeed, is the sole requisite to pass these small capitalists on to the grade of large ones, and refill their places by fresh promotions from the labouring ranks, but simply an extension of our lands?

It is a strange idea, that a widening and facilitating of the field of investment should be a loss of the usefulness of nascent capitals to this country. Shall we stunt our children and prevent their growth, because we want to keep a youthful class amongst us? The removal of these small capitalists from a crowded

pent-up space, to room where their productive power will not only be set to work, but become much more expansive, must obviously react to England's benefit, not only by their own liberation from stagnation, but by the new supply of markets and of materials for manufacture, and of additional stimulants to home activity. Even according to Mr. Laing's own theory, for every small capitalist removed, two would spring up in his place, for capitalists consume and breed as well as labourers; and the idea that sweeping even a whole generation of them to the antipodes would leave the gap permanently vacant in this country, with nothing to intervene between the rich and the poor, is, perhaps, the most fanciful notion that ever entered the brain of a political economist. The danger of our losing the best labourers, and retaining only dregs, is no less chimerical. To any who know how much of the idleness in this country, and its consequent vice, is occasioned by the ruinous competition of the labouring population, it need not be unintelligible that the removal of even the best amongst them may safely be ventured upon, in expectation that the remainder will, by the increased elbow-room afforded them, become as industrious, well-conducted, and thriving, as their more fortunate *predecessors*.

Luckily this experiment has been fairly tried, and has amply succeeded. We need only refer to Mr. Baring's well-known transformation of able-bodied paupers out of Thetford workhouse into industrious labourers, in the room of their more prosperous fellow-parishioners, who had earned his *premiums* of emigration-passages, and so made room for them.

But whichever way this country's interest may lie, Mr. Laing, at all events, advises the poor labourer himself not to be tempted to emigrate, by fraudulent offers of high wages in the colonies. The chief Canterbury agent certainly writes word that labourers are now receiving four shillings a-day for only eight hours' work, while skilled labour obtains a still more startling rate of remuneration. Mr. Laing asks, What profits can afford such wages? The prices of things in Canterbury are quoted as much on a par with those in London. Meat sells at fivepence

halfpenny a-pound, fresh butter at a shilling, and native cheese at a shilling.

Certainly where capital is redundant in proportion to labour, wages will rise unhealthily; and on the inevitable morrow of re-adjustment, they will fall back to a lower level. But where fresh fields of production are unlimited, both wages and profits are always at the *maximum*; and such importations of labour as to be redundant in proportion to the rapid influx and increase of capital in a colony, must be of transient influence in depressing wages. To use Mr. Wakefield's words,—'The general rule in colonies is a state of high profits and high wages, if only property be secure, and that depends wholly on government.'

The fact is, Mr. Laing carries with him his English notions of things in estimating the most contrary conditions, and forgets that he almost wholly leaves behind him the landlord and the tax-gatherer in the new scenes he is discussing; that in fresh countries, where only the most fertile spots need be brought into cultivation, the productiveness of industry is threefold; and that where the whole of such a large production has only to be divided between wages and profits, both may be maintained at a very high rate.

Mr. Laing agrees with the Canterbury Association in thinking that the complete furniture of public works in a new country is as necessary to civilized existence there as food and raiment, and that the legitimate fund from which their cost should be defrayed is the uncleared land. But whether the required fund be raised in the shape of land-price or a tax on the earnings of landowners is the same thing, if only it be equally levied. Whether a man pays 1*l.* for his land and nothing for his roads, or 1*l.* for his roads and nothing for his land, must be much the same to him, so that he gets both land and roads for his money. His only care is, that he pay no more than others, and that the fund be well applied. But Mr. Laing makes a terrible bugbear of the cost of public works and establishments, and advises no one to take land at any price—even at no price at all—where all these burdens have not been discharged a

thousand years ago. Where will he find this happy land? Not, certainly, in old countries, where, though the first cost of civilization may have been sunk long ago, it yet has been carefully embodied in the advancing price of land, and there still remains in highest preservation. The Canterbury plan seems perfect in this particular, having distributed the burden equally throughout the community, and obtained for that community full powers of self-administration.

The Caudine forks, however, remain. England and Scotland are pronounced by Mr. Laing too far advanced in civilization for successful emigration; the Irish, on the other hand, are too far behind. There is, indeed, much truth in the idea, that the higher stages of civilization and concurrent division of employments render man more and more dependent on the social state, and less capable of that comparative isolation which must, more or less, take place, even in the best-combined colonization. Still we must demur to the conclusion, that at the highest stage of civilization emigration must cease. One almost laughs internally at the bare notion of a conclusion, so ludicrously contrary to the apparent necessity, that at every stage of civilization emigration must be at its maximum. The true escape from the difficulty is by raising the colonization of highly civilized nations to the same standard of civilization itself. Colonists, under such circumstances, must not be straying adventurers or outcast supernumeraries, but the swarmings of the hive in organized societies, capable of carrying out entire with them the same co-operative condition of existence as that to which they have been born and bred at home. Such seems exactly the idea of the Canterbury enterprise; and the very truth of Mr. Laing's remark makes us anxiously look to it as the grand experiment whether England, in her present condition, is still capable of colonizing successfully, or whether she must fall back on such other modes of disposing of her great social difficulties as may not involve this forbidden extension of her empire, and leave the distant territories which her enterprise has appropriated to be occupied by other nations.

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M.DCCC.L.

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SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY. BY A NEW YORKER.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of Fraser's Magazine must decline any longer to return papers that are sent for consideration. The labour of doing so is considerable; and authors who desire to keep what they may have written, had better make copies for their own use.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

THE COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE OF COMPENSATIONS.

IF it were not for compensations, within us and around us, how would life be possible or living endurable? If some vital part, gorged with blood to a degree utterly incompatible with the performance of its proper function, had not been provided in some other organ with a safety-valve through which the pent-up humours might be let off, and the dangerous pressure relieved, of what avail would be all the resources of the art of healing? If the busy citizen, boiling over with energy and enterprize, had no lawful occupation on which to expend his superabundant vigour, what would become of governments, from the despotism of Russia to the constitutional monarchy of Britain; from the democracy of America, respectable with some seventy years of existence and the memory of Washington, to France with a revived republic of yesterday and Louis Napoleon? If, above all, it were not for the benefit conferred on one section of the community by the wrongs and misfortunes which bring another section down to the very dust, how could we, who have either hearts to feel or heads to think, sleep in our beds or keep ourselves outside St. Luke's? Let us look at this subject of compensation a little more narrowly, and see whether we cannot draw up from the depths of our philosophy some draughts of comfort for those whom the rapid movements and magic changes of these eventful times are fast overwhelming with sorrow and perplexity.

The great consideration which induces us to make this attempt to comfort desponding minds, is the grand scale upon which all our social catastrophes are now cast. So great is the concentration of human beings in certain centres of manufacturing and commercial activity, so vast the expenditure of capital upon certain branches of manu-

facture, and so dense the population which that expenditure is the means of attracting, that every stagnation of trade, every new invention in machinery, every indulgence of a depraved taste among the operatives, every strike for higher wages, and every innovation upon the established mode of conducting business, brings in its train an amount of misery perfectly appalling to contemplate. The privation of the human unit is multiplied into so grand a total of suffering, that the thought of it weighs like a nightmare on the heart and conscience of every man endowed with a grain of feeling, or the smallest modicum of imagination. For our own parts we are free to confess, that even the philosophy which we are about to impart to our readers for their edification and comfort is often almost powerless for our own consolation. In the presence of continental revolutions, the great Irish famine, the cholera, the railroad mania, and the death of a great statesman, still casting their dark shadows around us, and slop systems, Gorham controversies, and Popish perversions, combining to worry and perplex us, we should be more or less than mortal if even a sound philosophy could suffice, in all moods and tempers of the mind, to comfort and reassure us. But bright forms, radiant with hope, are springing up from the very darkest of these shadows. There is Plenty with an overflowing cornucopia, Industry receiving an unwonted recompense, and Contentment smiling at his side; while Pauperism has received a check, and Revolution and Chartism are stricken with despair: meanwhile the Continent, with one exception, has settled down into peace, Ireland is visibly convalescent, and England moving steadily forward in her glorious career of internal prosperity and external usefulness. Here,

then, we have a whole batch of compensations to set off against the evils which we are now suffering, or from the effects of which we have but partially recovered. Let us see how far our theory of compensations will bear a closer examination.

The working of a principle of compensation on a large scale is admirably illustrated by the case of railroads. Within the memory of every grown-up man and woman an unprecedented revolution has been brought about in our mode of travelling. For macadamised roads, made and repaired by agricultural labourers, or paupers drafted from the workhouse, thousands of miles of permanent way, with embankments, tunnels, viaducts, and bridges of all sorts and shapes, constructed in every direction by armies of 'navvies!' For a system of stage-coaches, fast horses, and comfortable roadside inns, with their staff of steady coachmen, alert ostlers, and thriving Bonifaces, preaching in their efficient way, in a fair proportion of all the country towns and villages of England, the value of time, a vast apparatus of locomotives, with long trains of carriages, stately stations, electric telegraphs, and other ingenious contrivances, worked into one unrivalled system of mechanical adaptations, inculcating this great lesson in a still more authoritative way! For horses and fodder, the rearing and growth of the rural districts, iron, brass, and coal, the produce of the mine, the furnace, and the factory! What a wonderful play of compensations must have been required to bring about this revolution in locomotion, without adding, as far as we can judge, a single death from starvation to the always small list of casualties of that nature! And when people shall have been quite shaken into their new places, what an increase of national wealth, in the form of time economised bearing its value in money!

The railroad system alone would supply materials for a whole treatise and example on compensations. We select one out of many. The railroads were accused of cutting up the country and destroying its natural beauties, of encroaching on ornamental private property, and of throwing many

thousands of acres of good land out of cultivation. True; but they have replaced the charms of nature by the graces and triumphs of art, and heightened many a scene of beauty by stately architectural forms; they have healed the wounds inflicted on proprietary taste by the balsam of very sufficient pecuniary compensation; and for land thrown out of cultivation, they have greatly cheapened the conveyance both of manure and of produce to land previously cut off from economical markets. And lastly, if any cause of complaint had remained to the landed interest and the country party, the railroad has thrown in the more than sufficient compensation of a most liberal contribution to the poor-rate.

This leads us to speak of the state and prospects of agriculture. No doubt the agricultural interest is at present greatly depressed; no doubt the price of corn is too low to be fully compensated by the abundant yield which mainly contributed to produce it. To our minds, too, there is good reason to believe that low prices will continue to prevail for a short cycle of years, to be as certainly succeeded (with free-trade, or without it) by another short cycle of scanty harvests and high prices. This seems to be the order of nature: first, two or three years of more than average temperature and less than average moisture; and then a few years of low temperature and heavy falls of rain: and this state of things not confined to one country, but extending over a very considerable portion of the globe. The hot and dry years are good wheat years; the cold and moist years are fatal to the wheat crop. High and low prices are, therefore, in the nature of things, and only in part dependent on fiscal regulations. Thus, at the present moment, protected France shares, with unprotected England, the rural drawback of low prices. And here we notice the first compensation. France, which suffers at present more even than England, finds in England a market for its superabundant produce, and with it some vent for its dangerous provincial discontent. But it is at home that we must look for the principal compensations for the agricultural depression produced by the low

price of corn. In the first place, there is the compensation, often overlooked but not the less real, of a diminished price of the first necessities of life to the producer himself, to his family and household; secondly, the farmer can procure at a more economical rate the produce which he does not raise, but which he requires for the feeding of stock; thirdly, if he have previously paid wages duly proportioned to the then price of food, he can safely reduce them, and if a just rent, he may demand a reduction at least proportioned to the landlord's gain in the shape of cheap provisions. Further, as cheap food results from large production, he must of necessity employ rather more than less labour, and so still further reduce the poor-rate already diminished by the low price of food consumed within the workhouse. The burden of county-rates is also diminished; for cheap food means a lower expenditure on the inmates of prisons, and a reduction in the number of commitments. All these compensations, however, are trivial when compared with the great gain to the nation by a diminished price of the first necessities of life. Does not all history teach us that cheap food means, not merely less crime and less pauperism, but less political excitement—in orderly communities fewer riots, in turbulent ones fewer revolutions? Riots and revolutions are, as we all know, the common consequences of want of employment in dense town populations; and that want of employment is always coincident with a high price of provisions, and rapidly disappears as the price of food falls. In our English towns, with our liberty of action and speech, dear food and scanty occupation, if they proceed beyond turbulent public meetings, show themselves in conflicts with the police; but in Paris the same causes work out into revolutions. We are convinced that all the revolutions of France have been really due to these causes, and not to mere political theories; and just because the price of food is now very low, we do not look forward to another revolution emanating from that centre of turbulence till we again enter upon the cycle of dear food. One obvious advantage of this view of the case is, that it lowers

disturbances and revolutions from the high dignity of children of the intellect and conscience, to the less flattering parentage of the appetite cheated of its due supply of food. If we are right, and more faith is really to be placed in the low price of food than in the sword of Changarnier, the English agriculturist, in common with the rest of the world, may thank what he regards as a personal calamity for the peace which is so necessary an element in the prosperity of all nations, and of all the individuals of which they consist.

The rationale of this order of compensations is very simple. A low price of food immediately affects every consumer in the kingdom. He pays less for the loaf of bread, and the peace which he thus saves are spent in clothing, books, and other common necessities, and in luxuries bordering upon them. The demand on the retail dealer is soon felt in the wholesale warehouse, and thence is transmitted to the great seats of manufacture. In this way the depression of the agriculturist leads inevitably to the elevation of the manufacturing interest. The two will then, for the first time, flourish in harmony, when cheap food shall be fully compensated by increased production. This, according to the modern school of political economy, is the destined work of free-trade, with its corollaries of free labour and diminished taxation.

Taxation, too, has its theory of compensations. The most economical way of raising a large revenue is by a few moderate excise and customs' duties on articles of prime necessity, or of decided popular preference, such as corn, tea and coffee, sugar, beer, spirits, and tobacco. If these are well chosen, and not so large as to be oppressive, every remission of other more objectionable imposts will find its compensation in an enlarged consumption of the articles just specified; at the same time that the public will benefit by the removal of restrictions, and the reduction of staffs of officials, large in proportion to the revenue collected. This is the true secret of the elasticity of the revenue, of which we hear so much. Reductions of duty stimulate the consumption of the article from which the tax has been

partially remitted, and release money for expenditure on other taxable commodities; while the entire remission of an oppressive fiscal interference with labour and production is amply repaid by the purchase of articles still standing on the list of the tax-gatherer. We may proceed, therefore, for years to come, in the path on which we have so happily entered, of reducing and repealing taxes on production, on health, on knowledge, secure in the compensation provided by the very nature of things, in the enlarged consumption of the great necessities and prime luxuries of life. In this view of the matter, corn is a very proper object of the very moderate duty of 1s., or 2½ per cent on a price of 40s. a quarter; and we do not think that any but the most ultra free-traders could object to its being raised to 5 or 6 per cent, that is to say, to 2s. or 2s. 6d. the quarter. It would be much better to make this very small addition to the price of wheat than to be compelled to retain the odious excise duties on paper and soap, and the universally condemned taxes on health and knowledge. The addition of 1s. 6d. a quarter to the duty on wheat would raise the price of the best wheaten bread somewhat less than a farthing the quartern loaf, which would be a very inconsiderable price to pay for the repeal of those obnoxious and obstructive imposts. If the country-party could be brought to ask for so reasonable a duty on corn for the sake of revenue, and the relief of other burdens, they would meet with support from moderate men who will strenuously oppose a tax for the sake of protection.

But the most interesting subject to which to apply a theory of compensation, is that which is now attracting so much attention and sympathy under the name of the *Slop-system*. Even this evil is not without its bright side. By providing cheap clothing for the masses, it has met a demand which it was of the first importance to supply, and has been instrumental, to a certain degree, in diminishing the numbers of ragged and ill-dressed people. But it has had another good result. It has brought within much narrower limits the old system of doing busi-

ness at the West End, by means of long credits and high prices,—a system which compelled the punctual paymaster to discharge the debts of dishonest noblemen and gentlemen, who were accordingly clothed at his charge, very much to their own satisfaction and his disgust. Through the competition of Messrs. Moses, Hyam, and Nicoll, this system has happily received its death-blow, to the great relief of poor parsons, doctors, and lawyers. Perhaps, we may add to this list of compensations the occasion which the stop-system has given to the trial, under kind and generous auspices, of the attractive theory of 'Christian Socialism,'—a theory which even those who, like ourselves, are sceptical of its success, must desire to see fairly tried. In this place we must again revert to the inquiries still being carried on by the able Correspondents of the *Morning Chronicle*. Those who have read their letters with the attention they deserve, will see that the general tendency of all their revelations is to prove a progressive diminution in the wages of industry. Now, if this great evil were not, in any degree, counterbalanced by a tendency of an opposite kind; if reduction of wages were the almost universal rule, and increased remuneration for labour the one exception; or, worse still, if the tendency to depreciation were universal instead of general, we might well give ourselves up to despondency. But happily, in this as in other things, we shall find compensation at work if we look for it. Let us take one or two cases by way of illustration.

Not very many years ago, when the production of glass was burdened and hampered by a heavy excise duty, the number of men employed in the trade fell short of 3000. The number increased with the reduction of duty, and still further with its total repeal. It is now, at least, five times what it was; and the workmen are employed at good wages, while the masters are making high profits, and sanguine of their ability in due time to monopolize the export trade, and to place this beautiful material high on our list of staples. Here is another example of a different kind. Mr. Rowland Hill's post-office reform has not only added materially

to the number of men previously employed in that great national establishment, if not at liberal, at least at sufficient wages, but, at the same time, has indirectly stimulated and extended the manufacture of paper, and called into existence a branch of industry in which women are largely employed, at living wages—we mean envelope-folding.

It was not many years ago that—thanks to the late Sir Robert Peel—that invaluable body, the police, was called into existence, which now counts its men by thousands. Still more recently, the railroad-system has given birth to its enormous corps of engine-drivers, stokers, guards, police, station-masters, and clerks, with officials too numerous to mention; so that, while it is the inevitable tendency of old established trades to become overstocked, and to suffer a depreciation of wages proportioned to the glut of hands, there is, on the other hand, an equally strong tendency in capital rendered unproductive by this excessive competition to find for itself new investments in manufactures and undertakings, which necessitate a rate of wages in proportion to the skill they demand, or the responsibility they impose. And there is a similar tendency in a civilized, prosperous, and growing community, to the creation of new and remunerative employments under Government, such as the office of the Registrar-general, with its large staff of paid officials at headquarters, and scattered through all the chief centres of population.

We must not, therefore, allow ourselves to be dispirited by looking only at the worst side of the great labour-market, while we ignore these great and obvious compensations. If we take this one-sided course, it is much to be feared that, instead of being stimulated to exertion by the pressure of great and acknowledged evils, we shall be paralyzed by the apparent hopelessness of every attempt at improvement. For our own part, we earnestly deprecate such an unwise procedure, and are determined to encourage in ourselves, and all who will listen to us, a hopeful and cheerful view of things. In spite of sweaters and middle-men, and the tyranny of the public-house, we cannot bring ourselves to despair of the

working-classes. We feel that the evils which oppress them are in course of removal, while the compensations by which their lot may be rendered more tolerable are on the increase. The repeal of the excise on soap and paper must soon follow the abolition of the excise on bricks, to the great and rapid enlargement of the field of remunerative employment. The substitution of an equitable house-tax for the odious and preposterous window-tax (a boon which no Chancellor of the Exchequer can long withhold from us), will tend to the same happy result. Other fiscal and economic reforms must follow, of which that most shiftless and uninventive of mortals, a Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, can, as yet, form no conception. But come they will, to the great relief of all producers and consumers, agricultural and manufacturing. Nor must we omit from our list of compensations in store for the working-man, the promised improvements in our houses and cities, which sanitary reform carried into practice will inevitably effect, or the blessing of cheap justice in the form of county courts, or the diminution of crime which must follow almost any alteration of our present mode of dealing with criminals, to say nothing of the reform of those bad habits of ours, and those accumulated negligences which have brought so many criminals into existence.

By the few examples which we have adduced, we have by no means exhausted our subject. We might have spoken of compensations for the waste of money and loss of life on the coast of Africa; of compensations for the manifold evils inflicted by poor-laws; of compensations for the evils attendant on a careless distribution of alms. We might have shown how all these evils are in some small degree compensated by the consciousness of kind intentions, and an unaffected desire to do good. We might have placed the workings of a merciful and generous disposition in one scale, and the blunderings of a zeal without discretion in the other, and showed how much better it has been for us to have failed in all our benevolent schemes than never to have been moved by these kindly aspirations. We look forward with hope

and confidence, because we feel that the benevolence which prompted the blockade of the African coast, the indiscriminate public charity of poor-laws, and the equally indiscriminate private charity which created and supports our beggars, and recruits the ranks of our thieves, still survives, and only requires the guidance of a little common sense, and sound political economy, to produce moral results worthy to take rank with the greatest mechanical triumphs of our age.

We have lately had some painful but most instructive lessons in that science, which is to a nation what domestic economy is to a household, or personal good management to an individual. France has disturbed and frightened us by a revolution; but she has given us an invaluable lesson in the utter failure of the improvised counterpart of our own Poor-law—the *ateliers nationaux*; and unhappy Ireland, among the items of instruction grafted on her famine, has taught us the futility and danger of national works, and the gigantic abuses to which all such methods of relief are exposed. A few more such lessons, and we shall begin to understand, that neither nations nor individuals can create employment on a large scale; that their power extends little further than to transfer capital from one pursuit to another—from one set of men who are employed, to another who are in want of employment,—the transfer being made with loss of time by unnecessary and unskilful agents, and, in nine cases out of ten, from a more to a less worthy class of recipients. Our readers need not to be reminded that this is the view over and over again propounded in these pages, of that precious device of 300 years' standing, for quarantining a sixteenth of the community on the industry of the remainder, known as the English Poor-law—a law which cannot possibly effect any balance of good, or save one soul from starving, but which may, and does, impoverish the nation, and degrade the honest working-man, whom it first ruins and then punishes. The Union surgeons shall tell us whether it does not degrade one class, at least, of its officials. As we have said before, our compensation in this

case must be looked for in the good intentions which first established, and now support, this disastrous law, to which may certainly be added the habits of business which it tends to foster in country gentlemen and clergymen, and the good education which it is sometimes the means of giving to certain poor children who might otherwise have grown up untaught and ignorant.

Such is a very imperfect outline of a great theory of compensation, destined, as we think, to administer comfort, and to prove suggestive of vast reforms in the domain of Government. Let us hope that, strengthened and encouraged by the philosophy which lies at the root of this theory, we may devote these piping times of peace, and this short cycle of abundance and consequent surplus revenue, to such practical measures as may lighten the burdens of industry, loosen the remaining shackles of trade, and simplify all the procedures of law and all the transactions of business. But that such things may come to pass, we must free ourselves from the unheard-of ministerial tyranny which prolonged the Quixotic crusade on the coast of Africa; the incompetency which could find no substitute for the window-tax; and the sophistry which would have justified the refusal to the people of the inestimable boon of cheap law. The continuance in office of men with whom such things are possible, is one of the few evils for which we can discover little or no compensation.

We must also confess ourselves at a loss to apply our theory of compensation to the unhappy divisions in our Church, and the secessions even now taking place to the Church of Rome. It is not easy to apply any economic theory to events which belong to a domain so different. Nevertheless we do not suffer ourselves to be greatly disquieted by this retrograde movement towards a religion solemnly disallowed by our Protestant ancestors. We do not forget that the physical plagues and pestilences of the middle ages were, more than once, accompanied or followed by strange mental epidemics; to wit, the dancing mania and the processions of the flagellants; and we have good reason to remember

that the first epidemic of cholera was nearly coincident, in point of time, with the French Revolution of 1830, and our own vehement Reform agitation. Nor is the analogy very strained or far-fetched, which would compare the cholera on the Continent of Europe, and the late revolutionary convulsions of the Continent, with the Irish fever and the Popish secession. We have already endeavoured to lower the dignity of revolutions, by representing them as affairs of the belly; we offer their admirers the alternative of receiving them as mental epidemics, and we are willing to comprize the late events in the Church of England in the same complimentary category. Of a truth we cannot bring ourselves to look upon this secession in any other light than as a sad mental epidemic,—the result of a morbid excitement of a body of hypochondriacs, seeking for comfort but finding none, till they have at length settled down in a belief in the arch-quack of Rome; just as so many of the great and learned among us are daily finding comfort for imaginary maladies in the sugar-globules of the followers of Hahnemann. We cannot bring ourselves to view the adhesion of one noble lord to the doctrines of the Italian Superchrist, with more alarm than the patronage extended by another to the newest

medical heresy. There is, probably, as little wisdom and knowledge of the true merits of the theological as of the medical controversy. But we shall be met by the objection, that many of the seceders are men of great learning and acumen. Granted; but beyond all doubt, among the tens of thousands who have joined themselves to the followers of Joe Smith junior, in the State of Deseret, there are to be found hundreds, to whose shrewd common sense and native acuteness in most matters as much violence is done by the religion of the hidden tablets, as to the much higher attainments of the men who, after condemning Rome in language of surpassing eloquence, have lapsed into a belief in that most extraordinary of Christian creeds. But they who allowed the defence of the Church of England, once threatened with a heavy blow and great discouragement, to degenerate into a Church Idolatry, ought to have foreseen that, in a competition of that sort, the pure Church of England, modestly and timidly asserting its divine claims, could have no chance with the presumptuous and dogmatic pretensions of Rome. They flirted with the deceitful and treacherous woman of the Seven Hills, and they are now folded in her loathsome embrace.

CAPTAIN HERVEY'S TEN YEARS IN INDIA.*

To maltreat a native is considered a meritorious act.—Vol. II. p. 37.

The very brutes that perish are not so treated.—*Ibid.* p. 36.

CAPTAIN HERVEY is not an eloquent or brilliant writer. It would be hard to pick out of the three volumes before us one chance page here and there which should deserve the approval of a literary critic. Nor does the narrative make up by stirring adventures for a slipshod, ungrammatical style. The nearest approach to warfare in which we find him engaged is some chance dispute with petty local authorities, whether in the French or British territories; or, again, a sham fight, one of which operations occupies a

large portion of two chapters. His wanderings, confined to the Madras presidency, consist merely of a sea-voyage from Madras to Mangalore, on the western, or Coromandel coast, touching at Cochin and other places by the way; a march across the breadth of the presidency from Mangalore to Vellore; various marches and countermarches between Vellore, Poonamallee, Cuddalore (the southernmost limit of our author's duty), and Madras; a voyage to the Tenasserim and back, and stay of a few months at Moulmein; and a final sea-

* *Ten Years in India; or, the Life of a Young Officer.* 3 vols. London: Shoberl. 1850.

voyage from Madras to Masulipatam (the limit of his service to the northward), with return by land to Madras. The narrative of his travel, thus restricted, generally, to the most beaten tracks, is, therefore, equally insufficient to supply the want of adventure by novelty of local description. Still less can he boast of that intimacy with the higher ranks of native society which imparts much of their value to Mrs. Parkes's unwieldy volumes.* You might read his three volumes through and through, and scarcely guess that such a creature existed as a native gentleman; and, although apparently familiar with the colloquial language of the country, he seems to have spent his ten years in India, like most of his brother-officers, without feeling the slightest interest in the literary treasures of the language, or the perplexing mysteries of Brahminical civilization and worship.

We have, therefore, obviously to deal with a man of limited breadth of mind, of limited grasp, as well as opportunity, of observation; one who will not go out of his way to see that which does not fall within his own immediate province; who travels along the common highways of thought, and the common highways of fact, without turning astray to the right or to the left, or looking much beyond the surface of what he sees. His object in publication, he tells us, 'is to be useful to his fellow-soldiers; and the whole work answers simply to the design. Now the testimony of such a writer on any point of general interest acquires a peculiar value precisely in proportion to the restricted nature of his object, to the narrowness of his vision. If he points out any evils, they must be gross and glaring ones.

We find, however, another circumstance which gives especial weight to Captain Hervey's testimony, in the simple and often ludicrous straightforwardness of the man himself. Few other writers would have recorded against themselves such tales as Captain Hervey,—how he went to bed on guard, and was waked up by 'a poke in the ribs' from an orderly, saying that 'the

field-officer sahib wanted him,' and got up with the perspiration pouring from him, and 'visions of court-martial and all kinds of punishment fitting before him;' how he used to shoot at ducks and hens, and once let fly into the brigadier's flock of geese, and went out snipe-shooting in silk stockings; how he got drunk once in his life, and how, 'when in bed, the room and everything in it seemed to turn round, and the sensation he experienced was dreadful;' how, again, he used to indulge in 'the unsportsmanlike amusement of shooting dogs,' until, one day, he very nearly sent a ball through the head of his cook, 'who was at the time pouring soup into a tureen,' and thereby lost the soup, and had to pay for the tureen, which the cook upset in his fright, after which he 'never fired at dogs again;' how he tumbled into the water at one time, and into the mud another; above all, how he fell in love, and lost his company by neglecting to make some stoppage from the pay of his men one fine day, for the sake of 'a particular engagement to go and see his fair flame;' then parted from his lady-love, and received in due time 'a tin box with a slice of her wedding-cake in it.' Let our readers imagine the rich *naïveté* of the story from its description in the contents: 'A griffin's love and its concomitant evils'—a warning against similar folly!

It is this simplicity against himself which enables the reader to smile over the complacent egotism with which Captain Hervey exhibits his own good qualities, or chuckles over the foibles of others. For instance, he will tell us how he studied the Hindustanee grammar, worked the ship's course, &c. in going out, instead of gambling, smoking, or drinking, like his companions; how, on being conducted to the cadets' quarters at Madras, he 'engaged no servants . . . kept his own keys, his own money, and never left his room without taking the key in his pocket;' how, being 'ever on the *qui vive* against robbery or imposition,' he determined on never changing more than a sovereign at a time;

† *Wanderings of a Pilgrim in Search of the Picturesque*. London: Pelham Richardson. 1850.

how well he pleased his major and adjutant by his first display of military skill; how, after that one unfortunate bout above referred to, 'he joined in many merry makings,' was 'present at many parties where drinking was carried on to great excess,' but 'is happy in being able to declare that he has invariably left the table perfectly sober;' and 'what a consolation it has been to him to be able to look quietly at all that was going on without losing possession of his senses, as many others did.' (O fie, Captain Hervey! did you never read of the Pharisee, who thanked God for not being as other men are?) Or, again, how, after that melancholy love affair, 'he never neglected his duty again,' and 'does not think it likely he ever shall;' or how he discomfited his brigadier, who was in the habit of watching the ensigns' post with his long glass, by daubing upon a sheet of foolscap, which he stuck up in the window, the words, 'Pray what are you looking at?' or hoaxed a short-sighted fellow-griffin by making him fire at a floating earthen-pot instead of a duck, &c. All these details, in their literalness as well as in their littleness, by bringing out into full light the whole character of the writer, with its weaknesses and with its good qualities, completely assure us against any likelihood of exaggeration or poetical treatment when he enters upon larger subjects.

Nor can Captain Hervey be accused, according to English ideas, either of extreme squeamishness of conscience, or of anything like prejudice in favour of the native population. His final opinion of the natives is, that their character 'is a perfect puzzle; the more you try to get an insight into it, the more intricate does it become.' That 'there are honest men among them, he will allow; but taking them as a body, he looks upon them as the diametrically opposite.' They never hesitate to tell a falsehood to meet their own views.' The roguery of native servants forms a frequent staple of remark. He has a long passage on the Eurasians, or Indo-Britons of Madras, the mixed offspring of the European and the native, with whom he especially cautions his brother-

officers not to mingle, and seems to think it quite right that '*respectable people*' should '*keep at arms' length*' all '*who are known to associate with these sable-browed individuals.*' As to the moonsbees, or teachers, he '*looks upon them, generally, as the veriest humbugs that can be met with among the natives.*' He relates, without the slightest comment, how, when the required number of coolies, or bearers, was not collected at a particular station on the line of march, the colonel gave orders to bring together as many as could be procured, and had them imprisoned, as well as one of the principal men, '*until the number wanted were produced by the others, threatening them with similar treatment if they did not immediately exert themselves.*' Or he will tell us of a chess-playing colonel, who, for want of adversaries, '*would invariably give orders to the non-commissioned officer going on in advance the previous evening, not to fail in securing for him the best chess-players in the town or village* [what a country, in which every village is expected to contain chess-players!] to which he was going;' and how, on one occasion, when none could be found, our author himself '*went into the village, and, pretending to be in a violent passion, seized hold of the butcher, who, seated in his stall, was quietly vending his meat...accused him of having cheated some of his men, and insisted on his coming instantly before the commanding officer.*' The rest of the adventure (ludicrous enough in itself, and which ended favourably for the pockets of the victims) is too long to be quoted; but it shows sufficiently, as well as the previous instance, the small fear of actions for false imprisonment, or for assault and battery, entertained by officers in India. Greatly, on the other hand, does Captain Hervey resent, when shooting with a friend on the French territory, the affront offered to them by '*a mob of black ryots*' (peasants), who must fain arrest them for '*peppering a reaper pretty smartly.*' Whilst if he should find a gross fraud practised upon the Sepoys in the bazaar on the line of march, under colour of the official tariff, by selling rice of inferior quality at double the price

paid in the village hard by, he may give to a single Sepoy a present of a rupee's worth, but goes 'back to camp,' and says 'not a word to any one.'

It will thus be seen that Captain Hervey is, at all events, no sentimental philo-Hindoo—no Quixotical redresser of wrong. Let us see, then, what is the judgment which such a man passes upon the conduct of his countrymen in India,—upon their relations with their native fellow-subjects,—upon the paternal care of the Government for those in its employ,—upon the state of the country at large, where he is compelled to observe it in the routine of his military duties.

Drunkenness appears to be a prevalent, if not a universal, vice. As to the officers, it is not 'a matter of every-day occurrence' for 'two or three' to 'go home reeling' from the mess. Nor is this confined to the younger ones. 'If a salutary check were enforced upon the appetites of the young men, and a good example set by the seniors present,' he thinks that such things would not take place at all. Of the European pensioners at Cuddalore he says,—

These poor old fellows, of whom there are many, live in the most abject, squalid state. They and their numerous families eke out a miserable existence, with no employment . . . no thoughts save those of the arrack-bottle. . . I have myself witnessed many distressing scenes among the poor pensioners, which I would not have believed on other testimony than that of my own eyes. Men and women lying drunk in the same house; children rolling about in filth and dirt, crying with hunger; husband and wife fighting with each other under the influence of liquor,—even lying in the ditches or on the road-side, or reeling home in a disgraceful state of intoxication. Many is the poor fellow or wretched woman I have been obliged to see locked up in the cells, raving from the effects of drink, knocking themselves against the walls and doors in frantic efforts to get out. Poor wretches, and nothing is apparently done to check such a mode of life, such disgraceful proceedings!

He says elsewhere of the European soldiers,—

People may say and write what they like to the contrary, but our poor unfortunate countrymen in India drink most dreadfully, and so do the women,

and so do the children, too, when they can get it. Speak to an European or his wife, and if they do not one or both smell of arrack, I am sadly mistaken.

The same vice is, of course, prevalent amongst the natives. Of the Madras Sepoys (not to speak of moonshees or of servants) it is said,—

It is a well-known fact, that our native troops are given to spirituous liquors. These they partake of, at times, to a fearful extent; but . . . they do all they can to conceal their propensities under the garb of assumed sobriety . . . I myself have seen Hindoos and Moslems together, cheek by jowl, in the arrack-shop, and I have also seen them rolling drunk in the ditch; their castes and religion are matters of secondary consideration. . . And, again, I have met with men who have boasted of both, and declared their utter detestation of brandy or arrack, get so intoxicated from the effects of that pernicious drug opium, that they have not been able to tell what they were about.

And this misconduct is directly traced to European example:—

The evil effects of this propensity among the troops are more numerous than I can enter upon. They are attended with most serious consequences,—robberies, murder, mutiny, and insubordination. . . But is it at all to be wondered at, if the common soldiery indulge in so hateful a practice, when they have so powerful an example set them by their own officers? Do the former not see the latter addicted to what they themselves pretend to abhor, and try to prevent amongst their men? Does not the guard at the mess frequently—nay, every day, behold instances of inebriety, some one leaving the table more in liquor than he ought [!] to be? Do not the orderlies on duty, coming to the officers' houses, see them drinking and smoking at all hours of the day? And do they not sometimes find them in such a condition as not to be able to do anything? Do not the men in the ranks see their officers sometimes even come on parade in a disgraceful state? . . . How is it that such doings are allowed to go on . . . day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, unnoticed, unpunished? and yet, if a poor unfortunate private happens to be caught drunk, or having the semblance of being so—if he smells of liquor, even, is he not instantly confined a prisoner, and does he not undergo severe chastisement, while his superiors do the very same thing with impunity, and that, too, some of them, every day?

To be strict observers of religious

forms would be a mockery for men so behaving. Of course, we are not surprized when Captain Hervey tells us that 'not more than two or three of the whole number of officers' in his first regiment 'ever went to church.' He adds:—

I have known *old* as well as *young* go on from week to week, month to month, and year to year, without ever entering the house of prayer; treating the place of worship with disdain and contumely; looking at the whole as a farce. . . . Making a practice of laughing at everything connected with religion; quoting passages from Scripture in a taunting and irreverent manner; blaspheming, swearing, and cursing; taking God's holy name in vain; making mention of our blessed Saviour in terms of ridicule; and yet no notice is taken of such proceedings. . . . But any other impropriety of conduct or dereliction of duty is considered a heinous crime, and made subject of severe censure or punishment. **AND WE CALL OURSELVES CHRISTIANS!**

Of course, the result is that Christ's Gospel is disgraced.

I have often heard the natives make remarks in regard to our religion. 'You call yourselves Christians,' they say; 'you profess temperance, soberness, and chastity; you preach against idolatry: do you show by your lives that you act up to these professions? Where is your temperance?—You are always drinking. Where is your soberness?—You are always getting drunk. Where is your chastity? Whom do you worship?—Not God, surely! Do you practise charity? No, for you are always quarrelling amongst yourselves, finding fault with and scandalizing your neighbours. Your belly is your god, vanity and self-indulgence are your worship, and your religion is nothing. We would rather be as we are than change to a religion the professors of which give us such poor specimens of their sincerity.' Such and similar opinions have I frequently heard from respectable native individuals. *And this is the general opinion of the Indian community*; and this is the reason why our missionaries find it so difficult to make converts to the true faith.

But listen to what follows:—

If it should so happen that any natives are converted, they are so to answer their own purposes, and become worse than they were before. Can there be a greater set of rascals, drunkards, thieves, and reprobates, than the generality of native Christians? . . . They are looked upon by their fellow-countrymen as the most degraded of all castes. The worst characters in our regiments are Christians;

and it is no uncommon thing to have some such remark as the following made, 'He is a great blackguard—he is a *pariah* Christian!' A servant presents himself for employment, and is asked what caste he is. The reply is, 'I master's caste,—I Christian, sar.' *He is not taken, because all Christians, with but few exceptions, are looked upon as great vagabonds.*

'WOE UNTO YOU, SCRIBES AND PHARISES, HYPOCRITES! FOR YE COMPASS SEA AND LAND TO MAKE ONE PROSELYTE, AND WHEN HE IS MADE, YE MAKE HIM TWOFOLD MORE THE CHILD OF HELL THAN YOURSELVES.'

But religion implies worship, and worship appropriate edifices, and places of worship demand their minister. What is the case?

In the whole of the Madras presidency, comprising an extent of country from Nagpore down to Cape Comorin, and reaching across from east to west of nearly the whole of Southern India, there are not actually more than *thirty* clergymen,—that is to say, in the pay of the Honourable Company. Even this scanty number is diminished by some being away from their duties on furlough to Europe, or elsewhere; their absence leaving a station for many months without any minister at all. . . . The missionaries are generally located in the native towns and villages; they are, consequently, seldom found in our garrisons or cantonments, where the presence of a clergyman is a matter of rare occurrence. At many of our stations there is not such a building even as a church, *whilst the Papists invariably have some places of worship*. . . . A chaplain in India is very well paid, indeed. He receives a salary treble in amount, if not more, to what he would do in England, where he is obliged to keep a curate to assist him in his duties. With such a handsome income as he receives monthly, why does he not keep a curate in India also? Or why does not Government curtail this high pay, and send out more chaplains? . . . Instead of Government spending enormous sums of money in useless buildings, why not erect a church or chapel at each station for the benefit of their servants? . . . Would not the very circumstance of a clergyman residing amongst us have a beneficial effect, and tell us that we have other things to think of besides our military duties, and the pleasures and dissipation of the mess-room? The want of clergy in India is the bane of many a young man.

Is it supposed, however, that this indifference to Christianity is accom-

panied with, or arises from, an undue tolerance towards Hinduism? Far from it.

Many think it very fine and praiseworthy to deride the heathen, injure their temples or idols, and do everything in their power to aggravate the poor natives; but it is very bad taste, and worse policy. . . . Were a set of heathens to enter one of our churches and desecrate it, who would more readily resent the insult than ourselves? Besides, our doing such things is not the best way to show them our superiority, either in point of civilization or as regards religion.

Let us now consider the treatment of the natives themselves by our countrymen in India, as Captain Hervey describes it. It is here that his evidence tells most strongly, sometimes most fearfully, both against ourselves, and in favour, at least, of the native soldiery.

What I had seen of the Sepoys I liked very much, and I have since learned to like them more. . . . They are men, notwithstanding their colour, with brave and generous hearts, faithfully attached to their government, and incapable of being induced, by any underhand tampering, to swerve from their allegiance. People talk of the fidelity of our own countrymen! I hold that they are not a whit more trustworthy than our native troops. . . . The Sepoy is a brave man. . . . I think I am not far wrong in saying, that he is, in point of moral courage, second to none in the world. Behold the Sepoy in the field, on the line of march, in the siege, on board a ship! In any position, he is still the soldier. How patient under privations! how enduring of fatigue! how meek and submissive under control, or correction! how fiery in action! how bold in enterprise! how zealous in the performance of his duty! how faithful of [to?] his trust! how devotedly attached to his officers and colours!—Have I said too much? No, not half enough in favour of our gallant troops.

And now, how are these men treated?

It is too often the case that our European officers, and more particularly those in the junior ranks of the army, do not treat them as they should be treated. People come out to India with but very indifferent ideas regarding the natives. *They think that because a man is black he is to be despised.* And thus we find young officers, on first commencing their military career, talk about '*these horrible black nigger Sepoys*,' or some such expressions. *They look down upon them as brute beasts; they make use of op-*

probrious language towards them; and lower themselves so far, even, as to curse and swear at them. This, however, is not the case with youngsters only; I have known old officers, who ought to have set a better example, make use of most harsh and violent terms towards these poor unoffending creatures. *And this is the reason why we hear of officers flogging out with their men, and of all the unfortunate misunderstandings, the mutinies, the courts-martial, &c. which take place from time to time in the native army.* . . . There was a young spark amongst the batch of cadets doing duty with the —th, who was very fond of using abusive language towards the men on parade; for instance, when dressing his company, he would come out with such expressions as the following, interlarded with many oaths, 'Dress up, you black brute!' 'Do you hear me, you nigger?' 'Dress up, sir, and —!' finishing with epithets that must not pollute our page. . . . *I have often heard them talked of as 'naughty black brutes,' or as 'greasy niggers,' or as 'good-for-nothing black Sepoys,'* or some such opprobrious terms, as onjust as they are discreditable. . . . Let the day of trial come, and the despised Sepoy will be despised no longer. . . . **TO KNOW THEM IS, IN MY OPINION, TO LIKE THEM.** . . . The officers consider that they lower themselves by associating with their men. They think it *infra dignitatem* to be seen conversing with them, except at orderly hours, or on the parade-ground. . . . *They fancy that all they have to do is to draw their pay.* . . . thinking little or nothing about their men, excepting in what way they can best avoid coming in contact with them. As to what becomes of the Sepoys, whether they are comfortable or otherwise, whether they are well-treated or ill, these are subjects with which they never trouble themselves; and as long as they are not bothered or pestered by the 'black rascals,' they are all smiles and satisfaction, and care not how long it may be before they again cast eyes upon the ugly countenance of one of their soldiers.

One particular instance of European kindness and gentlemanly feeling deserves to be recorded.

The band, drums and fifes, of the regiment, composed of natives with but few exceptions, make a practice of visiting the officers' houses as *scouts* during Christmas, for the purpose of wishing 'the officers' honours a merry Christmas and long life, &c. &c.' On these occasions it is generally customary to present the poor fellows with either money or a bottle or two of spirits, a kind of taxation which has been made on the gene-

rosity of the officers every year from time immemorial. . . . There happened to be three or four griffs residing in our bungalow, all *nice gentlemanly fellows and agreeable companions*. The band struck up in the compound to the tune of the 'British Grenadiers,' which being finished, they marched into the hall of the mansion, headed by the band-sergeant, drum, and fife-major. Here, seated in Oriental dishabille, they saw our heroes drinking coffee and smoking cigars. This was early in the morning. The usual salutation over, the spokesman said that they had come to pay the gentlemen's honours all the compliments of the season, and hoped that the officers would give them something to drink their honours' healths with. All this was very civil and orderly, surely; yet still the poor men were all *black*, and the prejudice against that colour got the better of the party. One youngster told them to go to the d—l, and wish his satanic majesty a merry Christmas; the rest set up a loud laugh, and *one of them threw a cup of coffee into the band-sergeant's face*.

If such be the conduct of 'nice gentlemanly fellows and agreeable companions' in India, what must be the conduct of those who are neither? Does not one's blood boil to read of this dastardly outrage? This piece of unprovoked, unmitigated blackguardism? It is true that Captain Hervey says, that 'a complaint was made to the adjutant of the indignity offered; that the commanding-officer 'took up the matter seriously,' and that if the offender had not been 'young in the service,' there might '*perhaps*' have been 'some severe punishment by sentence of a court-martial.' Yet it does not seem that any was actually inflicted; that any steps were taken by the brother-officers of the offender to show their sense of the disgrace cast on the regiment, on the army, on the very name of Englishman, if not of Christian, by the act related. These 'nice gentlemanly' griffins will have grown in turn into officers. That very dastard of a coffee-flinger may attain to the command of a regiment. Is it to him that the Sepoys can ever look for redress, for protection?

Mark, however. It is the conduct of Europeans towards Sepoys only that we have hitherto been considering: that is to say, towards men to whom they are bound by the ties of

a common service, of a common discipline; men spoken of by our author, as we have seen, in terms of almost unbounded eulogy; men who have, moreover, a standing and a character to lose, and an authority to appeal to; men who can make a complaint when an indignity is offered to them. After what we have told, what must be the conduct of Europeans towards those classes of natives to whom they are not bound by the same ties, who may not have the same good qualities to boast of, the same moral worth and position to uphold, who have no proper tribunal to redress their wrongs?

Here are the pictures Captain Hervey gives us of the treatment, of the feelings of two of those classes which are in immediate contact with the army, the bandy (cart) and bullock proprietors on the one hand, the coolies or labourers on the other.

When a regiment is ordered to march there is always one great difficulty, and that is, a want of carriage. The bandy and bullock proprietors do not like accompanying troops, not only because of cholera, but because of the risk they run of losing their cattle. When an epidemic breaks out, the drivers are among the first to be carried off; it is astonishing to witness the havoc which is caused among the bandy-men and coolies. . . . As soon as they hear of troops being about to move, they hurry off from their dwellings, driving their carts and cattle to some distant village, taking the former to pieces, hiding one wheel here and another there, and sending the latter to graze among the hills, and themselves taking to the plough, or other occupation, to avoid detection, or even the possibility of their being pressed into the service. These poor fellows have a particular aversion to being employed by European troops, *because the soldiers maltreat them, and will not sometimes pay them their hire*—to say nothing of overloading their bandies to such a degree, as to render it very hard work for the bullocks to drag them.

What a picture of desolation! Do we indeed maintain our armies in India to be such a very curse to the country in time of peace itself? to spread disease, havoc, and terror, in their march? And these evils are not of yesterday. Do any of our readers recollect those constant complaints in the Duke's Indian despatches, of the want of bullocks and bandy-men, of the misbehaviour of

the soldiery? Half a century has passed away, and what steps have been taken to eradicate those evils in peace which in war he suffered from and denounced?

Let us now see the fate of the mere coolies:—

There never is any real difficulty in obtaining coolies; *the only thing to be observed is to give the poor fellows their hire . . .* The hire, too, is remarkably cheap, only 3 annas ($4\frac{1}{2}d.$), for every ten English miles. Coolies are always afraid to go a journey, if they should have experienced severity or ill-treatment from previous employers; and *it is indeed a crying shame that such helpless beings should be so harshly dealt with*, when the slightest kindness or indulgence is attended with so much convenience and comfort. They will follow the traveller and carry their loads for miles and miles without murmuring, and prove themselves most useful and faithful also, which they cannot possibly be when harsh and severe measures are exercised towards them. And what a paltry pittance is the reward! Poor black man! when will your European fellow-creatures learn to look upon you as one of themselves?

But Captain Hervey now enlarges his theme:—

I always found that I got on much better with the natives by mild, kind, and considerate treatment, than by THE HARSH MEASURES GENERALLY ADOPTED BY ALL CLASSES OF EUROPEANS TOWARDS THEM. . . . When I say natives, I mean, taking the poorer classes collectively, not only particular individuals or castes, but as a whole, be they at their own homes, or in the field. . . . *Where is the Englishman who would tamely submit to be dealt with as the natives of India often are?* THE VERY BRUTES THAT PERISH ARE NOT SO TREATED. Is it not a disgrace to our countrymen (who consider themselves a nation peculiarly alive to all the feelings of honour and charity) that such things should go on *unpunished, unnoticed*, in a land, too, from whence we derive so many benefits and comforts. . . . Is it a right way of showing our gratitude for such blessings, to *ill-treat and tyrannize over the helpless inhabitants of that country?* . . . I know that our honourable masters at home have issued strict and serious orders, directing that persons ill-treating the natives shall be severely punished; and our local governments have, in accordance with these orders, taken precautionary steps towards their being carried into active operation: but how many instances are there *daily oc-*

curing in men's houses, in the field, in the town, in the village—*everywhere*, which, if noticed, would bring condign punishment upon the heads of the offenders? *Our good folks in England know not of the goings on in India.* To MALTREAT A NATIVE IS CONSIDERED A MERITORIOUS ACT, and the younger branches of the service think it very fine and manly to curse and swear at them, kick and buffet them. . . . I am sorry to say that many who ought to set a better example to the younger are just as bad, some of them worse; and those who ought to interfere with their authority to check such proceedings, take no steps to prevent the same.

'To maltreat a native is considered a meritorious act.' Not a word of comment can be added to these awful words. Well, indeed, may Captain Hervey exclaim,—

People say that the natives of India, particularly those of our southern possessions, are everything that is bad; but, let me ask, How have they become so, but through the example set before them by their conquerors?

Captain Hervey, we have seen, tells us that orders have been issued by the Court of Directors, and precautionary steps taken by the local governments, to prevent ill-treatment of the natives. But it is by example rather than by the most stringent orders; by practice, in a word, rather than by preaching, that such evils are to be put a stop to. If the Government of India showed a truly fatherly care of those in its employ, if their welfare were really the object of its solicitude, a new tone would soon be given to the dealings of private individuals. But before proceeding to inquire into the official regulation of military matters (the sole branch of administration as to which we can hope to obtain full details from Captain Hervey), let us extract a somewhat amusing page, describing the individuals by whom the immediate government of the country is carried on,—in the Madras presidency at all events:—

The society of Madras is very stiff and formal, composed of the civil and military residents there, who hold the principal appointments. . . . Every person holds his place by rank and precedence. Birth, talent, and refinement of character and mind, give way to situation and amount of salary. . . . If an unfortunate ensign, or lieutenant, dining at a friend's table, challenges the lady of a

rich civilian to a glass of wine, or asks his daughter's hand (*not in marriage*) to a quadrille, his doing so is put down as an act of bold effrontery; or if the poor fellow should happen to offer his arm to a colonel's or a judge's lady to hand her down to the dinner-table, he is looked upon as an impudent young monkey; or if he should address one of these ladies at table, hazard an opinion on the weather, or even steal a look at one of them, *ma foi!* if the husband did not call the poor offender out the next morning, he would look a sufficient number of daggers at him to kill him outright. Then, again, there is a vast gulf between the high-in-office and their poorer neighbours. . . . The former consider themselves so far the superiors of the latter, that they turn up their noses at them as they pass, seldom or never condescending a bow or look of recognition. . . . The wives of these great folk . . . think that the very ground they tread is not good enough for them; and to talk to or notice the wife or daughter of those below them in *rank*, they look upon as something very condescending. . . . I have seen the wife of a gentleman, high in office, quit a quadrille at a ball, merely because she did not happen to *know* the lady standing opposite to her. . . . This is one instance of low pride and vulgar assumption. I could cite many more. . . . At Madras, the folks visit to show off their rank and importance; and we see such bowing and scraping, hear such set phrases and fine speeches, and we witness such ceremony, that to go to many of the houses of the residents there is, in my opinion, anything but pleasant or agreeable.

Is not the reader irresistibly reminded of Count Sollogub's satire on the official nobility of Russia with its thirteen degrees of rank? Does not the idea of a Russian *chinovnik* rise at once before his mind?

Perhaps it is idle to expect from men so enslaved to the emptiest and most degrading of all vanities—the vanity of official rank, — anything like a proper consideration for the natives of the country which it is their lot to govern. Still, there is no assertion so generally made, so universally credited with respect to the condition of India, as that the native troops at least are the object of the especial and unwearied care of the Government. Captain Hervey's statements respecting their treatment by their officers may have shown already one bitter grievance to which they were subject. But we own that

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we were wholly unprepared for the description which he gives of the general discomfort and hardship of their lot, of their overwork and underpay. He shows how the native, who perhaps before enlisting was either

In a state bordering upon nudity, with, perhaps, a hit of rag round his waist, and perhaps not even that, or was clothed in light muslins and cool drapery . . . is transmogrified into a stiff buckled-up-in-uniform soldier . . . encased in tight scarlet cloth jacket and trousers. On his head . . . a heavy, unwieldy thing, more like an inverted fire-bucket than a chaco, instead of his light *pugree*, or head-cloth; in his left arm a heavy musket, heavy [light?] enough for a roast-beef-fed Englishman to carry, hut too much for the delicately-formed, light body and slender limbs of the Sepoy lad, who scarcely weighs one-half of an European soldier; . . . on his back . . . a great knapsack, which contains all his regimental necessities, . . . fastened to his body by means of leather straps going round his shoulders and his chest, tight enough to cut him in two, in consequence of the weight of the pack; across his breast . . . two broad belts, held together by a brass plate passing on either side of him—to one of these is fastened his bayonet, and to the other his pouch or cartridge bag, a huge leather thing, large enough to contain some sixty rounds of ball ammunition, the whole sufficient to break a poor man's back; round his waist another belt, intended to keep the others together, hut tight enough to cut his very intestines out of him; on his feet . . . a pair of clumsy sandals, . . . such ungainly-looking affairs that I really must be excused describing them, for I cannot.

He tells us how, on enlistment, the recruit has to be at drill from three o'clock in the morning, or earlier, till eight—upwards of five hours; then again till two, and at four again—for the third time: how 'he cannot have rest; and as for food, where is he to get that from, unless he begs or borrows?' How the pay of a private soldier, which for the first fifteen years is seven rupees (about 14s.) a month, exclusive of other benefits, is only paid to the recruit by instalments, '*lest he should run away;*' with deductions 'for the purposes of setting him up in his kit,' to the extent of upwards of twenty rupees, all of which 'he must pay for out of his own pittance. The various articles have fixed prices, with little

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or no abatement in them, and they are served out to him from regimental supplies, under the supervision of the quarter-master.' What the quality of these supplies is, we may judge by an incidental remark of Captain Hervey about tents from the government stores. 'They are generally flimsy, and made of bad materials; no wonder, since they are constructed by contract.' 'If the dress of our troops were to remain as we receive them from the stores,' he elsewhere significantly says, 'what a precious looking set of soldiers they would be!' 'The necessary deductions for kit, and the way in which their pay is dribbled out to them by instalments, give the poor recruit soldier little or nothing to keep body and soul together . . . what little pay he does receive is absolutely insufficient to give him strength and stamina to go through' his 'harassing duties.' Even when he has joined the ranks, and receives his pay monthly, a month seldom passes without some stoppage from it. In cantonment

He has a hut or hovel in the lines, *to erect which he has a gratuity of two rupees [4s. !] from Government, while the hut costs him treble that amount, and even double that again*, to make it comfortable for himself and his numerous followers; and when he quits that station his property is valued by a committee, and fetches about one, two, or three rupees at the utmost. *This loss occurs at every station, and is one that the poor man cannot afford; but still he alone is the loser, and must always be so, until the practice of hutting the native troops is done away with.*

He has not only to support himself. As soon as he is known 'to have enlisted in the service, all the poorer members of his family flock to him for support, . . . and he does support them too, despite his poverty; *he starves himself rather than that they should want* . . . He has, probably, his father and mother, sisters and brothers, grandfather or grandmother, or both, uncles and aunts, and even his friends. . . . How they contrive to exist upon such very small means is indeed astonishing.' Nay more, 'to appear neat and soldierlike,' he must maintain his dress 'at his own expense, because the clothing allowed by Government is not sufficient.'

What is he to do? *He must starve, or he must take out a wretched existence upon the most meagre sustenance that man can possibly partake of, and which is not even fit for dogs to eat.* And what may this meagre diet be? Rice of the worst description, boiled; sometimes with a little curry, made of salt fish or had meat, and that is only occasionally. The water in which the rice is boiled (called conjee), with a little common salt into it, and a raw onion, frequently forms the principal meal of the day. Their breakfast is nothing but a cupful of tyre or buttermilk, without accompaniment. . . . Such, . . . with little or no variation, is the constant fare of our native soldiery; and I think I may safely say, that oftentimes it is not so good.

Is it necessary, after this, to prove with Captain Hervey, that the Sepoy cannot be an efficient soldier? At an inspection parade he literally totters under the weight of his 'lumbering pack,' weighing on an average 17½ lbs., besides his firelock (so heavy itself, that he cannot lift it without bending down, levels it with difficulty, and in ball-practice is frequently knocked down by the recoil), his ammunition-pouch, clothing, &c.

He is unable to bear it, the perspiration pours from him in torrents; he is sick, and very often faints and falls. And yet the men are called unsteady under arms by reviewing generals, because, under such heavy burdens, they do not stand without moving. They cannot help moving; poor wretches, they have not the strength to bear up against such break-back harnessing. When the regiment is put into motion to go through any manoeuvres, the men cannot march. They lag, open their files, lose ground, lose step, and very frequently tumble down . . . Ask a man in the ranks if there is anything the matter with him, his complaint is always about his knapsack being too heavy; that his limbs ache; that he feels giddy and sick; and that he cannot stand. This complaint made, he is ordered into hospital; *but it is not the hospital he requires, 'tis wholesome, good food, and less work.*

Even at the hospital he is frequently 'dismissed by the medical subordinate as a skulker, and that, too, without any report to the superior.'

Thus a Sepoy, starving and overworked from the time he enters the service, becomes ill from the consequences, and has not that proper care taken of him which his case demands; he thus falls off, either dies, is discharged, or

placed on the invalid establishment, which latter is like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire; for there he is harder worked, and receives less pay, than in his original condition.

But it is even worse on a line of march. 'Before starting, a Sepoy generally receives an advance of pay,' either in full, or only half; with this he must clear himself of debt at the station; must convey and maintain himself and his dependants, some of whom, infants or old persons, are probably unable to walk.

Curry and rice are luxuries they dare not think of. *Plain boiled rice is not so expensive, and of that they sometimes do manage to have a treat—about two mouthful each. . . . Butter-milk, with a green chilli after it, and uow and then a bit of salt fish by way of relish, is generally their sole food; and parbed peas, or raw cheenna (or grain), forms a kind of variety, which they chew. . . . How is it possible for the wretched man to go through all this without breaking down? . . . Want and poverty staring him in the face, he casts his thoughts upon his family. He hears their wailings for food without being able to alleviate their wants, or appease their hunger. He shares his miserable meal with them, such as it is; nay, denies himself that they may have as much as he can give them. . . . It very often happens that he does not come to a *bona fide* halt till two o'clock in the afternoon, and all this time without food of any description, neither be nor his dependants. . . . I feel confident that I have not said one hundredth part of all these poor fellows have to undergo.*

So utterly insufficient does Captain Hervey consider the Sepoy's pay, that he advises his brother-officers to do what he says he did himself; viz. 'to appropriate his company allowance entirely for the benefit of the men whom he commanded;' treating his men to some sheep every halting day; dealing out rice, curry stuff, &c. to those whom he knew to be hard up; advancing, or even giving away, small sums. And what was the result? 'I do not recollect having once detected any attempt to deceive me. I never had cause to repent of my kindness towards my men—they looked up to me, and would do anything for me.' But is it credible that soldiers should have to be kept from starvation by the charity of their officers? or how often are they likely to meet with

such charity, when 'to maltreat a native is considered a meritorious act?'

And what are the necessary results of such wretchedness? The most glaring one is—Cholera.

CHOLERA IS SURE TO BREAK OUT IN THREE REGIMENTS OUT OF FOUR. . . . The Sepoy being thus badly fed (not fed at all in many instances), and thus harassed in mind and body, the followers (thousands of them, too, to one regiment) being thus half-starved, and miserably accommodated from want of covering against the inclemencies of the weather, or the heat, badly clothed and helpless, can it be at all surprising that an epidemic should break out; and when it does make its appearance amongst them in the appalling form of cholera, that it rages with all its fury, and carries off the officers, soldiers, and poor camp-followers by hundreds? When it once shows itself among the followers there is no checking it. . . . I maintain, that if the Government were to make some other arrangement for the bettering the condition of our native troops; arming and clothing them more lightly; disburdening them of that useless appendage, the back-breaking knapsack; taking steps towards providing them with proper food; besides furnishing the camp-followers with comfortable pals or teuts for their peculiar accommodation; *there would not be half the casualties that do occur, if any at all. . . .* I may be asked, How did things go on formerly?—troops marched and counter-marched, and yet there was no cholera. This is answered easily. In those times the disease was not in the country; . . . but now that it is in the country, and the state of health from weakness of body of the troops affords a predisposition to an attack, we may easily understand in what way it . . . commits the awful havoc which we hear and read of, whenever a body of men make a march in India. . . . What is to be done? is the universal cry. Men at the head of affairs are at their wits' ends, and know not which way to turn. . . . There is a constant recruiting throughout the whole service; *nothing but alterations and casualties, from one end of the year to the other. We no sooner make soldiers, and good soldiers too, than we lose them.*

In another place, Captain Hervey exclaims:—

At present, the men are worn out and dispirited by constant fretting and annoying, by paltry, nonsensical parades and drill, which do more harm than good. . . . Nothing but altering and changing of accoutrements and appointments; nothing but going on guard over places which require no guarding; no-

thing but frequent stoppages for this, that, and everything else ; nothing but moving from one station to another ; *nothing but poverty and starvation in consequence ; nothing but sickness and disease of all sorts, and in all shapes ; and nothing but dying by tens and twenties a-day, directly the least epidemic comes among them or in their neighbourhood.*

Observe, indeed, that Captain Hervey is far from considering the climate of India unhealthy, even for Europeans :—

I maintain, that if our countrymen were to be a little more careful in their mode of living, they would be able to enjoy themselves as much as in the best climate in the world. Who is attacked with the liver-complaint but the wine-bibber and the drunkard ? Who is attacked with fever but the man exposing himself to the burning heat of an Indian sun, or the noxious exhalations of a damp country, or the poisonous atmosphere of the deadly jungle ? Who suffers from the torments of rheumatism but the man who puddles up to his knees in wet and mud, with a hot, scorching sun above head, and becoming thus wet, takes no precautionary measures to prevent the ill effects ? Who suffers from dysentery, but from eating and drinking vile trash enough to poison him ? Who is carried off by cholera but the man who has a predisposition to it from irregular living and bad habits of body ?

We have seen the Sepoy crushed with overweight, starved with scanty pay, and still more, by that noble feeling of family love which makes him share everything with his dependants, and, as a consequence, the speedy victim to cholera. Let us see, however, whether in the absence of other due precautions, any care is habitually taken by Government to guard against the pernicious influences of locality. Mangalore was the first up-country station where Captain Hervey resided. Of this he says :—

Mangalore never was considered healthy . . . The backwater lies between the sea and cantonment, and between the former and the latter there are thick clustering plantations of cocoa-nut trees. . . . When the tide is out, and nothing but mud in the river, the sea-breezes drive all the *miasma* right through these trees into the cantonment. . . . The quantity of rain which pours incessantly during the monsoon renders the place very damp ; this gives rise to noxious vapours, causing thereby fevers, rheumatisms, and a variety of other complaints. . . . The

bouses are poor indeed. Those of the officers are generally built of very inferior materials ; the fixtures are badly put together, and the roof so indifferently thatched, that the water penetrates in torrents at every shower of rain. . . . The men's lines are worse. Situated on low ground, they cannot but be objectionable in every respect. . . .

Is Vellore better ? Let us hear :—

The generality of our stations are anything but what they ought to be in point of cleanliness and salubrity. The houses are in a dilapidated state, the enclosures overgrown with rank vegetation, the hedges thick and untrimmed ; behind them are to be seen heaps of rubbish from the stables, and other places ; the watercourses and bridge-arches being used for purposes far different to what they are intended ; the grass grows thick and superabundant on the road-sides, and if there is a fort the water in the ditch is stagnant, and the nuisance arising therefrom dreadfully offensive ; all the dead dogs and cats are thrown into it, and all the sewers of the place empty themselves therein ; should the ditch be a dry one, it is full of bushes and long grass, and a receptacle for all the rubbish in the station, which is invariably thrown over the walls for want of a more convenient place. . . . The cantonment and fort of Vellore, at the time I arrived there, were instances of what I have stated. . . . The greater portion of the houses were more or less in a ruinous state, not fit for the residence of human beings. . . . The streets are narrow and badly constructed, and the entrances to the compounds are more or less broken down ; the walls and hedges have large gaps in them, the trees and shrubs overgrown, and watercourses on each side choked up with rubbish and dead leaves. The fort is . . . built entirely of granite, with circular bastions, long curtains, and narrow wet ditch ; the water of which being stagnant, threw out a stench sufficient to breed a plague !

Try Arnee, where a European regiment is stationed :—

Why it was fixed upon for such a purpose I know not. . . . The Europeans die like rotten sheep at Arnee, and more particularly so during the hot weather, when either fever or cholera is sure to break out among them. The barracks are badly built, badly ventilated, and so low, that the heat inside must render them altogether ill-adapted for the men. . . . But the health and convenience of our soldiery seem to be subjects of secondary consideration.

Poonamullie is used as a *dépôt* for European soldiers :—

In the first place, the hospital and

part of the barracks are situated within the fort, the ramparts running close to these buildings, so as to completely keep out any healthy circulation of air. The ditch is partly dry, and partly wet. The dry is full of all the dirt and filth from the interior, deposited by sweepers; the wet is nothing but putrid stagnant water, in some places black mud. . . . Taking Poonamullie altogether, I think it the very counterpart of Arnee. As stations, they are both execrable. I cannot conceive how Government could possibly have selected two so ill-adapted for the purposes for which they are used. The burying-ground of each is full of graves.

Cuddalore has been, but is no longer, a military station. It is the only town of British India which Captain Hervey praises as healthy; wondering why it should have been discontinued as a station. Look, on the contrary, at Vepery, a suburb of Madras:—

Anybody visiting Vepery, and looking at the wretched assemblage of huts and hovels, the dirty burying-ground in a swampy state, the receptacle not only of the dead, but of filth of every description; the several stagnant pools, or rather ditches, teeming with slime, and dead dogs and cats; the swarms of pigs, and the heaps of rubbish in all directions; and above all, the stench sufficient to breed a plague, would, I am sure, coincide with me in opinion, that there could not be a worse place for troops.

Precisely the same tale is told of Masulipatam, which, indeed, is only now occupied by 'the skeleton of one native corps'; while the following passage adds a climax to these disgraceful tales of official neglect:—

Some lines are exceptions to the generality; but they are made so from private resources—from *the impoverished and scanty pockets of the men*. . . . I say, that some lines are an exception to the generality, but I do not think I am very far wrong in adding, that those are so few, that *the whole may be taken together as unfit for people bearing the name of soldiers to live in*.

But the hospitals, at least, it may be supposed, will have been constructed with a due regard to locality. Listen again:—

It appears to me a strange thing, that at whatsoever station I have been, the public hospitals . . . are invariably located in some objectionable situation. . . . Nine out of ten are either outside an old fort, or on the margin of some dirty piece of water, or, at all

events, anywhere but where they should be. . . . Behold the Grand General Hospital at Madras. It is in the Black Town, the most filthy, unwholesome, unhealthy place in the whole world, I may say. One flank of the entire building is skirted by a stagnant canal or ditch, full of black, muddy, filthy water, from whence arise effluvia sufficient to poison the air, which must penetrate into the wards where the patients are berthed. . . . The remaining portion is surrounded by native huts, which speak loudly for themselves. . . . The hospital for the native regiment at Vepery, is situated in the middle of the men's lines, with a dirty puddle of water close to it, into which is thrown all the rubbish, and the passer-by may often see dead dogs, &c. &c. either floating on the surface, or lying on the edge. The General Hospital at Vellore is inside that hot oven of a fort, close under the ramparts, and surrounded by a ditch full of green water swarming with alligators, and throwing out a stench as if it were filled with dead bodies in a state of putrefaction. . . . The hospital at Poonamullie is also inside the fort; the same at Arnee; and, if I am not mistaken, the one at Bangalore is likewise so situated.

Of course, when so little attention is paid by the higher authorities to the choice of permanent stations, whether for the healthy or for the sick, it would be absurd to look for proper sanitary measures at the hand of commanding officers. The following narrative is valuable, as showing the precise occasion of an outbreak of cholera:—

Our route into Madras was anything but a good one. In some parts the men had actually to wade above their knees in water; and the whole of the way it was ankle-deep in mud. When arrived at the barracks, we found that the regiment which we had come to relieve had not vacated their lines . . . that, in fact, nothing was ready for our reception. . . . The men . . . were in consequence obliged to locate themselves, and their host of families, on the small confined space near at hand, which happened to be in a dirty, swampy condition, not fit for the Vepery pigs to wallow in. . . . This piece of ground was about 150 yards long, and 50 broad. There were no tents for the men, that is, not for them all; so that many, with their families, were huddled together in those miserable little pails already described, while many took shelter in the verandahs of the several buildings close by. We were put on duty almost immediately we arrived, thereby allowing the men no time to

make themselves tidy or clean, after the filthy condition to which they had been reduced. . . . *It was not at all to be wondered at that the cholera soon made its appearance, and carried off the followers by scores, creating quite a panic throughout the regiment.* We had many cases among the men. . . . It was a truly heart-rending sight to see men, women, and children of all ages, dying promiscuously, without being able to relieve their sufferings, or to check the progress of disease and death. . . . *After the cholera had subsided, (!) as a matter of course, our first thoughts were how to render our men's lines as free from filth and dirt as we could.* They were in a shameful state when we took possession, and we had a difficult task in cleaning them and making them habitable. The disease left us about a week or ten days after it first made its appearance. . . . The men underwent much personal expense in rebuilding and re-thatching their huts, and this alone involved them in a way which they could ill afford. . . . Why should not poor Jack Sepoy's health be consulted as well as that of the European soldiers? . . . Why should not Government lay out a few thousand rupees in erecting proper places for the native troops to reside in with their families, instead of making them dwell in such wretched abodes, really not fit for pigs?

Perhaps some of our readers may have seen, in the last Report of the Board of Health, 'On the Epidemic Cholera,' the opening narrative of the 'Progress of the Epidemic in India.' It does not appear ever to have suggested itself to the authors of that Report, that the same localizing causes indicated in the contents of their work, under the heads,—'Overcrowding, Filth, Offensive sewers and piggeries, Poisonous effluvia wafted to a distance, Town refuse, Malaria from putrescent mud, Foul canals and ditches, Dampness . . . Fatigue,' might have originated or favoured the outbreak of the disease in India, as they did in Europe. Captain Hervey's book supplies the true complement to the labours of Lord Ashley, Mr. Chadwick, and Dr. Southwood Smith. The two works together place in an awful light the responsibilities of England towards India, and the way in which those responsibilities make themselves felt. India may be too far to awaken our sympathies; she is not too far to inflict upon us disease and

death. Half the world may be between us; but the cholera can yet bridge over that distance, more surely than any steamer or telegraph. We will not listen to the tale of the sad condition of the native soldier; it bores us to hear of the loads he has to carry, of the fatigues which he has to endure, of his scanty and unwholesome food, of the foul state of his cantonments, of the reckless selection of military stations, of the swampy fields and poisonous ditches which surround them. The 53,000 deaths from cholera in 1849 are the fittest answer to our selfish indifference. The question of India's prosperity, of her wise government, are our own. These despised 'black nigger Sepoys' may be trampled on as brutes; but as men they sicken, they die, and vindicate their common humanity by poisoning us with the virus that kills themselves. And remember that these evils arise under a 'paternal Government,' an 'enlightened despotism.' No parliament exists in India, through the tedious stages of whose proceedings and discussions a 'public health bill' has to be dragged, year after year, until it obtain force of law. No old-established corporations are there; no Oriental Cities of London to claim exemption from sanitary rule; no stubborn town-councils, no rate-fearing boards of guardians, to set up the cry of centralization, and thwart the execution of the law. Nay, the Madras presidency, which forms the subject of Captain Hervey's observations, is the very one where the ryotwary system prevails; that is to say, where the Government claims to be the direct and sole owner of the soil. If anywhere the predisposing causes to cholera can be stifled by wise sanitary reform, it is in India—if anywhere in India they ought to be stifled, it is in the Madras presidency—and yet it is in India that cholera has originated; in India that it still causes annually—so the Board of Health tells us—'nearly one-eighth of the whole mortality of the European soldiers, and nearly one-fifth of all the deaths among native soldiers;' it is from India that we still receive it; and it is from this very Madras presidency that its course is traced in 1846 by the Board of Health.

Remember always, that Captain Hervey has hitherto been speaking of the Sepoys, who must be considered a privileged class. We have warned our readers not to expect from him more than side-glances of the general condition of the country. Such side-glances, indeed, there are, not unimportant nor yet unsuggestive. As when he exclaims at Vellore, when complaining of having to look after 'a jail full of villanous convicts,' — 'If an efficient police were kept up by the civil authorities, there would not exist any necessity for the military being made drudges of.' As when he gives the anecdote of a bazar-fraud on the line of march, 'as one instance out of thousands of the rascality and cheater going on,' unchecked by the civil authorities. Or take, again, his pictures of the dilapidation of Indian towns, even those (as we have seen) used as military stations, which, consequently, one would expect to be most flourishing. He will show us Cochin with its beautiful scenery, but with its immense ranges of buildings going fast to ruin, and a population plagued with ophthalmia and elephantiasis, of which latter complaint some declare that 'it is gradually increasing throughout India,' though Europeans are exempted from it. He will show us the pier at Mangalore 'deserted, as were also the buildings adjoining,' and peculiar cutaneous disorders prevalent on the coast. He will show us Masulipatam, 'in former days the scene of bustle and business, containing large factories and warehouses stored with all descriptions of goods, and sending forth its merchandize, the produce of the surrounding country, and the manufacture of its inhabitants, to the four quarters of the globe . . . now but scantily populated, and its houses . . . fast falling to ruin;' its 'beautiful cloths of various textures, once well-known throughout India,' and 'in great demand, not only among the natives, but among the European residents of the country,' now 'very paltry and coarse, scarcely worth purchasing.'

Perhaps, however, our readers suppose that destruction follows everywhere fatally in the wake of the white man, and that the Hindoo,

in spite of his common origin with ourselves, as branches of the great Indo-Germanic stock, disappears before the European as necessarily as the Red Indian? Captain Hervey's visit to Pondicherry, under circumstances not the most calculated to preserve his good humour, will help us to solve the problem.

Pondicherry is a very well-laid out, clean town; the houses are, for the most part, well-built and substantial. . . . The streets are of an uniform breadth, constructed with remarkable regularity. . . . Nearly in the centre is a spacious square, laid out in walks, shaded by rows of magnificent trees, with the Government House on the northern face of it. This mansion is a beautiful building. . . . The rest of the public buildings are good, and do credit to the local authorities and the French. . . . The Black Town lies to the southward . . . it covers a considerable extent of ground, and is laid out with nearly the same regularity as the European quarter. . . . The roads and streets of the suburbs are lined with avenues of trees; the roads themselves watered, so that there is little or no dust — giving the whole a cool, fresh appearance, instead of the hot, dry, parched-up aspect for which our cantonments are so remarkable. The houses of the natives, outside of the town, are well and strongly built; with nice, neat, little gardens in front of them, enclosed by palings and little wicket-gates. The residences of the wealthier people are generally very good, and appear to be comfortable, giving evidence of how much can be done with a little; for, be it known, the Indo-French make a rupee go about six times as far as we do.

The natives, it seems, all speak French fluently. 'On the occasion of our appearing before the commandant, there was not a word spoken but French, and the natives talk it beautifully.' And Captain Hervey truly observes, that this is 'an excellent plan, calculated to improve the condition of the natives, who are made to learn the language of their rulers; while we, not placing that confidence in a people whom we have conquered, learn their language ourselves, and do all we can thereby to prevent them from acquiring ours.'

The town itself is very healthy. . . . The whole country yields a tolerable revenue. . . . The villages and hamlets we saw seemed to be clean and well-built; and the inhabitants in good condition, WITHOUT THAT POVERTY - STRICKEN

LOOK ABOUT THEM, WHICH FORMS SO REMARKABLE A FEATURE IN THE PEASANTRY OF OUR OWN TERRITORIES. *It struck me that the whole of the French territory was superior, in many respects, to ours; their roads are good, with trees on each side; their land seemed better cultivated, and better irrigated by means of tanks and canals, constructed for that purpose...*

I must confess there is plenty of room for improvement, as far as appearances are concerned, in our own districts. The country I always thought burnt up and badly watered, and the crops indifferent. The generality of towns and villages, which I have seen, have been dirty and miserable. *There did not seem to me to be any attempts even to better the condition of the poor inhabitants, or to improve the country, or to render the towns and villages more like those under civilized control. As long as the revenue is collected, the condition of the miserable peasantry and of their villages is of secondary consideration... How is it that cholera is so frequent a visitor amongst our native hamlets and towns?*

Because of the filthy state in which they generally are found, and because of the poverty of the inhabitants. People say that this epidemic is in the air; no doubt such is the case, because, if the ground is charged with filth and dirt, it stands to reason that the air becomes impregnated with noxious exhalations; and if the inhabitants are so pinched with want, as to have nothing to eat, it is not matter of surprise that they are unable, from weakness of stamina, to wrestle with a disease which the inhaling of an unhealthy atmosphere brings on. *But we seldom hear of cholera, or any other epidemic, breaking out in the villages of the French territories.* Let the traveller visit any of them, and he will see how neat and clean they are; let him look at the *paysans*, and he will observe them to be much better clad, and stouter than our *ryots* generally are. And why is the difference? *Because the poor people are not so heavily taxed by the revenue collector, and they have, consequently, more to live upon...* The Indo-French are apparently a superior set of people, better than the generality of half-castes and Eurasians to be met with in India. They are better educated, better-mannered... The Europeans... mix with them, intermarry, and connect themselves, without reference to birth, parentage, or education... All the exportations from France are procurable at Pondieberry at much lower rates than anywhere else; no duty is charged, or, if any, very insignificant to the exorbitant taxations imposed upon

everything at our English ports. The inhabitants are, therefore, able to indulge in all the elegancies, delicacies, and comforts, of the Parisian market.

We are apt to sneer at the French as bad colonizers. After Captain Hervey's comparison between French and British India, who dare repeat the reproach? Does not every English cheek tingle for shame over the picture drawn by our countryman?

We are aware, indeed, that the presidency of Madras is often considered as standing lowest, in point of public spirit and liberality of feeling. We would fain believe it, on rising from the perusal of Captain Hervey's pages. Yet we dare not conclude but that the Madras presidency is, at worst, only the complete type of that to which all India is verging, both as to Hindu wretchedness and English brutality. We see from the book before us how cholera is generated from starvation and filth in Madras. The Cholera Report (already referred to) of the Board of Health, in default of other documents, will tell us how, in 1846, it swept upwards, 'an awful visitation,' through the presidency of Bombay; whilst even in the previous year it had committed 'frightful ravages' in Northern India. And if Captain Hervey tells us of the maltreatment of Madras Sepoys and coolies, we remember that disgraceful story, in Mr. Acland's *Manners and Customs of India*, of the reception of a rajah in Cuttack by Europeans; how the commonest forms of civility were pointedly omitted towards an Indian gentleman by Englishmen pretending to that title; how, on his first coming to visit them, he was sent away by the message of a servant; how they rose not even from their chairs when he entered, and addressed him by the rudest forms of speech; how, when hunting on his land, and making use of his coolies and elephants, they would not wait for the 'beastly nigger' to hunt with them; how Mr. Acland was laughed at by his companions, when he had presented a pistol to the Prince, 'for giving anything to a nigger.'

We have now fulfilled our most painful task. The writer of this article was born in India; is the son,

nephew, consin, of officers in the Indian army; his main subsistence is yet derived from the taxation of India, through the medium of her debt. It is, therefore, a duty which he owes to his birthland—to the honour of his family—to that race by the sweat of whose labours he lives, to spread abroad the awful tale which Captain Hervey's book reveals,—to point those lessons which the honest, but simple soldier, often overlooks. But these lessons, he firmly believes, are not only for the birth-children of India, nor yet for its denizens or governors, but for all England. The object of these pages would be wholly misunderstood as a mere attack upon the government of India, whether that government be now practically vested in the East India Company or the Board of Control, as 'Gracchus' and 'Justus' have lately been bewrangling it in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. Whoever the governors of India may be, they are still Englishmen; whatever its misgovernment, it is English misgovernment. The men who deem it a meritorious act to maltreat a native are our sons, our brothers, our friends. The trunk must be very rotten which produces such an offset. The tone of English character must be fearfully debased, when it exhibits itself in shape so abhorrent in the noblest of our dependencies. What lying Pharisees are we, to have spent 20,000,000*l.* in emancipating 800,000 negro slaves, and to be treating 100,000,000 of free fellow-subjects, kindred in the elements of race and language with ourselves, endowed with manifold good qualities, rich in a most ancient civilization, in municipal institutions the most perfect in the world, a literature most plentiful and varied,

a most subtle philosophy,—to be treating them, we say, with all possible contumely, as 'brutes' and 'beastly niggers!' Surely, it was in vain to abolish the form of slavery, when the spirit of the slave-driver was yet so rife amongst us. The urgency of reform in India only shows the magnitude of the evil at home. '*A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit. . . Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.*'

We now take leave of Captain Hervey, with the deepest feelings of gratitude towards him. His general good sense and good feeling atone abundantly for any faults of style or grammar in his book, to which we earnestly conjure all to resort whom the preceding pages may have in any wise moved. For such readers, its very defects will have a weight and interest of their own. The constant repetition, even to tediousness, of the statements as to the worth of the native troops,—the misbehaviour of Europeans toward them,—the filth and wretchedness which are the predisposing causes of cholera, will be evidence only of the earnestness of the writer—of the enormity of the evils which are thus perpetually obtruding themselves upon his mind. Whatever may be Captain Hervey's shortcomings or his prejudices, he is a sincere, right-hearted, plain-speaking man; and we can only trust that the Government of India will evince their sense of the deep obligation he has conferred upon them, upon India, and upon England, by calling him to appointments, where his public spirit and honesty of purpose may be exercised with the most beneficent effect towards the country and the people in whose welfare he has shown so deep an interest.

CÆSARISM.*

HAD this volume appeared before February 1848, we should scarcely have thought it worth while to bring it before the notice of our readers. We should have considered it merely as one of those displays of startling paradox by which writers, destitute of other means of acquiring

notoriety, occasionally succeed in attracting notice. But various circumstances invest it at the present day with an importance which neither the subject-matter nor the mode of treatment would have sufficed to confer.

In the first place, the author is not

* *L'Ere des Césars*. By Monsieur M. A. Romieu. Paris, 1850.

an obscure individual, but a man who served the late Government for many years in an official situation, and now stands high in favour, it is said, with those whose concurrence in his ideas might influence the fate of his country; and, in the second place, the free institutions against which his pen has been levelled, and which, in this country, all political parties agree in upholding, have been attacked of late in France with other and more powerful weapons by those who should most jealously have guarded them. In a word, the monstrous theory of the superiority of Force over Reason, which this book advocates, is in the present day far from revolting to a numerous class of Frenchmen; and, strange to say, it is not among those whose numbers and whose deficiency in intellectual strength might explain their reliance on physical force that these tendencies are observable, but rather among those whose most superficial glance might show them that the *ultima ratio* they invoke would not give them the victory. While Democrats and Socialists affect to await patiently the advent of their cause, and trust (at least apparently) to the march of ideas to further their success, we find ex-préfets like Monsieur Romieu declaring that between speeches and cannons his choice is not doubtful, and that unless France be 'irrecoverably mad,' she must share his preference for the latter mode of persuasion. There is not an abuse, religious, political, or moral, from the Inquisition downwards, which has not, during the last twelvemonth, found an advocate in the French press; not one of the cast-off fetters of past generations which has not been piously hinged and restored to honour by somebody: in this mania for rehabilitating all that we had long ago supposed to be past rehabilitation, M. Romieu has, we think, outstripped his colleagues both in absurdity and violence, and for this reason we select him as a sample. It is in form alone, however, that he is, to use his own expression, 'more brutal' than the rest, and his importance in our eyes consists far less in his singularity of expression than in the fact of his being one of a numerous class. The debasing theories of such writers find but too ready an

auxiliary in the supineness which seems, for the present, to have succeeded in the public mind of France, to the over-excitement of revolutionary action. Repose seems now the prevailing aspiration, and so-called stability the only wish of that restless people. But besides this, perhaps, natural effect of the universal law of reaction, there is a national aversion in France to anything like doubtful situations, a desire to wind up matters, to settle political questions irrevocably, to leave nothing to the modifying influence of time, to have written and explicit laws for everything (which, as they cannot be bent, must be broken); in a word, to carry every principle to its extreme. There has been, for the last sixty years, no period during which parties in France could not have been distributed into two distinct groups—the victors and the vanquished. Moreover, our neighbours have a contempt for everything which is not homogeneous in all its parts. Constitutional fictions have no hold on them, and they can scarcely conceive the patience with which we have gone on with our patchwork constitution until there is scarcely a remnant left of the original garment.

If we may use a still more familiar illustration, we would say that France often reminds us of those over-active housewives, who, in the zeal of a thorough 'putting to rights,' upset everybody and everything in a house. Chairs are placed upon tables, tables upon sofas, soap-suds are everywhere: how excellent would be the operation if it were ever completed! But, alas! long before that consummation, the ardour which disturbed everything is cooled; weariness, and a desire to put things away 'anyhow,' have taken its place; the ordinary routine of life must be resumed; and at last, at the close of a miserable day, and at the cost of much loss and breakage, things are made to resume something of their former aspect. France is at present in the stage of weariness we have just described, and is trying to put things back as they were before the recent attempt at improvement; but whether it shall be as they were in 1804, in 1815, or in 1830, is the only question. The present constitution, with its

latitude of revival, pleases nobody ; it is not absolute enough for the national mind ; present repose will not satisfy any one, for what is to happen in 1852 ? Who will be the next President ? and the next ? and the one after him ? Men, too, whose lives have been spent in undermining each successive Government, feel irritated with this anonymous Republic, which offers no surface to their blows and suffers them in its councils. The men of the old dynastic opposition are out of their element. 'Othello's occupation's gone.' The consequence of this state of feeling is, that every political man in France is busily seeking for a 'solution' (it is the consecrated word) of the perplexing questions of the day. These, of course, differ materially in the remedies they propose, but all resemble each other in one respect,—they all suggest arbitrary means for violently extricating the country from 'the situation' (another consecrated word). M. Romieu likes the 'situation' as little as any one, and has his 'solution' also ready, although his remarks are offered more under the form of prophecy than of counsel. He sees but one issue to the state of affairs in France, and that issue is what he calls *Caesarism*. For this discovery he is decidedly entitled to all the honours of invention. The degenerate Romans of the days of Heliogabalus and Maximin, it is true, made use of the institution, as M. Romieu conceives it, to its fullest extent, but the notion of applying it in the nineteenth century has so completely rejuvenated the idea that our readers will most probably consider it has great claims to originality.

In the first place, what is *Caesarism* ? *Caesarism*, to which M. Romieu considers every country, where free discussion has formed the basis of the government, unavoidably doomed, is the rule of one man, in whom the force of the country will become temporarily incarnate. The word force, it must be understood, is used in no figurative sense, expressing the power exercised by moral superiority ; our author means thereby military despotism in its most absolute sense—the mere brutal power of the sword. The *Cæsars*, whose advent he predicts, are not to be compared to the immediate successors

of the great Julius, who, had as some of them were, maintained to a certain degree the dignity of the empire in the midst of crime ; we must go lower still to seek the prototypes of the rulers who are destined to govern civilized Europe in the nineteenth century. It is the *Cæsars* of the Decline, the emperors of the Prætorian guards, the favourites and the victims of victorious legions, who are in store for us. *Caesarism* is not monarchy, not even absolute monarchy. M. Romieu is very explicit on this point :—

Caesarism, which many will mistake for monarchy as it gradually becomes manifest, differs from it in one material point. This latter is established and maintained only on condition of inspiring belief ; the former subsists of itself, and by itself. Its tendency is ever to attain to the foundation of monarchy without succeeding in effecting it. Each Roman *Cæsar* thought to see his family established by sharing the purple with his son, and yet, two generations at most saw the failure of the attempt even in the firmest and most venerated hands—those of a Vespasian, a Severus, a Constantine, or a Theodosius. It is not authority which creates monarchies, it is faith. That feeling can only take birth in the infancy of nations ; with time it develops itself and is exalted into a dogma, but it can neither take rise nor even exist amidst the discussion of principles in the cold atmosphere of our present world. I must be understood, therefore, to say that our epoch calls loudly for strong, and not for hereditary power, at least until the time comes when education has fashioned a *believing* in the place of a *judging* generation.

If there existed a man sufficiently infatuated really to believe that any education, deserving the name, could be instrumental in producing a credulous instead of a reasoning generation, we should be half inclined to pity his delusion and its attendant disappointment ; but we have not yet found any partizan of force, oppression, or violence, who deceived himself in this particular, whatever he might attempt to do with respect to others. They are all, without exception, convinced that education is their real adversary, and as a fresh instance we might quote another passage of this book in which the truth protrudes, and we are told of the 'poisoned crumbs' which are so eagerly and fatally devoured by the hungry masses crowding round our educa-

tional tables. Alas! that they should receive but crumbs.

But to return to Cæsarism. We shall not follow M. Romieu through the course of Roman history from Augustus to Augustulus to which he treats his readers, in order to prove the analogy between the days of Cæsarism rule and the present times; every schoolboy could point out the monstrous differences that exist. One alone would suffice to upset the whole theory. The advent of the Cæsars was nearly coeval with the birth of Christianity. Is anything similar going on in the present day? Had this book been the work of some Socialist writer, we might have supposed that he considered that a new creed was now, too, on the eve of appearing, to supersede the inefficient or ill-applied Gospel rule; but M. Romieu, whatever he may be, is evidently no Socialist; and although he alludes in one passage to the decline of Christianity, he admits that its introduction is the only event to which the (otherwise senseless) word Progress can be applied. Did it never strike him that the spread of a religion, preached by a few fishermen of a despised and distant province of the Roman empire, was one of the most irrefragable instances of the impotence of mere force the history of the world ever furnished? Was there ever a triumph of the 'Idea' (to use a French expression) over Force more complete? What did it avail expiring Paganism to have force on its side? A quarter of a century had not elapsed since the death of Julian (who, by the bye, is evidently a favourite with our author, as being a kind of Pagan *Conservative*) before Christianity sat triumphant with Theodosius on the throne of the Cæsars.

But M. Romieu sees but one analogy: the old Roman world, satiated with stormy debates and blood-stained liberty, hreathed awhile in thankful repose under the protecting despotism of Augustus, and he supposes, in consequence, that the Europe of the nineteenth century would be equally happy to escape from the agitations of constitutional government and the efforts of modern revolutionists. Could the present din of parliaments and newspapers be once hushed into repose, we should,

he thinks, hear a grateful world exclaim, in the words of Virgil,—

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

The nations of Europe, and even of America, wearied with parliamentary delays, would be hut too happy to see their affairs as expeditiously conducted as an individual orders his dinner, and would be delighted to find themselves elevated to all the dignity and freedom of a man-of-war's crew. These two similes are his own, as our readers will see:—

Until I see parliamentary forms applied to the serious and ordinary acts of life, I shall continue to wonder at the singular aberration of mind which induces us to apply them to government. I have never seen the conduct of a ship confided to an assembly, and I know why; because both ship and assembly would founder two miles out of port. In that case, the danger of the institution would be immediate, and we take good care not to set it to work. But in politics the effects of folly are only felt after months or years, and the cause is soon forgotten. In like manner, it never entered into anybody's head to place a regiment under the command of a commission. Such a regiment would be beaten by a troop of militia. In the Family, which is a component atom (*molecule*) of society, where are your votes? where is your ballot? Do you ever collect votes on any subject which concerns your fortune, your plans, or your life? What debate precedes the ordering of dinner? In every single thing which interests him personally man acts under the direction of a single will, so sure does he feel that it is the best and promptest method; and yet in that one grave matter—the conduct of the State—by an unaccountable eccentricity he rejects this natural rule, which is as ancient and as lasting as the human species itself.

Evidently the modern Cæsars are not to be hampered even with a Senate, hut are to possess the right of legislation unencircumscribed; and as pre-existing laws might also prove inconvenient, these are summarily disposed of on account of the vice of their origin, — they being the offspring of popular representation:—

I can understand that the nations of antiquity were submissive to the prescriptions of their legislators. Their codes were simple: almost all pretended to a celestial origin, or could be traced to some famous sage that the people had invoked. I can understand the Jews, slaves of the law which had been promulgated in the midst of lightnings and

of thunder by Jehovah himself. I can understand the veneration that guarded the laws of Solon or of Lycurgus, which were the offspring of a single mind, and had not been submitted to any debate. But with us, everybody assists at the discussion and listens to the abuse directed to the text which is to become a law; every man excites and persuades himself according to his fancy for speakers or newspapers; and the issue of the organized quarrel depends upon the cast of a die in a game in which the absent, the indifferent, or the dilatory, have not been able to take their part. What pious respect can you expect from the nation for that chance product which you term *Law*? And yet it seems a settled thing in the language of codes, circulars, edicts, and judgments, that it should be our supreme authority. The majesty of the law is even often spoken of! I would, indeed, wish to see it beautiful and majestic, but it can receive these qualities only from higher hands. Mankind has two sorts of respect,—respect for holiness, and respect for power. The holy element has ceased to exist in the present age; the element of strength is of all ages, and can alone restore the other. This is why I have pleaded the cause of force in this book, which may be thought coarse (*brutal*). I have wished, in these days of sophistical disputes, to speak a plain word of truth which is in the minds of many. It is as well, perhaps, for the future of mankind, that the great experiment of Reason should have been tried, and should have plunged us into this chaos. '*Oportet hæreses esse*,' says the Church. It is fitting that heresies should be. They have not been wanting in matters of morality and government. . . .

From what occurred in the decline of Paganism I have augured what may occur in the decline of Christianity. But Christianity so completely embodies all the aspirations of the soul, that it must revive once more, sooner or later, after the mad doctrines which have usurped its place are abandoned. If there be in the word *Progress* any sense applicable to our order of ideas, it must be sought for in the rehabilitation of the most sublime of creeds. He who said, 'Blessed are they that mourn,' uttered the one great maxim of mankind. Whenever that maxim shall be universally believed, all codes, all laws may be destroyed, and the world will go on smoothly of itself.

We have no doubt it would, as far as the facility of government is concerned. If indeed this saying can ever be diverted from its spiritual to its literal sense—if the poor, the needy, the sick, and the oppressed can be persuaded that they are very lucky

to be so apportioned, and that cold, hunger, and sickness, are positively desirable sensations, the most perplexing questions of the day will be greatly simplified. The main object of government being, in that case, to secure the greatest amount of wretchedness to the greater number, we know of no *régime* which would be so likely to attain the end as Caesarism. Of all the misused texts of Scripture (and they are many), the above has been the most often perverted. They that mourn *are* blessed, but most especially in that they are spared many of the temptations to which the rich succumb: they are not tempted to be hard-hearted, to overlook the sufferings of others, or to revile with opprobrious epithets those who aspire to the enjoyments which they themselves value so highly. The mourner in his grief and the poor in his need are not tempted to employ the faculties that a liberal education called into existence to vilify reason, and to take advantage of the liberty of the press to extol oppression; they are not exposed to the temptation of wasting the long leisure of comparative wealth in the concoction of had books, in which want and crime are made synonymous, and in which the violent adjustment by the sword of the long antagonism between those who enjoy and those who covet is heartlessly advocated. In this they are blessed; but it is an unconscious blessing, for which they cannot be expected to feel grateful. It is a common practice with writers of M. Romieu's stamp to use the Gospel as a kind of constable's staff, by which those who are born to misery in this world are (under penalty of being accused of impiety) to be awed into submission, instead of being soothed into resignation. It never seems to occur to them, that if temporal blessings are so utterly worthless that their acquisition should not even be attempted, their preservation in particular hands can hardly warrant the bloodshed and tyranny which it has often caused, or such widely-spread misery as the establishment of Caesarism, for instance, might entail. The Gospel also gives fearful warning of the difficulties which will attend the entrance of the rich man into the kingdom of heaven; and yet we would venture to assert that M.

Romieu himself would not object to a fourth prefecture, even though it were the most richly endowed in France, but would take his chance of passing through the eye of a needle like any other wealthy camel. But we will not insist on this point, as the author has evidently his own misgivings on the subject, and admits that the blessings of want are not likely, for the present, to be appreciated at their proper value.

It is difficult to deal rationally with this book. In the first place, there is a complete inconsistency in the fact of a man holding M. Romieu's opinions writing a book at all. After exclaiming (p. 89) that 'this inconceivable modern dogma of Reason has rendered the human species insensate,' after tracing to the one error of considering man as a creature of Reason, instead of a creature of Passion, all the evils of the times; and after comparing the present unsubmitive and questioning generation of Frenchmen to a set of drunken rioters, who can only be put down by force (*une bande avinée, dont la patrouille peut seule avoir raison*); to what does he appeal? To that human Reason of which he denies the very existence (p. 80). He does not seem to be aware, that even the weapons he uses are an involuntary homage paid to the enemy against whom they are directed. He employs all the resources of a polished mind, and a not inelegant pen, to prove the necessity of a soldier's rule, but does not consider that his much-wished-for Cæsar would certainly class him amongst the 'Ideologists,' of whom he speaks with such contempt—as 'a species of civil barbarians, who have made irruption into the modern world, and attempted its conquest with speeches and writings.' To be strictly logical, M. Romieu should shoot his arguments, not write them. This inconsistency once admitted, however, we must allow that the author does not boggle at any of the consequences of his proposition. He is disposed, as brother Jonathan says, 'to go the whole—animal.' The establishment of Cæsarism presupposes the existence of a strong military force, a sort of Prætorian guard, against which most people would have a prejudice; but M. Romieu has no objection to Prætorians—quite

the reverse. He reminds his readers that, under other names, there have been Prætorian bands in all ages, and in all countries. The soldiers of Cromwell were Prætorians; and so were the Strelitz of Moscow, the Janissaries of Constantinople, and the Mamelucks of Cairo. Prætorians of some kind or other effect the obscure revolutions which are constantly convulsing the states of Southern America, and bringing forth innumerable Cæsars, under the names of Bolivar, Santa Anna, Paëz, Bustamante, Iturbide, Francia, or Rosas. But we are afraid that no words of ours could do justice to M. Romieu's ideas on the subject of Prætorians, without exposing us to the charge of exaggeration, we therefore prefer quoting:—

Contempt for civil government, and faith in the power of the sword, are the rules of conduct which govern these armed corps. Little do they care for Right or Reason; little do they care for precedents, or futurity; they take no heed of what people say or think; they only see and support what is done, and even then it must suit their fancy or their interest, for they can understand and admire no other logic.

I am far from blaming them. The Prætorians of Rome were not of a peculiar race, they were of the human species. They only carried into the ranks the eternal and unavoidable propensities inherent to man. God has made us to desire Force, and to seek for it,—for ourselves in the first place, and subsidiarily in others; Force is to be traced in everything, and holds its hidden place even in our most metaphysical acts. All tends to it, and the less it is exhibited, the greater the lie! Constitutional Governments even, with their liberal pretensions, are incapable of enacting a law unless Force be at the bottom of it. Not a decree is promulgated that has not as a guarantee a *gendarme* or a policeman; and if these prove inefficient, the soldiery are called in to enforce the Law. Let us not, therefore, be severe on the Prætorians, whom our early teachers have taught us to abuse; but let us strive to forget their maledictions along with almost everything else they taught us. . . .

The word Prætorian, therefore, signifies force in the hands of a man who despises discussion, and who, disgusted with the speechifying of the tribune, substitutes deeds for words. Force is the inevitable issue of all the debates in which words entangle nations; it is the decisive and potent corollary of every contradictory theorem engendered by the

spirit of disputation,—call it Philosophy, Reason, or Liberty; it is the solution of all the problems propounded in every age by pretended reformers; it is, in a word, the *ultima ratio* of all human calculations, which can come to nothing without Force. And when I say Force, I mean that very Force of which people complain, and of which they blame the excess. I know well how it is welcomed, too, when it comes to the rescue in times of great emergency. I was in the ranks of the National Guard in June 1848, and I remember the enthusiastic blessings with which the enthusiasts of reform saluted the artillery as it passed on the Boulevards when the Faubourg St. Antoine was so menacing, and so near victory. General Cavaignac had then Prætorians ready to his hand: history will decide whether he did well to prefer the trihune.

Others will take care not to walk in his steps, as we shall see ere long.

All this seems foolish enough to the English reader; but unfortunately, as we said in the beginning of this paper, the present state of France gives importance to such nonsense. This book, which on one side of the Channel would be a harmless piece of classical buffoonery, represents on the other the opinions of many a would-be Prætorian, and, perhaps, the ambition of more than one expectant Cæsar. There is no period in our history in which the nation had ever to fear the despotism of any kind of Prætorians, whereas military rule is still fresh in the remembrance of many Frenchmen. M. Romieu's attacks on the most revered liberties of a free people—on the jury, or the press, for instance—would alarm no one here; but it must be remembered that in France, a Minister of State, but a few months ago, attacked trial by jury with scarcely less acrimony at the tribune of the Legislative Assembly, and that recent laws on the press have hampered it with more limitations and penalties than had been imposed by any previous Government since 1815. M. Romieu's book is a caricature, but nevertheless a striking representation, of the wishes and opinions of the *coterie* which surround the French President; and as such, it is curious. He would have us believe, however, that the horizon his views embrace is far more extended than it really is; for he applies his theory to all Governments

where discussion is suffered, while in reality he is thinking of France alone. Passing over, therefore, his chapters on England and America, we will in a last extract give our readers an idea of the manner in which he expects Cæsarism to make its appearance in his own country:—

Every thing just now seems to indicate the approach of that great calamity termed civil war. . . . The adjournment to a fixed date of plebeian wrath, the introduction of discipline in the midst of suppressed fury, of patience amid the most rancorous feelings that ever accumulated in human breasts, compose an *ensemble* of fearful symptoms which at no previous epoch ever threatened the world. The old resentment of the poor, the weak, the lazy, the ruined, the disgraced, and the misled, has taken a new course. Tactics have been introduced into those free companies which formerly, in times of trouble, were wont to rush without chiefs on the estate, the homestead, and the domestic hearth. They now seem to recognise for themselves the sovereign power of organization. Nothing similar was ever yet seen, and I wonder that so few people should perceive it. In my eyes it is the predominant fact of the Revolution of February—the fact by which it differs from all other revolutions. Henceforward, the mob forswears its tumult and its cries; it has understood that they are useless, and has accustomed itself to obey within the limits of the laws it has adopted, that is to say, to obey the directing will of those who prophesy its destiny. We are going the round of the eternal circle of human affairs, and in the nineteenth century we see renewed the patient march of the Hebrews towards the promised land. From the summit of another Sinai sophists point the way, and their word is the pillar of fire. In the hearts of the innumerable masses there exists a species of fierce belief in the coming enjoyment of material blessings, which can only be compared to the religious ardour of the people that followed Moses. On the day that they shall fancy they have caught sight of Canaan there will be a fearful shout. Society will then require all its forces, and by forces I mean its various armies. . . .

I fancy, then, that in 1852, if no event burries on the catastrophe, that the masses of *prolétaires* will rise, disdainful of all laws, and regarding them with reason as so many paltry scraps of paper, will march to the ballot-box in spite of *préfets* and *gendarmes*, and there depositing their forbidden votes (which they will consider valid notwithstanding the

interdiction), will say to France, 'This is the voice of the People, obey!' . . .

At the sound of this colossal chorus of the masses neither tribune nor press will attempt a word; the fabulous arsenal of our codes will be exhibited in all its emptiness, and the great Law of Force, in its iron text, will alone remain . . .

What next? I am no prophet; but I should say that great resistance may be expected. The army is ready for any sort of combat; discipline in its ranks has still the potency of all the other feelings which are now effaced. The soldier is like the monk, he has his rule and his superiors; he meddles little, do what we will, with our dissensions, which he despises; his uniform is his party. The army in the fearful conflict will obey the man who shall know how to command and mark the way, and who shall wield a sword beaming with future hopes. That man, whoever he may be, will have a brilliant destiny, but he will not long be unique. Success and victory will be obtained on more than one point; and victory, whether at Toulouse, Lyons, or Strasbourg, will have its pride and its exactions. Each army will be proud of its general and of itself. Are the Cæsars, then, so far distant?

No, certainly not, if like M. Romieu we keep our eyes fixed on the Past, for the last Cæsar that Europe produced died but a few years ago at St. Helena; but those who look *forward* see no symptoms of coming Cæsarism. We do not think, like him, that the Future can always be read in the Past, and that the human race treads in a hopeless circle. True it is that the name of that last Cæsar was still potent enough in France two years ago to procure, for the Octavius of Boulogne and Strasbourg, six million of votes for the Presidency of the Republic, but it would be mistaking the lingering splendour of a sun that has set for the brightening beams of coming day to suppose that such an Octavius could ripen into an Augustus.

Extricating ourselves from the Roman history with which we have become entangled in following M. Romieu, we would say that we consider that the time has gone by when any one man, however glorious, or however unprincipled, could save or ruin France. The victories of Arcole, Marengo, or the Pyramids, could scarcely in the present day effect the miracle of converting a successful general into an emperor,

still less can we suppose that an empire could be founded on idle parades, bits of red ribbon, or the distribution to future Prætorians of veal-pies, sausages, champagne, and cigars. But, even were this possible, such an emperor would not be a 'Cæsar.' Public men, be they kings or emperors, must henceforward be content, in all countries which have tasted of constitutional liberty, to be the instruments, not the leaders of their party. A story is told of M. Ledrn-Rollin, in which he is made to admit this truth with curious naïveté. It is said, that after the miserable failure of his attempt on the 13th of June last year, a friend expressed his surprise that a man of his talents should have compromised so recklessly the fate of his party; upon which the tribune replied, shrugging his shoulders and pointing to his unruly followers: *Que voulez-vous? j'étais leur chef, il fallait bien les suivre.* Most political leaders, if they spoke frankly, might, we think, make a similar admission. The days of overtopping individualities are past for ever, and even when signal service has been rendered, there is an inward conviction in the public mind, while paying homage to the general benefactor, that, in default of him, another would have been forthcoming. In former days, one man of pre-eminent station weighed in the scale against all the collective force of the obscure thousands of whom he was in fact the moral and intellectual representative, and their mute and self-ignoring will found utterance in him; but under the levelling influence of steadily advancing democracy such exceptional aggregations of power are fast crumbling down into the common mass, and, in France especially, the elements of society may be said to be *pulverized*. So far from foreseeing an era in which the revolutions of a palace, or the acclamations of a camp, will influence the fate of nations, it seems to us that modern societies are growing daily more independent of their governments, and that changes of a purely political nature have even ceased to excite that interest which is now reserved for reforms which may affect the material welfare or intellectual improvement of a people.

A LEGEND OF ONIAUGARA.

THE history of America, like that of every other portion of the globe, is a history of mutation, comprising each phase in the wide round of circumstance contingent to the life of man, and the rise and fall of nations. There, likewise, on the strong tide which no arm can stay, and no sagacity protract, human endeavour has floated for a period, full of promise, and resistless with the impulse that bore it on; then, when the term of destiny was fulfilled, and the wave began to ebb, it fell back hour by hour, struggling, baffled, rallying to the last, vigorous and replete, apparently, with every element of success, and yet stricken with an incurable decline.

The men of Europe, when they crossed the Western Ocean—five hundred years after the Scandinavians, under the son of Eric the Red—found a continent peopled by beings, whom, because they worshipped other gods, they called 'children of the devil,' and enslaved. The Americans might have applied the phrase with greater justice to their guests, inasmuch as the thing of hoofs and horns, fathered with so numerous a progeny, was clearly their own invention, and had no equivalent in the mythology of the new hemisphere.

The adventurers of the sea beheld a race, for the most part innocent as the sweet nature that smiled around them of the subtlety of commerce, the lust of wealth, the subjection of creed to interest, and every generous impulse to a bigot zeal; therefore they disinherited them with the double chancery of cunning and the sword. And yet they were more closely allied than they thought with those rejected images of clay. The mark of the Divine Artist was on them both; and could their hearts have been submitted to nictaphysical scrutiny, they would have proved susceptible of common desires and common errors, with only those differences of bias which exist between nature and convention, the simple and sophisticated man.

For untold centuries before the white man's keel furrowed the sand-beach of that remote straud, there

were gatherings, conspiracies, feuds, invasions, and disasters, in those forest kingdoms, as elsewhere in the world. In the south, were empires flourishing with the arts and intelligence of the Egyptians; and in the north, democracies reflecting the stern lineaments of Sparta, that followed the chase and made a pastime of war.

The past lies upon this land, like a giant in a shroud. Outlines, vague but mighty, loom through the twilight of tradition, and baunt the mind with a mysterious awe. The Alleghens, like the Israelites of old, march on in their destined course, south-west, tracking it with pyramids of earth, fosses, and stone ramparts, till their arrival at the promised land; they pass like a wave. The Algonquins, the master-hunters of the north, pour down upon the kindred tribes of the Wyandot, and drive them from their walled towns and corn-fields, to the westward of the Great Lakes; like a torrent, they sweep all before them from the mountains to the St. Lawrence. Then the expatriated and enfeebled bands form an alliance to assist each other against the common enemy, and to acquire supremacy in war.

Such are the crude suggestions of the vision, and such the causes assigned as the origin of the Indian confederacy, known as the Five Nations or Iroquois, which became so famous in North America, and which, after retaliating upon the Algonquins until the latter were nearly exterminated, and subjecting every other nation in that portion of the continent, was fated in the end to own a foreign yoke, and melt away before the white invader, like a snow-drift in the sun.

Amongst those who suffered from the prowess of the Iroquois were the Eries, a brave but not numerous people, who occupied the country between the eastern shores of the lake that bears their name, and the borders of the Ohio.

This tribe was frequently harassed by the encroachments of the Senecas, one of the five allied republics, who reduced it to a single village, and held a portion of its territory which

bordered them on the west. It is with the fortunes of one of this long extinct people that we wish to occupy the reader.

The stupendous cataract of the west rolled in its native majesty amid the solitude, pouring, in a bright green ocean, the surplus of seventy thousand square miles of fresh water over its precipice of rock. The woods that fringed this sublime picture in a soft framework of foliage, nourished by the spray that hovered perpetually over them, were not yet pruned by the axe of the European. The wild bison roamed to the edge of the steep, tearing the moss with his hoof, and shaking his mane, in anger at the conflict and the roar beneath. The mild-eyed stag lowered his antlers and stared timorously at the billows suspended in a waving curtain across some forest avenue; and the stately Indian came often alone, from the chase and from a far land, to humble himself before the Great Spirit at that supreme sanctuary, and to hear his voice speak in *'the thunder of water.'**

But it is neither to pray nor to contemplate the spectacle, methinks, that one now betakes himself along the verge of the gulf, and glides slowly among the columns of the oaks with his arms folded and buried in thought.

It was an Indian, young and tall, with a noble deportment, and a face of almost womanly gentleness, whose grave serenity was overcast at times by a shade, as of a passing cloud, which rested upon it more in sorrow than in anger, but never long. There was no trait of severity in any of its lines; and but for the brows, which were massive and prominent, his visage, like his figure, might have challenged comparison with the noblest sculpture of the Greeks, it was so heroic and benign.

Suddenly the Indian paused, and his lips parted in a smile; a sweet voice came from a copse only a few paces from where he stood. He separated the branches of a tree quietly; but, had a viper stung him, he would not have started back more quickly than he did at what he beheld; while a gleam of anger, sudden and

fierce as a tempest, shone in his eyes, and he grasped the handle of his stone hatchet instinctively in his hand.

Before him, and within the swing of his weapon, were two persons, one an Indian girl, the other a European, in semi-American costume. The latter was toying familiarly with the black locks which flowed to the waist of his companion, in a shining veil, while he gazed down upon her with that air of eager assurance which denotes the successful wooer, if not the practised gallant and man of the world. He was well-looking and vivacious, but there was something very equivocal in his smile, and in both face and manner a restless levity, which contrasted in no slight degree with the repose of the figure at his side. The Indian girl was very beautiful, and very pale; but through the rich folds of her hair a crimson tinge shone occasionally, as her lover brushed her cheek with his hand, and when she raised her eyes, which was only at intervals, to verify and reply to his words, you could see that they were large, dark, and tender, as those of a seal, and filled with a melancholy fire.

She was the daughter of a chief who presided over the affairs of a small village of the Seneca nation, situated at the falls; and her uncommon attractions had rendered her celebrated among her people. Indeed, more than one young warrior of the allied tribes claimed the hospitality of the Senecas, ostensibly to smoke in council or hunt the wild cow on the neighbouring plains, but in simple fact to get a glimpse of the beauty of *Oni-aū-ga-ra*, as *Lo-o-lote* was generally styled. Yet the dreams of the maiden seemed never to have been troubled by the image of any of her numerous admirers. She received their homage as a matter of course, without attributing them to any ulterior motive; and as she was the recipient of a nation's flattery, as may be supposed, it rendered her somewhat capricious and vain, though by nature she was a pure-hearted, affectionate creature. Too much adulation will spoil the best; and *Lo-o-lote* was but a woman.

* The signification of the original name, *Oni-aū-ga-ra*, now corrupted into Niagara.

At length, after many years' war, there came a young Erie with a calumet, to negotiate a peace with the Senecas, and the young beauty was no longer unmoved at the sound of a voice or the tread of a moccasins by her lodge. The envoy also, though reserved and impenetrable as a tortoise in its shell, while in the presence of his hereditary foes, was vanquished at once by a glance of the dark eye of the daughter of Tou-wis-kwan, the chief; and so, in the course of a few weeks, it was rumoured among the gossips that the temporary truce with the *Hunters of the Cow*, as the Eries were often termed, hid fair to be a permanent one, for that their Lo-o-lote would certainly accompany Ronla, the bearer of the peace-pipe, upon his return home. Then the young braves would storm and swear that it should not be; but, somehow or other, the daughter of the chief had wonderful power over them, for at one look of hers they would forget all their resolves, and become quite submissive and still.

About the same time an Onondaga runner came from the great council-fire of the Iroquois, saying that the '*Pale-faces of the sunrise*'—the French, had made peace-offerings to the tribes, and sent an especial envoy with a wampum belt, to bury the hatchet between them, and make a covenant chain that should never rust or break asunder. This intelligence created a general sensation, for the confederates had experienced sufficient already in their warfare with the people of Canada to feel the importance of an overture, so flattering to their pride, on the part of this redoubted ally of their enemies, the Algonquins and Hurons. Immediate preparations were therefore made to receive the ambassador with a distinction worthy of his mission, as he was about to commence a tour of friendship through the villages of the Five Nations, and might soon be expected at this stronghold of their western frontier.

He came and smoked with the elders, and talked about the greatness of his nation, and the king, who lived beyond the 'broad water of the sunrise,' and all that he would

do for his red brethren if they would let his people build forts on the lakes, and in their country, only for trade; and the *ogayandres** believed what the stranger said, and thought it good. They proved it also, by assenting to the proposition, and agreeing to send pledges to that effect to their white friends; yet the negotiator himself was in no hurry to depart, for he loitered day after day in the village. Why? Not to confirm the good auspices his advent had awakened, as the grave leaders imagined, but to achieve the more congenial conquest of the heart of Lo-o-lote!

François Lamoyne was a young officer of rank in the French colony, then in its infancy, who, having spent some time among the Mohawks as a prisoner of war, had acquired the language of the confederates, and an insight into the customs of the aborigines. This, conjoined with a natural acuteness and a remarkable facility of address, led to his appointment as an emissary with those tribes whom the Government of Canada were especially anxious to conciliate.

The brilliant foreigner, with his fascinating manners, his polished trifling and vivacity, flashed like a meteor upon the Indian maid, who had been used all her life to the unpretending people of the forest. He filled her brain with a crowd of new ideas, and her heart with a wild tumult, which she could neither fathom nor quell. She gazed upon his sparkling face, and those of her kindred, even that of Ronla, appeared dim beside it. Ronla! she had forgotten him. She had no time now to recall his fading image. Throughout the day the bright stranger was continually with her; and half the time formerly devoted to repose was now absorbed in thinking over all that he had told her. She dwelt with unwearied interest upon his looks, his piquant sayings, his flattering innuendoes, and, above all, his assiduous attentions to her. Ronla! Yes, she thought of him; he presented a ready antithesis to the white man, who had supplanted him in her imagination; she compared them together, like colours,

* Chiefs.

contrasting the gayness of the one with the sobriety of the other.

The Erie had observed enough to wound his keen susceptibilities, and make him wretched; but a feeling of punctilious delicacy had kept him away from the chief's lodge since the arrival of the distinguished guest, and he was thus ignorant of the full extent to which, what he deemed but a momentary estrangement of his affianced, had already reached, until accident revealed it in the manner described; for it was Ronla who witnessed the secret interview, and became possessed with a sudden frenzy at the audacity of the Frenchman and the falsehood of his beloved.

Hark! they are speaking. The warrior replaced his weapon in his belt and bent down sternly, to be convinced that it was not a mere deception of the eye—the blasting spectacle before him. The words were low, nevertheless he caught enough—ay, more than enough—to rack his soul with torture, such as no engine of cruelty could inflict upon the frame. What he suffered in those brief moments lip cannot tell, but he arose from his task with the feeling of one who has passed through the agony of death!

'Lo-o-lote, how beautiful you are,' said the stranger, fondling the tresses of his companion. 'You must make sad work with the hearts of those braves of yours. But, to tell the truth, I don't believe they know how to prize such a sweet flower, and so I intend to pluck it myself. Nay, hide not your blushes, little one; or stop, this will cure them;' and in an instant the lips of Lamoyne were pressed to the cheek of the girl, who repelled him in a way that caused him to treble the offence ere he continued. 'And that proud Erie, Lo-o-lote, they say he deigned to regard you with a favourable eye—is it true? But that can scarcely be, as I have seldom seen him in your father's lodge; or he is but an indifferent gallant. Speak, little one,—What of Ronla?'

The blush faded at the query, if not at the kiss; and Lo-o-lote dropped her eyes.

'How can I tell?' she replied. 'It is not seemly for the daughter of Tou-wis-kwan to say to this brave or

that, Come to my lodge. Lo-o-lote counts many smiles among the Senecas. She may not miss one, though that be Ronla's.'

'Ah, what a frightful coquette you are!'

'What is that?' she demanded, with a glance of quick inquiry.

'An idea—only an idea,' was the gay reply. 'A bewitching creature like yourself, with many strings to her bow—a wonderful slayer of men. Yes, you may look, those glances are the arrows; shoot them as thou wilt, little one, that I may love thee all the more, for, by the gods of the white man and the red, I love thee to distraction, Lo-o-lote!' And he clasped his arms around his companion, and drew her towards him. The girl was alarmed at this sudden impetuosity, and half-started from his embrace, murmuring confusedly,—

'It is not good to call upon the invisibles in that way, François, and we are close to the Great Spirit where we stand.'

'Foolish child, you are frightened by the sound of the torrent; have no fear of anything, for François loves thee.'

The Indian maid trembled, and yet she had no courage to resist. The voice of the charmer was at her ear; his breath burning her cheek. He drew her gently towards him, insensibly, with endearing whispers, until at last she relinquished her reserve with a sigh, and rested supinely in his arms. Poor Ronla!

Yet the warrior remained not to witness this final triumph of his rival; his hopes had already received their death-blow; and he was stalking homeward within the precincts of the village, that stood in an opening on the shore, northward of Iris Island, which divides the cataract into what are now termed the American and Horse-shoe Falls. Here he met the father of Lo-o-lote face to face. He would have passed on unobserved, but the eye of the chief was upon him, and he had to pause.

'Peace, brother,' said the Seneca, curtly, folding his painted robe around him with a haughty air, as he drew up in the path. 'The moon has grown from a bow into a shield, and yet Ronla has not lit his pipe more than twice in the lodge of Tou-wis-kwan. How is this? Are the

Eries tired of acting friendship with the *Onugh-kawry-daaug*? *

'The Eries are not women, to change in a moon,' was the sententious reply.

'Nevertheless, the path between them and this castle is very new,' returned the chief. 'If they don't mind, the saplings will spring up and choke it. Then it will be hard to pass backwards and forwards without using the axe.'

Ronla smiled ironically. He was in no humour, just then, to brook the taunting innuendoes of a Seneca, and he felt nettled, besides, at the neglect with which both himself and the other members of the deputation he headed had been treated since the advent of the foreigner.

'The *Agonnunseonne*† are like the turkey-cocks of the plains,' he observed. 'Let hut the wind ruffle their feathers ever so little, they puff up and play the braggart against it. The Eries are honourable men. They are not easily led away by strange voices, neither do they love to sit in a lodge that is cold.'

The two last sentences were spoken with emphasis and calm dignity by the young envoy, who regarded his interlocutor with a frown.

'My brother will talk again,' remarked the chief, with provoking coolness, advancing his ear towards the speaker. 'To the ears of a Seneca his words are snow-flakes dropping on a stone. What would he say?'

'This!' was the stern reply. 'That when the Eries sent a messenger with the sacred pipe, they expected him to be treated with becoming honour. Who is this pale-face that sings so pleasantly to the Senecas, and has bewitched their understandings? He stands in the path of Ronla!'

'Tou-wis-kwan will tell Ronla who this man is,' returned the chief, curling his thin lip, and smiling contemptuously while he spoke. 'He is not the voice of a poor wandering people, like the starving dogs of the sunset, who have scarcely ground

enough left to spread their robes upon; hut the wampum-bearer of a great nation of warriors, whose name is so lofty that it overshadows all others but that of the *Agonnunseonne* themselves. Ugh! were the Eries to see them using the thunder and lightning in battle, they would creep into their holes with fear. Who are the Eries, that they should stand before the *Long-knives*‡ of the summer? The path is still open; if they cannot wait, they can go!'

And, with a peremptory gesture, the fierce Seneca waved his arm in the direction of the enemy's country; thus signifying, in the plainest terms, his indifference to the proposed alliance, in utter disregard to the usages observed in the diplomatic intercourse of the tribes.

'Good,' was the firm reply; 'and then, let the Senecas shut the door ever so tight, the Eries will find a way to trim their leggins with their scalp-locks.'

And so they parted; and Ronla, o'er-hurdened with sorrow and stung to the quick at the insult offered to his nation, hurried into the village, held a brief conference with his associates, and drew off ere nightfall beyond the outskirts of the palisades that enclosed this stronghold of the Iroquois; a proceeding equivalent to a suspension of all friendly relations, and intermediate between amity and open war. Thus a few bitter words had severed the incipient link and renewed the ancient feud between the Eries and Senecas.

The shades of evening were settling in the forest, and the voice of the great cataract rolled through the long arcades in volumes of solemn sound. It was the organ of the wilderness pealing its anthem to the Eternal, in that holiest of his temples. The deep undertone shook the leaves, and the ground, and the firm foundations of rock. The wind, awe-wrapt, uttered no sigh in the oaken groves, and no bird's call broke the spell that deepened over the solitude in that hour of sadness and of prayer.

A knot of damsels with their

* *Shutters of the door.* The Senecas so styled themselves, because they closed the south-western frontier of the Iroquois against their enemies. This name was seldom used except in council, and only by the chiefs and leading braves.

† *Builders of cabins.* Original name of the Iroquois.

‡ The French were so called, from their swords.

water-vessels were grouped about a spring, which bubbled up out of a rock in the woods at a short distance from the village. They filled their buckets with the cool element; with their palms they sprinkled it in crystal globules over their long hair, which they arranged into plaits and bands before the watery mirror, talking all the while in soft, low voices, and sometimes joining in the burden of a plaintive song. Then these cinnamon-skinned Naiades, having finished their toilets and admired their faces to their hearts' content, bethought them of their charge, and bearing their dripping utensils, threaded noiselessly the Indian path leading through the grove to their homes.

One, however, remained seated by the fountain, and gazing abstractedly down into the dark cavity in the rock, her head resting on her hand. It was Lo-o-lote. Her face was very pale; and now that she was alone, it became thoughtful and troubled. Alone! The foliage rustled, a face that was not her own appeared in the fountain, and she started in wild alarm. Ronla was before her.

For a minute they regarded each other in silence, and then the girl's eye quivered and fell. She caught up a twig, unconsciously, and cast it into the spring; again she leant upon her hand. A hurricane of feeling, brief as the lightning in the cloud, swept over the face of the Erie, then it became passionless—frozen.

'There was a bird,' said he, mournfully, 'and its mate and its little ones perished. Ronla beheld the lone one in its sorrow, and how it would bring food every day and talk to those it loved, who were dead. It did not die, that bird, for they had been faithful, and it lived to remember them.'

A pause succeeded, and several large tears pattered on the ledge beside the maiden; but her face was turned away, and Ronla did not observe them.

'There was a warrior,' he resumed, and his voice sounded strangely to the listener, and very wild; 'a warrior of proof, and she who smiled upon him, and spoke honey words that crept into his heart and were his life, deserted him for another,

and so he killed her—because she had brought him to shame.'

The face of Lo-o-lote grew flushed and agitated, and then again like marble. Uttering a low wail, she sprang to her feet, removed her upper vestment with a rapid gesture, and confronted her accuser.

'Strike!' she exclaimed. 'The daughter of Tou-wis-kwan must bear no reproach. She will not take bad words from any one, she would sooner die. Erie, you can strike!'

Ronla looked sadly on the proud young girl who stood so fearless before him, and so beautiful—her lip quivering with energy, and her spirit flashing from her eyes. The sense of his bereavement then recurred to him with a twofold bitterness, and he folded his arms and sighed.

'Ronla came not here to do battle either with the knife or with the tongue to-day,' said he, calmly. 'When he is on a war-path he does not seek for women.'

'Then why does the guest of the Senecas talk thus to the chief's daughter?'

There was passion and hauteur in the manner no less than in the tone, yet as the words left her mouth Lo-o-lote became confused. Her face was averted, and her figure slightly bowed whilst she awaited the reply.

'That when his back is turned the Senecas may not call him a thief as well as a woman-dangler. Ronla came to give back what belongs to the daughter of Tou-wis-kwan; his words tell why.'

So saying, he drew forth a wampum necklace from the breast of his tunic, and presented it to his companion; but she made no movement to receive it, and he laid it down at her feet.

It was a love-token, sacred to their young affection when they were happier in each other than the whole world beside, and no blight had yet fallen on its morning bloom. In a moment of tenderness, Lo-o-lote had taken it from her neck and boud it playfully around the brow of her Indian lover, calling him, in a breath, her chained captive and her wampum-bound brave. That cancelled memorial was a mockery now, but it had a powerful in-

fluence on the girl. She thought of their pure attachment, the guileless intercourse, the thousand little nameless endearments that comprised its history, and made it as a life apart from the wild delirium which then enthralled her; all came back in a gush of softness to her heart, and she hid her face and wept.

The warrior also appeared to be shaken momentarily from his reserve, for his features relaxed into an expression of deep tenderness, but with a melancholy smile he checked it, and resumed.

'The young squaw had better spare her eyes. Life is a weary journey, and she will have to shed many tear-drops before she reaches the end. Now listen. She loves the pale-face better than Ronla. It is well. Let her prevail with him to depart straightway to the other castles of the Five Nations. There is no safety for him here.'

'What is this?' demanded Lo-o-lote, looking into his face with quick suspicion. 'Would you harm my father's guest? That would be very unworthy an Erie warrior who bears the pipe.'

'No,' he answered, in a low, emphatic voice; 'an Erie warrior would save that which is prized by her he loves, even though he died for it. Ronla is an Erie, therefore he speaks that she may warn him in time. Say to him, that the hair will grow more loosely to his head each day he lingers among the Senecas; that there is no cabin-wall in their country strong enough to keep him from the focman's knife after this time. The Eries have sworn away his scalp, as they believe him to be at the root of their quarrel with your people, and the red man's vengeance hites like the mocassin snake, silent and sure.'

For a few moments Lo-o-lote was a prey to the most conflicting sensations; the magnanimity of him she had wronged aroused her better nature, and her heart yearned towards her first love. But, alas! the past could never be recalled, a gulf wider than the grave divided them for ever now; she trembled with a chill foreboding as she surveyed it,

but she shrank not from the course she had to pursue.

'Good,' she replied; 'the daughter of Tou-wis-kwan will remember the words.' And Lo-o-lote took up her water vessel to depart.

'Stop,' said Ronla; and he pointed to the necklace which still lay upon the moss.

The girl looked at it, hesitated, and turned abruptly away, and as she did so their eyes met. Ronla often recalled that farewell look; there was sorrow, agony, remorse unspeakable, in its brief appeal. He watched the retreating figure until it disappeared in the foliage, then with a smothered groan he dashed his clenched hand against his breast, caught up the wampum ornament, and rushed disordered into the covert, on his return to the camp of his brethren.

'Let us go,' said he, an hour later, as he sat smoking calmly in the midst of a circle of gloomy warriors. 'The moon shines upon the waters, and before the morning's light our canoes will ride on the swell of Okswego clear of the boundary of the Senecas.'

'Not until we take with us the scalp of the light-haired *hatchet-maker*.* Accused be his father's grave!' replied a fierce-looking Indian, whetting his copper knife upon a stone, and trying its edge occasionally against his palm. 'There is a big sore on the heart of the Eries. The-Bull-that-hides-in-the-rocks will bind the light-haired scalp upon it for a medicine leaf; so it will cure the pain. Then he will go.'

'Listen,' said Ronla, laying down his pipe, and speaking peremptorily. 'The council wanted a brave to send with the grand calumet to their enemies the Senecas, a leader of warriors, whose word was to be law. Now which did the council choose, The-Bull-that-hides-in-the-rocks, or Ronla?'

The one addressed, a powerful and headstrong man, threw a dark scowl towards the speaker and prepared to reply, but the calm eye of Ronla cooled his sudden anger, and made him reflect.

In the first essential of military

* The whites were occasionally so termed by the natives.

discipline, obedience to a leader, no soldier is more thoroughly grounded than an Indian warrior. It is one of those rigid maxims to which he adheres at every sacrifice of will—a law of his moral nature superior to both instinct and passion. Ere long, therefore, the subordinate relinquished his attitude of haughty defiance, and placed his knife quietly in its sheath.

'The pipe-bearer is right,' he observed. 'His voice is the voice of the Eries. It is all one, the knife, the mocassin, or the paddle; he has but to speak, and The-Bull-that-hides-in-the-rocks is ready.'

No further dissent was offered to the proposal of Ronla. Accordingly, ere the next dawn, they had debouched from the Niagara river, and were plying their paddles briskly on their way across Lake Okswego, or Erie as it is now named, in the direction of their village, situate about two days' journey from the outlet on the south-eastern shore.

Nothing could exceed the indignation of the Eries when they were informed of the treatment the embassy had met with on the part of their troublesome neighbours. It was a crime of the deepest dye, in the esteem of an Indian, to violate the sanctity of the calumet,—the symbol of peace among the tribes, and the pledge of brotherhood between man and man. The affront was a national disgrace, which each individual felt with the keenness of a personal insult, and an immediate resort to arms was viewed as the sole means of avenging the indignity, and appeasing their wounded honour.

The encampment of skin lodges soon resembled an agitated hive. Warriors hurried to and fro, gesticulating and gathering their arms, or plied their knives swiftly in the manufacture of bows and spears. Women laboured at their great stone mortars, in converting maize into meal and dried bison flesh into pemican, or portable provision. Distinguished orators delivered their spirit-stirring harangues to the groups of excited natives gathered in the avenues; and a band of picked warriors, prepared for the chase of the bison which roamed then in large

herds to the shores of Lake Erie, exchanged their hunting arrows for the barbed shafts of the war-path, and shouted their wild hattle cry as they danced to the sound of the drum.

Ronla was only a brave; but without the rank he enjoyed more than the celebrity of a chieftain, and in the council or the field was unmatched throughout the prairie grounds of his tribe. This acknowledged superiority had caused his selection to fill the post of an envoy, one of especial distinction and trust, and it gave him a conspicuous part in the movement now in progress.

In conjunction with the principal war-chiefs he marshalled the fighting men, examined their weapons, deliberated in secret conclave upon the best mode of proceeding, and, finally, arranged the day and the hour when the expedition was to leave for the country of the Senecas.

The panther-skin quivers were gorged with arrows, the shields of bison hide smoked to a toughness proof against knife or lance thrust; the war-dance of the caldron was celebrated, the packs provisioned and ready. Then the warriors painted their faces, decorated themselves with plumes and trappings as for a festival, invoked the aid of the Great Spirit by a solemn prayer, and departed from home in a flotilla of birch canoes.

And as they swept in a triple line down the beautiful inland sea that washed their ancestral plains, the war-chief in the van waved his tufted spear, and the voice of Ronla was heard chanting a martial strain, to the chorus of which the whole band responded in a ringing choir, as they dipped their paddle-blades together to its measured time. Thus they sang:—

The snows stiffen under the crusting moon. On the wave crests of Karegnondi* the wind skims, keen as the knife of a warrior. I see fifty canoes and six, stemming the storm. Who comes rushing on the waves and on the wind?

Ko-rohe-ban yalla. Eush tou-wen! tou-wen!

The bison-hunters of Erie, on the water-path of Karegnondi.

The axe whistles through the winter

* Lake Huron.

air, the bows twang. The flints rattle on the shields; the Yendots groan. Under the grass wigwams red men gather the spoils. Who are the painted braves that sit in the council-house of the slain?

Ko-rohe-ban yalla. Euah tou-wen! tou-wen!

The bison-hunters of Erie, counting the scalps of the Yendots.

The Illines, the Satanas, and the Miamis, are brave. The Lenna Lenape* were the rulers of the world. The chain of the Cabin-Makers† is bright and strong. Now tell me the Master braves whose children are fed with war?

Ko-rohe-ban yalla. Euah tou-wen! tou-wen!

The bison-hunters of Erie—the plumed eagles of Okswego: these are the Master braves whose children are fed with war!

Continuing on for a league in this manner, they reached a point of land where, in accordance with an invariable custom, they landed and encamped; while the head chief, stripping a portion of the bark from a large oak, traced upon the smooth surface of the trunk, in red paint, the number of canoes and warriors accompanying the war-party, with their faces towards the enemy's country, and before them the figure of a bison, the national symbol of the Eries. This was a species of picture-writing commemorative of the occasion, and several rude designs on the neighbouring trees bore testimony to the frequency of the ceremony, and to the success which had attended many a similar enterprise.

Next morning, at the break of day, they re-embarked, and pursued their course diligently and in silence down the lake—whose broad expanse, like that of the ocean in soundings, was furrowed by long battalions of green and foam-curbed waves, over which the white gull flapped its wing.

It was not until the evening of the second day that the war-party arrived at the outlet. Here they again encamped, but with scrupulous caution, drawing the canoes within a dense thicket, and hiding every trace that might betray their vicinity to a casual straggler from the Seneca nation, on whose confines they now were. No fires were lighted,

and no sound above a breath was heard during the time they remained at this last halting-place.

The sun set with a lurid glow, and the day closed tempestuously; but the agitation of the elements only stimulated the Eries into a keener eagerness for the conflict, and no sooner was the forest veiled in the gloom of night, and the word given to proceed, than they sprang with alacrity to their feet, launched their canoes, and in the midst of the wild storm crossed the discharge, and descended along the eastern shore. Keeping in the shade as well as the waves would permit, while they pursued the narrow channel that curves around the island of Owanunga, they redoubled their caution as they advanced, for they were drawing nigh to the stronghold of the Senecas, and their shallow craft already glided in the indraft of the mighty falls. They barely touched the surface with their paddles, the current was so strong.

Hark! A cry! The pilot canoe splits upon a rock, and every soul within it is swept away. They can see them struggling amid the foam without the power of saving them, in the whirling eddies and the storm. Then the drowning men disappear in the darkness, and the long file speeds on without a guide.

Ronla was in the canoe of the chief, now the leading one. He stood up and peered into the distance; he bent his ear to catch the tone of the cataract, but he could hear nothing save the dash of the waves and the howl of the wind in the forest. They were descending the river with arrowy speed, they were now between the last island and the main, and had overshot the landing; he was sure of it, though he could not distinguish any object in the intense gloom. Each instant might waft them to the brink of the frightful rapids that extend to the falls, and once within their reach, no human effort could extricate them—they must perish!

He was about to give the signal to land, when, with a startling crash, a huge pine fell from its rocky perch directly in front of the canoe, across

* Adirondacks or Algonquins, who were, probably, the *Skratinger* of the Northmen.

† Iroquois.

its course; and Ronla had barely time to catch at its floating branches, when the frail vessel was drawn crashing under the trunk, and instantly reappeared beyond, bottom upward, and plunging on a white line which extended across the channel below. Ronla sprang like a catamount along the fallen tree, gesticulating wildly to warn his brethren of the danger; and running their prows abruptly in, they were ashore and busy in emptying the water from their canoes before either the nature of the accident or the imminence of their peril were fully known.

This was an ominous and discouraging commencement, indeed. Both the pilot and chief, the grand war sachem of their nation, were gone—torn away by the grasp of those terrible waters ere they had struck a blow. To their superstitious fancy it seemed as if the spirits of that awful neighbourhood were angered at their intrusion, and leagued with the enemy to defeat their plans.

Ronla foresaw this, and as the conduct of the enterprise now devolved solely upon himself, he issued his instructions at once, drew off the men by a well-known path that wound in the rear of the Seneca village, and halting them within a few paces of the palisades, went forward alone to reconnoitre.

The log-cabins were buried in repose; no one appeared to be abroad in the darkness, and the rain which now began to descend. Ronla glided through the gateway, which was open and unguarded, and made the circuit of the habitations without detecting any sign of watchfulness, or meeting with the slightest opposition. He surveyed the interior of each lodge through the chinks between the logs. The Senecas were lying grumped around their fires, smoking and chatting at their ease. There was one dwelling still unvisited—the Erie sighed as he crept towards it. It was that of the chief, which stood near the centre of the village. There was a light burning within, and through a window appeared two figures; one was Tou-wis-kwan, the other the French emissary, François Lamoyne.

'What,' said Ronla to himself, as he recognised the face of his rival,

'here still? Then be it so. And yet I would have saved thee; I, Ronla the Erie—even for Lo-o-lote's sake. Too late, gay trifler; your summers are counted now.'

He was about to turn away, when their conversation arrested his attention, and he stopped to listen.

'My father is good,' said the Frenchman, in reply to some observation of his host, 'but the time slides away so quickly in his lodge that one can keep no reckoning of it. The chestnuts are already ripe, and yet the messenger of the great king is not half through his errand with the Agonnonseonne. Two more suns from now, and Lamoyne will be on the path back to the council-fire of the Onondagas. Is his father content?'

'He must be so, my son,' was the reply. 'What the master says is the law. But he will remember that the door of the Senecas is wide open to him and his people. They can go and come when they choose. The friendship of the great White Father, which he brought to us, has made a broad road between the Senecas and them. Ugh! what does my son see?'

This abrupt query was caused by the movement of the Frenchman, who, happening to cast his eye towards the open window, caught a glimpse of Ronla's face ere the latter had time to draw back.

'By the blessed Virgin! I thought I saw a pair of eyes glaring in from yonder wicket.'

And with a sudden impulse he rushed to the door, followed by Ton-wis-kwan. They searched in vain about the premises, however, for no intruder was forthcoming; and as it was easy enough, in the darkness, for any such to slip away unobserved, they soon desisted and returned again to the lodge-fire.

'It is strange,' remarked Lemoyne, musingly. 'What if that sulky churl, Ronla, or any of his crew, should be skulking about the village? Does my father think them inclined to mischief? He is a wise *agayandre*, what does he think about it?'

'That the snarling dogs would not dare show their noses in the castle of the Senecas when the door is shut,' was the stern reply. 'Ton-wis-kwan knows them. They talk

loud, like squaws in a passion; but words don't make warriors. Besides, not even a squirrel could get through the cedar pickets unseen, when the gate is barred and guarded.'

The speaker little dreamt that both duties were neglected.

'Then who could it have been? I saw a face as sure as I see my father's before me.'

'Some curious boy from the lodges, that is plain,' rejoined the chief. 'Children are like night-beetles, if they see a light they are sure to be drawn to it. When they learn to finger Erie scalps they will sicken of such diversions.'

A laugh followed, and Ronla drew off a second time from the aperture, and, after relieving himself by a deep respiration, glided round to a small wing which he knew contained the sleeping-room of Lo-o-lote. A small door led into it from without, and as soon as he had satisfied himself that everything was quiet, he raised the latch and stole softly in.

The small dormitory was enveloped in darkness, so that he could distinguish nothing at first; but the moon broke with a sudden radiance from the clouds, and streamed through an opening above in a flood of light which illuminated the silent chamber. The Indian maid lay upon her bed of furs, consisting of the finest buffalo robes fringed with rich embroidery, a present from Ronla. She was in her usual garb, and her glossy hair fell in dishevelled masses over her breast and pillow. She had evidently been engaged in arranging it, when, overcome with weariness, she sank her head upon her arm and fell asleep. Her face, in its ebon waves, shone like the fairest pearl by that tender light, and Ronla, as he gazed upon its mournful beauty with a sort of awe, could have deemed the one before him some blessed Manitou superior to mortal passion, so spirit-like it seemed. But the laboured breathing and occasional moans of the sleeper forbade the illusion, and proved but too well the identity of his misguided love.

The lover's heart melted with compassion as he witnessed these tokens of disquietude. He bent down until the breath of the girl fanned his forehead: it was tremulous, and hot with fever. He laid his cheek softly

against her hand; it was icy cold. The Indian had ever loved her too fervently to harbour resentment at her desertion of him; and believing now that her new attachment, whatever else it might have brought, had not increased her happiness, he was moved by a profound sentiment of sorrow.

'My poor Lo-o-lote,' he soliloquized, 'what evil spirit sent this mocking-bird to beguile thee from thy good word? Before that, we sat together with only one heart between us. It was so large, that strong heart, that it was mightier than grief, and we were happy. Now it is torn asunder, and Lo-o-lote cannot sleep without troubled dreams. Better let the stroke fall, perhaps, for the dead are at peace, and life is full of trouble. No, no, my stray bird of melancholy. What is Ronla that he would see thee die? For thy sake he is a woman—a trembling woman. He has no more pride.'

And, sinking on one knee beside the low couch, he kissed the brow of the sleeper tenderly, but very softly, and took her by the hand.

Lo-o-lote opened her eyes at once, and started up in wild terror at the figure beside her; but Ronla whispered her name and put his finger to his lips to enjoin silence; and as soon as she recognized him her apprehensions ceased, and she became composed. Ronla pointed towards the door communicating with the lodge, to his brow, and to the outer entrance. These gestures gave her to understand that he wished to speak to her in secret, and, throwing a skin robe around her, Lo-o-lote rose without hesitation and followed her companion, who led the way through an adjoining thicket to the gate of the palisade, which, to his surprise, he found closed.

This was a grievous interruption, and it caused an entire derangement of his plan, which was to place Lo-o-lote beyond the reach of danger before the commencement of the assault. Neither of the two had spoken, nor had the Indian fully recovered from his momentary confusion at the unlooked-for impediment, before a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and a sharp voice demanded in Iroquois,—

'How now, comrade? It is over—'

late to be idling with the squaws. Come out into the moonlight and let U-ra-ga-chees see the fashion of your painting. Look you, there are Senecas and there are owls.'

The last words were scarcely uttered when the speaker fell, stabbed mortally by the knife of Ronla; but with his dying breath he pealed forth the alarm-cry of his nation, and, ere its echoes had subsided in the woods, a dozen answering whoops rang through the village, and warriors were beheld issuing from the different buildings in a confused stream.

Lo-o-lote had disappeared at the first challenge of the guard, leaving in her precipitate flight her robe behind her on the ground. Not a moment was to be lost. Ronla sprang to the gate and began removing the stout bars which held it fast; but this required time, and he could not effect his object before the two foremost of his enemies were upon him.

The Eric had left his war-mace and buckler with his party, and was armed only with a knife; but the darkness befriended him, for the moon was again obscured. Darting aside, he caught up the buffalo robe, wound it round his arm, gave the war-cry of the Eries, and met his assailants. Several rapid thrusts were given and returned on both sides, and blood began to flow. The Senecas pressed their solitary adversary hard, with the whole village behind them in full cry. Ronla heard only the pattering of many mocassins outside the gate; his men were already commencing to scale the pickets right and left; he felt them clinging to the barrier at his back. With a desperate effort, watching his opportunity, he leaped into the copewood, unwound the buffalo robe, and, as his opponents followed, threw it over one and dashed the other to the ground; then with a bound he reached the gate, removed the last fastening, and his men were pouring into the enclosure in a furious tide ere the Seuecas had recovered from their stupefaction.

A scene of uproar and violence ensued. The premature alarm weakened the effect of the surprise; but night attacks under any circumstances are fraught with mischief to the assailed, whose fancy magnifies

the danger, while want of concert renders opposition ineffectual in the panic and confusion that prevails.

Thus by the first rush of the wild swarm which burst upon them the Senecas were driven back with heavy loss, and the war-cry of the Eries was soon heard in every part of the hamlet, as, mixing indiscriminately with the crowd, the assailants ran through the avenues wreaking their fury with impunity upon the enemy, who, in the uncertain light, could not distinguish a friend from a foe. Soon also the wild shrieks of women mingled with the general clamour, and flames burst forth from several cabins, which, being formed of dry logs roofed with bark, were quickly in a blaze.

One of these was the chief's, to which a number of Eries had penetrated and applied the brand, having met with no opposition, as Tou-wis-kwan and his guest had sallied out at the first alarm-cry, and were assisting to repel the main body of the enemy. The Eries danced and flourished their weapons, clashing them against their shields in triumph, as the flames undulated like serpents along the rafters and swirled up in a crackling column into the air. Smoke was issuing from every crevice in the log wall, half the roof was already consumed, and Lo-o-lote was perishing in her little room. She was suffocating, and yet her Indian pride would not permit her either to utter a cry or to appeal to the mercy of her enemies. At this juncture a warrior broke through the whooping circle and entered the lodge.

'Has Ronla got the elk sickness, that he takes no heed?' exclaimed The-Bull-that-hides-in-the-rocks. 'He will be shrivelled up like a mocassin by the fire. Ugh! Make way, braves! Here he comes again, strong as ever, and bearing, by the Manitous! a dead squaw.'

It was the Eric, with the daughter of Tou-wis-kwan lying senseless in his arms. He had rescued her from the flames.

But the tide of conflict now rolled suddenly towards the spot, and avoiding the *mêlée*, he hurried on with his burden, unobserved, by a path which ran through the copewood by the palisade. Following this, and pausing occasionally to take breath, he

reached the gateway, now deserted, and passed out into the woods.

Not far off was a small grotto among the rocks of the shore, where, during their period of tender intercourse, the lovers had spent many a happy hour; and thither Ronla now bore the inanimate girl. He placed her on the moss, gathered water in the palms of his hands and sprinkled it over her face, and, as soon as she showed signs of revival, hastily rejoined his companions, from whom selecting one in his confidence he sent him to guard the secret retreat of the maiden.

Ronla arrived at the scene of action in time to witness the next stroke of the inexorable destiny which pursued them, with a succession of mischances, throughout this fatal expedition. A division of picked warriors, being separated from the rest, were surrounded and cut down to a man; while those whom he himself led to the rescue were compelled to retreat, after making the most heroic efforts and losing half their number in the attempt. In fact, the Senecas were now rallying in overwhelming force, having recovered from their first alarm; for as soon as the light of the burning lodges told them how few, comparatively, their assailants were, they strove with a sense of shame to retrieve their loss, and to punish the Eries for their temerity.

They were the first, and, with the exception of the Mohawks, the most renowned of the allied nations. Like the bold warriors of the Bear, they were the scourge of the northern forests, and their name was a hyword of terror. Throwing away their shields and grasping their heavy maces, they advanced in a close phalanx along the main avenue of the village, sweeping all before them, while others skirmished with the enemy and hunted them from the adjoining lanes. The Eries fell back, unable to resist the fierce torrent, though, gathering up, they stood it like a rock for a time, then it broke over them in a tempest, and they retreated gradually from the village, contesting each inch of ground with the obstinacy of men who fought less for life than for revenge.

More than once during the struggle Ronla and his rival met face to

face among the combatants, yet although he narrowly escaped death from the quick rapier thrusts of the Frenchman, one of which pierced his arm, the Erie would not raise his mace against him, but turned away to seek another opponent.

The dawn was glimmering faintly over the eastern forest as the Eries betook them to their canoes, hotly pursued by the Senecas, and embarked under a shower of arrows from the adjoining trees, which dropped many of them like leaves in the tide that bore them swiftly away. The Eries now had a terrible ordeal to pass through,—terrible, indeed! for there were two enemies to contend against—man and the waters.

In consequence of the accident to the guide they had overshot the proper landing-place on their approach, as we have said, and it was now found that with the full stroke of every paddle they could make but slow way against the current; and as this was practicable only near the shore, it brought them within the close range of the missiles which rained fast and thick from the grove.

It was a wild spectacle to see the Indians hending forward in the canoes, their eyes in one direction glaring ahead, and their arms and heads moving in quick succession with their strokes, while every now and then a paddle would cease to ply, and a warrior sink listlessly in his seat, or plunge head-foremost into the river, struck by the shaft of a Seneca. Then a yell of triumph would arise from the shore, and find an echo in a hundred throats along the border of the woods.

In this way the retreating band ascended until they were some distance above the upper extremity of Iris Island, when a new danger menaced them. With a savage ontery several canoes, till then concealed, sallied out from a cove in which was the true landing-place, and threw themselves across their course.

A conflict of the most deadly character now ensued. The canoes grappled together and fought, rocking and swerving to and fro on the tide, for their inmates, reckless of everything but hatred of one another, used their knives and hatchets with a frenzied eagerness to kill, and being at close quarters, and where there

was no retreating, every blow told. Some of the canoes upset in the struggle, dragging their opponents down with them into the deep; some, fighting side by side, dropped their crews one by one, whooping, writhing, dead, until they drifted into the rapids and disappeared. The Eries never flinched, and never ceased to give battle while they could wield a weapon; but the Senecas were treble their number, they barred the river with a line of canoes through which it was impossible for them to break, and harassed by others they receded slowly, linked each to an enemy, until, at length, the last of the proud war brigade swooped on the verge of the breakers, and was carried over the precipice of Oniaugara.

A single canoe, with two men remaining out of its crew, penetrated the bristling array, and made for the further shore across the broad channel of the river, above the Horse-shoe Fall; but the Senecas knew well that no mortal power could stem that resistless tide, so they abstained from pursuit, and they beheld it drawn gradually and obliquely into the great rapids which precede the final plunge, and then, with many an exulting shout over the worsted Eries, they returned to their homes.

There is a group of small islands near the southern shore of Iris Island, about midway between its lower and upper ends, and upon one of these insulated scraps of earth a canoe, plunging bottom upwards in the swell, was thrown by the eddies after descending a ledge of rapids. Scarcely had its gunwale grated against the rugged side when an Indian, who elung to one of its ends, grasped the rocks with a convulsive clutch, raised himself out of the whirling stream, and dragged the canoe after him half on to the firm ground, securing its beak over a projecting portion of the crag.

It was Ronla, one of the two who had attempted to cross the main channel after the destruction of their companions. He was wounded and exhausted with his exertions; his head reeled; his ears were ringing still with that last war-ery of his enemies when the canoe was swallowed up by the waves. Feebly and half-instinctively he crawled up the steep side of the island, and threw

himself on its bed of moss in a swoon.

It was some hours before he recovered his strength; when he did, however, he righted his canoe, seized one of the spare paddles secured within, and pushed off into the strait in the direction of Iris Island. It was a hazardous experiment, but life was nothing to him then, and he succeeded in reaching the shore. He crossed the island cautiously, but it was peopled only with the dead; he saw them where they lay in their osier-bound graves among the oaks as he passed silently on.

He was now opposite the village of the Senecas. He could see the smouldering lodges, the women and children gliding to and fro about the blackened heaps, or standing shrouded in dark robes mourning over the ruin of their homes. There were the foaming rapids, the smooth sheet above, and the very tree where the chief had perished; but the din of battle had long since subsided. No paddle broke the surface of the treacherous wave, and no sound mingled with the thunder of the mighty cataract which rolled up on its wings of cloud from the gulf at the foot of the island, and was the silence of that haunted neighbourhood. But for the smoking ruins and the fallen tree, Ronla could have believed himself the victim of a hideous dream, and that he stood not there the only survivor of the gallant band he had accompanied down the river of the Senecas.

In a little time the Indian's faculties became confused; his body was racked by fever, and his mind by dreadful agony. He wandered all that day and the ensuing night over the lonely island, a prey to his distracted imaginings. Perched upon the dizzy verge of the fall in the track of the driving spray, he leaned over to catch the voices of his brethren; for he thought he heard them in the vortex below, and he shouted the gathering cry of his nation, and waited long and eagerly for a reply. But the clamour of the waters alone reverberated among the cliffs, shaking them like the throes of a volcano, and he gnashed his teeth and frowned. As he gazed at the misty curtain that stretched its twisting folds across the river in a

vast curve, he hooded over the water-serpents that lurked in the cavern behind, to feed upon the animals which were sucked into the dreadful caldron, and hurled crushed upon the ledges. In his delirium he beheld the surge dancing in plumes of light on the crests of the rapids, and the linnar bow spanning the mist-cloud in an arch phantom-like and wan; and he believed that he was translated to the hunting-grounds of the spirits, and he called them by name, the forefathers of his nation, and talked to them like a familiar. At length, towards morning, a soft composure stole over him and he slept.

It was midday when he awoke, and the sun was shining on the waters and the leaves. Everything was glad,—everything but the heart of Ronla; there was no day there. His recollection was now restored, and, stiff as he was from his wounds, he returned to the canoe, floated it round the head of the island, traversed the dangerous channel to the main, and threaded once more the groves on the outskirts of the village.

He sought the grotto whither he had carried Lo-o-lote on the night of the assault. He found it disfigured by marks of violence, the moss trampled, and the rocks spotted with blood; while across the entrance, stern and inflexible in death, lay his friend the guard, stabbed by the thrust of a rapier which was cast broken beside him. The Erie had fallen at his post like a true soldier, faithful to the last, and scornful to relinquish his trust without the consent of his leader. He was the latest victim, and his death-wound had been given by the hand of François Lamoyne. Ronla made no lament over his comrade, but he gathered the cold remains in his arms and dropped them into the torrent.

‘He sleeps with his brothers,’ he thought: ‘the plumed eagles of Okswego are at roost in the nest of the thunder. It is good.’

Then ascending a tree on an eminence overlooking the village, and lying concealed in its branches, he continued to watch the environs, hour after hour.

Again the western sky began to redden with the hues of evening. The declining rays tipped the spray-

clouds and foliage with a golden radiance, and shadows gathered in the glades. Again the village maids filled their water vessels at the spring, but not, as formerly, with lively jests and snatches of song. Neither did they loiter to dress their tresses then, for they came and went quickly and in silence, flitting like a string of spectres through the forest. Death had been busy in their lodges, and the visits of the Life-destroyer ever make a profound impression on the Indian heart, whose affections outlive the grave.

But one again remained to brood alone over her sorrows in that solitary place. Her face was haggard and pinched with suffering; her eyes sunken and wild; her dress negligent, and disfigured with marks of fire. Could this be Lo-o-lote, the proud beauty of Oniaügara? A voice repeated her name, and looking up she beheld Ronla.

‘Peace, sister!’ said he.

The words were almost whispered, yet they went to the girl’s soul. Like ice by the warmth of spring, the shackles of her grief were riven asunder by the kind address, and she threw herself sobbing on his breast.

Ronla led her aside within the screen of leaves, and spoke soothingly, and in the endearing accents she had once loved.

‘Why is my sister troubled?’ he asked. ‘Ronla thought that his path only was sad and full of thorns. Speak openly. Am I not thy brother Ronla—thy friend?’

‘Talk not so, else I shall die,’ she muttered, half-speechless with emotion. ‘Cover me with reproaches—evil names; spurn me as a creature without faith or shame: this would be less cruel to Lo-o-lote than good words from Ronla.’

‘We rock like tree-tops in the wind, sister,’ was the mournful reply. ‘Who shall keep us steady when the Great Spirit bids it blow? Weave we our webs ever so strong, the storm will break through them in the end.’

‘But it was my fault—mine!’ rejoined Lo-o-lote, with vehemence. ‘Why did I listen to the voice of the stranger and drink in his deceitful promises, when Ronla loved me? He scorned to say what was not true—he was a warrior. I thought the

pale-face spoke with his heart, when it was only with his lips: I have found out now how guileful he was. Yet, when he said some kinds of lies were not sinful, I believed him. Oh, Ronla, surely I was wicked—wicked, and so the bad Manitou gave him power over me!’ And she buried her face, and wept convulsively in his bosom.

‘What is this?’ demanded the Indian, while his brow grew dark and threatening. ‘What has the stranger done to make my poor Lo-o-lote so very sick with trouble? She will go with him to his own country in the bright sunrise: then she will be glad.’

‘Never!’ exclaimed the girl, lifting her head and speaking with energy. ‘I would not go now,—no, not for all the treasures of his people, of which he boasts. He has deceived me, and I am a Seneca. Lo-o-lote is not a worm!’

‘The stranger is given to much talking,’ observed Ronla; ‘and words are pointed and very apt to wound, if not used with care. My sister will bury his words under the leaves, and make a covenant chain with him, and be at peace.’

‘There are some words we can never bury,’ was the low reply; ‘they will always arise. Suppose a man were to say to a woman—a woman who had trusted him—‘I must leave you now. Smile softly on the young warriors, and you will soon find a place in their wigwams. What is past is past.’ Could the woman forget those words?’

‘Did the pale-face say this to Lo-o-lote?’

‘Even so,’ she faltered, sinking her head on the arm that encircled her, and quivering with agitation. ‘He goes at sunrise: I was to have gone with him. He swore it by the name of the white man’s God. But, look you, when I told him so he laughed, saying I was foolish-minded to believe in love promises. I thought it was only a jest at first, but I found it was very true, and that I was a fool.’

Ronla was deeply moved: he folded the weeper closer to him, and bending down until his cheek rested on her hair, he said, intensely,—

‘Come back to my heart, my wild bird of sorrow; it is very desolate and cold! Let us seek some far

country beyond the reach of the perfidious, where we can sit together and be at rest. My brethren are all gone. They are rolling now like uprooted oaks in the whirlpools of Oniaügara. I could not return to my nation, the last of so many braves, and be esteemed honourable. I would have died, too, but the memory of thee, Lo-o-lote, made me live. I saw that thy face was overcast with clouds, and I wanted to drive them away. Let it be even as it was, one heart and one path. These cares are wrinkled leaves; we will shake them from us, Lo-o-lote, and look behind as on a journey that is done.’

The girl withdrew herself gently from his embrace, while the blood rushed impetuously to her face, and ebbing as suddenly left it colourless and rigid.

‘Never! oh, never, now!’ she said, waving her lover back with mournful dignity: ‘the daughter of Tou-wis-kwan must break no more promises. She is the wife of the stranger.’

A sharp cry broke from the Indian—a convulsion passed over him. Then his features contracted with deadly passion, and his eyes glared.

‘And he forsook thee, this stranger accursed?’

There was no reply. Ronla drew his knife, held it aloft for a moment in adjuration, and darted from the thicket into the path. He rushed on straight towards the village, unconscious of everything in the fury that possessed him,—the one image of his mind that of the false pale-face who had done this wrong: his knife was already in his heart.

On the verge of the woods a man stood leaning abstractedly against a tree, and chipping the bark with a tomahawk of steel, to which was attached a gilt pipe-bowl and a hollow haft, that it might serve the double purposes of peace and war. A branch snapped in the forest, and the man started: it was François Lamoyne, the enemy of Ronla.

‘Serpent that bites with a smile—woman-blaster!’ shouted the Erie; ‘the stroke of the avenger is sure!’ And issuing fiercely from the trees he sprang towards him with his copper blade.

Surprized at the sudden assault, and seized with momentary terror,

the Frenchman flung his weapon at the advancing foe, and drew his hunting-knife. The hatchet clove the air like a wheel and grazed the scalp-lock of Ronla. A shriek wild and piercing rang through the grove, but the two combatants heard it not: they were grappling life to life—they were glaring like tigers at one another. The Erie's knife was bent double with the first blow, that of his adversary red with blood; but the grasp of the former was at his throat, and he could not use his weapon effectually, for his elbow was pinioned by an arm.

They fell crashing among the underwood—the white man below, the other half-covered with blood. They tore the moss with their mocassins, they struggled desperately for a time: but Ronla never relaxed his grip from the throat of his enemy, until the eyes fixed and the limbs became placid and still. Then taking the knife out of the dead man's fingers, he plunged it thrice into his breast, took the war trophy, and rose grimly from his work, dripping with gore from the numerous flesh wounds he had received.

What brings him to a stand and arrests his labouring breath as he strides moodily away? The figure of a woman lying prostrate in the path. One glance tells him it is Lo-o-lote. He swept the long hair from her face—it was very peaceful: he put his hand to her heart—it had ceased to beat.

Alarmed at his gestures she had followed her lover, and received her death-stroke from the hatchet of Lamoyne. All unconsciously the selfish foreigner crowned the sacrifice he had wrought, and the victim was released from trouble.

The bright young creature who had overmastered his man's nature, and taught him the humanity of the woman-passion, was lying dead before Ronla. He knelt down mutely, and folded her in his arms; he bowed his head upon her breast. He made no moan, neither did he move, until coming footsteps aroused him. The Senecas had caught the alarm, and were gathering on the skirts of the wood. He sprang up, uttered a terrible cry, and disappeared in the covert, while three of the enemy started after in pursuit.

It was the death-chase,—the winding trail where man bunts man, with the keen obstinacy of a bloodhound, in the intricate forests of the West.

Ronla was an adept in the strategy of the war-path, and by making false trails and doubling on his course he separated his pursuers and killed one ere the darkness obscured the forest. The others kept watch until morning, afraid to close an eye in the neighbourhood of so vigilant a foe. The next day they renewed the search, but without avail; no twigs were discovered broken, no tread indented the moss, and no sound but that of the wind over the trees was heard in the solitude.

'This carcajou of an Erie has gone home,' said one.

'Then he will save his scalp, and we shall get our pelts plucked for our ill luck,' said the other, morosely. 'Let us return.'

Ronla overheard them, for he was lying like a lizard along a limb of the tree directly above their heads; and when they departed he got down and followed cautiously in their rear. He was the pursuer now, and they were more than a day's journey from their homes. He had no hope, no heart left; he remembered only the fate of his brethren, and that he was a warrior. In the dead of the night, when the Senecas were asleep, he stole up and killed them both, leaving them to the beasts of the wild. Then, with a stern apathy, he gathered the spoils, bound up his wounds, and turned his face towards his country.

Dragging himself feebly along, and half delirious, on the fourth day Ronla arrived at the pictured trees in the territory of the Eries. He sat down in the midst of the war annals of his nation, and chanted a wild song of triumph, until his eye chanced to fall upon the tree which commemorated the ill-starred expedition, when all at once he recollected himself, and where he was.

With considerable labour he peeled the bark from another tree in its immediate vicinity, and procuring materials from a hole where they were concealed, he drew in red outlines a sketch of a waterfall, with the canoes of the war-party descending it. He was careful to make the number of men in them tally exactly

with that of the first painting, with a single exception, and that one he drew large and apart from the fall, with his feet upon a buffalo robe, and his face towards the village of the Eries. When this was completed he pinned three dark-haired scalps and one light one beside it to the tree with a Seneca arrow, and suspended a bow and quiver conspicuously, where they could be seen from the lake. Then fastening the wampum necklace of Lo-o-lote round his head, he painted his face red, and began a death-song, with a proud, resolute expression. As he proceeded his voice gathered clearness, his eye brilliancy, his arm vigour; the lonely shore responded in many a ringing echo to his strains, and pealing at length the war-ery of his tribe as in the heat of battle, he leaned back and buried his knife in his heart.

So perished the last leader of a people, who, like the Trojans of old, were undone by a woman's caprice. The Eries never recovered the loss of so many warriors. The death-blow was given to their nationality, and from that hour their spirit was entirely broken. The few who remained soon dispersed themselves among the neighbouring tribes, and thus, by the time the English arrived to contest with the French the right of sovereignty over the heritage of the red man, nothing remained of the once famous Eries but their name, which yet elings to the majestic lake that washes their ancient boundary. As with many other abori-

ginal tribes, the chance attachment of the national cognomen to their haunts has been the means of rescuing them from utter oblivion. The mysterious mound-builders, the Alleghens, have the Alleghany Mountains; the Wyandots, Lake Huron; the Mohawks their river; and the Eries their lake;—to suggest to generations as they pass the existence of an ancient people, and the mutability of human affairs.

They buried the daughter of Tonwis-kwan on Iris Island, which was consecrated to the dead, and guarded, it was believed, by the spirits that hovered within the vapour of the cataract. They placed in her cedar-lined grave the carrying-belt and paddle, the badges of labour, because she was a woman; and they added flowers for her youth, and pemican for her journey to the Land of the Blest, in the direction of the setting sun.

Year after year her kindred came to weed her grave, and to talk to their favourite;—year after year, with a strange tenacity of affection, until they slept beside her. The proud Senecas, like their allies, have also faded from the groves before the influx of the foreigner; and the very bones of the old hunters are ejected from the soil they once possessed. Cities are now built where the log cabin stood, and high roads intersect the wild. The heel of the Saxon is on the grave of the Indian, and his dwelling—by '*the thunder of water.*'

BURD ANNIE.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF A BRETON BALLAD.

BURD Annie knelt beside the well,
A' washing there her lane;
She heard the voice of the bird of death,
Sae loud he made his maen.

'Ochon'arie, ochon'arie,
Ken ye your weird?' he sighed;
'Ye're sauld to the Baron of Janis-toun,
Ye're sauld to be his bride.'

'Oh, mither, is it sooth I hear,
And am I sauld frae thee?'
'Ask of thy father, daughter dear;
Speir at him, Burd Annie.'

'Oh, father, have you sauld your
hairn

For siller, or for see?'

'I ken not; ask thy brither, child;
Speir at him, Burd Annie.'

'Oh, brither, have you done me now
This foul and grievous wrang?'

'Ye're sauld to the Baron of Janis-toun,
And to him this night ye'll gang.

Ye're sauld to the Baron of Janis-tonn,
And he's paid the God's-pennie,

Full fifty crowns of the gude red gold,
And eke of the white monie.'

'Oh, then, what cleiding sall I wear,
Mither, sin' this maun be;
The scarlet red, or the woollen white
My sister sewed for me?'

'For busking ye tak' ye nae heed.'
'What boots,' the brither said,
'Whether ye wear the woollen white,
Or als the scarlet red?'

'For there stands at the yett a coal-
black steed,
Wi' a sable pall bedight;
He waits till the e'en of the day are
closed
To carry ye aff this night.'

She had na gone a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely twa,
When the sweet church-bells rang
out amain,
Her tears began to fa'.

'Now fare ye weel, St. Anne's church
Tower,
That I hae loed sae dear;
And fare ye weel, ye auld church-
bells,
I never again may hear.'

As she rade past the lake of dule,
Full mony a bark saw she,
A sailing east, a sailing west,
Upon that silent sca.

In every ane a ghaist she saw,
Wrapped in a snaw-white shroud;
Down drapp'd her head upon her
breast,
Her teeth they chattered loud.

As she rade through the valley of
bluid,
The dead men hurst their bands;
And, gibbering, strave to clutch her
wi'
Their stark and bony hands.

The Baron sat beside the hearth,
Black as the corbie crow;
His long straight hair was awfu' white,
His beard was white as snaw.

His c'en, like sparks of living fire,
Shone in his grewsome head.
'Now sit ye there, fair May,' quo' he,
'Until the board be spread.'

'I'm blithe to greet ye, Burd Annie;
Fair May, I've sought ye lang.'
'I wad I were in my ain countree
To hear the sweet birds' sang.'

'Now come frae room to room to count
My siller and gold sae gude.'
'I'd rather sit by my mither's fire
And count the bales of wood.'

'Now come wi' me to the cellar, fair
May,
And pree the bluid-red wine.'
'I'd rather drink the wan water
Where hrowse my father's kine.'

'Now come to the booths, and a robe
we'll huy
With gold shall stand its lane.'
'I'd rather wear the hoddan grey
My mither spins at hame.'

'There are kerchiefs leafed wi' the
siller twine
Hinent in the armorie.'
'I'd rather hae ae silken tresse
Of my sister's broiderie.'

'Now out and alas, ye fause, fause
May,
Ye lo'e me not, I fear;
I wad that my tongue had drapp'd
frae my head,
Ere I bought your luvie sae dear.'

'Ye sweet wee birds, on wanton
wing
That swiftly hameward flee,
Commend me to my mither mild,
I lo'e right tenderlie.

'Commend me to my father dear,
Wha danced me on his knee;
And tell my brither I forgie
The wrangs he's dune to me.

'Commend me to each kindly heart,
That I hae left at hame;
And eke until the gude auld priest
Wha gave me Christendame.'

'Twas at the mirk dark midnight
hour,
When scarce three munes had
sped;
A sweet wee voice came to the door
When a' were bonne to bed,—

'My parents gude, for Christis sake,
And for our dear Ladie,
Let a bell be tolled, and a mass be
sung,
And a prayer be said for me.

And wear the dowie black awhile,
And drap for me ae tear,
For your wae fu' daughter, Burd
Annie,
Lies sleeping in her bier.'

TALLEYRAND.*

'CELEBRATED people,' said Napoleon, when speaking of Necker, 'lose on a close view:—a remark not substantially different from that of the Duke of Marlborough, that 'no man was a hero to his *valet de chambre*.' Proximity, like familiarity, 'breeds contempt'; and the proper cure for the illusions of distance is, nearness. Few objects in nature, whether living or dead, can stand the application of that test, which is as fatal to the pretensions of men as of mountains: while it is notorious that the judgments of history are seldom in accordance with the decisions of contemporaries or friends. Human greatness resembles physical magnitude in this, that its proportions are more or less affected by surrounding influences, which must be removed before its real dimensions can be ascertained. It is, in fact, one of the fluctuating quantities of social arithmetic, and to fix its precise amount is now, and ever has been, one of the most difficult enterprizes in which a public writer can engage. It is apt, also, to be confounded with mere celebrity. Obscurity is not one of its accidents, but fame is; and there is something like an irresistible tendency on the part of mankind at large, to believe in the claims to distinction of the man who has been *vulgatus per orbem*. Humility does very well for poets—your Horaces and Grays, for instance—who can find Agamemnons and Hampdens on every village green, to whom the opportunity only of acquiring renown has been denied by envious fate; but the prose of life discards it as an unsuitable and troublesome adjunct, and refuses to extend its reverence to what is not appreciable. A famous man is, therefore, always presumed to be a great man, and he may be so in so far as popular reputation is concerned, though he need not be so otherwise. To which of these classes did Talleyrand belong? That he was celebrated is beyond doubt—

Was he great? That is a different question, and could be answered satisfactorily only by a much more elaborate inquiry into his history than it is possible for us to institute. Forty years must elapse from his death, which took place in 1838, before those memoirs, which he is known to have compiled, shall be given to the world; and whoever tries will find it to be no easy task to anticipate those revelations which are reserved for the eyes and ears of the generation of 1878. Let us, then, be contented with a humbler effort, and endeavour to make the most of the materials which are accessible to us, scanty though they be. There are spurious lives of Talleyrand by the dozen. He repudiated these scandalous and gossiping chronicles in his life-time, and it is no part of our business to resuscitate them. M. Colmache's volume is of another stamp, however, and bears unexceptionable internal evidence of the honesty of the writer, whether we agree in his conclusions or not. As secretary to the prince he had superior facilities for acquiring a knowledge of, at least, the domestic habits of the man, but beyond this he has accomplished little: for though his work be well, and even powerfully written, and though it contain numerous fragments of strong dramatic interest which illustrate in a very remarkable manner Talleyrand's moral idiosyncrasy, as well as the usages of the age and country in which he lived—it would be absurd to suppose that the most reserved man in Europe, who had drilled his passions into a state of repose, and disciplined his tongue into the obedient slave of his own secret purposes, had given his confidence to a servant, in the full knowledge that every word which he uttered, and every opinion which he expressed, would be noted down, and published to the world when the grave had closed upon his remains. A less astute person, occupying the same conspicuous posi-

* *Revelations of the Life of Prince Talleyrand*. Edited from the Papers of the late M. Colmache, Private Secretary to the Prince. Second Edition. One Volume. London, 1850. H. Colburn.

tion in life, would have been guilty of no such folly as this: and though M. Colmache may have thought otherwise, he was obviously trusted with no more than it was perfectly safe for his master's posthumous reputation that he should be allowed to know. Moreover, we must remember, that though the French pride themselves on their skill in conversation—*l'art de causer*, as they term it—it is a wholly different thing from what would pass by that name in Britain. Men do not meet together in France (or, rather, they *did* not, for it is impossible to tell what they do now, and it would be unprofitable to inquire), freely to exchange their thoughts upon questions of importance, to discuss philosophy, religion, literature, or even politics; but to chat, to trifle with time, and to dispel weariness. Everything that is serious is interdicted as an offence against good taste; and a French talker would rather run the risk of being considered a fool than a bore. The tyranny of fashion has been always cheerfully submitted to on this point; and to be brilliant, startling, and epigrammatic, are the passports to conversational reputation: not to be weighty, solid, or wise. To judge by M. Colmache's book, Talleyrand did not converse. It was no part of his social economy to intercommune with any one. His thoughts were his own, and he kept them to himself: hence, after we have perused this book, abounding as it does in curious sketches and narratives, we know nothing more of Talleyrand's sentiments on men and things than we did before. There was, no doubt, the usual lingual intercourse among his guests at the Château Vallençay, but the great man took no part in it. His *rôle* was lofty, mysterious, and grand. When he spoke all were silent, all attentive, all obsequious: but there was no conversation in our sense of the word, and no dialogue, for there were no interlocutors. It was a monologue, in fact, and an interesting one—for his memory was deeply impressed with the recollections of the past, and he delighted to call them up, and to astonish his auditors by the freshness and vigour of his colouring: but, so far as we can disco-

ver, he never allowed himself to indulge in unnecessary commentaries or disclosures, and, with all his diligence, M. Colmache was unable to extract out of the wily diplomatist a single idea which it was his desire to conceal. Let there be no mistake, then, about the character of these *Revelations*. They are always amusing, sometimes highly interesting, and at others instructive: but they furnish exceedingly little towards a life of Talleyrand; and what his own countrymen are unable to give, foreigners cannot supply. In what follows, therefore, we must be both abrupt and irregular.

Charles Maurice Talleyrand-Périgord, eldest son of the Comte de Talleyrand-Périgord, was born at Paris in the year 1754; and died in that city in the year 1838, at the advanced age of eighty-four. His father was by position a member of the ancient *noblesse*, and by profession, a soldier: his mother a woman of fashion, and attached to the court. According to M. Colmache, he came into the world 'without spot or blemish,' and we are led to infer that his lameness—the cause of so much suffering and injustice to him in after-life—was not congenital, as has been generally believed, but the result of want of care in his childhood; for, as it was not the custom in those days for women of rank to nurse their own offspring, or even to rear them in their own houses, the future diplomatist was removed to a distant part of the country a few days after his birth, and consigned to the care of a hired nurse, Mère Rigaut, in whose cottage, wild, neglected, and forgotten, he dwelt for twelve years. He was at length recalled from his involuntary exile by the Bailli Talleyrand, his uncle—the youngest brother of his father, a naval officer, and a knight of Malta; who, with the warmth of feeling proper to men of his profession, was enraged, upon his return home, to find the poor boy condemned to banishment and obscurity, and determined to free him from both. He accordingly brought him to Paris, but was sadly mortified to find that his intention of making him a sailor was marred by his infirmity; and leaving him at the

hôtel Talleyrand in charge of the parties whom his mother had instructed to receive him—for she was not there to perform that maternal duty herself—the honest Bailli set out for Toulon, where he rejoined his ship, and was drowned at sea a few months afterwards. Young Talleyrand was now placed at the College of Louis le Grand, and under the immediate direction of the Père Langlois, Professor of Rhetoric in that institution; a kind and benevolent-minded man, as it would seem, to whom his pupil remained attached throughout his whole life, and who, unchanged and unchangeable, wore, in 1828, the academic costume which had prevailed before the Revolution—a long-skirted, collarless black coat, buttoned to the chin; black knee breeches and silk stockings; large shoes with silver-plated buckles; well-powdered hair, with *ailes de pigeon* and a queue of portentous dimensions; and that indispensable companion of a *savant crasseux* of the middle of the eighteenth century, a huge flat snuff-box, which lay concealed in the deep recesses of his ample pockets. Talleyrand remained at this school for three years, and would appear to have made a respectable figure as a student, considering the disadvantages under which he laboured from the want of preliminary training. It is probable that a sense of this deficiency on the part of a lively lad, joined to the stimulus of competition, quickened his diligence; and he was rewarded with praise and prizes. He was also addicted to active sports, for ‘he was strong and hardy in spite of his lameness;’ and we are told that his temper was mild and tractable at this period, and that, when attacked, his defensive weapon was his tongue, not his hands—so true is it, that ‘the boy is father to the man.’ His sharp, quick speech, we are assured, was the terror of his comrades—i. e. when a bolder youth would have boxed his antagonist’s ears, Talleyrand scolded, and doubtlessly provoked him; but as there must be a philosophical reason for whatever concerns the nonage of a celebrated person, it is added, that ‘even then (between twelve and fifteen, observe) he had learned that

the art of governing others consisted merely in self-command.’ During his residence at college he saw nothing of his father, and little of his mother; and when the latter did visit him she was always attended by an eminent surgeon, whose duty it was to torture the unfortunate boy’s leg, and to try, by bandages, cauteries, and other appliances, to make that long and straight which neglect had made short and crooked. These visits of *madame mère* were anticipated with horror, and ever afterwards spoken of with disgust; nor could they have increased that love for the author of his being which is so natural to youth, and which an incident that occurred about this time would seem to have utterly extinguished.

At the close of his third year at college his father died from the effects of an old wound received in battle. This event must have happened when his son had attained to the fifteenth year of his age, and, consequently, in the year 1769. By the laws of nature and of fœdal succession that son was now the head of his house, a peer of France, the inheritor of those peculiar privileges which then belonged to his order, the owner of large territorial possessions, and the Comte Talleyrand-Périgord: of all which rights, immunities, titles, and dignities, he was arbitrarily deprived by the cruel decision of a family council, of which his mother was the author and promoter, and his birthrights handed over to his younger brother, who in his infancy had been the companion of his exile. Why this act of iniquity was committed, and how, we shall allow M. Colmache to tell:—

It was at this time that his father died, and Charles Maurice was now the Comte de Talleyrand, and head of that branch of the family to which he belonged. Meanwhile the younger son, Archambaut, had likewise returned from his nursing; but he had had the better chance—his limbs were sound and well developed, as God had made them. No dire accident, the consequence of foul neglect, had marred his shape, or tarnished his comeliness. So, one fine day, and as a natural consequence, mark you, of this fortunate circumstance, when Charles Maurice, the eldest son, had

finished his course of study at Louis le Grand, having passed through his classes with great *éclat*, there came a tall, sal-low, black-robed priest, and took him away from the midst of friends to the grim old *séminaire* of St. Sulpice, and it was there that he received the astounding intimation, from the lips of the superior himself, that, by the decision of a *conseil de famille*, from which there was no appeal, his birthright had been taken from him, and transferred to his younger brother.

'Why so?' faltered the boy, unable to conceal his emotion.

'He is not cripple,' was the stern and cruel answer.

It must have been that hour — nay, that very instant — the echo of those heartless words, which made the Prince de Talleyrand what he is even to this very day. Who shall tell the bitter throes of that bold, strong-hearted youth, as he heard the unjust sentence? Was it defiance and despair, the gift of hell, or resignation, the blessed boon of heaven, which caused him to suffer the coarse black robe to be thrown at once above his college uniform, without a cry, without a murmur? None will ever be able to divine what his feelings were, for this one incident is always passed over by the prince. He never refers to it, even when in familiar conversation with his most loved intimates. It is certain, therefore, that the single hour of which I speak bore with it a whole life of bitterness and agony. (P. 106, 107.)

Let us pause for a moment to consider the probable effects of such nurture and treatment on a nature like Talleyrand's. He was fifteen years of age; imperfectly educated for his station in life; lame from the neglect of the guardians of his infancy; disinherited by those who should have watched with the most jealous care over his interests; cruelly punished for a physical defect chargeable to the carelessness of others; a stranger to hope, love, and fear; the victim of a domestic conspiracy; and the novitiate of a profession which he loathed, and to which in his subsequent years he did dishonour. His father he had never known, his mother he knew only as his tormentor and oppressor: no tie seems to have bound him to his brother, and up to this hour he had never yet slept one night under the paternal roof. These were no ordinary trials; and if the youth who was subjected

to them became in after-life a cynic, is it to be wondered at? Indeed, a hasty view of this remarkable man's character might lead to the conclusion of M. Colmache, that the untoward accidents of his infancy and boyhood afforded an explanation of all his adult peculiarities; but we cannot allow ourselves to accept this inference, natural as it would seem to be, for it appears to us, upon a closer inspection, that though these incidents might deepen the force of his mental inequalities, they could not have created them, and that the difference between the Bishop of Autun and the ancient noble, had he succeeded to his inheritance, would have amounted to little more than the difference between a proscribed ecclesiastic and a proscribed aristocrat. No doubt, if the generous affections expand and blossom under genial culture, they as certainly contract and wither under neglect and harshness; nor should we, in ordinary cases, have any hesitation in giving the benefit of this elementary rule to the subject of an ordinary biography: but Talleyrand's is not such. There is no evidence in this book or elsewhere, for instance, that the sensitive part of his nature was acute, or that he was easily moved by strong emotions of any kind; and it is exceedingly difficult for us to comprehend how so singular a moral and intellectual organization as he unquestionably possessed could have been the result of any imaginable series of occurrences in early life, of whatever description they might happen to be. The power of intense concentration by which he was so remarkably distinguished was, assuredly, a gift from Nature (whether good or bad we say not), and not a circumstantial accident; and it is all but incredible that a man of vivid sensibilities could have succeeded by a mere effort of the will in suppressing every manifestation of their existence during a life prolonged far beyond the ordinary term, and in the midst of the most terrible convulsion that had agitated the world since the establishment of society in Western Europe. The cause appears to us to be unequal to the effect; and we are obliged to conclude that the cold, sarcastic, and selfish man,

who believed in nothing and nobody, and who rejected even the common impulses of humanity, was no casual product of events, but precisely what he had been designed to be from the cradle, and what he would have shown himself to have been—though, perhaps, in a different way—had he never known what paternal neglect and maternal cruelty were.

We have no account in this volume of the progressive steps of his clerical education, beyond the intimation that it was wearisome and distasteful. Talleyrand disliked references to his ecclesiastical career. It had not been a respectable one; and if M. Colmache really got from him the stories which he tells in his book, we need not be surprised that there is nothing in them about either the Abbé or the Bishop. We know from other sources that, notwithstanding his constitutional timidity, he accepted the Revolution eagerly; and that he did his best, by precept and example, to consummate the destruction of the old order of things. He was the bosom-friend of Mirabeau, so far as his suspicious nature would allow him to be the bosom-friend of any one; and his account (or what M. Colmache says was his) of the last days of that able, but profligate person's troubled life, is one of the most striking things in this volume. Another extraordinary being likewise appears here, of whom less is generally known than of the other two,—viz. the Abbé Cerutti, an Italian Jesuit, who had been in the service of the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI., and who, like so many others, threw his religion and his allegiance behind his back when they could no longer subserve his personal ends, and who was, moreover, with Mirabeau and Talleyrand, one of the most active promoters of the popular cause. This trio, in conjunction with Condorcet, started, in 1789, the first Democratical journal known in Paris. It was called the *Feuille Villageoise*, and was designed for circulation among the rural populations of the provinces. It has been accused of having provoked many of the atrocities of the Revolution; but this, it would seem, was a mistake. It only fanned the flames after they had broken out, but did not excite them:

and it was remarkable for 'burning columns' from Mirabeau, the ex-noble; for 'cold, bitter irony,' from Cerutti, the ex-Jesuit; and for recommendations of the 'division of church property, &c.' from Talleyrand, the ex-bishop. Such pastimes could have done no harm, according to M. Colmache; and were obviously inadequate to the production of a revolution—and such a revolution! Let us acquit these patriots, then, of treason against society, and let us believe that they were actuated by the purest motives, when they used every effort within their reach to rouse to madness an ignorant and excitable multitude, and stimulated, by every possible means, the cupidity of the poor by suggestions to plunder the rich and to despoil the Church. It may be difficult to do this, but there is no help for it; and with such undeniable proofs of the wisdom, virtue, and moderation of this celebrated junta as M. Colmache has been pleased to furnish, we may let the matter drop.

Talleyrand was consumed by a burning hatred of England, even before the Revolution broke out, and, in conjunction with a friend, gave a practical illustration of his hostility by fitting out a privateer at Brest, which was designed to intercept British ships trading to the West Indies; and as we do not remember to have seen this strange incident in his life mentioned elsewhere, we shall give the short account of it which M. Colmache has furnished:—

The sudden change from the frivolous *papillote* of the *ancien régime* to the sombre enthusiasm which broke out at the epoch of the American war made but little impression on M. Talleyrand. He was evidently prepared; and at once declared his opinion, not by pamphlets or inflammatory speeches, but by an argument far more forcible than either. Conjointly with his friend, the Count Choiseul Gouffier, he equipped a privateer, which he called the *Holy Cause*, and which left the harbour of Brest in the month of May 1779. The Duc de Castries, then Minister of Marine, furnished the guns. This single fact would almost serve to paint the time. A vessel of war armed and equipped by the *agent général du clergé de France*, aided by a *savant* of the *haute noblesse*, and countenanced by one of the ministers, exhi-

hits at once the utter confusion of ideas which must have existed just then. I have heard that the privateer, which, placed under command of a runaway scion of nobility, was to have carried death and destruction among the English merchant-ships trading from the West Indies, never more made its appearance on the French coast. Be this as it may, I know that the Prince does not like to talk of this little episode in his life; and the other day, when questioned rather closely on the subject, he answered, '*Laissons cela, c'est un de mes péchés de jeunesse.*' (P. 232.)

The temper of mind indicated by this passage was itself one of the forerunners of the Revolution, for at that time France had become delirious on the subject of the American struggle; and her soldiers and nobles, who were aiding the revolted provincialists, were busily employed in gathering the fruits of that harvest of republicanism which they were so soon to transport to their own country, where they were destined to produce extraordinary results. At the time this event happened, Talleyrand was twenty-five years of age, and in holy orders; and we are to presume that the Anglo-mania, which overtook his countrymen ten years later, and was the rage in '89, had not yet set in. The anecdote is curious, but it strikes us as being illustrative rather of the character of the age and people than of the individual man, for whom, in his natural mood, it was *trop prononcé*.

As the Revolution advanced Talleyrand's safety was endangered, and like most French patriots, ancient and modern, that was a thing which he looked carefully to. Some papers were found, after the sack of the Tuilleries, which compromised him; and in '92 he fled to the United States of America, taking up his abode in the city of New York. He was accompanied in his flight by a friend of the name of Beaumetz, and in concert with whom he resolved to enter into trade. A small ship was freighted with goods for Calcutta, whither the two exiles had resolved to proceed in search of fortune; and all that was wanted to enable them to put their scheme in execution was a fair wind, which, however, the elements refused. In

the interval caused by this detention Talleyrand had one of what he called his 'presentiments;' and to its occult warnings, as he afterwards declared, he owed the immediate preservation of his life, salvation from shipwreck, and that change in his 'destiny' which led to all the future incidents of his eventful career. Disappointment and vexation preying upon an irritable temper drove his partner mad. He saw insanity in his look and gestures, and suffering himself to be led by the lunatic to the heights of Brooklyn, which overlook the harbour, he fixed his eyes sternly upon him, exclaiming, at the same time, 'Beaumetz, you mean to murder me; you intend to throw me from the height into the sea below. Deny it, monster, if you can!' Thus apostrophized, the unhappy and conscience-stricken maniac quailed beneath the intensity and sternness of his gaze; confessed that such was his design, the thought, 'like a flash from the lurid fire of hell,' having haunted him day and night; implored forgiveness, flung himself upon the neck of his meditated victim, and hurst into tears. The paroxysm had passed off, and tottering reason had resumed her sway. Beaumetz was conveyed home and placed under medical treatment, speedily recovered, proceeded on his voyage alone, and was never more heard of. 'My Fate,' said Talleyrand, when speaking of this incident in after life, 'was at work.'

From the way in which this anecdote is introduced we learn that Talleyrand had some strong leanings to the Celtic superstition known as the second sight, which, in the 'adust imagination of a Frenchman, is closely allied to fatalism, and which, we fear, loses its interest, as it certainly does its virtue, when transported into sunnier regions from 'the land of the mountain and the flood.' In ancient times Augustus Cæsar,* and in modern Samuel Johnson, Napoleon, and Walter Scott, were all, more or less, and after the manner of their several idiosyncrasies, the victims of this imaginary belief; and if we knew the apocalyptic tendencies of obscure, as well as we do those of celebrated individuals, we

* Suetonius in Vita, cap. 92.

should, probably, discover that this weakness was much more prevalent than is generally supposed. We have no great difficulty in understanding how a fanciful notion of this kind should attach itself to minds of a certain conformation, or be even generated by them, and that it should exercise a considerable, though unseen, influence over the secret convictions of men of ability, and of women of vivid religious emotions; but we do not so readily comprehend how such persons as Napoleon and Talleyrand should have embraced a delusion which was utterly irreconcilable with their sceptical natures, and which necessarily presupposed an immaterial state of existence, and the providential superintendence of human affairs by a benevolent order of beings, whose powers must have been deputed to them by a superior and overruling Intelligence. It was the part of an ancient Roman, like Augustus, to believe in portents and omens, however insignificant; it might even require some philosophy to despise them; and amongst ourselves in modern times it will be found, if we mistake not, that strong poetical sensibilities, or a peculiarly impressible temperament, is the foundation of what can be regarded in no other light than an hallucination. The world of spirits, with all its shadowy tenants and imaginary impulses, might be a reality to Scott, whose demonology never for one moment obscured the lucid perceptions of a singularly clear and masculine intellect; while the Rosicrucianism of so vigorously-minded a man as Samuel Johnson was the plain result of that constitutional melancholy under which he laboured, — fortified, it may be, by theological tenets which bordered on the mystical: but what could Napoleon mean by Fate, or Talleyrand by Destiny? They were both of them unbelievers in spiritualism of any kind; and whence could those intimations come of which Talleyrand, at least, conceived himself to be the recipient? He was obviously possessed by the idea that numerous premonitions had been vouchsafed to him; and what chiefly moved in him a desire to visit Scotland was, not its scenery, its

lakes, its mountains, or its people, but a wish to inquire into the (as he supposed) national faculty of divination. The dream may be of Jove* — Homer is a sound heathen authority upon this point; but Talleyrand was no dreamer. His 'presentiments' (for so he loved to call them) were, apparently, sudden intuitions, which he was wholly unable to explain, but in which he placed so much confidence that he acted upon them to the letter — so says M. Colmache — and never, it would seem, in vain. They directed him rightly; and when, in old age, he had gathered around him at Valençay all that remained of the wit, genius, and talent of French society in its better forms, he delighted to recount the instances in which this supernatural influence, like Socrates' demon, had befriended him. He believed in the reality of this power when he believed in nothing else, and that is the puzzle.

Having once returned to France Talleyrand never again quitted it — at least, as an exile; but continued for the next forty years of his eventful life to cultivate the art of advancement, and to study carefully the means of acquiring a fortune: and he succeeded in both. The First Consul found in his extraordinary abilities precisely what he wanted, and he in the First Consul that social support which he required, and upon which he found he could rely. There was no mutual esteem, however, between these remarkable men, whom interest alone bound together; and Buonaparte has left upon record his opinion of his Minister for Foreign Affairs, delivered at a time when he had nothing to expect from the favours of men or the caprices of Fortune. 'Talleyrand,' said Napoleon, at St. Helena, 'is a corrupt man, who has betrayed all parties and persons. Wary and circumspect, always a traitor, but always in conspiracy with Fortune, Talleyrand treats his enemies as if they were one day to become his friends, and his friends as if they were to become his enemies. He is a man of unquestionable talent, but venal in every thing. Nothing could be done with him but by means of bribery.† This

* *Orage in Dios terre.*

† *Voice from St. Helena.*

is not complimentary; and it would be curious to compare such a sentence of condemnation with the judgment of Talleyrand on Napoleon which is contained in his memoirs, for that there is one we need not doubt.

Talleyrand's department as a minister of state was that of Foreign Affairs, and the future historian of his diplomatic career will have to review his connexion with all the great incidents which occurred in Europe from the year '97 to his death in 1838. That he was supple, unscrupulous, and able, is the conclusion of mankind at large; and, we presume, the correct one. Passion never disturbed him, and feeling (except for himself) seldom. A revolutionary education superinduced upon a cold nature a distrust of all men—ay, and of women, too; and he seems to have entertained just so much respect for political stability of any kind as circumstances warranted, and no more. He was no believer in the reality of virtue,—itself a quality of which he had but an inadequate conception, and to the active operation of which he would have held it to be mere simplicity and folly to trust. We may infer, therefore, that what he did not look for he did not find; and that, as generally happens to those who are wise beyond what is written, he denied the existence of a property, with the use of which, could it have been discovered, he was wholly unacquainted. He served the Emperor so long as it was consistent with his interests to do so, and he deserted him when he saw that there was more peril in fidelity than in apostasy. The Restoration was, in a great measure, the work of his hands, though he hated Louis XVIII. mortally; and the grounds of that hatred were, apparently, personal, resting partly on those antipathies which dissimilarity in habits and taste is apt to generate in all ranks of life, and partly on disappointed ambition. Louis was fat; Talleyrand was thin. Louis liked good eating (most men do, by the way, be they kings or not); Talleyrand cared little for it, and ate but once a-day. Louis had, rightly or wrongly, an

idea that he was an independent monarch, to whose volitions some regard was due, and the legitimate sovereign of one of the greatest kingdoms in Europe; Talleyrand saw in him only a political stop-gap and glutton, to whose wishes little deference was owing, and whose intellect he despised; but he took care not to refuse the bounties or the honours bestowed upon him by his royal master—nor can we repress a smile when we find such a man gravely rebuking that prince for utter heartlessness and selfishness. It might be, and probably was so, but assuredly Talleyrand was not the person to make the charge.

The erection of the throne of the Barricades was also Talleyrand's work, if we may believe M. Colmache; and many of the incidents connected with the expulsion of Charles X., and the elevation of the Duke of Orleans, which are given in this volume, possess at this moment an instructive and melancholy interest, when we consider where the aspirant for that perilous honour is now, and what a dark cloud has settled down upon the stormy evening of his ambitious life.* Had we space, we would give some of these details; but we have not, and must be contented to refer to the book for them. The object of the writer, however, is, to construct an exculpation, and to vindicate (vain task!) the memory of Talleyrand from the reproach of ingratitude; but it is abundantly evident, even from the narrative itself, that if not one of the most *active*, he was, at least, one of the most *zealous*, promoters of the Revolution of 1830. There was little sympathy between Charles and Talleyrand, though he preferred him much to his brother Louis. He even admitted—which, for him, was going far—that Charles was distinguished in private life by many excellent qualities; that he had 'a feeling and a generous nature, and was a faithful and grateful friend;' but for many, and some of them obvious enough reasons, he disliked 'the devout monarch,' and we are told that Charles 'returned tenfold in hatred and suspicion all the pity and contempt which the wily

* The reader will perceive that this was written before the death of Louis Philippe, which took place at Claremont on the 26th day of August last.

diplomatist sought to cast upon his government.' The conclusion is, of course, plain. Talleyrand saw that everything was going wrong, as did everybody else after the event. He, therefore, withdrew from Paris in the winter of 1829-30; and, under the pretence of consulting his health, retired to Rochecotte, in Touraine, the seat of his niece, the Duchess de Dino. He had no political object in view, and was only driven 'by the force of circumstances,' into that vortex which was whirling *tout le monde* in the capital round about; but, somehow or other, the leaders of the movement gathered around him in his retreat, and, unfortunately for the theory of neutrality, it is stated that 'it was at Rochecotte, during the month of May, which Thiers spent there with M. de Talleyrand, that he (*i.e.* Thiers) conceived the plan of those terrific articles in the *National*, which, every morning, like the battering-rams of ancient warfare, laid in ruins the wretched bulwarks, behind which the tottering monarchy thought itself secure.' (P. 32.)

All this was, no doubt, purely accidental; and, as the editor of the *National* was a person of no social consideration whatever, it would be absurd to suppose that the Prince of Benevento had any secondary purpose to achieve by patronizing so obscure an adventurer. It turns out, indeed, that 'M. Thiers was, in the eyes of M. Talleyrand, nothing more than a young writer, full of vigour and talent, whom the old seigneur loved to protect, and to initiate into the manners and customs of good society, without a knowledge of which (he would often say) there can be no good taste in literature. But he was the last person in the world who, at that time, would have looked upon Thiers as a conspirator, of whom he was making himself, by such protection, the vile associate.' (P. 33.)

This should settle the point, and yet it does nothing of the kind; for, as if it were necessary that a mystery should involve all the actions of this man's life, and even comprehend his friends, we find in this very volume, and in immediate succession to the

energetic disclaimer we have just quoted, the most elaborate proofs of his 'complicity' in that 'conspiracy,' which ended by dethroning one monarch and elevating another. A single passage will set this matter at rest for ever, and here it is:—

It has been to this day a matter of speculation whether the Duke of Orleans had anticipated being called to the throne, or whether it was the force of circumstances which had brought him to it. These are the facts:—Although the Duke of Orleans had for a long time looked upon the event of a change in the dynasty as *possible*, and was most certainly *prepared** to place the crown upon his own head in case of such an event, yet even so late as the 30th of July he hesitated to grasp it, and resisted the arguments and persuasions of Thiers. It is a known fact that the duke was concealed in the environs of Neuilly in fear of a popular outbreak, when a secret message from M. de Talleyrand, which he received on the evening of that day, caused him to decide at length upon re-entering Paris, and proclaiming himself Lieutenant-general of the Kingdom—the head of the new power. The new king soon forgot, however, this proof of attachment (attachment!) on the part of his old friend; and M. de Talleyrand, who knew that kings, even when chosen by the will of the people, are, for the most part, compelled to be *illustres ingrats*, never, during the years which followed these events, alluded to the circumstances which brought about the *avènement* of Louis Philippe. (P. 35.)

And again:—

Now came the time when the high intelligence and marvellous sagacity of the prince were brought into action, and I hesitate not to repeat, saved the country. M. de Talleyrand despatched to Neuilly, with all possible speed, a little billet written with his own hand. The bearer was a person of high courage and great integrity, and was charged, should he fall into danger, to destroy the billet. He could not in honour read its contents, but saw that there were but few words traced upon the paper. They were addressed to the king's sister, Madame Adelaide. This messenger was commissioned to place the billet himself in the hands of the princess, and to tell her that the Prince de Talleyrand conjured her to warn the Duke of Orleans that not a moment was to be lost; that the duke might reckon upon his aid, and that he must appear immediately; that he must come at once to Paris, to place himself at the head of

* The italics are not ours.

the movement, or all would be lost without recall. Above all, he was only to take the title of Lieutenant-general of the Kingdom, which Charles had conferred upon him before leaving St. Cloud. He implored him not to manifest any other intention. In this advice the old diplomatist was reserving for himself a back door to creep out at in case Charles should march on Paris. (P. 39.)

There follows this conclusive revelation an account of Madame Adelaide's astuteness (*astuce*),—her anxiety not to commit herself in writing; her transmission to Prince Talleyrand of a verbal message; and of the climax of the whole intrigue in the arrival in Paris that same night of Louis Philippe, and of his proclamation in his capacity of Lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The transition from this to royalty was easy, for it had been pre-arranged. It was M. de Talleyrand, we are assured, who overcame the 'faint scruples' of the Duke of Orleans, and it was his advice that 'decided the king to go at once to the Hôtel de Ville, there to receive publicly the sceptre of France, and to swear allegiance to the Charter.'

After such statements as these, what useful purpose can it serve to declaim about conspiracies, reservations, and the like, when they so conspicuously testify to the fact, that one of the most energetic agents—after his own peculiar way—in bringing about a change of dynasty in France, was the very man whose memory his secretary is so anxious to relieve from this reproach? It is mere folly and blundering to do so, the more especially when we are told that the Orleans party comprehended all the leading members of the 'Opposition' in both Chambers; that M. de Talleyrand was its head; and that, without declaring himself in favour of the new *régime*, he regulated all its movements, and was in constant and direct communication with the individual in whose behalf the Revolution of 1830 was got up. It is idle to quarrel about words; but if this was not 'conspiracy,' it was something so exceedingly like it, that it would require a very nice eye, indeed, to detect wherein the difference lay. The simple truth is this,—that Talley-

rand and his associates did in 1829–30, what Odillon Barrot and his accomplices (including the ubiquitous Thiers) did in 1847–48, but more successfully; for there can be no comparison between the Government established under Louis Philippe and that inaugurated in the person of Louis Napoleon, and still less between the prospect of happiness which France enjoyed in 1830, and that which lies before her in 1850. The experiment has been closely copied by M. de Talleyrand's pupils, though the result has not been analogous; but this does not depend so much upon the men as upon the circumstances. Such a substitute for legitimate authority as the Duke of Orleans was, cannot be found twice in the same age and country; and one of the most mournful spectacles of our time is, the fate of the man and his family, for whom all these violent, and we must add, tortuous exertions, were made twenty years ago. Talleyrand's share in these transactions cannot be gainsaid. Though a revolutionist, in so far as the elder branch of the Bourbons was concerned, he was not, however, a Republican in 1830; and had, probably, never been honestly so at any period of his life. The feeling of the ancient seigneur was strong in him to the last; and his constitutional timidity made him shrink with instinctive aversion from all contact with the mob: hence his terror during the 'three glorious days of July' was agonizing; and when he discovered that, in the bloody triumph of the populace, no superiority of rank, talent, or fortune, was regarded, he trembled for his own safety—'for he knew that the people loved him not.'

Talleyrand survived this, his last great political exploit, nearly eight years, having expired tranquilly at his hôtel in Paris, in May 1838. His ex-secretary has a copious and rambling commentary upon his death, in which there is the usual amount of complaint and vindication. His patron had become reconciled to the Church, and had submitted to its formalities immediately before his decease; and, considering his past hostility to it as a social institution, his renunciation of his sacred vows,

and his ostentatious rejection of the Christian religion, such a step naturally caused some talk, and requires explanation—though none is given by M. Colmache, beyond the barren and somewhat commonplace intimation, that ‘he was influenced in this, as in many other instances, wherein he has drawn down the blame of the sticklers for consistency, by the desire to spare pain and trouble to his family; for he knew that his relatives would suffer much inconvenience by his resistance on his death-bed to the execution of certain religious formalities to which, in his own mind, he attached not the slightest importance.’ (M. 34.)

It is rather a delicate matter to scrutinize motives, however great the temptation to do so may be: fortunately, however, all call for the performance of so ungracious a duty on the present occasion is removed by M. Colmache, who tells us frankly what the reason was which induced M. de Talleyrand to enact something like a solemn farce in his dying moments. It was not religious compunction, nor any affectation of it, but a regard for the convenience and the material interests of his successors; ‘for it cannot be denied,’ says he, ‘that he had ever held in view the elevation and aggrandizement of his family.’ (P. 42.)

Certainly not. Nobody will be bold enough to do so. What prompted Voltaire to attend his parish church regularly to the last hour of his life, and even to take the communion—what led Franklin to mingle in the throngs which crowded around Whitefield in America—and what induced Gibbon to visit temples of religion when he had nothing else to do, and to record his impressions of the sermons he was condemned to listen to, must for ever remain among the minor mysteries of humanity; but about M. de Talleyrand’s ‘retractation,’ as it has been called, strange to say, there is no mystery at all. It was a mere exemplification of ‘the ruling passion strong in death.’ He could no longer care for himself, which had been the chief business of his life; but he could do what was next thing to it,—he could care for his relations whom he was leaving behind him, and he did so.

The querulous part of this statement relates to Louis Philippe. The monarch, as is well known, visited his aged servant on his death-bed, and, we have not a doubt, behaved both gracefully and kindly. M. Colmache, however, does not think so, and all but abuses the king for an act which, being spontaneous, has the look, if it had not the reality, of benevolence. His manner was, it seems, constrained, the task itself was irksome, and his ‘bearing,’ as compared with that of the dying statesman, *tant soit peu bourgeois*. ‘Despite the old faded dressing-gown of the one, and the snuff-coloured coat, stiff neckcloth, and polished boots of the other, the veriest harbarian could have told at a glance which was the ‘last of the nobles,’ and which the ‘First Citizen’ of the Empire.’ (P. 343.)

This would be severe were it not sheer gossip, and gossip dictated by a feeling of intense hostility to Louis Philippe, who committed the unpardonable blunder of not bestowing any particular regard upon the Prince’s secretary, though, with others, he had been specially introduced to him. In that case, and if M. Colmache really was, as he says, present in the chamber when this interview took place, we can only express our surprise that his account of it is so meagre; for it is impossible to believe that the last conversation between two men so distinguished, and so closely united by the ties of mutual obligation, should have been confined to a formal inquiry and a formal reply, which is all that we find in this volume. We are at a loss to know, also, why the king should have been less of a gentleman and more of a tradesman in his manners and appearance than M. de Talleyrand; for, if that has anything to do with the matter, he was as certainly *one* of the ‘last of the nobles,’ as his minister; and as we find nothing in M. Colmache’s book respecting this valedictory visit, which the journals had not promulgated at the time of its occurrence, we are not only led to doubt the fact of his having been present, but likewise to withhold all confidence from his relation of its details. One reflection, however, he does make, which, as

read in 1850, is curious:—‘I had looked,’ he says, ‘upon this visit as the farewell of the safely-landed voyager (landed, too, amid storm and tempest), to the wise and careful pilot who had steered him skilfully through rock and breaker, and now pushed off alone amid the darkness, to be seen no more!’ (P. 344.)

Alas for human wisdom in its most imposing forms! where is now the ‘skilful pilot?’ Dead, and his skill buried with him. And the ‘voyager’ whom he ‘steered’ into a secure haven amid ‘storm and tempest?’ A fugitive and an exile, driven from the rickety throne which Talleyrand’s necromancy had conjured up by a wave of his wand, and which his sagacious biographer obviously considered to be as stable as the globe itself:—

Fato profugus . . .

Multum ille et terris jactatus, et alto.

The share which Talleyrand is alleged to have had in the murder of the Duc d’Enghien, and which the Duke of Rovigo positively declared to have been, from first to last, a contrivance of his,* we must pass over in comparative silence; as the subject is one which it is impossible to elucidate, and which we could not hope to discuss with any profit in the short space which remains to us. If noticed at all in this volume, we have unfortunately mislaid the reference to it; and in a work which is without an index, and which has been compiled with a total disregard to chronological arrangement, we have not been able to recover it. All the parties to that infamous transaction were anxious in aftertimes to shift the culpability from off their own shoulders; and amidst the criminations and recriminations of the future dukes and princes of the Empire, there is little positive knowledge of any kind to be gained. It might be, as Fouché said, ‘worse than a crime—a blunder;’ but there was certainly nothing about the act itself from which a man of Talleyrand’s lax morality would have shrunk; and our present impression is, that he was privy to this odious and useless tragedy, if the whole scheme of the violation of a

neutral territory, the arrest, the mock trial, and the execution, did not originate with him. Even Napoleon regretted the occurrence, though he was too inflexible in his character to throw the blame on others when the deed was done, and at St. Helena he took the whole responsibility of it upon himself. ‘The Duc d’Enghien,’ said he, ‘died, because I willed it.’ This is the style imperial, but it is not the expression of a fact; and the Duke of Rovigo, with great probability, attributes this language to the desire which he latterly manifested to impress upon others a lofty idea of his absolute power as a sovereign. He was at the time only First Consul, and he has himself stated that, to use a familiar phrase, he was *worried* into it by those about him. ‘I did not rightly know,’ says he, ‘who the Duc d’Enghien was. The Revolution had come upon me when I was very young, and I had never been at court. *All these points* were explained to me. If it be so, I said, he must be seized, and the necessary orders were given in consequence. Everything had been provided beforehand. The papers were prepared, and there was nothing to do but to sign them, and the fate of the prince was already decided.’† This, if accepted as true—and we see no reason why it should not be—is conclusive; and if Buonaparte may be believed, a letter addressed to him from Strasburgh by the duke was kept by Talleyrand, and not delivered up till after the execution. He likewise committed the gross outrage upon public decency of giving a masked ball to the diplomatic body on the night of the unfortunate prince’s death; and, all the circumstances taken into account, we fear there can be no doubt of his active participation (to say no more) in one of the foulest political enormities of modern times. His motive for allowing himself to be involved in so perilous an enterprise was, as usual, altogether personal. He dreaded lest a successful conspiracy formed beyond the Rhine might lead (a vain apprehension) to the restoration of the Bourbons; and he would seem to have taken this dark mode of pre-

* See Caulincourt’s *Recollections*, &c. vol. ii. Appendix.

† Caulincourt, vol. ii. pp. 274, 5.

venting it, for he had offended too deeply to expect forgiveness. But let us proceed to another theme—his marriage.

It is well known that Napoleon obtained from the fears of the Pope, Pius VII., a brief of secularization for his Minister for Foreign Affairs, and that Talleyrand subsequently married Madame Grand, or, as she is called in this book, Grandt, a lady who had lived with him as his mistress, and who, in consequence of this transformation, became no less a personage than the Princess de Benevento of the Imperial Court. Much has been written about this woman, whose history was long a mystery; and of whose ignorance, *étourderies*, and arrogance, everybody has heard something. In this volume her introduction to Talleyrand is related in the usual melo-dramatic style of French writers, and her beauty described with that fulness of detail which approaches to voluptuousness. The meeting was accidental, at least on Talleyrand's part. Returning at an early hour of the morning from a gambling visit to the Chevalier Fénelon, the particulars of which are hideous, he found his study occupied by a female, who had waited for five hours alone in the chamber; and who was now fast asleep in an arm-chair by the fire, the upper part of her body enveloped in a fashionable mantle, and the lower part displaying the gilded finery of a ball-dress. The diplomatist was stupified by the fair vision, which he gazed upon with admiration, and having tried in vain to awaken her by coughing, and other innocent devices, he took up a letter addressed to himself which lay upon the table, and which he found to be from a friend, requesting him to give madame the benefit of his advice in a difficulty in which no one else could assist her. The servant slams the door—the lady awakes—a scene of mutual confusion ensues, which tries to the utmost M. Colmache's powers of description, hut which ends in M. de Talleyrand giving to the lovely applicant the document she required, and in the commencement of a *liaison* which ultimately terminated in matrimony. It was, of course, a trick or practical joke, which had been played off by certain wags, male and

female, at Madame Hamelin's assembly on the unsuspecting and guileless Madame Grand, according to M. Colmache; hut to any one else it will seem plain enough that it was no more than the step of a daring and clever *intriguante*, who knew perfectly well what she was about, and who had resolved to conquer where Madame Tallien and Madame Beauharnais had failed—and she did conquer. Who, then, was this bold lady who contrived so cunningly to ensnare in her toils the wariest man in France? 'I have heard,' says M. Colmache, 'that she was of English origin. This is not true. Her maiden name was Dayot, and she was born at L'Orient; hut her connexion with India, where a great part of her family resided, and the peculiar character of her beauty, would seem to have been the groundwork of the supposition.' (P. 298.) We cannot clear up this riddle altogether, but we can do something towards its partial solution.

Her family name we are unacquainted with, but she was a native of Scotland, and her *first* husband was a British officer, though we are likewise ignorant of his name. Her marriage most likely took place in India, and at an early age: for after her husband's death she became the wife of a M. Grand, a French gentleman, who obtained a divorce from her in India in consequence of an improper intimacy with Mr.—afterwards the celebrated Sir Philip—Francis. How long she lived with Mr. Francis we know not, hut she subsequently passed under the protection of a Mr. William Macintosh, a British merchant, with whom she returned to Europe in 1781. Mr. Macintosh's private affairs calling him to France, Madame Grand accompanied him; hut her protector was an unfortunate man, whose claims upon the French Government were dissipated by the Revolution, and we lose sight of his friend altogether till her reappearance on the theatre of the great world, after that event, as the companion of Madame Beauharnais, and other celebrated women of that day. There is thus a blank in her personal history of twenty-one years which we are quite unable to fill up, and which we

must leave to be supplied by others. Mr. Macintosh died at Eisenach, in Saxony, in 1809, at an advanced age; but his name is no longer associated with that of Madame Grand. He left a daughter, who became afterwards the Countess de Colville; but whether Madame Grand was her mother, or whether he had married after his separation from that lady, are points on which we can throw no light.*

Such, then, was the much-talked-of Madame de Talleyrand, Princesse de Benevento. The date of her death is not given, but she certainly predeceased her last husband by several years. This marriage was not productive of happiness. There was not only much difference of habits, temper, and bearing, between the parties, to say nothing of the antecedents of both, but it appears that Madame was jealous 'of every member of her husband's family,' to whom he showed affection. A separation was the consequence, and this loving couple dwelt in distinct establishments till the end of their lives.

It is a remarkable, and not uninteresting, fact, that the Revolution could not extinguish the cultivated instincts of this extraordinary man; and one of the most interesting things in this volume is the glimpses which we occasionally get of his impressions of the new order of things. Harsh, and even cruel, as the old society had been to him, it had a profound hold upon his affections; and when the solitude and satiety of age invited reflection, he was compelled 'to doubt whether the good which had been gained could ever compensate for that which had been forfeited' (p. 258). He lived on the memory of the past, and drew his best inspirations from it. 'Where,' said he, 'is the wit of your *salons*, the independence of your writers, the charm and influence of your women? What have you received in exchange for all these, which have fled for ever? I would not give the remembrance of these times for all the novelty,

and what you call *improvements* of the social system of to-day, even with the youth and spirit necessary to enjoyment. 'Tis true there were abuse and exaggeration in many of our institutions, but where is the system in which these do not exist? If our people were devoured with misery and taxes, yours is wasting to the core with *envy* and discontent. Our *noblesse* was corrupt and prodigal, yours is *bourgeoise* and miserly—greater evils still for the prosperity of the nation. If our king had many mistresses, yours has many masters. Has he gained by the exchange? Thus you see it clearly demonstrated, that not one of the three orders has advanced in happiness by these wonderful *improvements* which you so much admire.'† This is a strange testimony to the blessings of revolution on a grand scale, and from one, too, who had been in the midst of it as a prominent actor; but we suspect it is what most others in like circumstances would give were they candid, and what, after all, is simply true. Let any man of sound understanding look at France now, and say what she has gained, or the world through her, from the last outburst of popular fury; which has not only left her the prey of charlatanism, but made her the victim of the grossest passions. Talleyrand was undoubtedly right in his retrospect, but his healthy convictions came too late to be of any use.

Of Talleyrand's literary habits little is known that can be relied upon, but M. Colmache tells us, that 'he could neither write nor dictate with ease' (p. 177); and that the most trifling productions of his pen caused him as much trouble as the most elaborate despatch. This may have proceeded from fastidiousness in the choice of language, but was most probably attributable to the defects of his education, and to the want of early practice in composition. We are not told what kind of reading pleased him, nor whether

* These particulars have been gleaned from a few scanty notices contained in an unpublished volume by the late George Macintosh, Esq., the nephew of the Mr. Wm. Macintosh spoken of above, entitled, *Biographical Memoir of the late Charles Macintosh, Esq., F.R.S., &c. &c.* Glasgow, 1847.

† P. 210. The italics are in the original.

he was addicted to books; but he was a great admirer of Voltaire, with whom he had conversed in early life, and whose style, of its class, is perfect. He always deplored the scantiness of his classical attainments, and particularly his ignorance of the Greek tongue; and, so far as this volume teaches us, he would not appear to have been what it is customary to call a learned man. M. Colmache gives us certain 'maxims for seasoning conversation,' which, he says, were Talleyrand's, but which convey to the mind the idea of a lively and acute, rather than that of a profound, thinker. If they want the bitterness of Rochefoucauld, they have not the point and pith of Bacon, nor the gravity of Locke. Three of these may suffice as specimens, and as favourable ones:—

Both erudition and agriculture ought to be encouraged by Government: wit and manufactures will come of themselves.

Metaphysics always remind me of the caravanserais in the desert. They stand solitary and unsupported, and are always ready to crumble into ruin.

A great capitalist is like a vast lake, upon whose bosom ships can navigate; but which is useless to the country, because no stream issues therefrom to fertilize the land.

M. Colmache professes to give two fragments of the *Memoirs*, but he does not state how he came by them, and we doubt the fact of their being genuine. They are gracefully written, however, and that on the death of Mr. Fox particularly so. In his 'Maxims' he speaks of women disrespectfully—a consequence, no doubt, of his disregard for the domestic virtues and of the dissolute manners which prevailed in the higher ranks of French society in his time—and of the priesthood contemptuously. No hatred is so intense, or so durable, as that which is begotten of apostasy; and a renegade clerk, or a renegade politician, may be always expected to rail fiercely against his original creed. In his personal habits the Prince of the Empire would seem to have adhered closely to the manners of the *ancien régime*, in the bosom of which he had been nurtured. He was courtly, formal, and somewhat exclusive; but his rigid temperance and his regularity

were proper to the man, and neither to the past nor present age. Of his *bons mots* we have a sprinkling, and but a sprinkling, in this volume; but the celebrated one about language is not there, though others of less piquancy are. Did M. Colmache consider it of apocryphal authenticity? We suspect so.

To sum up, then, What was the character of M. de Talleyrand? Of his extraordinary abilities there is no question, since men of every variety of feeling and position have borne testimony to them; but, was he great, great as we esteem any of the models of our own, or other countries? We think not. Celebrated he might be, but great he was not. No intensely selfish man like Talleyrand can ever become so. Where there is so much individual concentration, there is no room left for that expansion of the faculties of the soul upon which true renown rests, and out of which it springs. The region in which the mind acts is necessarily circumscribed by the constant pressure of a never-absent egoism; and when this mental constitution happens to be united to timidity, distrust, and temperamental coldness, greatness ceases to be a possible achievement. Moreover, he wanted principle, which is the natural foundation of public virtue; and he had no higher an idea of morality than its expediency. His sense of propriety, which in some cases was high, was merely a conventional instinct; but it was derived from no anterior obligation, and recognized no source more elevated than the canons of society. Of duty (that sacred word!), in its English sense, he had not the faintest conception; and provided that his person was protected and his fortunes advanced, it was a matter of absolute indifference to him what master he served, or in what cause he enlisted. The first Revolution, the Empire, the Restoration, and the Throne of the Barriades, all found in him a willing and an able instrument, and yet he proved faithless to all; for though we have not circumstantial proof of this as to the last, his growing discontent with Louis Philippe shows clearly that the political weathercock was again veering. Even when we make allowance for the very

peculiar circumstances by which he was surrounded from his entry into life until his exit from it, it is impossible to doubt that this versatility was a consequence of a particular mental organization, and that, if rigorously analysed, its causes would be found to resolve themselves into habits of reasoning upon men and things from which courage, generosity, and masculine disinterestedness, were carefully excluded. Patriotism may be pleaded in justification—it is a ready argument and a common defence; but, ample as its proportions are, it will not cover everything: besides that, in Talleyrand's case it was a non-existence, for of that holy love of country which the word is designed to convey, and which is the fruitful mother of moral heroism, he had not one particle. He might be, and no doubt was, the clever minister of a system, whatever that system chanced to be, and we know that he carried out the views of his immediate employers *à toute*

outrance, and without the slightest regard to their future social or political consequences; but of any grand conceptions resting upon the rights, or contemplating the happiness, of mankind, and discriminated from the claims of an existing dynasty, be it democratical or monarchical, he was utterly incapable. *Carpe diem* was his motto, and he was faithful to it; but however proper that epicurean maxim might have been in the mouth of a Roman poet, or however truly it might depict the philosophy of a Roman courtesan, it is the deadly antagonist of greatness, which it blights in the bud. Out of such a nature as this—a nature unequal to the slightest sacrifice for the benefit of others, conservative of itself, and indifferent to all the world besides, it is impossible to make a great, though it may be easy enough to make a celebrated, man—and such we take M. de Talleyrand, Prince de Benevento, to have been.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

PART XI.

THE extremities modified for walking on land, in the case of the Chersians, shuffling about in marshes and ponds in the case of the Eloodians,* and swimming in rivers with a good garnish of claws to enable the Potamians† to scramble upon banks and logs, to say nothing of the help of the said claws in enabling them to secure their prey, take, in the Thalassians,‡ an unmistakable oar-like shape. No half-measures would enable a turtle to row placidly on the mirror-like sea, when

The air is calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters plays,
or beat the billows when the ocean is agitated by storms such as burst forth in tropical latitudes. But these paddles have a double office to perform. They are formed to act, not only as organs of swimming, but as instruments of progression on the tide-furrowed shore, when the females travel up to deposit their eggs;

and to this end, in most of the species, the paddle is furnished with one or more nails, which greatly assist the animal in its advance on land.

Only five well-defined recent species are known, if Mr. Gray be right in considering *Chelone virgata* and *Chelone maculosa* of Dumeril and Bibron as varieties of *Chelone mydas*; and this existing state of the limitation of the marine form of these reptiles opens a new and most interesting point of view, when compared with the fossil evidences of the development of this sub-family in the ancient seas of our globe. Professor Owen, in his valuable *History of British Fossil Reptiles*, describes no less than eleven well-defined fossil species of chelone found in Britain, to say nothing of fragments. Such a catalogue, as he justly observes, leads to conclusions of much greater interest than the previous opinions

* Marsh tortoises.

† River tortoises.

‡ Sea tortoises, or turtles.

respecting the chelonites of the London clay could have suggested.

Whilst (writes the Professor) these fossils were supposed to have belonged to a freshwater genus, the difference between the present fauna and that of the eocene period, in reference to the chelonian order, was not very great; since the *Emys (cistuda) Europæa* still abounds on the continent after which it is named, and lives long in our own islands in suitable localities. But the case assumes a very different aspect when we come to the conviction that the majority of the eocene chelonites belong to the true marine genus chelone; and that the number of species of these extinct turtles already obtained from so limited a space as the Isle of Sheppy, exceeds that of the species of chelone now known to exist throughout the globe.

The Professor comes to no hasty conclusion, when he states that the ancient ocean of the eocene epoch was much less sparingly inhabited by turtles than that which now washes the shores of our globe; and that these extinct turtles presented a greater variety of specific modifications than are known in the seas of the warmer latitudes of the present day. Nor does the inference stop here; for, as he well says in continuation, the indications which the English eocene turtles, in conjunction with other organic remains from the same formation, afford of the warmer climate of the latitude in which they lived, as compared with that which prevails there in the present day, accord with those which all the organic remains of the oldest tertiary deposits have hitherto yielded in reference to this interesting point. We have already seen that some of the freshwater-tortoises make the eggs and young of crocodilians and other reptiles their prey, and the conformation of some of these fossils furnishes the author of the work here cited with another generalizing observation.

After remarking that abundance of food must have been produced under the influences of a climate such as that which the fossil turtles enjoyed, he proceeds to the inference that to some of the extinct species—which, like the *Chelone longiceps* and *Chelone planimentum*, exhibit a form of head well adapted for penetrating the soil, or with modifications that

indicate an affinity to the *Trionyces*—was assigned the task of checking the undue increase of the now extinct crocodiles and gavials of the same epoch and locality, by devouring their eggs or their young, the trionyces themselves becoming, probably, in return, an occasional prey to the older individuals of the same carnivorous saurians. Thus did the *lex talionis* prevail long before lawyers stained paper with their well-galled ink. Thus was the balance kept up in hygone ages as it now is. The same principle of mutual extermination was, and is, and is to be; and by this principle, which to the uninitiated must wear somewhat of an Acherontic aspect, the greatest quantity of general happiness is secured in what would otherwise be an overcrowded world: but *væ victis*.

The well-arched, thick-walled, waggon-proof, portable castle, assigned by the distributive justice of Nature to the larger slow land-tortoises, and those, consequently, more exposed to observation and attacks, is in the turtles modified to suit the element in which they principally live. The carapace forming the roof is less highly arched, and both it and the floor or plastron are lighter and less completely ossified; but as the head cannot be drawn back under the carapace, as in the land-tortoises, it is fortified by an additional bony helmet.

Besides these true turtles another marine genus exists, differing remarkably from chelone; this is the coriaceous turtle, *Sphargis*, which has the body incased in a sort of leathern armour, and has no nails on the paddles. This form seems to represent the soft freshwater-tortoises in some degree.

The green turtle (*Chelone mydas*), now the cyusure of every aldermanic eye, owes its English name to the hue of the delicate fat which enriches the soup and various savoury dishes that form a course of turtle. Whether the Latin specific name was conferred on it by the Knight of the Polar Star from any punning justiciary allusion, does not seem to be certain. Notwithstanding the French names with which it is now the fashion to adorn every *plat*, be it at City feast, great club dinner to the lion of the day, or the

more refined repast served in the Apollo chamber of a modern Lucullus, England may claim the honour of availing itself of the resources of its West Indian possessions, and making 'turtle' famous. The French were a long way behind. In *Le Cuisinier des Cuisiniers** there is not a single receipt for dressing real turtle.

What the ideas of a Frenchman on the subject of *Potage en Tortue* were, may be gathered from the following:—

Potage en Tortue.—Ce potage, qui est aujourd'hui très à la mode dans les grands maisons et chez les bons restaurateurs, manque dans la plupart des traités sur la cuisine. Beauvilliers, et Viard dans le *Cuisinier royal*, sont les seuls qui en exposent la recette, mais avec des variantes.

After this exordium one is hardly prepared for the receipts themselves.

Matières employées par Beauvilliers.—Mouton, épané ou gigot, ou parures de carrés, débris de poissons, en quantité suffisante, dans un marmite, blond de veau, bouquet de persil, aromates, basilic; la cuisson sépare la chair des os. Le bouillou passé au travers d'une serviette, et clarifié avec des blancs d'œufs; faire bouillir, réduire, ajouter du vin de Madère; la moitié d'une tête de veau, échantée de la veille, désossée, cuite dans un blanc, coupée par petits morceaux; dans le bouillon, vin de Madère; poivre de cayenne, de kari; dans le potage, des morceaux de veau; jaunes d'œufs frais, durcis, à l'instant du service.

Now for the *Matières employées par Viard*:—

Tranches de bœuf, parure de veau, poule ou parure de volaille, moitié consommé et moitié blond de veau, carottes, oignons, eloux de girofle, dans une marmite; moitié de tête de veau, degorgée et blanchie, coupée par petits morceaux dans une autre marmite, petits piments écuragés, macis de muscade, consommé, vin de Madère, champignons, ris de veau en très petits morceaux, échetes de coqs, rognons, quenelles de volailles; dans la souprière, œufs pochés et le potage dessus; si le potage n'est pas assez corsé ou assez fort en piment, glace de volaille, beurre de piment.

Fire burn and caldron bubble!

Very good *potage*, no doubt—but no more like *tortue* than I to Hercules; and, even for the mock-turtle

here presented, any one may safely back Birch of Cornhill against the French artist. When Cuvier last visited this country, and was feasted by some of our philosophers at the Albion, nothing struck him so much as the *tortue*, upon which his memory long dwelt; and yet he had had the opportunity of testing the abilities of the first cooks of his own country. Soyer and other compatriots of his may have shone since that time; but formerly turtle was eminently English. Nor is it of remote antiquity as an English dish. Not much more than a hundred years have passed since its general introduction, and for a long time it was comparatively rare. But steam, which annihilates both space and time to make epicures as well as lovers happy, now brings a regular and rapid supply of really 'fine lively turtle,' very different from the wasted invalids which our West Indian men of the olden time landed after their lagging voyage. Bristol was famous for it; and some years ago the Montague Tavern bore away the bell. There was the best turtle I ever tasted, and thither did George IV. send for that which graced his royal table. Whether the mantle has descended on the shoulders of the present priest of Comus who officiates at the Montague, those of my readers, if I happen to have any, may ascertain who go to that ancient town, and make a pilgrimage up the hill to the 'Parade,' which used to be odoriferous with the savoury emanations from the tavern redolent of sweet basil, the grosser fumes of the kitchen sublimed by the perfume of lime-punch, lime-sangaree, and limes themselves: accompaniments, by the way, rarely, if ever, seen in London; where the lemon, fragrant as it is, unsatisfactorily does duty for the lime, two or three of which supreme condiments were placed in the napkin of every guest when turtle was presented at Bristol.

Our own lamented Chantrey, who, though fully alive to the merits of the good things of this world, was one of the most unselfish and liberal of men, had a story of a passage during one of the City feasts at which he was present. The great national sculptor

* Paris, 1825.

—for truly great and truly national he was—sat next to a functionary before whom stood a large tureen of turtle-soup. This citizen instantly possessed himself of the ladle, carefully fished out the coarser parts, and offered the plate containing them to Chantrey, who declined.

'I watched,' said he, 'the progress of the plate: at last it was set down before the lord-mayor's chaplain; and the expression of that man's face, when he beheld it, I shall never forget.' The functionary went on helping till he had cleared the soup of all but the green fat and richer parts, the whole of which he piled up in a capacious plate for himself. Then up spoke our sculptor and said,—'If you will allow me to change my mind, I'll take a little turtle;' and the waiter who held the plate, placed it, to the horror of the dispensing expectant, before Chantrey, who immediately commenced spoon-exercise, as Jonathan delicately describes such evolutions; 'and this I did,' said Chantrey, 'to punish him for his greed.'

What was the unhappy functionary to do? His own tureen was exhausted, and, in a half-frantic tone, he called to one of the waiters to bring him some turtle. But at City feasts the guests are very industrious, especially when turtle is the order of the day; and the waiter, after trying about, brought back to our greedy citizen the identical plate of fatless flesh which had so astounded the chaplain, who had contrived to exchange his unwelcome portion for one more worthy of a sleek son of the Church: 'and then,' Chantrey would add, 'my attentive neighbour's visage was awful to look upon!' There was no help for it; so the disconcerted functionary betook himself to the rejected plate, with the additional discomfiture of seeing Chantrey send away his, still rich with calipee, fat, and fins.

But this is mild compared with scenes which have arisen on such occasions in less refined times. Something, indeed, may be allowed for the weakness of human nature, and the excitement of the moment, when The tender morsels on the palate melt,
And all the force of cookery is felt.

But time was when the Graces seem to have been altogether banished

from the great civic feasts, and the onslaught of the gastrophilists waxed fast and furious. Hogarth has touched this in the eighth plate of his inimitable 'Industry and Idleness,' when the industrious 'prentice has grown rich, and is Sheriff of London; 'representing to us,' as worthy Dr. Trusler observes, 'at one view, the various ways of what we call laying it in.' Quin declared that it was not safe to sit down to a feast in one of the City halls without a basket-hilted knife and fork. At a much later period, a well-known 'special attorney,' who had fought his way well on every other stage, found himself no match for those who surrounded him on Lord-mayor's Day. Whenever he endeavoured to transfer a fat slice from the savoury haunch before him to his own plate, it was instantly speared by the forks of the foragers near him, and borne away to theirs, till at last he was compelled to resign the unequal contest, and lay down his dinner arms in despair, though he had got well into 'The Alderman's Walk.' And yet civic hospitality does its best to enable the catechists who are invited to do their duty towards their neighbours, as far as plenty is concerned. At a turtle-feast, the usual allowance was, perhaps is—for there has been no falling off of late in festal liberality—six pounds, live weight, per head. Thus, in August 1808, at the Spanish dinner at the City of London Tavern, 400 guests consumed 2500 lbs. of turtle, if the newspapers of that day are worthy of credence. When we remember that the turtle is but the prologue to the play, we may form some notion of the performances of these valiant trenchermen, who must have gone near to rival the feats of some of the ancient heroes of the table. They, indeed, have left on record gastric achievements to be envied by aldermen of the most giant appetite. Did not Maximin consume forty pounds of flesh in a day—nay, occasionally sixty pounds—moistening his repast with a vessel of wine of the Capitol measure, containing about eight of our gallons? Great as he was in more senses than one, the brutal emperor, however, must yield the palm to Phagon, who at one dinner consumed a whole boar, a hundred

loaves, a wether, and a little hog, washing all down with more than an oca of wine. Claudius Albinus seems to have had a sweet tooth, and a more refined taste; for one of his meals consisted of five hundred dried figs, the callistruthie of the Greeks, one hundred Campanian peaches, ten melons of Ossia, and twenty pounds of grapes from the luscious vineyards of the blessed island of Leuce, that paradise of the Euxine Sea. These delicacies paved the way for the *rolaille*, consisting of one hundred gnat-snappers; and then the orifice was satisfactorily closed upon forty oysters. Claudius, in this sweeping supper, seems to have reversed the modern order of dishes, ending where an epicure of the nineteenth century begins. What his drinking capabilities were does not appear. But the stern Romans were in the habit of becoming somewhat hazy occasionally. People do not like to have their various weaknesses paraded before the senate; and Mark Antony bitterly paid off Cicero's philippics. The son of the orator, by way of commentary, and bent on eclipsing the fame of his father's murderer as the greatest bibber of the empire, took off two gallons at a draught. Nivellius Torquatus threw the prowess of Marcus Cicero into the shade; for, in the presence of Tiberius, he drank off three gallons without drawing breath; and Firmus disposed of two buckets full of wine without flinching; to say nothing of Offellius Burettius, who spent the whole of his life in making himself a thoroughfare for wine. The accomplishment was worth something in those days. Three bacchanalian nights with Piso so endeared him to Tiberius—whom the wags irreverently called Biberius—that he made him prætor; and for the same convivial qualities, the emperor gave Pomponius Flaccus the province of Syria. The road to preferment generally, under his reign, seems to

have been the same rosy way, for 'He also did prefer a man that was unknown, and sought for the quaestor's office, before the most noble men, for pledging at a banquet an amphora of wine, that he drank to him. And at that time, when the *Lex Fannia* was published, the matter was come so far, that many of the people of Rome would come drunk into the Senate-house, and so consult of the affairs of the commonwealth.* Man is an imitative animal; and the debates in our own houses of parliament occasionally exhibit symptoms that some of our legislators have dined, though they may not have exactly fulfilled that Greek symposial law that required the boon companion not to quit his cups till the morning star arose. Even in these degenerate days, there are not wanting examples of those who have hid the liquid ruby flow copiously. Quin frequently carried off six good bottles of claret under his belt, after all the spirituous and vinous accompaniments of a turtle dinner.

But neither calipash nor calipee gratified the palates of the ancient Romans. The hammer of Charon descended upon the Apicii and Lucullus centuries before the Nereids, who sport under the beams of the western star, sent the delicious offering to the epicures of the old world, although the sea-nymphs of the East furnished the luxurious with an ornament for their tables, couches, and the pillars of their houses, from another species.† We can almost hear the lamentations of the fidgetty, niggardly, self-tormenting Mamurra, poor in the midst of his riches, who

Testudineum mensus quater hexaclinon
Ingemuit citro non satis esse suo.‡

The consumption of tortoiseshell at Rome for ornamental purposes must have been very great; the very door-posts of the rich were inlaid with it.§

The supply, occasionally, must

* Jouston.

† *Chelone imbricata*.

‡ Martial, Epig. ix. 60. Juvenal also alludes to the luxury in his eleventh satire:—
Nemo inter curas et seria duxit habendum,
Qualis in Oceani fluctu testudo nataret,
Clarum Trojugenis factura, ac nobile fulcrum.

§ Familiar as is the passage, we cannot mar the beauty of the Mantuan's verse by giving the sixth line alone:—

O Fortunatos ninium sua si bona norint
Agricolæ! quibus ipsa procul discordibus armis,

have been more than equal to the demand, if we may believe Velleius Paterculus, who relates that, when Cæsar took Alexandria, the magazines were so rich in tortoiseshell that he proposed to make that highly-prized ornament a principal feature in his African triumph.

The first man that invented the cutting of tortoise shells into thin plates, therewith to seel beds, tables, cupboards, and presses, was Carbilus Pollio, a man very ingenious and inventive of such toys, serving to riot and superfluous expense. *

The carapace entire was frequently used for a cradle and a bath for young children; nor did the warrior disdain it as a shield.

The size to which some of the species grew was enormous, if we are to believe Ælian, Pliny, Diodorus, and others.

There he found Tortoises in the Indian sea so great, that one only shel of them is sufficient for the roof of a dwelling house. And among the Islands principally in the Red Sea, they use Tortoise shells for boats and wherries upon the water.

And, again (book vi. c. 22), Pliny, writing of the inhabitants of the Island of Taprobane, states that,

They take also a great pleasure and delight in fishing, and especially in taking of tortoises; and so great they are found there, that one of their shells will serve to cover an house: and so the inhabitants do employ them instead of roofs.

The largest skull of a turtle I ever

saw is in the noble museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. It is the cranium of a Logger-head Turtle (*Chelone caouanna*), and is of the following portentous dimensions:—

	Ft.	In.	Lin.
Length, in a straight line from the back margin of the mastoid to the fore end of the premaxillary...	0	13	6
Breadth in a straight line...	0	11	6
Height, including lower jaw	0	9	0
Circumference (horizontal)	3	4	0

And now a few words on the natural history and capture of some of these Thalassians; and first, of the delicate species, the greenish colour of whose fat gives it one of its names, and is derived from the turtle-grass on which it principally feeds—the green turtle, *Tortue franche* of our pseudo-republican neighbours; *Testudo mydas*, Linn.; *Chelone mydas* of more modern zoologists.

The Atlantic Ocean and the West Indian seas are enriched with this luscious esculent.

Turtle (tortoises), writes Sir Hans Sloane, are of several sorts; those of the sea call'd green Turtle, from their fats being of that colour, feed on conches or shell fish, are very good victuals, and sustain a great many, especially of the poorer sort of the Island. They are brought in sloops, as the season is for breeding or feeding, from the Caymanes, or south Cayes of Cuba, in which forty sloops, part of one hundred and eighty, belonging to Port Royal, are always employed. They are worth fifteen shillings

Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit sedibus undam;
Nec varios inhiant pulchra testudine postes,
Inlusasque auro vestes, Ephyreique sera;
Alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno,
Nec casia liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi:
At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni
Non absunt.

* Holland's *Pliny*. And again,—'Cornelius Nepos writeth, that before the victory of Sylla, who defeated Marius, two dining tables, and no more there were throughout Rome, all of silver. Fenestella saith, that in his time (and he died the last yere of the reign of Tyberius Cæsar the Emperor) men began to bestow silver upon their cupboards and side livery tables: and even then also (by his saying) tortoise worke came in request, and was much used. Howbeit, somewhat before his daies, he writeth, that those cupboards were of wood, round and solid of one entire piece, and not much bigger than the tables whereupon men eat their meat; but when hee was a young boy, they were foure square, and of many peeces joyned together; and then they began to be covered over with thin boords or painles, either of maple or citron wood.' So that, after all, this is not the only *age of reneer*.

apiece, best when with egg, and brought or put into pens, or palisadoed places, in the harbour of Port Royal, whence they are taken and killed as occasion requires. They are much better when brought in first, than after languishing in those pens for want of food.

Apicius certainly had Darteneuf on the hip when, in reply to the strictures of the latter on his not having made a voyage to Britain for the purpose of eating oysters, the ghost of the Roman retorted with the modern epicure's short-comings on his confession that, when in the flesh, he had not been to the West Indies to enjoy turtle.*

Sloane gives a somewhat startling account of the effect of a turtle diet :—

They infect the blood of those feeding on them, whence their shirts are yellow, and their skin and face of the same colour.

Our aldermen had better have an eye to their linen and complexions. Sloane starts a theory on the colour of his transatlantic friends, whose under-garments were 'stained prodigiously' :—

This, I believe (says he), may be one of the reasons of the complexion of our European inhabitants, which is chang'd, in some time, from white to that of a yellowish colour, and which proceeds from this, as well as the jaundies, which is common, sea air, &c.

And then he says, not without truth, that 'all sorts of Sea Turtle, except the green, are reckon'd fishy and not good food.'

In his chapter 'of Quadrupeds which are oviparous, or lay eggs,' he says,—

The best, or green turtle or tortoises,

* *Apicius*. What grieves me most is, that I never eat a *Turtle*. They tell me that it is absolutely the best of all foods!

Darteneuf. Yes, I have heard the Americans say so: but I never eat any; for in my time they were not brought over to England.

Apicius. Never eat any turtle! How didst thou dare accuse me of not going to Sandwich; to eat oysters, and didst not thyself take a trip to America, to riot on *turtles*? But know, wretched man, that I am informed they are now as plentiful in England as sturgeon. There are *turtle-boats* that go regularly to London and Bristol from the West Indies. I have just seen a fat alderman, who died in London last week, of a surfeit he got at a *turtle feast* in the City.

Darteneuf. What does he say? Does he tell you that *turtle* is better than *venison*?

Apicius. He says there was a haunch of venison untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle: that he eat till he fell asleep in his chair, and that the food was so wholesome, he should not have died, if he had not unluckily caught cold in his sleep, which stopped his perspiration and hurt his digestion.

Darteneuf. Alas! how imperfect is human felicity, &c.

LYTTELTON'S *Dialogues of the Dead*. 3d edit. 1760.

come to the Caymanes once a-year to lay their eggs in the sand, to be hatch'd by the sun, and at that time the turtles take them in great numbers; at other times the turtles go to the south Cayes of Cuba, there to feed on the sea grass growing under water, wherefore the turtles go thither in quest of them; and it may be, four men in a sloop may bring in thirty, forty, or fifty turtles, worth seventeen or eighteen shillings a-piece, more or less according to their goodness. The female with egg is reckon'd the best; they sometimes get their loading in a day, but are usually six weeks in making the voyage; they feed on turtle, hisquet bread and salt: they catch the turtle with nets of yarn larger than whipcord. When they come home they put them into the sea in four square pens, or palisadoed places, where they keep alive till there be occasion to kill them, which will be very long sometimes, tho' the sooner they are kill'd after taking, they are the fatter. The callipee, or under part of the breast and belly bak'd, is reckon'd the best piece—the liver and fat are counted delicacies.

And then Sir Hans proceeds to repeat, as he has in another part of his book, besides that above quoted, the statement that those who feed much upon them discharge at their pores a yellow serum, and that the fat is yellow, tastes like marrow, and gives the skin a yellow hue,—a statement which will not surprise those who know that the bones of pigs, in whose food madder is mixed, become coloured accordingly.

Such is Sloane's account of the *Testudo marina vulgaris* of Ray; *Jurucua Brasiliensis*, and *Tartaruga Lusitanis*, of the same; *Tortue franche* of Rochefort, Du Tertre, and Labat.

He then describes the *Testudo ma-*

rina Caouanna dicta, *Tortue caouanne*, Rochef. Labat, Ray, *Kaouanne* of Du Tertre, calling it the *Hawks-bill turtle*, describing it as 'very little differing from the common sea sort, only in every part less,' and 'not so good victuals as the former, though as common in these seas.' This is probably the *Loggerhead turtle* of authors.

Sloane then gives an account of the *Testudo caretta dicta*, which I take to be the true hawksbill turtle, and of which, he says, they 'are chiefly valued for their scales, commonly call'd tortoiseshell; and are found with the others.'

Père Labat speaks of *la tortue franche*, the green turtle, as 'la seule espèce qui soit véritablement bonne à manger;' of *le caret*, the hawksbill, as furnishing 'écaille de tortue:'—'sa chair,' he adds, 'n'est pas bonne à manger;' he speaks of it as 'd'une qualité purgative,' as the good father found to his cost; and indulgence in it nearly cost a reverend brother his life.

Of *la caouanne*, the loggerhead, he writes with more correctness than Sloane, who probably saw only young specimens, that it is 'plus grande que les deux autres. Son écaille ne vaut rien. Sa chair n'est pas meilleure, elle est toujours maigre, flaccuse, coriace, et de mauvaise odeur. On ne laisse pas de la saller pour les Nègres, à qui tout est bon.'

It is, perhaps, too much to say, that the tortoiseshell of the loggerhead is entirely worthless, though it is comparatively valueless; and, indeed, that of the hawksbill is very inferior to the true article produced by *Chelone imbricata*.

Labat tells us, that those who go to the turtle islands or other localities to fish for the green and hawksbill turtles, live on the flesh of turtles only for three or four months, without bread, without cassava—with nothing, in short, but the fat and lean of those animals; and he declares that, whatever maladies these men may have when they set out upon this expedition, even if they

should be affected with the most loathsome, they return perfectly cured.

He describes at some length the methods of capture. The first is, to watch them when they go to lay their eggs* in the sand, or when they come to reconnoitre; and he says, that if their traces are observed on the sand, and the observer go to the same place on the seventeenth day afterwards, he will infallibly find the turtle come for the purpose of depositing her burden. She is then turned on her back, and being unable to regain her usual position, is safe. But though a green turtle thus turned is secure, because her carapace is comparatively flat, a hawksbill left in such a posture is no more safe than a galapagos tortoise when laid on its back, because the carapace of the hawksbill is more convex, and the animal itself more active; the operator, therefore, after turning the turtle, places great stones round it, so as to counteract its efforts to regain its natural posture, or, as the hawksbill is only sought for its shell, the flesh being comparatively worthless, it is killed on the spot.

The worthy father gives a hint to turtle-turners to beware of their jaws, for they bite, particularly the hawksbill (*caret*), furiously; and if they cannot take out the piece, will not let go while they have life. The turtle-turners, therefore, carry a little bludgeon with them, with which they give the patient a rap on the head before they proceed to turn it.

The second method of taking them is by striking them with a sort of spear or harpoon (*varre*) when they come to the surface to breathe, or there lie asleep. The adventurers go at night generally, where they have observed much cut turtle-grass floating, for that is a certain sign that the place is the haunt of turtles, who cut the grass in feeding, and some of it rises to the surface. The rest shall be told in the words of the graphic narrator:—

Celui qui tient la varre est sur le bout ou la proue du canot. Le mot de *varre*

* According to Labat, a turtle of ordinary size lays as many as two hundred and fifty eggs, of the size of tennis-balls, and as round. The white, he says, never hardens, however long it may be submitted to cookery, but the yolk becomes hard, like that of the common fowl.

est Espagnol, il signifie une gaule ou perche; celle dont on se sert en cette pêche est de sept à huit pieds de longueur et d'un bon pouce de diamètre, a peu près comme la hampe d'une hallebarde. On fait entrer dans un des bouts un clou carré de sept à huit pouces de long y compris la douille dont il fait partie, cette douille à une houle ou anneau de fer, ou simplement un trou, où est attachée une longue corde proprement roulée sur l'avant du canot, où un des bouts est aussi attaché, et la hampe est aussi attachée à une autre petite corde dont le varreur tient un bout. Le varreur donc étant debout sur l'avant du canot, la varre à la main droite, examine tout autour de lui s'il voit paraître quelque tortue, ce qui est assez aisé dans la nuit, parce qu'on voit bouilloner la surface de l'eau à l'endroit où la tortue veut lever la tête pour souffler, ou si la tortue dort sur l'eau, ou qu'un mâle soit attaché à une femelle, ce qu'on appelle un cavalage, l'écaille qui reluit et qui réfléchit la lumière de la lune ou des étoiles la lui fait apercevoir aussitôt, à quoi on doit ajouter que dans les nuits les plus obscures, il reste toujours sur la surface de la terre et des eaux un peu de lumière qui est suffisant à ceux qui se couchent sur le ventre pour voir à une distance assez considérable autour d'eux. Dès qu'il aperçoit la tortue, il marque avec le bout de sa varre à celui qui conduit le canot, le lieu où il faut aller; et quand il est à portée de la tortue il la varre, c'est à dire, il la frappe et la perce avec le clou qui est anté dans la hampe. Aussitôt que la tortue se sent blessée, elle fuit de toutes ses forces, et elle entraîne avec elle le canot avec une très grande violence; le clou qui est entré dans son écaille ne la quitte pas, et le varreur qui a retiré sa hampe, s'en sert pour enseigner à celui qui est à l'arrière ou il doit gouverner. Après qu'elle a bien couru les forces lui manquent, souvent même elle étouffe faute de venir sur l'eau pour respirer. Quand le varreur sent que la corde mollit, il la retire peu à peu dans le canot, et s'approchant ainsi de la tortue qu'il a fait revenir de l'eau, morte ou extrêmement affaiblie, il la prend par une partie et son compagnon sur l'autre et ils la mettent dans le canot, et en vont chercher une autre.

Il n'est pas nécessaire qu'il y ait des ardoles au fer de la varre, ni que le varreur fasse entrer le fer guère plus avant que l'épaisseur de l'écaille, parce qu'aussitôt que la tortue sent la douleur que le clou lui fait en perceant son écaille, elle se resserre de telle façon qu'on a bien plus de peine à retirer le clou qu'on en avoit eu à le faire entrer.

The great rapidity with which one

of these reptiles will run away with a boat ceases to be surprizing when it is remembered, that they are frequently found three feet and a half or four feet long, and two feet or two feet and a half wide, weighing three hundred pounds, and often more. Labat, who makes this observation, remarks, that it is astonishing that wherever they are set down on land on their plastron, however distant they may be from the sea, to the sea they go without seeking about, without hesitation, and in the most direct line. The jolly Jesuit relates, that he sometimes had the pleasure of bestriding a turtle with another person, when it carried them without difficulty, and sufficiently fast.

Mais (he adds) c'est une voiture des plus rudes, car comme elle ne peut se soutenir sur ses quatre pattes toute à la fois, elle élève le train de devant, et semble égratigner la terre en s'élançant, pendant que les pieds de derrière poussent en avant en faisant un effort qui produit un mouvement qui secoue et qui fatigue infiniment.

He tells a story of an Indian, slave to M. de la Chardonnière. The slave was alone in a small canoe fishing with a line, when he saw a turtle asleep on the surface of the sea. He quietly approached, and passed a noose of a stout cord which he chanced to have with him round one of the paddles of the turtle, the other end of the cord being made fast to the bow of the canoe. The turtle awoke, and set off with all speed, and at first the Indian was under no apprehension at the rapidity with which he was carried out to sea. Sitting in the stern of his canoe, he steered with his paddle so as to avoid the waves, hoping that the turtle would either get tired or be suffocated. But, alas! he got capsized, or, as Jack says, turned the turtle, losing his paddle, his knife, and all his fishing-tackle. Active as he was, he had all the difficulty in the world to right his canoe. While he was hard at work doing this, the turtle was acquiring fresh strength and vigour, and when he had righted his little bark it was soon upset again. In short this happened nine or ten times within a day and two nights, during which he was towed by the turtle without the possibility of cutting or detaching

the cord. At last this tartar of a turtle got tired, and as good luck would have it made for a shoal, where the Indian managed to kill it, being himself half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue.

The third mode of capture noticed by Labat is by setting nets, coloured red so that the turtles may not detect them, near the sandy shores where they go to lay their eggs; and he was present when, in the evening, the nets were spread for a *grande pêche*. He describes the nature of their oil or fat to be so penetrating, that if it is placed on one side of the hand, and rubbed in with a hot cloth, it will make its way to the opposite side, and praises it as excellent for rheumatism.

Catesby, in his *Natural History of Canada, Florida, and the Bahama Islands*, says:—

The sea-tortoise is by our sailors vulgarly called turtle, whereof there are four distinct kinds: the green turtle, the hawksbill, the loggerhead turtle, and the trunk turtle. They are all eatable; but the green turtle is that which all the inhabitants in America, that live between the tropicks, subsist much upon. They much excel the other kinds of turtle, and are in great esteem for the wholesome and agreeable food they afford.

Catesby was a good observer, and his information may be generally relied on. He tells us that all sorts of turtle, except the loggerhead, are timorous, and make little resistance when taken; but that all the kinds during the season of love are very furious and regardless of danger. The male and female, he says, usually remain together about fourteen days.

After describing the structure of the limbs as more fitted for swimming than walking, he remarks, that

They never go on shore but to lay their eggs, which is in April; they then crawl up from the sea, above the flowing of high water, and dig a hole above two feet deep in the sand, into which they drop in one night above an hundred eggs: at which time they are so intent on nature's work, that they regard none that approach them, but will drop their eggs in a hat if held under them; but if they are disturbed before they begin to lay, they will forsake the place and seek another. They lay their eggs at three, and sometimes at four, different times, there being fourteen days between every

time. ** When they have laid their complement of eggs, they fill the hole with sand, and leave them to be hatched by the heat of the sun, which is usually performed in about three weeks.

His description of the mode of capture varies little from that of Labat, except that he says nothing of nets.

The inhabitants of the Bahama Islands, by often practice, are very dexterous in catching them, particularly the green turtle. In April they go in little boats to the coast of Cuba, and other neighbouring islands, where, in the evening, especially in moonlight nights, they watch the going and returning of the turtle to and from their nests; at which time they turn them on their backs, where they leave them and proceed on turning all they meet, for they cannot get on their feet again when once turned. Some are so large that it requires three men to turn one of them. The way by which turtle are most commonly taken at the Bahama Islands, is by striking them with a small iron peg of two inches long; this peg is put in a socket at the end of a staff twelve feet long. Two men usually set out for this work in a little light boat or canoe; one to row and gently steer the boat, while the other stands at the head of it with his striker. The turtle are sometimes discovered by their swimming with their head and back out of the water; but they are oftenest discovered lying at the bottom, a fathom or more deep. If the turtle perceives he is discovered, he starts up to make his escape, the men in the boat pursuing him endeavour to keep sight of him, which they often lose, and recover again by the turtle putting his nose out of the water to breathe; thus they pursue him, one paddling or rowing, while the other stands ready with his striker. It is sometimes half-an-hour before he is tired; then he sinks at once to the bottom, which gives them an opportunity of striking him, which is by piercing the shell of the turtle through with the iron peg, which slips out of the socket, but is fastened by a string to the pole. If he is spent and tired by being long pursued, he tamely submits when struck to be taken into the boat or hauled ashore. There are men who by diving will get on their backs, and by pressing down their hind part, and raising the fore part of them by force, bring them to the top of the water, while another slips a noose about their necks.

There is nothing new under the sun. Hear Pliny through the quaint pen of Philemon Holland:—

Many waies the fishermen have to

catch them, but especially in this manner: they use in the mornings, when the weather is calm and still, to flote aloft upon the water, with their backs to be seen all over; and then they take such pleasure in breathing freely and at libertie that they forget themselves altogether: insomuch as their shell in this time is so hardened and baked with the sun, that when they would they cannot dive and sinke under the water again, but are forced against their wills to flote above, and by that meanes are exposed as a prey unto the fishermen. Some say that they go forth in the night to land for to feed, where with eating greedily they be wearie; so that in the morning, when they are returned again, they fall soon asleep above the water, and keepe such a snorting and routing in their sleepe, that they bewray where they be, and so are easily taken: and yet there must be three men about every one of them; and when they have swom unto the tortoise, two of them turn him upon his backe, the third casts a cord or halter about him, as hee lyeth with his belly upward, and then is he haled by many more together to the land.

In the South Seas skilful divers get under the turtles and surprize them when so floating.

The spirit-stirring salmon-hunt in *Redgauntlet* is familiar to every reading Briton, and so ought to be Mr. Darwin's most interesting *Journal*. There, in his account of Keeling Island, will be found an animated description of a turtle-chase. On the 6th April, 1836, he accompanied Captain Fitz-Roy to an island at the head of a lagoon. The exceedingly intricate channel wound its way through fields of delicately-branched corals. Several turtles were seen, and two boats were then employed in catching them. The water was so clear and shallow that, although the turtle at first dived quickly out of sight, the pursuers in a canoe or boat under sail, after no very long chase, came up to it. At that moment a man standing ready in the bows dashed through the water upon the turtle's back, and clinging with both hands by the shell of the neck, was carried away till the animal became exhausted and was secured. We may easily fancy that it was, as Mr. Darwin says, quite an interesting chase, with the two boats doubling about, and the men dashing into the water endeavouring to seize their prey.

But in the Oriental seas a still more curious mode of taking turtle is recorded by safe authors.

Many have heard of the *Remora*, a fish whose *vis inertiae* was, in old times, believed to be sufficient to stop an argosy if it attached itself to the ship. The fishermen take with them in their small light boat, a tub containing a supply of these fishes. It is necessary to premise, for the edification of those who are not acquainted with the organization of a remora, that there is an oval plate at the top of its head, with a soft fleshy circumference. Within this is a very remarkable apparatus of firm pieces or plates, disposed in two regular rows across the top of the head. These pieces are capable of movement on their axis by the aid of appropriate muscles, as the laths of movable wooden blinds are made to turn so as to exclude the sun's rays by pulling the adjusting string, or like the plates of the new glass ventilators. The free edges of the plates of the remora, which in different species of the genus vary from fifteen to thirty-six, are armed with small hooks, which can be all raised at once like the teeth of a wool-card. Well, to the tail of each of these living tackles in the tubs is fastened a ring, ready for the attachment of a cord, which, though fine, is long and strong. All being ready, the fisherman bides his time till he gets sight of a turtle comfortably basking in a dozy state on the surface within the proper distance. Noiselessly, then, does he slip one of his corded remoras overboard, and the fish, ill-provided with fins for an enduring swim, makes instantly for the turtle, while the fisherman, almost afraid to draw his breath, pays out the line. Away goes the remora, without stop or stay, till it anchors on the plastron of the slumberer. The fisherman remembers the patient demeanour required by all of his craft, and 'gives time.' When he thinks the marine squatter has made a comfortable settlement he hauls away, and the surprized turtle finds itself on board the boat, where a push applied from behind forwards detaches the remora, when the turtle is laid upon its back, *secundum artem*, at the bottom of the boat, and the remora is returned to its tub; burning, no

doubt, cold-blooded as it is, to relate its adventure and the uncompromising treatment to which it has been subjected.

How many mortals are treated by the great like this poor remora, and, having secured the prize for them, are returned to their tub till 'next time'?

But to return to Catesby. After a short account of the hawksbill, he says of the loggerheads that they are the boldest, the most voracious, and the foulest feeders of all the turtles.

They range (says he) the ocean over; an instance of which, amongst many that I have known, happen'd the 20th of April, 1725, in the latitude of thirty degrees north, when our boat was hoisted out, and a loggerhead turtle struck as it was sleeping on the surface of the water. This, by our reckoning, appeared to be midway between the Azores and the Bahama Islands, either of which places being the nearest land it could come from, or that they are known to frequent; there being none on the north continent of America farther north than Cape Florida. It being amphibious, and yet at so great a distance from land in breeding time, makes it the more remarkable. They feed mostly on shell-fish; the greater strength and hardness of their beaks enabling them to break very large shells, particularly the *Buccinum*, pieces of which I have taken out of their stomachs, and have seen fractures upon large shells, which the turtles told me were caused by turtles.

Of the trunk turtle (*sphargis*) he says that it is rarely taken; indeed he does not appear to have seen one in those latitudes, though he 'was told they grow to a very large size;' but, as he opens his description of these animals by saying that they are all eatable, though he qualifies it afterwards by stating that the flesh of the trunk turtle is rank, but affords a large quantity of oil, Pennant's anecdote relative to one of the three which were captured off the coast of Scarborough, about a hundred years since, should not be forgotten. It was purchased by an Amphitryon, who invited several guests to feast on turtle; but there was a sage among them who knew something of the matter in hand, and warned the company of the

consequences, who, though looking somewhat blank, took his advice, with one exception. That sturdy gastrophilist would not be balked of his meal, and shovelled away till he was seized with symptoms very like those of cholera, which brought him to death's door. And yet Pennant, who was as accomplished an antiquary as he was a naturalist, tells us, that the Carthusians eat no other species; but the stomach of a monk and that of a sailor will digest anything.

Dr. Patrick Browne, in his *Natural History of Jamaica*, mentions the hawksbill, the green turtle, and the loggerhead only. Of the first he says, that its flesh is not so delicate, nor so much esteemed, as that of the green turtle, though frequently used in all parts of America; but its scales are the most valued, being generally the thickest and best coloured. Of the second, he states that it is delicate tender food while young, but that as it grows old it becomes more tough and gristly; and he is right. The juices, he observes, are generally reckoned great restoratives; and he adds, that they heal and smooth the skin in scorbutic and leprous habits, and are said to cure even the most obstinate taints.

The loggerhead from which his description was taken was caught near the Western Islands, many leagues out at sea. The back was covered with what he calls moss, and with barnacles; a crab, which he figures as big as a walnut, was found sticking in the wrinkles in the hinder part of the body. The intestines 'were full of galatæas and medusas, which, with a few branches of some sea-weeds, made up all its nourishment; yet it was fat and rich, but of a strong, rank, fishy taste. I eat some, and it agreed pretty well with my stomach.'

Let not the uninitiated reader fancy that Browne's loggerhead had been feasting on nymphs and the daughters of sea deities. The galatæas and medusas were simple *acalephans* or jelly-fishes—as they are most improperly called, for they have nothing of a true fish about them—and the like.

Hughes* is the last historian, to

* A Natural History of Barbados.

be here quoted, of those beautiful islands that rise from out the glowing sea, in all the prodigality of their tropical verdure

As green as emerald,
once some of the brightest gems in the crown of Britain, now dimmed and poverty-stricken by a so-called liberal policy.

Of the three different sorts that frequent or are bred near these West Indian Islands, the hawk's-bill alone affords what is commonly call'd the tortoise-shell. The two other species (viz.), the green and the yellow, a mulatto tortoise,* have each of them such shells divided into as many regular laminae, but they are so very thin as not to be fit for use. A tortoise hath four fins, with which it paddles whilst in the water, not very different from the strokes of oars; and it is likewise by the help of these that the female glides along the sand when she comes ashore to lay her eggs. The common method of taking them is to pitch nets with very large meshes in the bays where they frequent, to feed upon the green and leaf'd moss that grows at different depths in the bottom of the sea. When taken entangled in these nets alive, they may be brought ashore and kept some weeks alive without any sustenance; for several days after they are taken they sigh heavily. If they die in the net, they stink in less than an hour's time; but if killed, which is done by cutting the throat (to give vent to the blood, which is always as cold as water), the flesh will keep, not only uncorrupted, but, though cut in pieces, the fore-quarter and callopee will continue to have a strong, lively, muscular motion, for fourteen or even eighteen hours: for if at that time it is pricked with a pin or fork, it will move and contract itself visibly. Some part of the flesh cuts reddish, resembling coarse beef; another part is white as a chicken; the fat about the fins is somewhat yellowish; but the far greater part close to the upper and under shell is as green as a leek. They are caught of different sizes; the largest that hath been taken in this island, within my remembrance, The flesh when baked or stewed is a most did not exceed four hundred weight . . .

delicious and nourishing diet; the young ones are often caught with a hook and line; the properest bait for this purpose is a sea-bladder; and they are likewise sometimes drawn ashore in nets. There is another method of taking the larger sort, especially the females, by watching their coming ashore in the night, upon the dry, sandy bays, in the mouths of June, July, August, and September, in which laying seasons, after they have crawled above high-water mark, they dig with their fins (which are strong, nervous, and fleshy) a hole of about two feet deep, in the loose sand, in which the female lays an hundred or more eggs; the outward tegument of these is rather skinny than shelly; its shape is round, of about an inch and a quarter diameter: the inside of the egg is yellow, and to the taste somewhat gritty. After these eggs are thus deposited in the sand, the tortoise fills up the hole in so nice a manner, that it will be scarce perceivable that the sand had been disturbed; and the eggs, by the heat of the sun, will, in nine weeks, be hatch'd, and the young tortoises immediately crawl into the sea.

The trunk turtle,† instead of being armed back and breast in plate armour, is sheathed, as it were, with buff stretched upon longitudinal rib-like processes, tuberculous and serrated in young subjects, but completely smooth in the ancients. This is the *Testudo coriacea* Mercurii of Rondeletius; *Testudo lyra* of some German zoologists; *Tortue lyre* of the French. These last names seem to claim for it a niche, as contributing to the construction of the ancient lyre; and, indeed, we see no reason for shutting out the Thalassian tortoises from the competition. Hear Placcus in his rapture:—

O testudinis aureæ

Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas!

O mutis quoque piscibus

Donatura cynei, si libeat, sonum!

Totum muneris hoc tui est,

Quod monstror digito prætercuntium

Romanæ fidicen lyre:

Quod spiro et placeo (si placeo) tuum est.‡

* The loggerhead, probably.

† *Sphargis coriacea*. *Testudo coriacea*, Linn.; Genus *Corindo* of Fleming; *Dermatochelys* of De Blainville.

‡ Carm. iv. 3. The lyre in the constellation *Lyra* on the Farnese globe surmounts the shell of a land-tortoise. The instrument has six strings only; one may have been defaced, or it may have been purposely omitted in memory of the lost Pleiad:—

Septena putaris

Pleiadum numero fila dedisse lyre.

Certain wags of yore, by way of frightening the neighbours, used land-tortoises

But those who point to the third of these grateful and gratifying lines, as evidence in favour of the sea-tortoises, must be reminded that the sphargis, as its name implies,* is so far from being mute, that it utters sounds very near akin to the bellowings of distress when entangled in the fatal net, or oppressed with wounds. The carapace and plastron, with its longitudinal, string-like lines or ribs, may have suggested the lyrical name accorded to the species. We have said enough to put those hungry gentlemen on their guard who may feel disposed to consign it to the tureen. It attains a great size. Individuals weighing 700 and 800 pounds have been taken on our coasts. These were stragglers; but instances are on record of their having been captured, temptingly fat, of the weight of 1500 or 1600 pounds. Nor do some of the species of chelone stop at that point with which the lovers of turtle are familiar. Some of that genus have been taken with a carapace measuring nearly seven feet in length, and more than fifteen feet in circumference; and have turned the scale against from 800 to 900 pounds.

When first hatched, the shells of the young turtles are said to be comparatively imperfect, and the little animals have a blanched appearance. Their welcome upon emerging into the light, as they swarm out of the sand like ants from an ant-hill, is but a rough one; and few young animals are surrounded with more dangers. They instinctively make for the sea, but their numbers are greatly reduced by predatory birds and other enemies before it is reached; and there and then the hungry fishes wait for them open-mouthed. Still, as in the case of all other races, the issue of the battle of life is in their favour, till the species die out, like the extinct *colossuchelys* (Falconer), whose weight

must have been something enormous, or, like that chimera-like form of the ancient world, in which Nature seems freakishly to have united the sauro-chelysian, or half-lizard, half-tortoise shape, with the canines of a walrus.*

The *testudinata* figure largely in the ancient pharmacopœia, and they seem to have a claim to the patronage of the deities of health equal, at least, to that of the serpents. They must, moreover, have been the terror of the Canidias of the time.

The flesh of land-tortoises serveth wel in perfumes and suffumigations, for so it is as good as a countercharm to put by and repell all sorceries and enchantments: a singular counterpoison also to resist any venome whatsoever. Great store of tortoises be found in Affricke: where they use to cut away the head and feet, and then employ the rest of the body as a sovereign remedy against all poysons.

Tortoise pottage appears to have rivalled viper broth:—

If their flesh be eaten together with the broth wherein they are sodder, it is held to be very good for to discusse and scatter the wens called the King's Evil, and to dissipat or resolve the hardnesse of the swelled spleene: likewise to cure the falling sicknes, and to drive away the fits thereof. The blood of tortoises clarifieth the eyesight and dispatcheth the cataracts, if they be anointed therewith. Many incorporat the said blood in meale, and keep them reduced into the forme of pills; which when need requireth, they give in wine as a present help for the poyson of all serpents, spiders, and such like, yea and the venome of toads. The gall of tortoises mixt with Atticke hony, serveth to cure the fiery rednesse of the eyes, if they be anointed therewith: the same is good to be dropt into the wounds inflicted by the prick of scorpions. The ashes of the tortoise shel incorporat with wine and oile, and so wrought into a salve, heals the chaps and ulcers of the feet.

as the vehicles of lights of another description. Having fixed burning tapers on the backs of the tortoises, they turned them down in some cemetery, where the slowly wandering fires, now solitary, now meeting, as if two or more restless spirits were in conclave at the dead hour of night, produced the desired effect. Sometimes they would increase the panic by adding to the tortoises a corps of able-bodied locusts fitted out in the same manner; which formed an assemblage of corpse-candles and saltatory witch-fires sufficiently appalling.

* *Sphargis*, to utter a loud sound or roar.

† *Dicynodon*. Discovered by A. G. Bain, Esq., in sandstone rocks at the south eastern extremity of Africa: named and described by Professor Owen in *Trans. Geol. Soc.* vol. vii. part 2.

These are but a few of the miracles of healing effected by the application of this panacea of the Roman apothecary's shop.

Nor are the remedies incorporated in the turtles—the 'sea-tortoises'—a whit less powerful or numerous. We spare the catalogue of cures, which those who are curious may read in the marvellous pages of him who has been called the martyr of nature; only out of our benevolence, and by way of throwing those numerous specifics for the toothache that adorn those towering nuisances, the advertising vans, into the shade, informing the afflicted that, 'Who-soever rubbeth their teeth with tortoise blood, *and use so to do a whole yeare together*'—remember that—'shall be freed from the pain thereof for ever.'*

The ancient mariner—not Coleridge's—believed that the foot of a tortoise put on board would stop the way of the ship; and the housewife of other days had no doubt that the shell of a tortoise placed on the pot as it simmered over the fire would prevent it from boiling over.

The tortoise of ancient fable was sufficiently sage, except when he prevailed on the eagle to give him a lesson in flying, and suffered accordingly. To say nothing of his race with the hare, he was eminently reflective as well as persevering. And though he was tempted to murmur at first when he saw the lithe and leaping frogs clearing at a bound a space which cost him long and sore travel, as he dragged himself and his shell along upon the earth—when he saw the cel and King Stork at work upon them, and how their unarmed bodies exposed them to the stones thrown by a mere child, he repented and said,—'How much better to bear the weight of this shielding shell, than to be subject to so many forms of wounds and death.' And when he beheld Io dancing a frantie horn-pipe to the tune of a gadfly, did he not hug himself, and glancing at his

panoply, exclaim,—'I don't care for flies?'†

To be sure, he was at times more honest than polite; as when, on receiving Jove's command to meet the rest of animated nature on the occasion of his nuptials with Juno, he returned the somewhat ungracious answer,—*οἶκος φίλος, οἶκος ἄγεται*—'home, sweet home; there's no place like home,'—a reply which so roused the ire of the father of gods and men, that the fiat went forth,—'As his home is so dear to him, he shall never go out of it.' This was rather shocking at first; but our philosophical tortoise bowed to the decree, observing, that he much preferred carrying his house about with him to being a fixture, where he might be condemned to disturbance by the quarrels of his neighbours.

But why did Apelles paint his image under the feet of Aphrodite?‡ Why did Phidias make the delicate foot of his chryselephantine statue rest upon this sedentary emblem?§

As a hint to ladies to be quiet, and stay at home—excellent things in woman.

Upon my word, sir!

The idea, madam, I assure you, is not mine. You read Latin with the ease of a Roman matron. No? Then ask your husband, son, or brother, to do the following into English:—

Alma Venus quæsum hæc facies, quid denotat illa

Testudo molli quam pede, Diva, premis? Me sic effinxit Phidias, sexumque referri

Fæmineum nostrâ jussit ab effigie. Quodque manere domi et tacitas decet esse puellas,

Supposuit pedibus talia signa meis.

The women wore wooden images of the reptile to denote their silence and domesticity, as Lais knew to her cost, when the Thessalian matrons assassinated her with such ornaments. Over-zealous worshippers were they of the celestial Venus, the good, the retiring, the personification of all that is amiable, beautiful, and modest.

So stands the statue that enchants the world.

* Holland's *Pliny*.

† *Tardigrada, herbigrada, domiporta et sanguine cassa, Sub pedibus Veneris Cous quam pinxit Apelles.*

‡ Non eurat testudo muscas.

This must have been a different picture from that of the celebrated Venus Anadyomene by the same hand, which was, probably, in the splendid collection of Augustus before he transferred the masterpiece to the temple dedicated by him to Julius Cæsar. Ovid notices a painting which may well pass for it, in his description of the finest works in that magnificent palace.—*Trist.* ii. 527, 528. § In the temple of Venus Urania.

THE WALLACHS IN TRANSYLVANIA.

THE Wallachs are the oldest inhabitants of Transylvania, and their history is not only of ancient date, but of great interest: at one period they formed a nation of eight million inhabitants, including Wallachia, Moldavia, Bessarabia, the Bukovina, with a portion of Bulgaria and Transylvania; and the name of Rumuny, or Romanen, by which they are at present known in Transylvania, points to their descent from the ancient Romanized Dacians: certain it is, that at the present day the Wallachian language is the nearest akin to the Latin.* At the beginning of the second century the Emperor Trajan penetrated into the heart of Dacia, and planted the conquered country with Roman colonists, and by degrees the Dacians became weakened in numbers and power. The rich products of their country, consisting of gold and silver, salt and cattle, corn and wine, offered a sufficient allurement to the new settlers; and down to the present day there exist not only the remains of the language, but of the monuments, buildings, and works of the Roman conquerors.

Dacia remained about 160 years under the power of the Romans, which in the third century was overthrown by the Goths. These were in turn succeeded by the Huns, in the fourth and fifth centuries, and in the beginning of the sixth the Slaves came into possession of the country. At the close of the ninth century the Magyars, coming from the East, invaded Transylvania and Hungary; they formed a distinct settlement in the latter country, but in the former they spread over the land, without, however, intermingling with the native inhabitants.

The cause of this segregation, which exists up to the present time, was grounded in diversity of religious faith. Christianity was introduced by the Goths at an early period among the Roman colonists in Dacia. In Transylvania we find inscriptions of the year 274, surmounted by a cross; and in the year 390 mention is made of a Bishop of Dacia, Nicolaus. The Wallachs, whilst under the influence of Constantinople, adopted the faith of the Greek church, which the Magyars, on their first arrival in Transylvania, also joined: the Byzantine historians say, that the chief of these warriors, Gyula, was baptized in Constantinople, and on his return founded the bishopric of Fejervar.

But whilst the Magyars of Transylvania adopted the creed of the nation they conquered, their brethren in Hungary raised the banner of Roman Catholicism. When St. Stephen received his crown from Rome, it was upon the condition that he should endeavour to withdraw the Transylvanian Magyars from the influence of Byzantium; and in this he succeeded. But from that time a division arose between the Magyars and Wallachs, and whilst the highest class amongst the latter race joined the ranks of the conquerors of their country, the people clung to their ancient faith, with a tenacity which was increased by the persecution of their priests.

Whilst the Wallachs adhered to their religion, they also preserved their customs and language. The latter, even at the present day, is quite a Romance tongue—a compound of Greek, Slavic, and Hungarian with Latin.

There exist numerous traces of

* A comparison of the following lines of a song, taken from the mouth of the country people, with the corresponding Latin, will show the affinity of the languages:—

Wallachian.

Bela in larga valle amblă,
Era verde lin calcă;
Cântă, qui cantand plangea,
Quod toti munti resună.
Ea in genunchi se puneă,
Ochi ia sus indireptă;
Ecce, asi vorbe faceă:
Domne, domne, hane domne, &c.

Latin.

Puella in larga valle ambulabat,
Herbam viridem leniter calcabat;
Cantabat, et cantando plangebatur,
Ut omnes montes resonarent.
Illa in genua se ponebat,
Oculos sursum dirigebat,
Ecce, sic verba faciebat:
Domine, domine, bone domine, &c.

heathen appellations and customs among the Wallachs, and such names as Florica (Flora), Dania and Dainitia (Diana), are common among the women.

The Wallach peasants celebrate, from tradition, the first Sunday in May as the festival of Flora, when they resort to the meadows and woods, deck themselves with wreaths of flowers and leaves, and return dancing home. On the approach of summer they plant before their cottages a tall pole, with a bunch of twigs or hay, which they call 'Armindeen'—a word said to be derived from the erection of the 'Arma Dei' by the Roman warriors.

There are still many curious traces of the superstitious observance of days and seasons among the Wallachs. On a Tuesday and Friday the wicked fairies possess a supernatural power; and as evening draws on, when this power ceases for a time, these sprites redouble their efforts to injure and annoy poor mortals. In some parts of the country indeed people will not go out after sunset, on a Tuesday evening, in order to avoid a quarrel with the fairies. 'The Mar Sara (*Mater sacra*) fetch you!' is one of the most common imprecations. On Mondays and Wednesdays the Wallach girls spin and work till past midnight. In summer-nights they sit out of doors, and enliven their work by singing popular songs and story-telling. From Maunday Thursday to Rosalia (the Greek Whitsuntide), the Thursday (Thor's-day, or *Jovis dies*) is a holiday, sacred to the Thunder-god, to propitiate his favour and avert hail-storms and devastation. The Wallach women deem Friday especially sacred, even more than Sunday; on this day they do no work with any sharp or pointed instrument. St. George's-day is held peculiarly holy, as he is the patron-saint of the herdsmen and shepherds. On this day all the herds and flocks are counted, and formally given in charge to the herdsmen by their masters. The goats are milked for the first time on this day, into well-scoured vessels, which are decked with flowers. A cake of white flour is baked in the form of a ring, and rolled upon the ground before the herds: according to the distance

it rolls is prognosticated the good or ill fortune that will attend their wanderings. In the same manner garlands of flowers are thrown into a stream, and the distance to which they swim is supposed to foretell the fortune of the person.

Every household has its patron-saint, in whose honour a feast-day is held, called the Simt (*sanctus*, *sacred*). This is a custom which no family omits, however poor. The whole house is cleaned, the household utensils washed and scoured, and the table spread with the finest cloth which the good woman can provide. The relatives and friends are hidden to the feast, and the memory of the departed members of the family is regarded with peculiar sanctity: they are called upon with earnest prayers to join the feast, and places are left vacant for them at the table, with dishes and vessels filled with wine, salt, and bread—the last as the symbol of peace. This custom is evidently a perpetuation of the honour paid by the Romans to the Lares, or household gods.

The ceremonies attending death and burial among the Wallachs are remarkable. When any person is dying, the body is washed and dressed in the best clothes, and laid upon the ground with a lighted taper placed in the hand. In many villages no burials take place before noon, from the prevalent notion that the soul of the departed is hastened on its flight to its destined home by the downward course of the sun as it sinks to rest; whereas they fear, that if the sun is rising at the time of an interment, the soul may go astray, and become the prey of some roving vampyr. As late as the time of the Emperor Joseph II., funerals were attended by women-mourners, who were paid to howl and lament over the graves; and in some parts of the country the old Roman practice still exists of placing a piece of money—the obolus, Charon's fare—in the mouth of the deceased. When the coffin is let down into the grave, and before any earth is thrown upon it, seven small coins and seven loaves of bread, baked for this purpose, in each of which is stuck a lighted taper, are distributed to seven poor persons over the grave. The intent

of this custom is to purchase for the soul of the dead man a free passage through the seven toll-booths which it has to pass on its way to heaven. On one day in the year the survivor goes to the grave of his departed relative, walks round it praying and crying, and places bread and wine upon it. The last is poured out upon the grave, and the bread given to some poor person. After this, he goes round the grave again smoking, in order to keep off any vampyr.

Among the mythological beings held in reverence by the Wallachs are the *Muma padura*—literally, the Wood-mother, and the Water-mother, or Water-witch; female spirits presiding over the woods and water. The former is a good spirit, and particularly kind to children, whom she protects when they lose themselves in the woods. The Wallachs call the plant *Asperula odorata* by the name of *Muma padura*; and Schott remarks, as a curious coincidence, that the old Latin name for this plant was *Herba Matris Sylvæ* (Plant of the Wood-mother). When a Wallachian woman draws water from a spring or well she always pours back a few drops, as a libation to the good Water-witch; and in some villages this is regarded as an offering, or *pomana*, for the souls of the dead. In filling her pail at a river or brook, the woman holds the vessel with the mouth turned toward the stream, in order not to offend the water-witch by forcibly taking up the water, which she lets flow into it, as the act of the water-spirit herself.

Dancing is the principal recreation of the Wallachian peasants. Every Sunday and holiday, except during fasts, they assemble to dance in the open air, both summer and winter, generally in front of the church. The judge and municipality, whose authority is designated by their wand of office, preside on these occasions, to prevent any quarrel or disturbance. The Wallachian bagpipe and the fiddle of the gipsy form the accompaniment to the dance, which is usually kept up till dusk. Some of the popular dances are of Roman origin: one is said to represent the Rape of the Sabines; another to resemble the dance of the priests of the Sun, who performed sword-dances under the guidance of a *vates*. Down

to the present day the Wallachian dancers wear, like the Romans, two leather straps, ornamented with brass buttons, and crossed over the shoulders, one of which corresponds to the sword-belt: in place of a sword, however, they brandish a stick. Their leader is called the *Vatof*; and even the time when this solemn dance takes place, April, answers to that of the sacred dance of the priests of the Sun.

A good dancer is highly esteemed, and readily finds a wife, for the girls continue this amusement quite as eagerly after as before marriage. There is a certain class of dancers by profession, young peasants, who go about from village to village: they are regarded as being possessed by the evil spirit, to whom they are supposed to have sold themselves—a circumstance which, together with their skill in dancing, excites great interest. These men rove idly through the country, practising their art in the public roads, and often terminate their career with a marriage; after which they retain no trace of their former life.

The Wallachian peasant marries very early, anxious to obtain an active helpmate to relieve him from a share of his toil. As soon as he is the happy possessor of two or three pigs, a cow, or in fact anything in the shape of property, he offers his hand to some village beauty. A nobleman one day gave a present equal to about two pounds to a lad for restoring to him a watch he had lost; and no sooner had the boy pocketed the money than off he ran to buy a cow and look out for a wife. A girl's dowry generally consists, beside two or three shifts embroidered by herself, of a chest containing all her property. The number of her dresses is by no means a trifling consideration, as from this is inferred, not only the girl's wealth, but her industry. When a lad, therefore, thinks of proposing to a young woman, the first thing he does is to go straight to her coffer and examine its contents. In some villages the ceremony of courting has been much simplified. During the Carnival the women hang up the shifts, cushions, and towels embroidered by their daughters, on poles before the sitting-room; and the lads, in passing, see the treasures

thus displayed, and either pass on or are tempted to make a choice.

The ceremonies which precede a marriage contract are very curious. When two young people are betrothed, the parents proceed in the negotiation with as much form and diplomacy as if a prince and princess were engaged. The father of the suitor selects some friend or kinsman to act as an intercessor, who goes to the house of the girl's parents, and, after certain complimentary salutations, sounds the father's intentions respecting his daughter. This takes place even if the affair has been already settled a year before. After the usual custom, the parents affect extreme surprise, as if the idea had never before entered their heads: they answer evasively, turn the conversation to indifferent subjects—the state of the market, the weather, and so on; and when the other party again touches on the theme of marriage, the good man answers in an off-hand way, that his wife must be consulted, that there is no fruit nor anything in store for a wedding; although all the while the domestic arrangements have probably been long ago made. At length, to get rid of the suitor, a day is fixed, on which he is to return and receive an answer. When this day comes the negotiation proceeds in the same roundabout manner; and the father, whose object throughout this comedy is, generally, to set a high value upon his daughter, again evades a direct answer, saying that he must first sell this thing or that, and postpone his answer till another day, when the father of the young man is at length admitted to an interview with the girl's parents.

On the appointed day the suitor's father goes, attired in his holiday best, to the parents of the maiden—even if an intimate friend or next-door neighbour—generally taking with him a bottle of wine or brandy. The two men salute one another with stiff formality, as if they had never met before, and then enter into conversation on any and every subject in the world *except* the very matter in question, of which they are both perfectly well aware. This comedy is kept up for a long while, and ends in a formal introduction being arranged, when the mothers are also present, to whom the domestic part

of the treaty is committed, whilst the men negotiate respecting the dowry. Meanwhile the lad goes up to the girl, and gives her an apple stuck all over with silver coins. If she accepts it the young people are betrothed; but if afterwards the engagement is broken off, the girl must return the apple with the coins, and her parents have to bear any expenses that may have been incurred.

During the scene above described the arrangements for the marriage-feast are settled, in which ceremony the parents on both sides strive to surpass each other in boasting of what they shall do, considering all this as an honour to the two families. The poorest man, indeed, who may perhaps have actually borrowed the coins to stick into the bride's apple, talks of his stores of fruits, his cattle, and his household, all which exist in the moon. If a young man is jilted by his betrothed fair one, he revenges himself, besides showing her a marked slight in the dance and in public, in another remarkable manner: he goes by night and cuts down the crop of hemp, which belongs solely to the female members of the family: the flax for the dowry of the faithless girl is not allowed to grow any longer—and this act at once points out to the father the object intended. If the revenge had been aimed at the man himself, his crops of hay or corn would have been destroyed.

A Wallachian marriage is solemnized with great ceremony. The parents of the bridegroom fetch his intended in a waggon drawn by four oxen, whose horns are wreathed with flowers. The gipsies of the village head the procession, playing on the fiddle; one of the bride's relatives carries her dowry on a pole, and the friends of the bridegroom keep up a constant firing of guns and pistols.

A wedding-feast sometimes lasts a whole week, and is usually held three days in the house of the bride's parents, and three in that of the bridegroom. Numerous formalities are observed; and beside the bride and bridegroom with their parents, the principal persons are the 'Nashu,' who is always the godfather of the bride, and the bride's-man. The office of godfather, or 'Göth,' is hereditary in families; and this relationship continues until one or the other

family becomes extinct. A remarkable custom is, that in these festivities the men and women are usually separated. If the cottage has only one apartment, this is given up to the men, whilst the women have their feast either in the cellar or in a stable cleared for the purpose. A table is frequently set out for poor people and beggars, and strangers who chance to pass by are readily hidden to join the feast. If any guest of distinction, such as the clergyman or school-master, makes his appearance, the bridesman leads the bride up to him and introduces her, whereupon he gives her a little present in money, in return for which she presses his hand on her lips and brow. Of this and many other usages the Oriental origin is clearly manifest. The master of the house never sits down until all the guests have finished eating, but goes about conversing with one and another: the same custom is observed by the goodwoman in the women's apartment. The bride and bridegroom eat nothing on the wedding-day, and remain separated until the evening, when they have a little table set apart for themselves.

If there is dancing, the musicians, who have usually only a bagpipe and a fiddle, take their place beside or upon the stove; while the girls and young married women are fetched from the women's room or kitchen. As long as the wedding festivities last, drinking of toasts and ringing of glasses form, as a matter of course, an incessant accompaniment to the most innocent merriment. The healths of every one present and absent are drunk,—the bride and bridegroom, old and young, the *naschu* and the bridesman, the village judge, the magistrates, the county, the country, the emperor, and the whole world. The list of toasts to the friends who present wedding-gifts is comical enough, and an hour is fixed for this part of the ceremony beforehand. The presents generally consist of a coloured cotton kerchief, which can, in turn, be used as a pocket-handkerchief, a neck-kerchief, or an apron. This is placed on a large wooden platter, spread over some loaves of bread and roast meat, to which a bottle of wine is, of course, added. The sons have generally the office of presenting these gifts, which are kept back

at the door, until they have all arrived. At length the door opens, and one platter after another loaded with the presents is brought in, and handed over the heads of the guests. They are exhibited to all the persons present, and the name of the donor is announced, whereupon a loud and hearty hurra follows. The usual form of words is this:—‘N. N. has generously given these fine presents: he has sent us wine and bread, the finest cloth, and roast meat. Long life to him!’ To which all the company present respond with a loud ‘*Viva!*’ The dish is placed on the table; the goodwoman of the house gives the cloth to the bride, and the eatables are laid out in different heaps, whilst the wine is poured into a large kind of flagon. The duration of the feast is commonly determined by the amount of provisions.

We have incidentally mentioned the class of gipsies, who, in addition to the inborn vagabond and thievish propensities common to their race all the world over, possess here a remarkable love of music, and may be termed the wandering musicians of the country, figuring not merely in the village festivals, but in the mansions of the rich and noble. The gipsy is a peculiarly ungodly sinner; and among the popular stories of the country, not a few refer to his want of any religious faith.

The gipsies, says one of these legends, had once a handsome, well-built, stone church of their own, whilst the Wallach Christians had merely one which they had constructed for themselves out of ham and bacon. The gipsies seldom went to their church; but being naturally unthrifty and indolent, they often cast a wistful look on the savoury edifice of the Wallachs; and, one day, when half-famished, they proposed to exchange churches with their Christian neighbours. The Wallachs readily assented to the proposal; but hardly had the gipsies gotten possession of their church of bacon, than, with a loud shout of exultation, they set to work to demolish the building, and in a short time nothing remained of it but a savoury reminiscence. Since that time the gipsies have never had a church.

Another amusing story is told of these people. A gipsy's cart, in which were packed his whole family and chattels, once stuck fast in a deep rut: in vain the fellow shouted and whipped his little mare—in vain the poor beast strove and struggled, until at last down she fell on her knees. Reminded probably by this accident of his neglect of duty, the gipsy fell to praying, as well as he was able, to all the saints in the calendar, and especially to the Virgin, vowing, if she would help him out of his trouble, to make her an offering, in the first church he came to of a wax candle as thick as his body. Whilst the master was thus engaged, his horse had time to recover breath, and rest a little; so that when the gipsy again applied the whip, the cart-wheel made half a turn in the rut. Again the man fell on his knees, and commended himself to the Virgin's assistance, promising as before an offering of a wax-taper; but this time only as thick as his thigh. Thereupon he cracked his whip across the horse's back, and, with a great effort, the cart made another move out of the rut. The gipsy now saw the end of his troubles; and using mingled arguments of encouragement and the lash, he spared himself the trouble of further prayers, merely promising the Virgin a wax-taper as thick as his finger. The cart was soon out of the mud, and the man proceeded on his way: but on passing a neighbouring church he doffed his cap, bethought himself that the Virgin would surely never care about such a poor devil as he, and drove on.

In the archives of the *Gespannschafts*, or counties, are preserved records of the trials of witches, filled with fearful details. One of the most convincing proofs of sorcery was the existence of a large mole upon any part of the body: the judges considered that such spots, being marked by the evil spirit, were insensible, and numerous trials were made in order to prove this. As late as the 23d of July, 1728, six sorcerers were burnt at Szegedin, and amongst them an old man, eighty-two years of age, who had been magistrate of the town. Up to the year 1739, in the country around Arad and Gyalu, witches were condemned to undergo

the water-ordeal: if they swam, it was a proof of their guilt—the pure element refused to receive them, and they were beheaded. The best proof the accused party could give of her innocence was, therefore, to drown herself. It was not until the year 1758, in the reign of Maria Theresa, that the Austrian Government put an end to these executions: judges were forbidden to institute a trial for sorcery, without the sanction of the Court of Chancery.

Whenever the peasants imagine there is any sorcerer among them, they place in the evening as many vessels full of milk in the church as there are cows in the village, and they believe that during the night the milk in the vessel belonging to the sorcerer turns sour.

The Wallachs carry their superstitious notions into their religion. When a thunderstorm comes on, they ring the church-bells to keep off the lightning. They consider it the duty of the priest to disperse the threatening clouds, and reproach him if he fails. Preceded by the priest and the church banners, the peasants go in procession into the fields to bless the new corn, raising their hats and falling on their knees as they pass the large red crosses by the roadside, to which are attached the various instruments used in crucifixion. The figure of the Saviour is generally the work of a Wallachian artist—some village sculptor—who gives to the work his own national character, of a shaved chin, bushy mustachios, and long black tresses.

The churches in Wallachia are low, but picturesque, built of wood, with pointed roofs covered with shingle, to which the rain gives a silvery shine. By the side of the church stands a wooden steeple with a tall spire. In the course of time the moss fills up the space between the rafters, and wild-flowers grow luxuriantly upon the roof. Sometimes there is a covered walk beside the church, and a prettily carved gate leading into the ground which surrounds it. To one of the pillars is fastened a board, which during Passion Week, when the bells are at rest, is beaten to summon the people to church. The interior of the building is in general dimly lighted: the

walls are hung with gaudy pictures of saints, and caricature representations of the Last Judgment. During the service no one sits; and in one corner of the church stand a number of crutches for the use of the old and infirm. In front of the altar is the *ponostas*, or screen which separates the priest from the congregation, covered with figures, and richly painted and gilt.

The wants of the Wallachian peasant are few, and the men are as lazy as the women are industrious. The woman not only spins, sews, weaves, dyes, washes, bakes, cooks, and looks after the children, but shares her husband's labours in the field or garden; whilst at odd minutes, when she can be spared from the care of her household, she embroiders her own dress with artistic skill. Although naturally handsome, this incessant toil soon causes her beauty to fade. The Wallachian women often remind one of the Italians; and in seeing them climb the hills, carrying their jugs or other vessels, of an Etruscan form, with a dignified grace, we involuntarily call to mind the figures in antique sculpture: but the embroidered shift, the fur, and red boots, give to these Rumanians a somewhat Oriental air.

Notwithstanding their idle disposition, the Wallachs are, in some respects, good agriculturists: no people cultivate the maize (*kukuruz*) better, or pay more attention to rearing fruit-trees; but their chief care are their herds and flocks: they have a positive affection for these animals, which follow them about and feed out of their hands; and if a peasant does now and then indulge his natural propensity for stealing, it is as often for the sake of his cattle as for himself. But the Wallach's peculiar calling is that of a shepherd: shouldering a stick, with his cloak hanging upon it, and his rustic pipe in his mouth, he walks slowly along, or lies stretched out under some hush or rock, playing on his pipe the peculiar airs of his country.

These people are fatalists in their belief; and if this begets on the one hand a kind of indifference to what befalls them, a resignation under misfortune, it encourages also their natural inertness and indisposition to help themselves. If a man's house

is hurned down, he looks on and exclaims, 'Tis God's will!' (*cum vre domne Deu*) knowing at the same time that, according to universal custom, the charity of his neighbours will, for a time, provide for his necessities: in fact, they receive him and his family by turns, and the villagers divide the care of his cattle among them. Hailstorms, inundations, or fire, they regard as visitations sent by God, and consequently no murmur is ever heard at them. Nevertheless there is a strange admixture of superstition with this religious sentiment, and the Wallach entertains quite as firm a belief in the existence of evil spirits, vampires, witches, sorcerers, and dragons, as in the saints of his calendar.

There are many good points in the character of the Wallachs. They are very friendly and conversable: in passing through a village in an evening, you always meet the peasants returning from the fields engaged in chat: they greet every one they meet with the usual salutation, *Sara bona!* ('Good evening'). The women sit spinning before their cottage doors, awaiting their husbands' return; and if any one above the common rank passes, they rise, hut without laying down their distaff. Both men and women kiss the hand of another as a mark of esteem or regard. The Wallachs are, as we have observed, remarkably hospitable: however poor themselves, they have always something to give to a beggar. By the roadside, on the principal highways, are placed pitchers of water, with occasionally a piece of bread, for the passing traveller. To this, and all acts of hospitality and charity, they give the name of *Pomanie* (*pro manibus*—'for the departed'); and they practise these acts in the hope that such attention to the wants of the living may avail to prevent the friends whom they have lost from suffering hunger or thirst in another world.

The Wallachs are witty and animated; they love poetry and music, and it is no uncommon thing to hear peasants recite a string of verses, or even improvise. In the spring they make flutes of willow-twigs, and often attain considerable skill in playing on these rude instruments. Their songs do not breathe the manly

sorrow of the Magyar melodies, but are softer and more plaintive, expressive of the melancholy which weighs upon a subjugated nation. The simplicity in the habits of life of the Wallachs is seen in many of their practices, which are only found among semi-civilized peoples. They construct baths, for instance, after the fashion of the North American Indians, by digging a hole in the ground, throwing heated stones into it, and pouring water upon these. When a peasant concludes any business with a neighbour, he gives his child a box on each ear, in order the better to *knock* into him the recollection of the transaction.

The dark side of the Wallachian character is, beside laziness and want of cleanliness and order, their love of ardent spirits and revengeful tempers—which last is one of the fruits of their oppression. In consequence of the tyranny of the nobles, a revolt broke out among the peasants in 1784, when neither age nor sex was spared. This outbreak was effected by two peasants, named Hora and Kloschka, and reached a formidable height, when it was at last suppressed by the aid of the Hungarian nobles. Portraits of those who fell under the executioner's sword are still to be seen in many of the cottages.

The peasants wear a picturesque costume, on which they pride themselves not a little: it consists of a long white shirt or shift, the bottom of which is prettily worked with blue and red yarn in a kind of shawl pattern. Every woman is skilled in this work, which, as well as to dye, weave, and spin, she learns when a child; for, up to the present day, none of the family wears any article of dress, except a few ornaments, which her own hands have not prepared. The jacket is embroidered, and they wear either wide linen trousers, or narrow cloth ones. The men have a leather belt buckled round their waist. It is common in summer to go barefoot, especially with the women and girls; but sandals are sometimes worn, laced tight to the foot, which is wound round in front with a large piece of woollen stuff, chequered red, grey, and black. Large leather boots are worn as a mark of distinction, espe-

cially by the chief landowners. The village dandies singe their hair with hot spindles, and would refuse the present of a black cloak, if a white one happened to be in fashion. In Bistritz there lives a hatter who knows exactly the fashion of the peasants in the country around. When a customer enters his shop, he has merely to mention the name of his village, and the shopman directly brings him the hat which is *à la mode* in his part of the country. The costume of the women also varies in different districts. The girls plait their hair into a single tress, at the end of which is fastened a riband or coin: the braid is also adorned with coins, flowers, or peacocks' feathers. The kerchief, with which married women cover their heads, is in the south formed into a turban; it is elsewhere worn as a veil, but always with a certain grace. A principal part of their dress is the coloured linen apron. The ordinary head-dress of the men, especially those who live in the forests, is the tall black or white sheepskin cap of various forms; the lads ornament their caps with feathers, flowers, shells, &c.

The cottages of the Wallachian peasants are surrounded by hedges, which are often artificially interwoven. At the entrance a log of wood is driven into the ground, which serves as a step to climb over the hedge, and saves the trouble of opening the door. At the corners of the cottage, which is thatched and very high, project the round beams supporting the masonry. The cottages have no foundations, and by placing rollers under the buildings they may be removed from place to place. Inside the cottage is a raised hearth, which occupies a fourth of the whole space; and naked children are seen warming themselves at the fire, who the next minute run out to play upon the ice on the brook. The walls are hung with pictures of saints, consecrated tapers, earthenware plates, and embroidered towels neatly folded. The furniture consists simply of a high bed, with embroidered pillows, a table, and some wooden chairs. The bedstead is radiant with all the colours of the rainbow, exhibiting the gaudiest flowers and the most splendid birds.

The chest, an indispensable part of the wife's dowry, is also adorned with pictures. The detached cottage, with its surrounding yard and hedge, is looked upon by the Wallach as his castle; and as soon as the day closes no neighbour ever ventures to intrude upon his privacy, except in cases of urgency.

In general the Wallachs exhibit a southern national type; but here and there blond hair and blue eyes seem to indicate a partial descent from the German tribes of the Lower Danube. The linen dress worn at the present day is the same as that of the Dacians represented upon Trajan's column.

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

BY THE LATE JOHN STERLING.

A FAIR sky-cloud was Italy to me;
Henceforth a fairer human land 'twill be.

The oddest reason driving men to roam,
Is theirs who haste abroad to find a home.

With living dogs no lions dead may strive;
But a dead sage outweighs all fools alive.

Experience teaches what escaped our youth,
That lies are all but addled eggs of truth.

The monk of strictest rule on all the earth
Is he whom fashion sways to tears and mirth.

The wealth which adds a thousand rooms to rooms
Can build no palaces like wise men's tombs.

How far astray has been the life from truth,
If age has petrified, not ripened youth.

In silence mend what ills deform thy mind;
But all thy good impart to all thy kind.

Vain thought that labour is a curse on man;
In man's first lazy dream the curse began.

Why wakes not Life the desert bare and lone?
To show what all would be if she were gone.

The miller feeds the mill, the mill the miller;
So death feeds life, and life too feeds its killer.

The smile of joy is fair, but lovelier far
The smile at griefs that now no longer are.

Darkness is death to light, and when it dies,
Man with his taper bids the ghost arise.

This world is all a symbol; man alone
On earth both knows and is what there is shown.

When wanes thy lamp amid the morning light,
Forget not, hermit, how it cheered thy night.

More loved the smoke that marks the shepherd's roof,
Than gorgeous worlds of cloud from man aloof.

We puzzle at the void of death, because
Our life's full mystery hates the thought of pause.

The future good he only will not miss
Who grasps to-day to-morrow's hoped-for bliss.

Scorn not repentance, for be sure that thou
Must needs repent the scorn thou boastest now.

Pearls ne'er like bubbles o'er the surface drive,
And who would gather them must learn to dive.

Who yield up art to conscience should give back
To God his rainbow, for it is not black.

Who loves not darkness still must dare proclaim,
Man's lamp of clay sustains a heavenly flame.

This life's the epic's opening verse, and Time,
Through future worlds, prolongs the eternal rhyme.

A man who bore a scythe, by chance or aim
Lopped his own head; will Time e'er do the same?

The storms of feeling that belong to man
Bear when you must, but still them when you can.

Though wars be woes the hero's head we crown;
Who win securest peace have best renown.

Sometimes Pain smites, that through the wounds of woe
The healing balm it gives may inlier flow.

False friend! in sunshine like my shadow nigh,
Thou straight art gone when clouds conceal the sky.

True friend! that with me like a torch I bear,
Thou shinest most when darkness clouds the air.

No face all ugly e'er was seen on earth,
No heart all evil e'er had human birth.

Sweet stream! thou pourest on in youthful pride,
Nor heedst thy hastening tow'rd the salt-sea tide.

High task! to make at once and read the story
That paints itself in life's fair allegory!

The torch by burning must no doubt expire,
But dying needs not set the house on fire.

Thou canst not do the thing thou wouldst, no doubt;
Could we do all we would, life's task were out.

As blows the wind we needs must trim the sail;
But still 'tis ours to tack against the gale.

The only hopes for ever doomed to know
A false event, are those that aim too low.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

BY A NEW YORKER.

LIFE AT A WATERING-PLACE.—OLDPORT SPRINGS.

‘**H**OLD on a minute,’ said Harry, as they were about to take the stage, after a very fair three-o’clock dinner at Constantinople (the Occidental, not the Oriental city of that name); ‘there goes an acquaintance of ours whom you must know. He has arrived by the Westfield train, doubtless.’

Away sped Benson after the acquaintance, arm-in-arm with whom he shortly returned, and, with all the exultation of an American who has brought two lions into the same cage, introduced M. le Vicomte Vincent Le Roi to the Hon. Edward Ashburner.

Ashburner was rather puzzled at Le Roi, whose personal appearance did not in any way answer either to his originally conceived idea of a Frenchman, or to the live specimens he had thus far met with. The Vicomte looked more like an Englishman, or perhaps like the very best kind of Irishman. He was a middle-sized man of thirty or thereabout, with brown hair and a florid complexion; and very quietly dressed, his clothes being neither obtrusively new nor cut with any ultra-artistic pretension. Except his wearing a moustache and (of course) not speaking English, there was nothing continental about his outward man, or the first impression he gave of himself. Fortunately, he was also bound for the Springs, so that Ashburner would have abundant opportunity to study his character, if so disposed.

The stage in which our tourists were to embark was not unlike a French diligence, except that it had but one compartment instead of three; in which compartment there were three seats, and on each seat more or less room for three persons, and two more could sit with the driver. All the baggage was carried on the top. The springs were made like coach-springs, or C-springs, as they are always called in America (just as in England a pilot-coat is called a P-jacket), only they were upright and perpendicular to the axletree instead of curving; and the leathern belts connected with them,

on which the carriage swung, were of the thickest and toughest description. As the party, with the addition of Le Roi, amounted to eight, Benson managed, by a little extra expenditure of tin and trouble, to secure the whole of one vehicle, and for the still greater accommodation of the ladies and child, the gentlemen were to sit on the box two at a time by turns. Benson’s first object was to get hold of the reins, for which end he began immediately to talk around the driver about things in general. From the price of horses they diverged to the prospects of various kinds of business, and thence slap into the politics of the country. The driver was a stubborn Locofoco, and Benson did not disdain to enter into an elaborate argument with him. Ashburner, who then occupied the other box-seat, was astonished at the man’s statistical knowledge, the variety of information he possessed upon local topics, and his accurate acquaintance with the government and institutions of his country. It occurred to him to prompt Benson, through the convenient medium of French, to sound him about England and European politics. This Harry did, not immediately, lest he might suspect the purport of their conversational interlude, but by a dexterous approach to the point after sufficient preliminary; and it then appeared that he had lumped ‘the despotic powers of the old world’ in a heap together, and supposed the Queen of England to be on a par with the Czar of Russia as regarded her personal authority and privileges. However, when Benson set him right as to the difference between a limited and an absolute monarchy, he took the information in very good part, listened to it attentively, and evidently made a mental note of it for future reference.

The four-horse team was a good strong one, but the stage with its load heavy enough, and the roads, after the recent storm, still heavier, besides being a succession of hills. The best they could do was to make

six miles an hour, and they would not have made three but for a method of travelling down-hill, entirely foreign to European ideas on the subject. When they arrived at the summit there was no talk of putting on the drag, nor any drag to put on, but away the horses went, first at a rapid trot, and soon at full gallop; by which means the equipage acquired sufficient momentum to carry it part of the way up the next hill before the animals relapsed into the slow walk which the steepness of the ascent imposed upon them. Indeed this part of the route would have been a very tedious one (for the country about was almost entirely devoid of interest), had it not been for Le Roi, who came out in great force. He laughed at everything and with everybody; told stories, and good ones, continuously, and only ceased telling stories to break forth into song. In fine, he amused the ladies so much that when he took his turn on the box they missed him immediately, and sent Benson outside again on the first opportunity; whereat the Vicomte, being very much flattered, waxed livelier and merrier than ever, and kept up a constant fire of jest and ditty. As to Ashburner, who had a great liking for fresh air and an equal horror of a small child in a stage-coach, he remained outside the whole time; for which the fair passengers set him down as an insensible youth, who did not know how to appreciate good company: until the evening becoming somewhat chilly by comparison with the very hot day they had undergone, both he and Harry took refuge in the interior, and a very jolly party they all made.

While they were outside together, Benson had been giving Ashburner some details about Le Roi—in fact, a succinct biography of him; for be it noted, that every New-Yorker is able to produce off-hand a minute history of every person, native or foreign, at all known in society: for which ability he is indebted partly to the inquisitive habits of the people, partly to their communicative disposition, partly to their remarkable memory of small particulars, and partly to a fine imagination and power of invention, which must be experienced to be fully appreciated. Benson, we say, had been telling his

friend the story of his other friend or acquaintance; how he was of good family and no fortune; how he had written three novels and three thousand or more *feuilletons*; how he had travelled into some out-of-the-way part of Poland, where no one had ever been before or since, and about which he was, therefore, at liberty to say what he pleased; how, besides his literary capabilities, such as they were, he played, and sang, and danced, and sketched—all very well for an amateur; how he was altogether a very agreeable and entertaining man, and, as such, was supposed to have been sent out by a sort of mutual-benefit subscription-club, which existed at Paris for the purpose of marrying its members to heiresses in different countries. Ashburner had once heard rumours of such a club in Germany, but was never able to obtain any authentic details concerning it, or to determine whether it was anything more than a traveller's traditional legend. Even Benson was at fault here, and, indeed, he seemed rather to tell the club part of the story as a good joke than to believe it seriously himself.

As they approached the termination of their journey, their talk naturally turned more and more on the Springs. The Vicomte was in possession of the latest advices thence; the arrivals and expected arrivals, and the price-current of stock; that is, of marriageable young gentlemen, and all other matters of gossip; how the whole family of the Robinsons was there in full force, with an unlimited amount of Parisian millinery; how Gerard Ludlow was driving four-in-hand, and Löwenberg had given his wife no end of jewellery; how Mrs. Harrison, who ought not to have been (not being of our set), nevertheless was the great lioness of the season; how Miss Thompson, the belle expectant, had renounced the Springs altogether, and shut herself up at home somewhere among the mountains—all for unrequited love of Hamilton White, as was charitably reported; last, but not least, how Tom Edwards had invented six new figures for the German cotillon. Ashburner did not at first altogether understand the introduction of this personage into such good company, supposing from

his familiar abbreviation and Terpsichorean attributes that he must be the fashionable dancing-master of Oldport, or perhaps of New York; but he was speedily given to understand that, on the contrary, Mr. Edwards was a gay bachelor of good family and large fortune, who, in addition to gambling, intriguing, and other pleasant little propensities, had an insatiable passion for the dance, and was accustomed to rotate morning, noon, and night, whenever he was not gambling, &c. as aforesaid. 'And,' continued Benson, 'I'll lay you any bet you please that the first thing we see on arriving at our hotel will be Tom Edwards dancing the Polka; unless, indeed, he happen to be dancing the Redowa.'

'Very likely,' said Mrs. Benson, 'seeing we shall arrive there at ten o'clock, and this is a ball-night.'

Both Harry and his wife were right; they arrived at half-past ten, just as the ball was getting into full swing. On the large portico in front of the large hotel opened a large room, with large windows down to the floor,—the dining-room of the establishment, now cleared for dancing purposes. All the idlers of Oldport, male and female, black and white, congregated at these windows and thronged the portico; and almost into the very midst of this crowd our party was shot, baggage and all. While Ashburner was looking out of a confused heap of people and luggage, he heard one of the assistant loafers say to another, 'Look at Mr. Edwards!' Profiting by the information not originally intended for him, he followed the direction of the speaker's nose, and beheld a little showily-dressed man flying down the room with a large showily-dressed woman, going the *poursuite* of the Redowa at a terrific rate. So that, literally, the first thing he saw in Oldport was Tom Edwards dancing. But there was no opportunity to make a further study of this, 'one of the most remarkable men among us,' for the party had to look up their night quarters. Benson had despatched in advance to Mr. Grabster, proprietor of the Bath Hotel at Oldport Springs, a very particular letter, stating the number of his party, the time he meant to be there, and the number of rooms he

wanted, and had also sent his horses on ahead; but though the animals had arrived safe and found stable-room, there was no preparation for their master. Ashburner, at the request of the ladies, followed Benson into the office (for the Bath Hotel being, nominally at least, the first house in the place, had its bar-room and office separate), and found Harry in earnest expostulation with a magnificently-dressed individual, whom he took for Mr. Grabster himself, but who turned out to be only that high and mighty gentleman's head book-keeper. The letter had been despatched so long beforehand that, even at the usual rate of American country posts, it ought to have arrived, but no one knew anything about it. Both the young men suspected — uncharitably, perhaps, but not altogether unnaturally—that Mr. Grabster and his aids, finding a prospect of a full season, had not thought it worth their while to trouble themselves about the application or to keep any rooms. Ashburner suggested trying another hotel, but the roads were muddy and vehicles scarce at that time of night, so that altogether there seemed a strong probability of their being compelled to 'camp out' on the portico. But it was not in Benson to 'give it up so.' He possessed, as we have already hinted, that faculty so alarmingly common in his country, which polite people call oratory, and vulgar ones the 'gift of the gab'; and he was not the man to throw away the opportunity of turning any of his gifts to account. Warming with his subject, he poured out upon the gorgeously-attired Mr. Black such a flood of conciliatory and expostulatory eloquence, that that gentleman absolutely contrived to find some accommodation for them. The ladies, child, and servants were bundled together into one tolerably large room, in the third story. Benson had a sort of corner-cupboard in the fourth, that night, perhaps, have accommodated a mouse with a small family; and to Ashburner and Le Roi were assigned two small chambers in the fifth. As to the baggage, that was all piled up in the office, with the exception of a few indispensable articles. Supper was out of the question, there being no room to eat it in because of the

dancers. The ladies did not want supper; they only regretted not being able to unpack their trunks and dress for the ball then and there going on: their eyes lighted up at the sound of the music, and their little feet began to beat the floor incontinently. The gentlemen took a drink all round by way of substitute for something more solid. Ashburner had mounted to his dormitory — no small journey — and was sitting on his bed, wishing he had some contrivance for pulling off all his clothes at once without the trouble of removing them piece by piece, when he heard in the passage the voice of *Le Roi*, *quantum mutatus ab illo!* The Vicomte had sworn up all his own language, and was displaying a knowledge of English expletives that quite surprized his fellow-traveller. On investigation, the cause of his wrath proved to be this. A semi-civilized Irish waiter had shown him to No. 296, in accordance with Mr. Black's directions. But Mr. Black, in the multiplicity of his affairs, had forgotten that No. 296 was already tenanted, to wit, by a Western traveller, who did, indeed, intend to quit it by an early stage next morning, but had not the least idea of giving up his quarters before that time; and accordingly, as if from a presentiment that some attempt would be made to dislodge him, had, in addition to the ordinary not very strong fastenings of the door, so barricaded it with trunks and furniture, that it could have stood a considerable amount of siege. The waiter had gone off, leaving *Le Roi* to shift for himself. Bells were scarce in the upper stories of the Bath Hotel, nor was there any light throughout the long corridor except the one tallow candle which his useless guide had deposited on the floor. Utterly upset at the idea of having to tramp down four pair of stairs and back again in search of accommodation, the unlucky Gaul was seeking a momentary relief in the manner above stated, when Ashburner came to the rescue. His bed happened to be rather a large one — so large, comparatively, that it was a mystery how it had ever found its way into the little room, the four walls of which seemed to have grown or been built up around it; and this bed he instantly proposed to share with *Le Roi* for the night. The

Frenchman *merciéd*, and couldn't think of such a thing for five minutes, edging into the room and pulling off his coat and boots all the time; then he gave a glorious exemplification of *cessante causa*, for all his rage vanished in a moment, and he was the same exuberantly good-natured and profusely loquacious man that he had been all day. On he streamed in a perpetual flow of talk long after both were in bed, until Ashburner began to feel as a man might to whom some fairy had given a magical instrument which discoursed sweet music at first, but could never be made to stop playing. And when at length the Vicomte, having lighted on the subject of women, poured out an infinity of adventures with ladies of all countries, of all which stories Vincent *le Roi* was, of course, the hero, his fellow-traveller, unable to help being disgusted at his vanity and levity, turned round to the wall, and without considering whether he was acting in accordance with *bien-séance*, fell fast asleep in the midst of one of the most thrilling narratives.

When Ashburner awoke next morning, the first thing he was conscious of was *Le Roi* talking. It required very little exercise of the imagination to suppose that he had been going on uninterruptedly all night. Afterwards he became aware of a considerable disturbance, evidently originating in the lower story of the house, but sufficiently audible all over it, which he put down to the account of numerous new arrivals. By the time they had completed their toilettes (which did not take very long, for the room being just under the roof, was of a heat that made it desirable for them to evacuate it as soon as possible), Benson made his appearance. He had obtained possession of his baggage, and arrayed himself in the extreme of summer costume: — a white grass-cloth coat, about the consistency of blotting-paper, so transparent that the lilac pattern of his elbow shirt was distinctly visible through the arms of it; white duck vest, white drilled trousers, long-napped white hat, a speckled cravat to match his shirt and highly varnished shoes, with red and white striped silk stockings, — altogether very fresh and innocent-looking. He came to show them the

principal spring, which was not far from the hotel—just a pleasant walk before breakfast, though it was not likely they would meet many people so early, on account of last night's ball.

'I am afraid your quarters were not very comfortable,' said Harry, as the three strolled arm-in-arm down a sufficiently sandy road; 'but we shall have better rooms before dinner to-day.'

'The house must be very full,' Ashburner remarked; 'and were there not a great many arrivals this morning? From the noise I heard, I thought at least fifty people had come.'

'No; I glanced at the book, and there were not a dozen names on it. Hallo!' and Benson swore roundly in Spanish, apparently forgetting that his friend understood that language.

Ashburner looked up, and saw meeting them a large Frenchman and a small Irish boy. The Frenchman had an immense quantity of hair of all sorts on his face, nearly hiding his features, which, as what was visible of them had a particularly villanous air, was about the best thing he could have done to them; and on his head he carried a something of felt, which indisputably proved the proposition that matter may exist without form. The Irish youth sported a well-meant but not very successful attempt at a moustache, and a black cloth cap pitched on one side of his head. In other respects they were attired in the usual costume of an American snob; that is to say, a dress-coat and full suit of black at seven in the morning. Ashburner noticed that Benson spit ostentatiously while passing them; and after passing he swore again, this time in downright English.

Le Roi had seen in his acquaintance with European watering-places a goodly amount of scamps and black-legs, and Ashburner was not without some experience of the sort, so that they were not disposed to be curious about one blackguard more or less in a place of the kind; but these two fellows had such a look of unmitigated rascality, that both the foreigners glanced inquiringly at their friend, and were both on the point of asking

him some question, when he anticipated their desire.

'God forgive me for swearing, but it is too provoking to meet these loafers in respectable quarters. The ancients used to think their journey spoiled if they met an unclean animal on starting, and I feel as if my whole stay here would go wrong after meeting these animals the first thing in the first morning.'

'*Mais qu'est ce qu'ils sont donc, ces vaut-riens?*' asked Le Roi.

'The Frenchman is a deported convict, who is doing us the honour to serve out his time here; the Irishman is a refugee, I believe. They have come here to report for *The Sewer*.'

They cooled their virtuous indignation in the spring, and were returning.

'Hallo, Benson! hallo! I thought that was you!' shouted somebody, a quarter of a mile off, from the hotel steps.

'Ah,' said Harry, 'I understand now why you heard so much noise this morning. Bird Simpson has arrived.'

Mr. Simpson, popularly known as 'the bird' (*why* no one could tell exactly, but people often get such names attached to them for some inexplicable reason), came on a half-run to meet them. He was a tall, showy, and rather handsome, though not particularly graceful man; very flashily got up in a blue cutaway with gilt buttons, wide blue stripes down the sides of his white trousers, a check shirt of enormous crimson pattern, and a red and white cravat; no waistcoat, and wide embroidered braces, the work of some lady friend. He seemed to have dressed himself on the principle of the tricolor, and to have carried it out in his face—his cheeks being very red, his eyes very blue, and his hair very white. After having pump-handled Benson's arm for some time, he made an attack on Le Roi, whom he just knew by name, and inquired if he had just come *de l'autre côté*, meaning the other side of the Atlantic, according to a common New York idiom; but the Vicomte not unnaturally took it to mean from the other side of the road, and gave a corresponding answer in English as felicitous as Mr. Simpson's French.

Then he digressed upon Ashburner, whom he saw to be an Englishman, in so pointed a manner that Benson was obliged to introduce them; and the introduction was followed by an invitation on Simpson's part to the company to take a drink, which they did, somewhat to the consternation of the Frenchman, who knew not what to make of iced brandy and mint before breakfast. Then Simpson, having primed himself for the morning meal, set about procuring it, and his departure visibly relieved Benson, who was clearly not proud of his acquaintance. Le Roi also went after his breakfast, taking care to get as far as possible from the corner of the room where Simpson was.

'There,' said Benson, 'is a very fair specimen of 'second set.' He is B, No. 1, rather a great man in his own circle, and imports French goods. To hear him talk about French actresses and eating-houses you would think him a ten-years' resident of that city, instead of having been there perhaps four times in his life, a week each time. But you know we Americans have a wonderful faculty of seeing a great deal in a little time. Just so with Italy; he was there two months, and professes to know all about the country and the people. But he doesn't know the set abroad or at home. Sometimes you meet him at a ball, where he does his duty about supper time; but you will never see him dancing with, or talking to, the ladies who are 'of us.' Nevertheless, they will avail themselves of his services sometimes, when they want to buy silks at wholesale prices, or to have something smuggled for them; for he is the best-natured man in the world. And, after all, he is not more given to scandal than the exquisites, and is a great deal honester and truer. Once I caught a fever out on the north-eastern boundary, and had not a friend with me, or any means of getting help. This man nursed me like a brother, and put himself to no end of trouble for me until we could fetch Carl on. I would certainly rather have been under such an obligation to some other man I know than to Simpson; but having incurred it, I do not think it can be justly paid off with a

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'glad-to-know-you-when-I'm-at-Bath-again' acquaintance; and I feel bound to be civil to him, though he does bother me immensely at times with his free-and-easy habits,—walking into my parlour with his hat on and cigar in his mouth; chaffing me or my wife, in language about as elegant as an omnibus driver's; or pawing ladies about in a way that he takes for gallantry. Talking of ladies, I wish mine would show themselves for breakfast. Ah, here are two men you must know; they are good types of two classes of our beaux—the considerably French and the slightly English—the former class the more numerous, you are probably aware. Mr. White, Mr. Ashburner—Mr. Ashburner, Mr. Sumner.'

Hamilton White was a tall, handsome man, some few years on the wrong side of thirty, broader-shouldered and deeper-chested than the ordinary American model, elaborately but very quietly dressed, without any jewellery or showy patterns. There was something very Parisian in his get-up and manner, yet you would never take him for a Frenchman, still less for a Frenchified-Englishman. But he had the look of a man who had lived in a gay capital, and quite fast enough for his years: his fine hair was beginning to go on the top of his head, and his face wanted freshness and colour. His manner, slightly reserved at first, rapidly warmed into animation, and his large dark eyes gave double expression to whatever he said. His very smallest talk was immensely impressive. He would tell a stranger that he was happy to make his acquaintance with an air that implied all the Spaniard's *mi casa a la disposicion de usted*, and meant about as much; and when you saw him from the *parquet* of the Opera talking to some young lady in the boxes, you would have imagined that he was making a dead set at her, when in fact he was only uttering some ordinary meteorological observation. Apart from his knack of looking and talking sentiment, he had no strongly-marked taste or hobby: danced respectably, but not often; knew enough about horses to pick out a good one when he wanted a mount for a riding-party; drank

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good wine habitually, without being pedantic about the different brands of it; and read enough of the current literature of the day to be able to keep up a conversation if he fell among a literary circle. He was not a marrying man, partly because his income, sufficient to provide him with all bachelor luxuries, was not large enough to support a wife handsomely; partly because that a man should tie himself to one woman for life was a thing he could not conceive, much less practise; but he very much affected the society of the softer sex, and was continually amusing himself with some young girl or young wife. He rather preferred the latter—it was less compromising; still he had no objection to victimize an innocent *débutante*, and leave her more or less broken-hearted. (It must be observed, however, for the credit of American young ladies, that they are not addicted to dying of this complaint, so often fatal in novels; many of Hamilton's victims had recovered and grown absolutely fat upon it, and married very successfully.) Wherever there was a *fiancée*, or a probable *fiancée*, or a married belle with an uxorious husband,—in short, wherever he could make himself look dangerous and another man jealous or foolish, he came out particularly strong; at the same time, being very adroit and not over belligerent, he always contrived to stop or get out of the way in time if the other party showed open signs of displeasure.

Frank Sumner was rather shorter than White, rather younger, and rather more dressed. He had the same broad shoulders, which in America, where most of the beaux are either tall and thin or short and thin, find favour with the ladies; just as blondes create a sensation in southern countries, because they are so seldom seen. In almost all other particulars the two men were totally unlike, and Sumner might have passed for an English gentleman put into French clothes. He was reserved in his conversation, and marked in the expression of his likes and dislikes. With no more intention of marrying than White, he took care never to make love to any woman, and if any woman made love to him he gave her no encour-

agement. He was not richer than White, not so good-looking, and certainly not so clever, but more respected and more influential; for the solid and trustworthy parts of his character, backed by a bull-dog courage and an utter imperturbability, got the better in the long run of the other's more brilliant qualities.

Some of these things Ashburner observed for himself, some of them Benson told him after White and Sumner, who did not ask the stranger to take a drink, had passed on. He had noticed that the latter's manner, though perfectly civil, was very cold compared with the *empressment* which the former had exhibited.

'He doesn't like your countrymen,' said Harry, 'and nothing can vex him more than to be told, what is literally the truth, that he resembles an Englishman in many respects. I believe it is about the only thing that *can* vex him. What an immovable man it is! I have seen a woman throw a lighted cigar into his face, and another cut off one end of his moustache (that was when we were both younger, and used to see some queer scenes abroad), and a servant drop half a tureen of soup over him, and none of these things stirred him. Once at Naples, I recollect, he set our chimney on fire. Such a time we had of it; every one in the house tumbling into our room, from the *piccolo*, with no coat and half a pair of pants, to the proprietor in his dressing-gown and spectacles—women calling on the Virgin, men running after water—and there sat Frank, absolutely radiating off so much coolness that he imparted a portion of it to me, and we sat through the scene as quietly as if they had only been laying the cloth for dinner. A rum pair they must have thought us! The day before we had astonished the waiter by lighting brandy over a pudding. I suppose we left them under the impression that the Anglo-Saxons had a propensity to set fire to everything they came in contact with.'

'It is very odd that so many of your people should be afraid of resembling us, and take the French type for imitation in preference to the English. The original feeling of gratitude to France for having

assisted you in the war of independence does not seem sufficient to account for it.'

'Certainly not; for that feeling would naturally diminish in succeeding generations, whereas the Gallicism of our people is on the increase,—in fact its origin is of comparatively recent date. But we really *are* more like the French in some senses. Politically the American is very Anglo-Saxon. So he is morally; but socially, so far as you can separate society from morals, he is very French. The Englishman's first idea of his duty in society is non-interference; the Frenchman's and American's, amusement. An Englishman does not think it his business to endeavour to amuse the company in which he happens to be; an Englishwoman does not think it her duty to make any attempt to entertain a man who is introduced to her. A Frenchman will rather talk trash, *knowing that he is talking trash*, than remain silent and let others remain silent. So will an American. But an Englishman, unless he is sure of saying something to the point, will hold his tongue. The imperturbable self-possession of the English gentleman is not generally understood by us, any more than it is by the French. His minding his own business is attributed to selfish indifference. The picture that half our people form of an Englishman is, a heavy, awkward man, very badly dressed, courageous, and full of learning; but devoid of all the arts and graces of life, and caring for nobody but himself. It is a great pity that there is not a better understanding; but, unfortunately, the best Englishmen who come here seldom stay long enough to be appreciated, and the best Americans who go to England seldom stay there long enough to appreciate the country. Whenever an American chances to stay some years among you he ends by liking England very much; but it is very seldom that he has any provocation, unless compelled by business, to stay some years, for acquaintances are harder to make in London than in any other city, while it has less resources for a man without acquaintances than any other city—besides being so dear. But

here come the ladies *at last*; now for breakfast.'

Breakfast was the best-managed meal at the Bath Hotel. The *table d'hôte* began at half-past seven, but fresh relays of rolls and eggs, ham, chops, and steaks, were always to be obtained until half-past ten or eleven by those who had interest with the waiters. After breakfast the company went to work promenading. There was a very wide hall running through the hotel, and up and down this, and up and down the two broadest sides of the portico, all the world walked—'our set' being conspicuous from the elegance of their morning costume. One side of the portico was devoted to the gentlemen and their cigars, and there Ashburner and Benson took a turn, leaving with the ladies *Le Roi* and a small beau or two who had joined them. Suddenly Benson pressed his friend's arm.

'Here comes *really* 'one of the most remarkable men'—the very god of the dance; behold Tom Edwards!'

Ashburner beheld a little man, about five feet and a half high. If he could have stood on his bushy black beard it would have lifted him full three inches higher. Besides this beard he cherished a small moustache, very elaborately curling-tongued at the ends into the shape of half a lyre. Otherwise he had not much hair on his head, but what he had was very carefully brushed. His features were delicate, and not without intelligence, but terribly worn by dissipation. To look at his figure, you would take him for a boy of nineteen; to look at his face, for a man of thirty; he was, probably, about half-way between the two ages. Everything about him was wonderfully neat: a white coat and hat, like Benson's; cream-coloured waistcoat and pearl-coloured trousers; miraculously small feet in resplendent boots, looking more like a doll's extremities than a man's; a fresh kid-glove on one of his little hands, and on the other a sapphire ring, so large that Ashburner wondered how the little man could carry it, and thought that he should, like Juvenal's dandies, have kept a lighter article for summer wear. Then he

had a watch-chain of great balls of blue enamel, with about two pounds of chatelaine charms dependent therefrom; and delicate little enamelled studs, with sleeve-buttons to match. Altogether he was a wonderful lion, considering his size. Even Benson had not the courage to stop and introduce his friend until he passed the great dancer more than once, in silent admiration, and with a respectful bow.

And as they passed he detailed to Ashburner, with his usual biographical accuracy, the history of Tom Edwards, which he had begun in the stage-coach. Tom had been left in his infancy, with a fortune and without a father, to be brought up by relatives who had an unlucky preference of Parisian to American life. Under their auspices and those of other mentors, whom he found in that gay capital, his progress was so rapid, that at a very early age he was known as the hanker of two or three distinguished *lorettes*, and the pet pupil of the renowned Cellarius. Indeed, he had lived so much in the society of that gentleman and his dancing-girls, that he took the latter for his standard of female society, and had a tendency to behave to all womankind as he behaved to them. To married ladies he talked slightly refined *double-entendre*: to young ladies he found it safest to say very little, his business and pleasure being to dance with them; if they did not dance, he gave them up for uncivilized beings, and troubled himself no further about them. Of old people of either sex he took no further notice than to order them out of the way when they impeded the polkers, or dance bodily over them when they disobeyed. Still it must be said, in justice to him, that dancing was not his sole and all-absorbing pursuit. Having an active turn of mind and body, he found leisure for many other profitable amusements. He was fond of that noble animal the horse, gambled habitually, ate and drank luxuriously,—in short, burned his candle at a good many ends: but the dance was, though not his sole, certainly his favourite passion; and he was never supremely happy but when he had all the chairs in the house arranged in a circle,

and all the boys and women of 'our set' going around them in the German cotillon, from noon to midnight at a (so-called) *matinée*, or from midnight to daybreak at a ball.

'And now,' said Benson, 'I think my cousin Gerard must be up by this time; he and Edwards are generally the last to come down to breakfast. Perhaps we shall find him at the ten-pin alley; I see the ladies are moving that way.'

To the ten-pin alley they went. Down stairs, men were playing, coast off and cigar in mouth; while others waited their turn, with feet distributed in various directions. Above, all was decorum; the second story being appropriated to the ladies and their cavaliers. And very fond of the game the ladies were, for it afforded them an opportunity of showing off a handsome arm, and sometimes a neat ankle. Gerard was not there; they had to wait some time for alleys: altogether Benson was a little bored, and whispered to his friend that he meant to console himself by making a little sensation.

'By your play?' asked Ashburner.

'No, hut by taking off my coat.'

'Why, really, considering the material of your coat, I think it might as well be on as off. Surely you can't find it an impediment?'

No, but I mean to take it off for fun,—just to give the people here something to talk about; they talk so much about so little. They will be saying all over by to-morrow that Mr. Benson was in the ladies' room half-dressed.'

After an hour's rolling they turned hotel-wards again, and as they did so a very spicy phaeton, with grey wheelers and black leaders, drove up to the door. A tall, handsome man, handed out a rather pretty and very showily-dressed little woman; and Ashburner recognized Gerard Ludlow.

It was not the first time he had seen Gerard. They had travelled half over Greece together, having accidentally fallen upon the same route. As the Honourable Edward had all the national fear of compromising himself, and Gerard was as proud and reserved as any Englishman, they went on together for days without speaking, although the

only Anglo-Saxons of the party. At last, Ludlow having capsized, horse and all, on a particularly bad road, Ashburner took the liberty of helping to pick him up, and then they became very good friends. Gerard was at that time in the full flush of youth and beauty, and the lion of the Italian capital which he had made his head-quarters, where it was currently reported that a certain very desirable countess had made desperate love to him, and that a rich nobleman (for there are *some* rich noblemen still left on the Continent) had tried very hard to get the handsome foreigner for a son-in-law. Knowing this and some other similar stories about him, Ashburner was a little curious to see Mrs. Ludlow, and confessed himself somewhat disappointed in her: he found her rather pretty, and certainly not stupid; lively and agreeable in her manners, like most of her countrywomen; but by no means remarkably distinguished either for beauty or wit. Benson explained to him that his cousin 'had married for tin.'

'But Ludlow always talked of his father as a rich man, and his family as a small one. I should have supposed money about the last thing he would have married for.'

'Yes, he had prospects of the best; but he wanted ready money and a settled income. He was on a small allowance; he knew the only way to get a handsome one was to marry, and that the more money his wife brought the more his father would come down with. So as Miss Hammerley had eight thousand a-year, old Ludlow trebled it; and Gerard may build as many phaetons as he likes. I don't mean to say that the match is an uncongenial one,—they have many tastes alike; but I do mean to say that love had nothing to do with it.'

'Well, I used to think that in your unsophisticated Republican country, people married out of pure love; but now it looks as if the fashionables, at least, marry for money about as often as we do.'

'They don't marry for anything else,' replied Benson, using one of the slang phrases of the day.*

While the two friends were gossiping, Sumner and Le Roi had carried off the ladies; and an assemblage of juvenile beaux and young girls, and some few of the younger married women, had extemporized a dance in the largest of the public parlours, which they kept up till two o'clock, and then vanished,—to dress, as it appeared, for the three o'clock dinner. Benson's party had obtained their apartments at last,—a parlour and two bed-rooms for the ladies on the first floor, and chambers for the three men in the second story, of a recently built wing, popularly known as 'the Colony,' where most of the gay bachelors, and not a few of the young married men, slept. At dinner the ladies presented themselves as much dressed as they could be without being *décolletées*; and the men had doffed their grass-cloth or linen garments, and put on dress-coats, or, at least, black coats. Ashburner was a good-looking young man enough, and had sufficient vanity to take notice, in the course of the morning, that he was an object of attention; at dinner many looks were directed towards him, but with an expression of disappointment which he did not exactly understand at the time, but afterwards learned the reason of from his friend. Though making no pretensions to the title of exquisite, he happened to have a very neat shooting-jacket, unexceptionable in material and fit; and 'our set,' having approved of this, were curious to see what sort of costume he would display at dinner. When, therefore, he came to table,

Avec les mêmes bas et la même cravate, and the shooting-jacket unchanged, they were visibly disappointed. Benson, to keep him in countenance, had retained his white coat, on the plea of its being most wanted then, as they were in the hottest part of the day, which excuse did not enable him to escape some hints from his

* This is the strongest American (slang) way of putting an affirmation; and, probably, the strongest instance of it on record is that of the Bowery boy, who, when asked by the clergyman, 'Wilt thou have this woman?' replied, 'I won't have any one else.'

sister-in-law, and a direct scolding from his wife.

Our Englishman thought the dinner hardly worth so much dressing for. The dishes, so far as he had an opportunity of judging, were tolerably cooked; but their number was not at all proportionate to that of the guests,—in short, it was a decided case of short commons, and the waiters were scarce to match. There were but two parties well attended to. One was the family of an old gentleman from the South, who was part owner of the building, and who, besides this advantage, enjoyed the privilege of letting his daughter monopolize the piano of the public parlour half the day, to sing Italian *arias* shockingly out of tune, much to the disgust of the boarders generally, and especially of the dancing set, who were continually wanting the instrument themselves for polking purposes. The other was—the reporters of *The Sewer*; who had a choice collection of dishes and waiters always at their command. To be sure they had their end of the table to themselves, too, for not a person sat within three chairs of them on either side; but this they, no doubt, accepted as a complimentary acknowledgement of their formidable reputation. Every one else was fanned. The married women grumbled, and scolded their husbands,—those convenient scapegoats of all responsibility; the young ladies tried to look very sentimental, and above all such vulgar anxiety as that of meat and drink, but only succeeded in looking very cross; the men swore in various dialects at the waiters whenever they could catch them flying, and the waiters being used to it didn't mind it; and Ashburner, as a recollection of a former conversation flitted across his mind, could not help letting off a *tu quoque* at his friend.

'I say, Benson,' quoth he, 'is this one of the hotels that are so much better than ours, and that our people ought to take a lesson from?'

Harry looked half-a-dozen bowie-knives at him. Besides the natural irritation produced by hunger, his wife and sister-in-law had been whipping him over each other's shoulders for the last half-hour, and now this

last remark made him ready to boil over. For a few seconds his face wore an expression positively dangerous, but in another moment the ridiculous side of the case struck him. With a good-humoured laugh he called for some wine—the only thing one was sure to get, as it was an extra, and a pretty expensive one, too, on the bills—and they drowned their hunger in a bumper of tolerable champagne.

The fact was, that the Bath Hotel had been a most excellent house three or four summers previous, and the 'enterprising and gentlemanly' landlord (to borrow an American penny-a-liner's phrase) having made a fortune, as he deserved, had sold out his lease, with the goodwill and fixtures of the establishment, to Mr. Grabster. The latter gentleman was originally a respectable farmer and market-gardener in the vicinity of Oldport; and having acquired by his business a fair sum of money, was looking about for some speculation in which to invest it. He commenced his new profession with tolerably good intentions, but having as much idea of keeping a hotel as he had of steering a frigate; and finding a balance against him at the end of the first season from sheer mismanagement, he had been endeavouring ever since to make up for it by screwing his guests in every way. People naturally began to complain. Two courses were open to him—to improve his living, or to tip an editor to puff him. He deemed the latter course the cheaper, and bought *The Sewer*, which, while uttering the most fulsome adulation of everything connected with the Bath Hotel, frightened the discontented into silence through dread of its abuse. Ludlow, and some of the other exclusives, had, in the beginning of the present season, contrived a remedy, which, for the time, was perfectly successful. They held a private interview with the cook, and made up a weekly contribution for him, on condition of their having the best of everything, and enough of it for dinner; and the waiters were similarly retained. For a time this worked to a marvel, and the subscribers were as well fed as they could desire. But the other guests

began to make an outcry against the aristocracy and exclusiveness of private dishes on a public table, and the servants soon hit upon a compromise of their own, which was to take the money without rendering the *quid pro quo*. This, of course, soon put an end to the payments, and things were on the old starvation footing again.

After dinner, everybody who had horses rode or drove. The roads about Oldport were heavy and sandy, and terrible work the dust made with the ladies' fine dresses and the gentlemen's fine coats.

'Rather different from the drives about Baden-Baden,' said Benson.

'Yes; but I suppose we must console ourselves on moral grounds, and remember, that there we owe the beautiful promenades to the gambling-table, while here we are without the roads, and also without the play.'

'Ah, but isn't there play here! only all *sub rosa*. Wait a while and you'll find out.'

And Ashburner did find out before many nights, when the footsteps and oaths of the young gamblers returning at four in the morning to their rooms in the 'Colony,' woke him out of his first sleep. After the drive, tea—still at the *table d'hôte*—and after tea, dressing for the ball, which this night was at the Bellevue House, appropriately so-called from commanding a fine view of nothing. As the Bellevue was not a fashionable hotel (although the guests were sufficiently fed there), some of the exclusive ladies had hesitated about 'assisting' on the occasion; but the temptation of a dance was too strong to be resisted, and they all ultimately went. Le Roi accompanied the Bensons in the all-accommodating Rock-away. The Bellevue had a 'colony,' too, in the second story of which was the ball-room. As they ascended the stairs, the lively notes of *La Polka Sempiternelle*, composée par Josef Bunge, et dédiée à M. T. Edwards, reached their ears; and hardly were they over the threshold when Edwards himself hopped up before them, and without other preface or salutation than a familiar nod, threw his arm round Mrs. Benson's waist, and swung her off in the dance; while Sumner, who had simultan-

ously presented himself to Miss Vanderlyn, took similar possession of her.

'Do you dance?'

'No, I thank you.'

While Benson asked the question, Le Roi dived at a girl and whirled her away: almost before Ashburner had answered it, his friend shot away from him, making point at a young married lady in the distance; and his bow of recognition ended in the back-step of the polka, as the two went off together at a killing pace. In five seconds from the time of entrance, Ashburner was left standing alone at one end of the room, and his companions were twirling at the other. For so habituated were the dancers to their fascinating exercise, that they were always ready to go at the word, like trained horses. And certainly the dancing was beautiful. He had never seen gentlemen move so gracefully and dexterously in a crowded room as these young Americans did. Le Roi and Löwenberg, who, by virtue of their respective nationalities, were bound to be good dancers, looked positively awkward alongside of the natives. As to the ladies, they glided, and swam, and realized all the so-often-talked-of-and-seldom-seen 'poetry of motion.' Indeed Ashburner thought they did it too well. He thought of Catiline's friend commemorated by Sallust, who 'danced better than became a modest woman.' He thought some of their displays were a little operatic, and that he had seen something like them at certain balls in Paris—not the balls of the Faubourg St. Germain. He thought that the historian's aphorism might be extended to the male part of the company,—and that they danced better than became intelligent men. He thought—but as he prudently kept thoughts to himself, and as some of his foreign prejudice may have been at the bottom of them, we will not stop to record them all. By and bye there was a quadrille for the benefit of the million, during which the exclusives rested, and Ashburner had full opportunity of observing them. The first thing that struck him was the extreme youth of the whole set, and more especially of the masculine portion of it. Old men there were none. The old women, that is to

say, the mammas and aunts, were stuck into corners out of the way, and no one took any notice of them. Hamilton White was quite an old beau by comparison—almost superannuated. Sumner would have been nearly off the books but for his very superior dancing. Even Benson seemed a middle-aged man compared with the majority of 'our set,' who averaged between boys of seventeen and young men of twenty-four. And the more juvenile the youth, the larger and stiffer was his white tie. Some of these neck-fastenings were terrific to behold, standing out a foot on each side of the wearer. All the Joinvilles that Ashburner had ever seen, on all the gents in London or elsewhere, faded into insignificance before these portentous cravats. He could not help making some observation on this fashion to Benson, as he encountered him promenading with a fair *polkiste*.

'Did you ever notice the whistle-trees of my team-trotting waggon, how they extend on each side beyond the hubs of the wheels? They serve for feelers in a tight place; wherever you clear your whistle-trees, you can clear your wheels; and these cravats are built on the same principle—wherever you clear your tie, you can clear your partner.'

By one in the morning the democracy of the ball-room had had enough of four hours' dancing and looking on. 'Our set' was left in full possession of the floor. Forthwith they seized upon all the chairs, and the interminable German cotillon commenced. It lasted two hours—and how much longer Ashburner could not tell. When he went away at three, the dancers looked very deliquescent, but gave no symptoms of flagging. And so ended his first day's experience of an American watering-place.

A TRIAD OF NOVELS.

THE literature of England in this middle term of the nineteenth century, with all its failures and short-comings, its affectations and mysticisms, is distinguished by one very remarkable peculiarity, namely, that, leaving art to shift for itself, it seeks to express and embody what may be described as the wants and yearnings of the time. This is the distinctive mark of modern fiction. Whoever has anything to say, or thinks he has (which is much the same, so far as the utterer is concerned), puts it forthwith into the shape of a novel or a tale, whereby, whatever the world may gain by way of instruction on that particular crotchet, is gained at a clear sacrifice of the medium through which it is conveyed. The Richardsons and Smolletts, the Burneys and Austens, were simply painters of character and manners; drawing out the humanity of the life around them, and turning up little social problems illustrative of every-day experiences. They were content to exhibit society as they found it, which seems to be the legitimate province of the novelist, without aiming at a philoso-

phical exposition of these theories of remedy and reconstruction, which at all periods of the world's history, and under all forms of government, and in all conditions of mankind, will be found agitating the minds of the thoughtful and dissatisfied, the dreamers over imaginary wrongs, and the sufferers under real oppressions. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Revolution, as if its appetite had not been sufficiently appeased by a grand banquet of thrones and dynasties, has condescended to a little lighter fare; and Fiction, no longer limiting her range to the domesticities, boldly invades those realms of politics and economy, upon the confines of which she has hitherto stopped short with hesitating tread and averted eyes.

It is growing up into a kind of ambition amongst authors of all creeds, colours, and capacities, to write books 'with a purpose in them;' a very excellent thing, if the 'purpose' be sound and healthy, and intelligibly worked out. But something more than this is necessary—fitness of the purpose for the form chosen as its exponent.

If a secluded gentleman has some weighty plan for the rectification of our social evils labouring on his conscience, or a studious divine has been visited by a new light, or a working man has found out the secret cause of the disparity between the condition of the upper and lower classes, or any other philosopher has any other profound discovery to enunciate, there can be no reasonable objection to the publication of the fact. It is the natural course of these rivers of meditation to discharge themselves into the great ocean of print. But we must protest, in sober seriousness, against the practice which is rapidly gaining ground amongst us, of writing political pamphlets, ethical treatises, and social dissertations in the disguise of novels. It is a delusion and a folly, and threatens to overrun a pleasant garden of sweet-smelling flowers and household herbs with rank and bitter weeds. To open a book under the expectation of deriving from it a certain sort of pleasure, with, perhaps, a few wholesome truths scattered amongst the leaves, and to find ourselves entrapped into an essay upon labour and capital, is by no means agreeable, and not unlikely to produce an effect the very reverse of that which the author contemplated. The writer who attempts in this way to steal a march upon his readers, by insinuating grave theories in the shape of popular stories, as nauseous drugs are sometimes wrapt up in jam and administered to children, has no right to complain if his sinister dose should be cast up the moment its flavour is detected.

The variety of ends the novel has been made to serve, the alien topics it has been made to discuss and disseminate, and the strange texts it has been made to preach from, are calculated to produce no little consternation in the circulating libraries. This would be a trifling consideration, if it were not accompanied by an apprehension that, unless these dangerous experiments be vigorously resisted, this branch of our literature will, in due course of time, be confounded with a sort of spurious didactic science, to the manifest injury of both; and paroxysms of love, and the comedy of the drawing-room, become mixed up in a be-

wildering chaos with axioms of free trade, and aspirations after remodelled constitutions. These are elements which refuse to combine, and which are better kept apart. The result of such heterogeneous mixtures of antagonist forces is, that they must inevitably neutralize each other; and we cannot consent that our honest novel, with its fine genialities and cheerful wisdom, should be sacrificed to a crude scheme for the diffusion of rampant politics or visionary ethics. The writers of these hybrid books should see that they are inflicting an injustice on themselves, no less than on their readers, by producing a species of composite that possesses neither the interest of fiction nor the value of fact; and that must necessarily, in the nature of things, fail both ways, as a bad novel and an impotent manifesto.

But we care nothing for the manifesto; our whole anxiety is to rescue the novel from its perilous association with doctrinal designs. Let there be a purpose in the story, if you will; but the story itself, in its delineation of human character and conduct and its development of human passion, must be the paramount object, or the whole process, in spite of all the energy and original thinking and overwrought power brought to bear upon it, will turn out to be about as unproductive an exercise of ingenuity as beating the air or pouring water into a sieve.

The business of the novel is to evolve its results, whatever they may be, from a natural plot, and by the help of characters reconcilable with our experiences. But in these novels with a purpose, the purpose is everything, while the fable and characterization are secondary considerations. This is not novel-writing—it is something else in masquerade. An objection equally strong may be taken against their logic. The purpose is to work out some theory, or to prove some principle. The plot, and the people who figure in it, are invented accordingly. It is a plot made to order to fit a given end; and the personages who move through it have no other earthly business there than to fall into the situations appointed for them, and to act like puppets under the dispensations of a plan

which strains the whole machinery of human action for the production of a certain end.

In most cases the conditions of the plot are so unreasonable, the conduct of the actors in it so improbable, and the artifice so transparent by which circumstances are perverted to bring about the issues, instead of leaving the issues to flow of themselves from the circumstances, that the plainest understanding can detect the sophistical structure of the proofs, and refute them by the simplest means. Independently of the fallaciousness of the treatment, which commits the *dramatis persona* to the most unlikely and preposterous actions for the furtherance of a specific consequence, the means themselves, however skillfully employed, are obviously inadequate and inappropriate to the proposed end. It is a venerable maxim, that instances never prove principles; and no fictitious congeries of dramatic incidents can be accepted in proof of any general theory affecting legislation, society, or morals. We can upset the proofs by the easiest process imaginable. The slightest alteration in the conduct of the actors will enable us, out of the author's own materials, to prove the very opposite of his theory; if that can be called proof which is, in reality, nothing more nor less than a shallow begging of the question. Works of this kind may be rendered available in a striking and effective way as pictures of particular classes, showing their interior life, and developing with signal success their actual privations, vices, and sufferings; but when they soar into the examination of the causes and springs of those manifest evils which every speculator in grievances believes he has discovered, and to which he is eager to apply a nostrum of his own, their failure is inevitable, and the interest they might otherwise awaken is destroyed. Such books are valuable and attractive only as illustrations of life as it is; when they usurp the province of blue-books and sermons their charm and utility are at an end.

We have been tempted into these remarks by a work which, if it do

not exactly belong to the order of books we have been speaking of, is at least so closely allied to it as to justify us in touching upon the subject. Of the numerous tale-writers who have of late years undertaken to enlighten the public on the familiar theme of the wrongs of the poor and the rights of the working-classes, the author of *Alton Locke** must be at once admitted to be one of the ablest and most eloquent. He brings remarkable qualities to a difficult and, we are afraid, thankless task. He has explored the wretchedness and discontent he so powerfully depicts. He sympathizes with the misery he drags out of its loathsome dens and exhibits so graphically. He is bold of utterance, and possesses a command of language which enables him to make his utterance felt. Yet we think it is clear enough, notwithstanding the fervour of his appeal from the poor to the rich, and the energy with which he inveighs against society, that his own reason rejects the conclusions he enforces with such vigour in the person of his hero. This is the saving grace of a book of remarkable ability, and will go a long way to redeem what is good and true in it from that which is false and dangerous.

Alton Locke is the type of three characters — a tailor, a Chartist, and a poet. It was an ingenious escape for much of the hot-brained enthusiasm of the political agitator to make him also a poet. The two vocations fall in well together; and afford us an excuse, of which we are not at all sorry to avail ourselves, for tolerating a great deal of wild invective against established institutions, and for believing, at the same time, that under such circumstances it is not likely to be attended with much mischief. The union of poetry and chartism is quite natural. Chartism is a sort of poetry in itself, dealing largely in those visions of human perfectibility and longings after an impossible Elysium which have afforded such innocent delights to the poets from time immemorial; and we recognize in the fierce outbreaks of Alton Locke, and his

* *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet.* Chapman and Hall. 1850.

An Autobiography. 2 vols. London :

gloomy protests against the injustice of the world, the true temperament of a man felicitously adapted by nature, and matured by circumstances, to fulfil the double functions allotted to him.

But we must here observe, that, before we have proceeded through half-a-dozen pages, we discover that a higher and more educated mind is at work in the autobiography than that of a misshapen youth, who is brought up in the dry and ungenial atmosphere of Calvinism, debarred from the cultivation of knowledge, and put out to get his bread and scramble through life as he may in the pestiferous and crowded workshop of a tailor. The illusion vanishes the moment we turn over the title-page, and we feel as we advance through the work that it is not a stunted tailor, or an aspiring verse-maker, or a hair-brained Chartist, who is speaking, but a scholar and a thinker, not always as wise as he could be if he would, but always original and fresh and earnest in the creed he assumes; not one who is of the life he paints, but who examines it from a distance with deep interest and a sincere desire to alleviate its calamities. There is no *vaineblance* even attempted in this autobiography. The author does not aim at a story which shall put on the garb of a reality in the person of the relator. The reality he desires to impress is that of the condition of the lower classes, and the morals which surge up to the surface from its depths of strife and darkness. We must, therefore, accept the story only as a medium for the expression of the opinions and convictions, the sorrows and wrongs, which appear to the author inseparable from that condition. Alton Locke himself is the centre figure round which all these agitating elements revolve, and through whom they have a practical vent; and the conception of his character—although he speaks out of his *rôle* and above his state—is singularly well suited to the object for which it is designed.

The actual experiences of Alton Locke are such as befall few Chartists, tailors or uneducated poets. But as they are put together with a view to exhibit the growth and development of certain tendencies in the

mind, and the action of certain influences, and to display also the peculiarities of certain modes of life, we will not stop to discuss their probability or improbability as a whole.

Alton Locke is the son of a poor widow, a dark Calvinist, who receives missionaries at tea, and holds all carnal knowledge in abhorrence. He is brought up in a dismal starvation of mind and body—scanty food, wretched lodging, and joyless doctrine. From the very first he yearns for something cheerier, and turns from his misery to the outer world with vague longings after human sympathy. The opening passage lays the foundation of his after life, and may be cited as a specimen of the descriptive power of the writer:—

My earliest recollections are of a suburban street; of its jumble of little shops and little terraces, each exhibiting some fresh variety of capricious ugliness; the little scraps of garden before the doors, with their dusty, stunted lilacs and balsam poplars, were my only forests; my only wild animals, the dingy, merry sparrows, who quarrelled fearlessly on my window-sill, ignorant of trap or gun. From my earliest childhood, through long nights of sleepless pain, as the midnight brightened into dawn, and the glaring lamps grew pale, I used to listen, with a pleasant awe, to the ceaseless roll of the market-waggons, bringing up to the great city the treasures of the gay green country, the land of fruits and flowers, for which I have yearned all my life in vain. They seemed to my boyish fancy mysterious messengers from another world: the silent, lonely night, in which they were the only moving things, added to the wonder. I used to get out of bed to gaze at them, and envy the coarse men and sluttish women who attended them, their labour among verdant plants and rich brown mould, on breezy slopes, under God's own clear sky. I fancied that they learnt what I knew I should have learnt there; I knew not then that 'the eye only sees that which it brings with it the power of seeing.' When will their eyes be opened? When will priests go forth into the highways and the hedges, and preach to the ploughman and the gipsy the blessed news, that there too, in every thicket and fallow field, is the house of God,—there, too, the gate of Heaven?

He has a rich uncle, a grocer, who keeps a villa at Herne Hill, and entertains aldermen at dinner. This uncle, who has a son at Cambridge, is a better sort of man than Cock-

neys of his class are in general represented to be, and is generous enough to provide for his nephew in a tailor's establishment. Here the weakly boy becomes associated with Chartists, adopts their doctrines, and picks up a great deal of discursive knowledge at the house of an honest old bookseller, Sandy Mackaye, a thoughtful, crafty Scot, who, with strong opinions respecting the state of society, keeps on the safe side in his practice, and satisfies his political conscience by talking Carlyle. In the midst of his struggle—mental and physical—Alton Locke falls in love with the beautiful daughter of a clergyman, whom he accidentally meets in the Picture Gallery at Dulwich; and this adventure nearly turns his brain, and every now and then threatens to shake his faith in Chartism, by discovering to him something pure and lovable in those ranks which he has hitherto held to be essentially false, cruel, proud, and oppressive. The 'sweating system,' however, seizes so strongly upon his imagination, that even love itself yields to its influence; and he now becomes a recognized agitator, writes in low Chartist publications, and after suffering some of the whips and villanies to which men in his condition are unavoidably exposed, he goes into the country to propagate the principles of the Charter, and rouse the chaw-bacons to a sense of their wrongs. Propagandism turns out in this case, as it generally does when it undertakes to set one class against another, rather an unfortunate line of business; and Locke's disciples, instead of rising up against the Government, and making war upon the aristocracy, adopt a remedy for their grievances which happens to be nearest at hand, by plundering a farm-yard and setting fire to the stacks. For this patriotic feat Alton Locke is duly tried, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. This catastrophe would have made a very excellent moral to the story, but the labours of the Chartist are not done yet. The prison has not taught him prudence, and the infatuated dreamer comes out of his cell as mad as he went into it. The rest of the tale may be dismissed in a line. He joins the gigantic bubble-conspiracy of the

Tenth of April, catches a fever, recovers, and is Christianized on a new Communist principle, and his passage paid out to Texas, whither he is sent by a charitable subscription for the restoration of his health, with an allowance sufficient to support him for three years. This bright prospect of a regenerated life is doomed, however, to be suddenly overcast. As the vessel nears the land of promise, poor Alton Locke is found dead in his cabin.

In this rapid outline we have necessarily omitted many incidental passages which the reader of the book will pause over with admiration of the author's eloquence and masculine energy, not without mixed feelings of pleasure and pain. We need not note them; they are too vivid to escape attention. There are some individualities, also, worthy of high praise. George Locke the cousin, and Sandy Mackaye the bookseller, are very effectively drawn; and amongst other portraits, with such flaws of character in them as bring them down to the actual level of daily life, those of O'Flynn the Irish editor, and Crossthwaite the fierce Chartist, may be especially commended.

If the book is to be regarded as a protest against society, we are bound to say that society has no great reason to be uneasy at the force of the arguments on which it is founded. For all the ills that Alton Locke has personally to complain of, society has much less to answer than he has himself. We find everybody trying to do him good, and nobody so ill-disposed to have good done as the dreamy, fantastical, and moody youth, upon whom all this Samaritanism is heaped in vain. His own temperament is the great stumbling-block; and if he had only had enough of common sense to follow the excellent advice that was given to him by divers people in the ranks of life he holds in such unmitigated hatred, and prudence enough to avail himself of the opportunities which were liberally thrown open to him, he might have become a happy and respectable individual. But he will not have it. The perversity of his nature makes him always see things in a wrong light; he will insist upon being poverty-driven and tyrannized

over by the upper classes; he is determined to regard labour as a wanton oppression, and wealth as a positive injustice flung in the faces of the poor. With the help of this key to the evils he depicts so vigorously we discern a valuable practical moral in the story, which we hail with unmixed satisfaction. Indeed, it is impossible to read it to the close, and not to be impressed with the fact that, whatever blame the working classes are justified in laying at the door of the rich, much of their degradation and misery may be traced to the want of exertion in a right direction amongst themselves.

The pages of *Alton Locke* are, nevertheless, starred over with dangerous fallacies. Let us glance at some of them.

Every effort Alton Locke makes for his own advancement or improvement he considers as an evil forced upon him by the unequal distribution of the goods of this life. He snatches a little reading in the hours stolen from the workshop, and reproaches the wealthy with the pains this hard self-education puts him to:—

Look at the picture awhile, ye comfortable folks, who take down from your shelves what books you like best at the moment, and then lie back, amid prints and statuettes, to grow wise in an easy chair, with a blazing fire and a camphine lamp. The lower classes uneducated! Perhaps you would be so too, if learning cost you the privation which it costs some of them.

Again:—

Young men of the upper classes, to whom study—pursue it as intensely as you will—is but the business of the day, and every spare moment relaxation; little you guess the frightful drudgery undergone by a man of the people who has vowed to educate himself,—to live at once two lives, each as severe as the whole of yours,—to bring to the self-imposed toil of intellectual improvement a body and brain already worn out by a day of toilsome manual labour. I did it. God forbid, though, that I should take credit to myself for it. Hundreds more have done it, with still fewer advantages than mine. Hundreds more, an ever-increasing army of martyrs, are doing it at this moment: of some of them, too, perhaps you may hear hereafter.

Now what is the meaning of all this? Why are the men who thus struggle to get a little book-reading

called 'martyrs?' What reason is there in being out of humour with others for being better off than ourselves? Is this the mission of Charism? Is this a specimen of that intelligence which we are called upon to honour in the working classes, and which we are accused of crushing and keeping down? Alton Locke is evidently of opinion that the comforts and luxuries of ladies and gentlemen are so much privilege and inheritance literally plundered from artizans and labourers, and that the mere fact of being compelled to work for one's daily bread is a crying social wrong in itself,—for his complaints mean that, or they mean nothing. Hear him:—

Society had not given me my rights. And woe unto the man on whom that idea, true or false, rises lurid, filling all his thoughts with stifling glare, as of the pit itself. Be it true, be it false, it is equally a woe to believe it; to have to live on a negation; to have to worship for our only idea, as hundreds of thousands of us have this day, the hatred of the things which are. Ay, though one of us here and there may die in faith, in sight of the promised land, yet is it not hard, when looking from the top of Pisgah into 'the good time coming,' to watch the years slipping away one by one, and death crawling nearer and nearer, and the people wearying themselves in the fire for very vanity, and Jordan not yet passed, the promised land not yet entered? while our little children die around us, like lambs beneath the knife, of cholera and typhus and consumption, and all the diseases which the good time can and will prevent; which, as science has proved, and you the rich confess, might be prevented at once, if you dared to bring in one bold and comprehensive measure, and not sacrifice yearly the lives of thousands to the idol of vested interests and a majority in the House.

The whole fallacy is contained in one sentence,—'Society had not given me my rights.' What are his rights? It is quite true that there is great destitution in this country, and that measures of amelioration have not kept pace with the wants of the people; but is it equally true that any measures of amelioration, even if they could remedy to any given extent the existence of pauperism and the sufferings of the working classes, could prevent their recurrence? These evils are in the

very nature of society itself. Poverty is not the consequence of rights withheld, but of many complicated causes inherent in the very condition of an increasing population. The remonstrance on the ground of 'rights' is loose and untenable,—a mere clamour of words, leaving the real question at issue exactly where it was.

Something more to the purpose will be found in one of those pictures of wretchedness which our author paints with a masterly hand, and which introduce us to scenes which the wealthy classes ought to know more about than they do. It is here, and in such exhibitions of suffering, that the utility of the work will be felt. In the following passage Sandy Mackaye is conducting Alton Locke to a house of misery, such as we have been speaking about :—

We went on through a back street or two, and then into a huge, miserable house, which, a hundred years ago, perhaps, had witnessed the luxury, and rung to the laughter, of some one great fashionable family, alone there in their glory. Now every room of it held its family, or its group of families—a phalanstery of all the fiends ;—its grand staircase, with the carved balustrades rotting and crumbling away piecemeal, converted into a common sewer for all its inmates. Up stair after stair we went, while wails of children, and curses of men, steamed out upon the hot stifling rush of air from every doorway, till, at the topmost story, we knocked at a garret door. We entered. Bare it was of furniture, comfortless, and freezing cold ; but, with the exception of the plaster dropping from the roof, and the broken windows patched with rags and paper, there was a scrupulous neatness about the whole, which contrasted strangely with the filth and slovenliness outside. There was no bed in the room—no table. On a broken chair by the chimney sat a miserable old woman, fancying that she was warming her hands over embers which had long been cold, shaking her head, and muttering to herself with palsied lips about the guardians and the workhouse ; while upon a few rags on the floor lay a girl, ngly, smallpox-marked, hollow-eyed, emaciated, her only bedclothes the skirt of a large handsome new riding-habit, at which two other girls, wan and tawdry, were stitching busily, as they sat right and left of her on the floor. The old woman took no notice of us as we entered ; but one of

the girls looked up, and, with a pleased gesture of recognition, put her finger up to her lips, and whispered, 'Ellen's asleep.'

'I'm not asleep, dears,' answered a faint, unearthly voice ; 'I was only praying. Is that Mr. Mackaye ?'

'Ay, my lassies ; but ha' ye gotten na fire the nicht ?'

'No,' said one of them, bitterly, 'we've earned no fire to-night, by fair trade or foul either.'

The sick girl tried to raise herself up and speak, but was stopped by a frightful fit of coughing and expectoration, as painful, apparently, to the sufferer as it was, I confess, disgusting even to me.

I saw Mackaye slip something into the hand of one of the girls, and whisper, 'A half-hundred of coals ;' to which she replied with an eager look of gratitude that I never can forget, and hurried out. Then the sufferer, as if taking advantage of her absence, began to speak quickly and eagerly.

'Oh, Mr. Mackaye—dear, kind Mr. Mackaye—do speak to her ; and do speak to poor Lizzy here ! I'm not afraid to say it before her, because she's more gentle like, and hasn't learnt to say bad words yet—but do speak to them, and tell them not to go the bad way like all the rest. Tell them it'll never prosper. I know it is want that drives them to it, as it drives all of us—but tell them it's best to starve and die honest girls, than to go about with the shame and the curse of God on their hearts, for the sake of keeping this poor, miserable, vile body together a few short years more in this world o' sorrow. Do tell them, Mr. Mackaye.'

'I'm thinking,' said he, with the tears running down his old, withered face, 'ye'll mak a better preacher at that text than I shall, Ellen.'

'Ob, no, no ; who am I, to speak to them ?—it's no merit o' mine, Mr. Mackaye, that the Lord's kept me pure through it all. I should have been just as bad as any of them, if the Lord had not kept me out of temptation in His great mercy, by making me the poor, ill-favoured creature I am. From that time I was burnt when I was a child, and had the small-pox afterwards, oh, how sinful I was ! and repined and rebelled against the Lord ! And now I see it was all His blessed mercy to keep me out of evil, pure and unspotted for my dear Jesus, when He comes to take me to himself. I saw Him last night, Mr. Mackaye, as plain as I see you now, all in a flame of beautiful white fire, smiling at me so sweetly ; and He showed me the wounds in His hands and His feet, and He said, 'Ellen, my own child, those

that suffer with me here, they shall be glorified with me hereafter, for I'm coming very soon to take you home.'

Sandy shook his head at all this with a strange expression of face, as if he sympathized and yet disagreed, respected and yet smiled, at the shape which her religious ideas had assumed; and I remarked in the mean time that the poor girl's neck and arm were all scarred and distorted, apparently from the effects of a burn.

'This is what Sandy Mackaye calls the true poetry of life.'

Sandy and I went down the stairs.

'Poetic element? Yon lassie, rejoicing in her disfigurement and not her beauty, like the nuns of Peterborough in auld time,—is there na poetry there? That puir lassie, dying on the bare boards, and seeing her Saviour in her dreams, is there na poetry there, callant? That auld body owre the fire, wi' her 'an officer's dochter,' is there na poetry there? That ither, prostituting hersel to buy food for her freen—is there na poetry there?—tragedy—

With hues as when some mighty painter dips

His pen in dyes of earthquake and eclipse, Ay, Shelley's gran'; always gran'; but Fact is grander—God and Satan are grander. All around ye, in every gin-shop and costermonger's cellar, are God and Satan at death-grips; every garret is a hail Paradise Lost or Paradise Regained: and will ye think it beneath ye to be the 'People's Poet'?

The scene in the country, where Alton Locke goes down as a deputy from the London Chartist committees, is striking, not only for its fidelity to the life, but as a picture drawn and coloured with remarkable force. He finds 'a thousand or so of labouring people swarming restlessly round a single block of stone, some relic of Druid times, on which a tall man stood, his dark figure thrown out in bold relief against the dreary sky.' The speeches are all of the furious and hopeless cast, and the burden of them is a cry for bread. Alton Locke tries to convince them that the grand spring of evil is non-representation; but their only reply is, that they don't understand politics. At last, he is himself infected with this delirious clamour, and he addresses them in a manner which goes more home to their understanding and their sympathies:—

'Go, then,' I cried, losing my self-possession between disappointment and

the maddening desire of influence; and, indeed, who could hear their story, or even look upon their faces, and not feel some indignation stir in him, unless self-interest had dragged his heart and conscience?—'go,' I cried, 'and get bread! After all, you have a right to it. No man is bound to starve. There are rights above all laws, and the right to live is one. Laws were made for man, not man for laws. If you had made the laws yourselves, they might bind you even in this extremity; but they were made in spite of you—against you. They rob you, erush you; even now they deny you bread. God has made the earth free to all, like the air and sunshine, and you are shut out from off it. The earth is yours, for you till it. Without you it would be a desert. Go and demand your share of that corn, the fruit of your own industry. What matter, if your tyrants imprison—murder you?—they can but kill your bodies at once, instead of killing them piecemeal, as they do now; and your blood will cry against them from the ground! Aye, woe!'—I went on, carried away by feelings for which I shall make no apology; for, however confused, there was, and is, and ever will be, a God's truth in them, as this generation will find out at the moment when its own serene self-satisfaction crumbles underneath it,—'Woe unto those that grind the faces of the poor! Woe unto those who add house to house, and field to field, till they stand alone in the land, and there is no room left for the poor man! The wages of their reapers, which they have held back by fraud, cry out against them; and their cry has entered into the ears of the God of heaven —'

But I had no time to finish. The murmur swelled into a roar for 'Bread! bread!' My hearers had taken me at my word. I had raised the spirit; could I command him, now he was abroad?

'Go to Jennings's Farm!'

'No, he aint no corn, he sold'un all last week.'

'There's plenty at the Hall Farm! Rouse out the old steward!'

And, amid yells and execrations, the whole mass poured down the hill, sweeping me sway with them. * * * *

Bursting through the rotting and half-fallen palings, we entered a wide, rushy, neglected park, and along an old gravel road, now green with grass, we opened on a sheet of frozen water, and, on the opposite bank, the huge square corpse of a hall, the close-shuttered windows of which gave it a dead and ghastly look, except where here and there a single open one showed, as through a black empty eye-socket, the dark unfurnished rooms within. On the right, beneath us, lay,

amid tall elms, a large mass of farm-buildings, into the yard of which the whole mob rushed tumultuously, just in time to see an old man on horseback dart out and gallop hatless up the park, amid the yells of the mob.

'The old rascal's gone, and he'll call up the yeomanry. We must be quick, boys!' shouted one; and the first signs of plunder showed themselves in an indiscriminate chase after various screaming geese and turkeys; while a few of the more steady went up to the house-door, and, knocking, demanded sternly the granary keys.

A fat virago planted herself in the doorway, and commenced railing at them with the cowardly courage which the fancied immunity of their sex gives to coarse women; but she was hastily shoved aside, and took shelter in an upper room, where she stood screaming and cursing at the window.

The invaders returned, cramming their mouths with bread, and chopping asunder fitches of bacon. The granary-doors were broken open, and the contents scrambled for, amid immense waste, by the starving wretches. It was a sad sight. Here was a poor shivering woman, hiding scraps of food under her cloak, and hurrying out of the yard to the children she had left at home. There was a tall man leaning against the palings, gnawing ravenously at the same loaf with a little boy, who had scrambled up behind him. Then a huge blackguard came whistling up to me with a can of ale. 'Drink, my beauty; you're dry with hollering hy now!'

'The ale is neither yours nor mine; I won't touch it.'

'Darn your bnttons! You said the wheat was oorn, acanse we growed it; and thereby so's the beer, for we growed the harley too.'

And so thought the rest; for the yard was getting full of drunkards, a woman or two among them, reeling knee-deep in the loose straw among the pigs.

'Thresh ont they ricks!' roared another.

'Get ont the threshing-machine!'

'You harness the horses!'

'No, there haint no time. Yeomanry 'll be here. You munn leave the ricks.'

'Darned if we do. Old Woods shan't get naught by they.'

'Fire 'em, then, and go on to Slater's Farm!'

'As well be hngg for a sheep as for a lamh,' hiccupp'd Blinky, as he rushed through the yard with a lighted brand. I tried to stop him, but fell on my face in the deep straw, and got round the barns to the rick-yard, just in time to hear a crackle—there was no mistaking

it; the windward stack was in a blaze of fire.

I stood awe-struck—I cannot tell how long—watching how the live flame-snakes crept and hissed, and leapt and roared, and rushed in long horizontal jets from stack to stack before the howling wind, and fastened their fiery talons on the haru-caves, and swept over the peaked roofs, and hurled themselves in fiery flakes into the yard beyond—the food of man—the labour of years, devoured in aimless ruin!—Was it my doing?—Was it not?

At last I recollected myself, and ran round again into the straw-yard, where the fire was now falling fast. The only thing which saved the house was the weltering mass of bullocks, pigs, and human beings drunk and sober, which trampled out unwittingly the flames as fast as they caught. . . .

The yard now became a pandemonium. The more ruffianly part of the mob—and alas! there were hut too many of them—hurled the furniture ont of the windows, or ran off with anything that they could carry. In vain I expostulated, threatened; I was answered by laughter, curses, frantic dances, and brandished plunder. Then I first found out bow large a portion of rascality shelters itself under the wing of every crowd; and at the moment, I almost excused the rich for overlooking the real sufferers, in indignation at the rascals. . . .

The laughter soon subsided, when a man rushed breathless into the yard, shouting, 'The yeomanry!'

At that sound, to my astonishment, a general panic ensued. The miserable wretches never stopped to inquire how many, or how far off, they were, but scrambled to every outlet of the yard, trampling each other down in their hurry. I leaped up on the wall, and saw, galloping down the park, a mighty armament of some fifteen men, with a tall officer at their head, mounted on a splendid horse.

'There they be! there they be! all the varmers, and young Squire Clayton wi' mun, on his grey hunter. O Lord! O Lord! and all their swords drawn!'

I thought of the old story in *Herodotus*; how the Scythian masters returned from war to the rebel slaves who had taken possession of their lands and wives, and brought them down on their knees with terror, at the mere sight of the old dreaded dog-whips.

I did not care to run. I was utterly disgusted, disappointed with myself—the people. I longed, for the moment, to die and leave it all; and left almost alone, sat down on a stone, buried my head between my hands, and tried vainly to shut out from my ears the roaring of the fire.

At that moment 'Blikey' staggered out past me and against me, a writing-desk in his hands, shouting, in his drunken glory, 'I've vound ut at last! I've got the old fellow's money! Hush! What a vule I be, hollering like that!'—And he was going to sneak off, with a face of drunken cunning, when I spruog up and seized him by the throat.

'Rascal! robber! lay that down! Have you not done mischief enough already?'

'I wain't have no sharing. What? Do you want un yonself, eh? Then we'll see who's the stronger!'

And in an instant he shook me from him, and dealt me a blow with the corner of the desk, that laid me on the ground.

I just recollect the tramp of the yeomanry horses, and the gleam and jingle of their arms, as they galloped into the yard. I caught a glimpse of the tall young officer, as his grey horse swept through the air over the high yard-pales, a feat to me utterly astonishing. Half-a-dozen long strides—the wretched ruffian, staggering across the field with his booty, was caught up. The clear blade gleamed in the air—and then a fearful yell—and after that I recollect nothing.

The truthfulness of this description is equal to its power. The Chartist demagogue first throws wide the flood-gates, and then tries in vain to arrest the rush of the waters; he invokes the Spirit of Despair, and is overwhelmed by its fury. And these poor, unreasoning rustics, who believe that they have a right in the wheat and barley because they till the earth and sow the seed, and who are so ready to assert that right in acts of violence and robbery,—who think that because landlords are rich, labourers are justified in acts of spoliation, and who show such loud-tongued valour when they are lashing themselves up to the onslaught, and who fly in consternation at the sight of a handful of soldiers,—surely, if this book finds its way amongst them, it must teach them the folly of such excesses, and unveil the devilish wickedness of the advisers that hound them on to ruin, and are the first to desert them at the approach of danger. Again we repeat, that this history of *Alton Locke*, with all its rash accusations against vested interests, its unwise declamation on behalf of the poor, and its false views of our social institutions, cannot fail to do good. The antidote is everywhere present with the poison, and

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he who adopts this book as his manual is bound by the naked force of its results to renounce Chartism for ever. It is only to be regretted that the author did not make this consequence the end and aim of his labours, and that we are compelled to extract a moral for ourselves, which he seems to take a sort of perverse pleasure in perpetually contradicting and disowning.

As if to dissipate any lingering doubt on the subject, the famous night of the 10th of April is brought in, by way of crowning the discomfiture of these deluded advocates of physical force. Three years' imprisonment, instead of showing Alton Locke the madness of the course he had embarked in, only has the effect of burning it in upon his brain; and when he comes out of gaol, and falls in with his fierce friend Crossthwaite again, he listens eagerly to the new arguments with which that apostle sustains his revolutionary doctrines. Here is a part of the reasoning by which he backs up his appeal to arms. The people had got up their monster petition, and were determined to give the House of Commons 'a taste of pressure from without which should make the bar of the House crack again.' If that petition were refused, 'We shall fight,' cried Crossthwaite, 'fight! that's the word, and no other.'

He pulled a letter out from among his papers, and threw it across to me.

'What's this?'

'That came while you were in gaol. There don't want many words about it. We sent up a memorial to Government about the army and police clothing. We told 'em how it was the lowest, most tyrannous, most ill-paid of all the branches of slop-making; how men took to it only when they were starved out of everything else. We entreated them to have mercy on us—entreated them to interfere between the merciless contractors, and the poor wretches on whose flesh and blood contractors, sweaters, and colonels, were all fattening; and there's the answer we got. Look at it; read it! Again and again I've been minded to placard it on the walls, that all the world might see the might and the mercies of the Government. Read it! 'Sorry to say that it is utterly out of the power of her Majesty's * * * * s to interfere—as the question of wages rests entirely between the contractor and the workmen.'

'He lies!' I said. 'If it did, the workmen might put a pistol to the contractor's head, and say—' You shall not tempt the poor, needy, greedy, starving workers to their own destruction, and the destruction of their class; you shall not offer these murderous, poisonous prices. If we saw you offering our neighbour a glass of *lan lanum*, we would stop you at all risks—and we will stop you now.' No! no! John, the question don't lie between workmen and contractor, but between workman and contractor-plus-grape-and-bayonets!'

'Look again. There's worse comes after that. 'If Government did interfere, it would not benefit the workman, as his rate of wages depends entirely on the amount of competition between the workmen themselves.' Yes, my dear children, you must eat each other; we are far too fond parents to interfere with so delightful an amusement! Curse them—sleek, hard-hearted, impotent, do-nothings! They confess themselves powerless against competition—powerless against the very devil that is destroying us, faster and faster every year! They can't help us on a single point. They can't check population; and if they could, they can't get rid of the population which exists. They aren't give us a comprehensive emigration-scheme. They aren't lift a finger to prevent gluts in the labour-market. They aren't interfere between slave and slave, between slave and tyrant. They are cowards, and like cowards they shall fall!'

'Aye—like cowards they shall fall!' I answered; and from that moment I was a rebel and a conspirator.

It must, we think, be admitted, that *Alton Locke* was very easily persuaded into conspiracy; but it is only fair to hear his apology in full:—

Such was our Babel-tower, whose top should reach to heaven. To understand the maddening allurements of that dream, you must have lain, like us, for years in darkness and the pit. You must have struggled for bread, for lodging, for cleanliness, for water, for education—for all that makes life worth living—and found them becoming, year by year, more hopelessly impossible, if not to yourself, yet still to the millions less gifted than yourself; you must have sat in darkness and the shadow of death, till you are ready to welcome any ray of light, even though it should be the glare of a volcano.

Quite true—in this extremity of despair lies all that can be said about it; but how utterly inadequate is such an excuse for those frantic pro-

ceedings which, instead of mending the condition of the poor, only render it still more difficult of remedy.

Looking back upon this strange autobiography as a whole, it appears to present two distinct phases—the delineation of the ignorance and squalor of the lower classes, and the exhibition of the means by which it is proposed to help and elevate them, through the agency of Combination, or Chartism, or Christian Communism, or whatever else the system of co-operative resistance indicated by the author may be called. In the first of these aspects, the work is entitled to the highest praise. Here the descriptive talents and earnest feeling of the writer are legitimately and successfully employed. In the second, he takes up a position which his own exposition of the state and capabilities of the masses proves to be fallacious and unsound. His theory is shattered into dust by his facts.

Education alone can fit the people for the great effort they are called upon to make by the author of *Alton Locke*. It is needless to waste time over this question; we have only to refer to his own book for evidence of the qualifications of the multitude to undertake the mission of regenerating society. Without stopping to ask whether society is really responsible for all the wrongs, and neglects, and vices charged upon it in this book, we will simply inquire whether, supposing the case to be strictly as it is represented, the working and uneducated masses are the best and safest ministers of reform? Whether, in short, the desiderated revolution of castes is likely to be conducted on the soundest principles by those who are confessedly—no matter from what cause—buried in the darkness of every conceivable want, both mental and physical?

In proportion as we believe that reforms ought to come from above, and not from below, or, if it were possible, that they should combine a movement in common of all classes, so do we admit the heavy responsibility which is cast upon the legislature and the gentry to look after the welfare of the labouring poor. We acknowledge that responsibility in full. But we are not, therefore, disposed to accept as the fault of the

upper classes those calamities which it is out of their power to foresee or avert, or to hold them accountable for every new shape of misery and disaster which the race of competition, or the pressure of labour, or any other inevitable source of disturbance, may happen to generate. To sift and separate the evils which are attributable to an artificial system of society from those which are indigenous to all closely-packed, over-worked, and heavily-burdened communities, is the business of an enlightened philanthropy; and he who should effectually do this would confer an inestimable boon upon us all. In the meanwhile it only aggravates the existing distress and oppression to force them into hostility with education and authority, as if wealth and birth were the natural enemies of poverty, and law itself was a species of infernal machine contrived on purpose to harass and destroy the poor.

Much is in the hands of the working classes themselves. They should be taught the value of independence. They should be instructed that labour is the inheritance of all men, so that they may learn to prize its operations and its issues. This is the great lesson to inculcate; and it is by such lessons, and not by encouraging them to believe that labour is a wrong done to them by the pampered idlers who loll in coaches, and prance on blood-horses in Rotten Row, that they will discover the way to vindicate their manhood and achieve their emancipation.

Turning from the troubled world of political agitation and social strife, it is pleasant to snatch a little repose and relief from the pages of a novel, no less true to the life it depicts, but of a wholly different stamp and textures. No two persons can be more highly contrasted in their habits and tone of mind than the wilful and discontented Alton Locke and the serene and sagacious Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside.* But it is necessary to tell the reader who this Mrs. Margaret Maitland is.

Anticipating the revelations of the third volume, Mrs. Margaret Mait-

land is an unmarried lady of a certain age, who has remained single all her life in consequence of a frailty committed by the lover of her youth, a fact of which the reader is kept in ignorance till nearly the end of the book. Having no cares of her own upon her hands, she undertakes the management of her brother's house; and when that worthy gentleman brings home a wife, Mrs. Margaret discreetly leaves the happy couple to themselves, and settles down in a separate residence. In the course of time a young lady of good family and fortune comes to live with her, and her time is further occupied by growing claims in the persons of a niece and nephew. The sequestered lives of these young people furnish occupation enough to fill up the days of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, and to supply materials for three volumes. Her nephew Claude, as a matter of course, forms an attachment for Grace, the visitor at Sunnyside—and a neighbouring laird falls in love with Mary, the niece; but he is a man of wild habits, and the lady, inheriting a dread of dissipated and ungodly people from her father, who is a minister of the Gospel, refuses him at first, but is afterwards induced to relent. These 'passages' take up a considerable portion of the old lady's leisure, and consequently of her autobiography—for this story, like that of *Alton Locke*, is related in the first person.

There is apparently not much matter here to cke out a plot; and it must be frankly confessed, that the element of action, in the ordinary sense, is wanting. But it possesses action of another kind for such readers as are patient enough to follow its quiet developement. Dispositions and motives of conduct are shown as clearly as if every person in the story had a window placed opposite the heart to reveal its most secret throes. We come to know them all slowly, but with a perfect knowledge, as we advance through their long conversations, and the daily routine of their affairs. The dramatic interest is secondary throughout to the moral interest. It is emphatically a novel of characterization, individual and

* *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside.* Written by Herself. 3 vols. London: H. Colburn. 1850.

national, and displays an ease and shrewdness in the portraiture of Scottish life which has been equalled by few writers, and, in many respects, surpassed by none.

To the southern reader this will, probably, at first appear a dreary book. It requires an intimate acquaintance with Scottish character and habits to appreciate the truth of the general portraiture, and to value at their real worth the sly sarcastic humour, the dry pleasantry, the covert sense, and the tearful pathos, which abound in its pages. The dialect interrupts the enjoyment of them; but in this dialect, nevertheless, resides the secret charm of that truthfulness which, rightly understood, can never fail to please and entertain. The general reader looks for general nature. This is a speciality, and must be judged as such. If it be faithful to the original it undertakes to portray, its end is answered; and in the case of Mrs. Maitland nothing can be more faithful than the reflexion it gives us of a mode of existence and a state of manners singular in themselves, and strange to us.

Another point that strikes us in this book is, the unity of design and the harmony of colour throughout. It hardly affects us like other novels. We scarcely feel as if we were reading a piece of fiction. Quiet and still in the depths of its most exciting scenes, everything passes before us like the business of real life.

It is difficult to exhibit the peculiar excellencies of Mrs. Margaret Maitland's homely narrative by such extracts as we can afford to give. The conversations are so lengthy and minute (for the good lady is exact and wonderfully painstaking in her manner of drawing out the emotions), that we are quite unable to accommodate our space to a sample that should do proper justice to her merits. The reader, however, must take something for granted, and endeavour to infer from the following passage the spirit that pervades the whole.

We have already mentioned that Mary, Mrs. Margaret's niece, had refused the laird, Mr. Allan, because he was rather a riotous and dissipated liver. The scene in which she communicates this matter to her aunt is

exceedingly touching, and we will try to make room for a part of it. In order that the reader may be enabled to enter into Mrs. Maitland's thoughts and feelings concerning the laird, we should premise that he is rich, and would be a capital match for her niece—a private conviction which is evidently running all the time through the old lady's mind, and which may be detected in sundry little prudential hints she throws out in the disguise of scriptural advice:—

'You are no well, Mary, my dear,' said I.

'I am quite well, aunt,' said Mary, 'only I want to speak to yon alone. Will you come in?'

'I will do that, Mary,' said I, 'but I like not to see you so white and shilpit, the which is a thing you have no call to be, any more than that rose bush would have to wither in the summer time.'

'Ay, aunt,' said Mary, 'but roses will wither in the summer time. The bush they planted in the garden at home, the day I was born, has never had a leaf this year; and sometimes I think it's just like me.'

* * * *

It would be two or three minutes before Mary spoke again, and then she looked up into my face, and said she:—

'Aunt, I want you to ask my mother to let me go with Claud.'

'With Claud, Mary?' said I; 'what has put that into your head? You are surely no wearied of home?'

'No, aunt,' said Mary, in a grave, firm way, 'I am not wearied of home; it is necessity. I want to go away, because I cannot stay in Pasturelands—only for a while—but for his sake, and for my sake, aunt, ask my mother to let me go with Claud.'

'For whose sake, Mary?' said I. The hair gave a glint up with her wet eyes, and then hid her face in her hands.

'Mary,' said I, 'is't Mr. Allan?'

But the heart of the poor young thing was throbbing with trouble, and she answered me not.

'My dear hairn,' said I, 'it is needful, if I am to wind this knotted thread, that you should let me see all the ravelling of it. What is it about Mr. Allan, that would make you leave your own mother home?'

The hairn lifted up her head in a degree, but shaded her cheeks with her hands, so that I could see scarce any of her face.

'He fears not God, aunt,' she said, in a voice that was like a whisper: "neither does he regard man. He is leading a

sinful life, and suppose he promises to amend it, it is not for God, but for me. Annt, aunt, would we not be far better asunder? There could be no blessing on us.'

'My bairn,' said I, 'have you had converse with Mr. Allan? Look up and tell me right, Mary. It's naething you need hide from me, for sure am I you are sore chanced, if you either did or said anything that was misbecoming Claud Maitland's bairn.'

Mary lifted up her head with that, the bit proud womanly spirit: kindling within her, as I knew it would, and then she told me, no in a very clear way, but aye as I could understand, that she had met with Mr. Allan, no far from the Manse, and that he had pleaded, and promised that he would change—that the first day she set foot in Lilliesleaf he would be a new man (the poor bairn minded the very words, and liked, I doubt not, to say them over, for all her grief—wherefore should she not?)—that he would give up every ill thing—that he would let her guide him to good, that his very mother, the proud woman, would rejoice and be glad—would she but let him speak to the minister.

'Aunt,' said Mary to me, when she had gotten it all out and was quieter, poor bairn! 'would you have bidden me trust to a change that I was to make—I, so weak as I am? Would you have let him put his caring for me in the place of his fearing God? Oh, aunt! I cannot stay in Pasturelands just now, but I could have done nothing else.'

'Mary,' said I, 'I am troubled in my spirit concerning this matter. Truly I would like ill to have you wedded to a godless man, but mind you that Scripture that says what the believing wife may do? And Mr. Allan is a young man of a most pleasant nature, and if he was just once out of temptation—I know nnt, Mary—it might be for the saving of him.'

'Annt,' said Mary, in a firm and improving way, 'we are never to do evil that good may come, and do nnt you make me weaker than I am. I pray with all my heart that God may change him, but I cannot. Oh, aunt! do you not think it is hard for me, too?'

'No, aunt,' said Mary, 'it would only have grieved them all, and what good could it have done? Besides, he is the chief heritor in the parish, after the Earl, and maybe hereafter, if my father had opposed or mortified him, it might have made dispeace. Oh, aunt! I did not know what to do, but I thought that was the best.'

'Well, my bairn,' said I, 'we will see what time brings forth—and there's

aye something in my spirit, Mary, that says Mr. Allan will mend. The Lord be about the pleasant young man, to keep him from evil. You are both but young yet.'

In reference to this novel, whose merits come out very imperfectly in these broken extracts, we are enabled to place a short criticism before the reader, which, independently of its value in that point of view, must be regarded with interest on other grounds. It is a private note written by the late Lord Jeffrey, in which he expresses, without reserve, his opinion of Mrs. Margaret Maitland's delineation of Scottish character—a subject upon which he was eminently qualified to pronounce a final verdict. The work, it appears, was forwarded to him anonymously, and he was ignorant even of the sex of the author:—

'I was captivated by *Margaret Maitland* before the author came to bribe me by the gift of a copy, and a too flattering letter, which I am now taking the chance of answering, though not trusted either with the name or the address of the person to whom I would express my gratitude and admiration!

'Nothing half so true or so touching (in the delineation of Scottish character) has appeared since Galt published his *Annals of the Parish*—and this is purer and deeper than Galt, and even more absolutely and simply true. It would have been better though, and made a stronger impression, if it had copied Galt's *brevity*, and is sensibly injured by the indifferent matter which has been admitted to bring it up to the bookseller's standard of three volumes. All about the lectures and Jo Whang, and almost all about Reuben, and the ladies at the castle, is worse than superfluous; and even the youthful poet and his allegory—though the creation of no ordinary mind—is out of place and *de trop*. The charm is in Grace and Margaret Maitland, and they and their immediate connexions ought to have had the scene mostly to themselves. It is debased and polluted by the intrusion of so many ordinary characters. The conception of Grace, so original, and yet so true to nature, and to Scottish nature, is far beyond anything

that Galt could reach; and the sweet thoughtfulness, and pure, gracious, idiomatic Scotch of Margaret, with her subdued sensibilities, and genial sympathy with all innocent enjoyments, her ardent but indulgent piety, and the modest dignity of her sentiments and deportment, make a picture that does equal credit to the class from which it is taken, and to the right feeling and power of observation of the painter. Cland, perhaps, is scarcely made thoroughly deserving of Grace, though it certainly would not have been easy to finish a male character either so highly, or so softly, as these two delightful females; and Mary (especially in the later scenes) is nearly as good as they are.

'When I first read the book, I settled it with myself that it was the work of a woman; and though there are pronouns in the letter of the author now before me, which seem to exclude that supposition, I am so unwilling to be disabused of this first impression, that I still venture to hope that it was not erroneous, and that these words were introduced only to preserve the *incognito*, which the author (though I am sure I cannot guess for what reason) seems still anxious to maintain.

'I have no wish, certainly (as I have no right), to violate that *incognito*, but write now merely to return my humble and cordial thanks for the honour the author has done me, and to express the deep and most pleasing sense I have of the great merit of his (if it must be *his*) performance, and with all good wishes to subscribe myself the said author's very grateful, and sincere humble servant,

'F. JEFFREY.'

This little criticism, candid, generous, and acute, is like an unpublished page from one of the old *Edinburgh Reviews* in the palmy days of the Quarterlies, when the critical tribunal of Modern Athens exercised an unlimited jurisdiction over the realms of literature.

There is one book more before us, distinguished by qualities which offer a strong contrast to those we have just dismissed. It contains two tales,

entitled *Hearts in Mortmain*, and *Cornelia*.*

They may be briefly described as stories of passion, such as Rousseau and the philosophical sentimentalists of that school made the world's heart vibrate to in an age of sensualism and unbelief; but with this important difference, that our English author advances to the verge of the abyss into which they plunged, gazes boldly into its depths, and achieves a moral victory over its perilous fascinations.

The subject of *Hearts in Mortmain* is dimly revealed by the title. A father on his death-bed enforces his daughter by a solemn vow never to marry her cousin, with whom she has been brought up. The reason for this prohibition is withheld from her, and is sufficiently horrible to justify its concealment; but we do not care to entangle the main threads of the story by recapitulating circumstances which have no further influence on the plot than is entailed by the death-bed obligation which results from them. A strong attachment, arising out of their close intercourse, has sprung up between these young people; and she who has given this solemn promise believes that she loves her cousin only as a brother. It is not until she meets him afterwards that she is awakened to a consciousness of the true nature of her feelings. The terrible discovery, and the despair that ensues upon it, are thus depicted in a letter which she writes immediately afterwards to her guardian and adviser:—

Last night—oh, our happy, happy evening!—he asked me to come this morning to the dell. I did. I went with an innocent heart. I said my prayers, I prayed to God to bless him and my mother—and you, and all who are so good to me—shall I ever pray again as I did then?—Never, never, never.

I went—he was there—I bade him good morning, I gave him his sister's kiss,—that kiss, his, every morning since I was an infant—he clasped me closely to his breast, he held me there with a strong grasp—'Kiss me again, Ethel! again—my cousin, my love, my wife!' I don't know whether I spoke. I forget, if I did, what I said—but every word of

* *Hearts in Mortmain, and Cornelia*. London: J. Chapman. 1850.

his is written on my memory with a finger of fire. My first impression was astonishment, fear. I thought he was suddenly distracted. I struggled from his arms, and said, 'Edward! my brother!' and looked up into his face. Then, then, the tempter came—then was I first unfaithful to my sacred vow. He bent his eyes upon me, and I did not fly—he spoke, and for a moment more I listened—and in that moment I felt life change to me—all was over—hope, love, peace, gone for ever. A veil fell from my sight, all my soul was his, and his I could never be. Again, I heard his pleading voice, but I turned and fled from him. I rushed away, but not home again; I don't know where, for I recollect no more till I awoke in this room to misery and remorse. Forgive me! I am unworthy of you, of the parent I lost, unworthy of all who love me. But do not forsake me, be kind to me in my sorrow, and come.

I can write no more. My hand trembles, and my head throbs. I long for tears to wet my cheeks, but they will not come. But I shall be better soon; when you are with me I shall have more courage, and perhaps see some light through this thick darkness.

The next movement of the story is told in a few words from the guardian in a letter to his sister. The whole narrative is unfolded in the epistolary form, which is favourable to the intensity it demands:

It is as I have long feared—the interdiction proves fatal, fatal to the happiness of two loving hearts. He loves her, and would wed her; she loves him, and can never wed him. She flies him on the first discovery of his feelings. He wonders, and cannot divine the meaning, and is miserable about her illness, and in the meantime, to add to our perplexity, Sir Charles Herbert comes forward as the suitor of Ethel!

Out of this proposal for her hand, coming at the very moment of her heart-struggle, ensues the resolution by which she is to be saved or lost. Her guardian finds a letter addressed to her by Sir Charles lying on her dressing-table unopened. He shall relate the incident in his own way:—

I carried it to her bedside. 'Here is a letter, Ethel,' I said. 'Oh, that letter; I had quite forgotten,' she replied. 'I saw it lying there—a day or two ago, wasn't it? I forget everything. Give it to me; what is it?' She opened and read it, and I watched her changing face: first, its expression was surprise; then pain; then she laid it down without

speaking, and closed her eyes, her poor weary eyes, to which the longed-for tears sprang at last, and have flowed abundantly. There she lay, quite still, and I waited silently. At last, she pushed the letter to me, and said, in a low tone, 'Read it.' I did; and a more manly, simple, touching appeal, in my opinion, was never written. 'Would you wish me to answer it for you?' I asked, all the painfulness of the inevitable trial to him glancing across my mind. She did not answer. After a pause I added, 'You will tell me what you wish, or how I can assist you.' My voice seemed to startle her: she raised herself up in bed with sudden energy. 'Yes, yes!' she cried, 'write to him at once, directly; and tell him I will be his wife!' I was thunderstruck; I could only look at her in astonishment. 'Go,' she continued, 'go, my dear Mr. Hamilton; I will get up—I must not lie here if I am to live, and do the work of life.' 'What do you mean, my child? What are you thinking of?' 'That I must put myself out of my own power,' she replied, with decision. 'I will become his wife, and bind myself by vows that cannot be broken.' 'You are wrong, Ethel,' I said; 'consider what you do. This is the refuge of weakness. Stand firmly, and face your dangers and temptations. Above all, do not so unjustly by another; one so noble, so trusting, as this man—this good man, who offers you, with feelings like these, his hand and heart.' 'Oh, my God!' she cried, clasping her hands together, 'let me not make another heart unhappy. No, I will not be unjust to him. Listen, —understand me; he says there is no sacrifice he will not make for my happiness, and once his wife there is none I will not make for his. I will be devoted—I will try to be all a wife should be. He shall never know this sad story.' 'But he ought; there you are wrong, Ethel.' 'No,' she answered; 'then it were indeed out of my power to make him happy, and to work out for myself that which may in the end redeem the past. I will devote my life to a new being, to new duties, to a new home.' 'You overrate your power. How can a woman do all this, unless her heart is happy and at ease?' 'A strong will, and God's help, can do anything,' she said, in a low, determined tone. 'And Edward?' I ventured to say. 'I shall see him,' she replied, quickly; 'see him, or write to him soon—to-day—directly.'

The agonies of Edward upon the announcement of her intended marriage are terrible, but they do not stay her resolution, and she becomes

the wife of Sir Charles Herbert. The description of the wedding, in a letter from Ethel's guardian, prepares the atmosphere, so to speak, for the events that are to follow:—

It was such a morning for a bridal! I was awakened early by the sleet and rain beating against my window, and when I looked out all was mist and shadow. As the clock in the library struck ten, Ethel came down stairs with Eleanor and her brother. As to her dress, I only saw a great deal of thin white drapery of some sort hanging about her. (I know what you're saying, very well: 'The provoking old wretch! he never noticed, though I did beg of him very particularly.') It was all very pretty though; and my especial admiration was a wreath of myrtle round her head—real myrtle, from the boathouse at Buckstead. Her veil did not cover her face, but fell on each side. She looked quite calm, and there was a clear, beautiful expression on her brow and in her eyes; something, if you understand me, of almost more than happiness, a serene elevation, and dignity, and repose, *as if she felt sure all was right, and had a firm inward support sufficient for her.* Mrs. Beauchamp brightened up and looked cheerful, and Eleanor very gay, both in spirits and attire; so I was cheered too, and forgot how gloomy the weather was, and my half-anger with myself, and I grew by degrees almost as lively as Eleanor and the other young ladies who arrived to attend on our dear bride. Then we all went to church, where I had the especial honour of escorting her. The sun just straggled out, but it was a poor attempt at sunshine, as we alighted from the carriage. All the party from Buckstead met us. If Ethel had faltered, she must have been reassured by one glance at the face of him so soon to be her husband—full of happiness, affectionate tenderness, perfect satisfaction, perfect confidence.

There were tears on her cheeks, and her head drooped down a little, so that the veil fell over her face, as he led her from the altar. But I felt sure that I was giving her, under heaven, into the best and wisest earthly care, and with this feeling it was that I placed her hand in his. So, I would say, ends my responsibility as her guardian, but virtually only. She is so dear to me, that whatever betide, her happiness must be a part of mine as long as I live.

When this sacrifice is accomplished, Edward, driven to despair, and flying from the dangers that beset him, as a refuge marries also. But his

soul is with Ethel, and now begins on both sides that wasting strife in which the author shows extraordinary skill and power in the anatomy of the human heart. Ethel is still courageous and triumphant, but Edward sinks in the struggle and dies. The issue is true to all experience; for in such extremities the woman's nature is superior in its capacity of endurance and in its high moral strength.

The extracts we have given will show the manner of the narrative, its closeness and brevity, and searching earnestness. There is not a word thrown away; no display of literary ambition, no affectation of sentiment, no false feeling; all is real, true, passionate, and sincere. The character of Ethel is nobly conceived and sustained; and that of Sir Charles Herbert, who, towards the close, becomes placed in a situation that tasks alike his love and his magnanimity, is admirable for its elevation and consistency. If we have any fault to find it is of a minor order, and hardly worth noting in the presence of merits of so high a kind. The style is somewhat monotonous, arising partly from the form chosen as a medium, and partly from a lack of elasticity in its adaptation to the different persons who contribute the letters of which the tale is composed.

Cornelia touches upon a more dangerous theme, and deals with elements that suspend us throughout in a state of shuddering apprehension. A strong passion grows up between two persons who are ignorant of the appalling relation of brother and sister in which they stand to each other. The horror deepens page after page, and we see no escape from the malediction that seems to be brooding over them; but we are at length relieved by the disclosure which rescues both, and enables the author to wind up with gaiety and exultation a narrative that threatens at every step to overwhelm us with a revolting issue. But we are warned by our inexorable limits that we must bring this notice to a close; for we find that the unusual claims of these novels, so different in their materials, treatment, and aims, have already carried us somewhat beyond our original intentions.

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JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.L.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of Fraser's Magazine must decline any longer to return papers that are sent for consideration. The labour of doing so is considerable; and authors who desire to keep what they may have written, had better make copies for their own use.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1850.

THE LEVIATHAN TELESCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.

THE lights of history, which gleam faintly through the long vista of centuries, inform us, that when Europe was in a state of comparative darkness there shone forth from a small island, whose western shores are lashed by the mighty waves of the broad Atlantic, brilliant rays of science and learning, which illumined and quickened the senses of benighted populations in far-off lands.

That island, known to poets by the euphonious title of Erin, and to politicians by the unhappily significant one of Ire-land, will ever claim the interest and sympathy of her more fortunate sister isle; and although the light of her once resplendent day-star has paled before the rising of other luminaries, yet there are temples in her land within whose walls the fires of science are not quenched, and which, let us hope, like the torch in the halls of antiquity, will be fed by successive generations.

Into one of these temples we propose to conduct our readers, and we do not hesitate to say that, presuming we introduce them to new ground, it will be our fault if they do not leave it with the acquisition of some knowledge and considerable gratification.

On the borders of the King's County, and pretty nearly in the centre of Ireland, stands the castle of the Parsons family, the head of which is worthily represented at the present day by the Earl of Rosse. It is a large and substantial edifice, with walls yards thick, as they needs must have been to have withstood successfully a siege of many days, directed against them in 1690 by the armies of King James, who have left sundry marks of their hostility in the shape of cannon-balls, the vestiges of which are still to be seen on the walls. The lord of the castle at that period was Sir Lawrence Parsons, a zealous and determined

Protestant, who, with Jonathan Darby, of Leap Castle in the same county, also a Protestant, fell under the King's displeasure, and, on pretence of harbouring and protecting so-called traitors, or men of their own religious persuasion, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung.

Circumstances prevented their execution, but the King determined to destroy the castle of Sir Lawrence, and was only frustrated by the desperate and gallant defence made by its garrison. There is a MS. journal of the siege preserved in the castle, which was written by Sir Lawrence; and it is recorded that the besieged were reduced to such straits for the want of ammunition, that 'they cut up and melted a large leaden cistern, used by Lady Parsons for salting beeves, and sufficiently large to hold five at a time.'

The wings of the castle are the sole remains of the original structure: a fire, originating from the carelessness of the housekeeper, destroyed the central portion of the edifice, during the absence of the family, fifteen years ago. It has, however, been rebuilt on an enlarged scale, in a style to correspond with the ancient part of the building; and the castle, as it now stands, is an imposing edifice.

Having been a guest within its walls for some weeks, we can assert that the hospitality of Lord Rosse's ancestors, which the capacious salting-beeve cistern eloquently proclaims, has descended to the present nobleman; and we feel sure that the castle at Parsonstown will yield to no noble habitation in the elegance and comfort which reigns throughout its vast and numerous halls.

Were we disciples of the school of writers, who set at defiance the courtesies and etiquette of hospitality, and write of their entertainers as if they were publicans, and their houses

as inns, we might fill no small portion of our paper with the conversations which we had the privilege of hearing at Parsonstown; but holding that all reporters of such things should be held up to public indignation, and pilloried, if such a wholesome mode of punishment were still in force, we shall draw a veil over the domestic economy of Lord Rosse's establishment.

And we think that the reader will have no cause to regret our secrecy, for it is in a far higher, and more interesting point of view, that we have to introduce him to the castle at Parsonstown.

From a very early period of his life Lord Rosse turned his attention to the manufacture of telescopes for astronomical purposes. At first his experiments were directed to the improvement of refracting telescopes, but after various essays in making fluid and other object-glasses, he came to the conclusion that although the improved manufacture of glass afforded the means of constructing larger discs of tolerably perfect glass than was formerly practicable, they still wanted that exact homogeneity and those optical properties essential to any great increase of power. He, therefore, came to the conclusion that there seemed to be but little chance of effecting anything really important in astronomy, except by improving the reflecting telescope. To that object every effort of his mind was directed; and we cannot but regard with amazement and admiration the results which have been created, when we remember that their originator has had parliamentary and other pressing and important duties attached to his high station, which have required and received his attention.

It is almost unnecessary to say that such a man must possess a rare combination of optical and chemical science, when, in the language of a distinguished philosopher, 'he has given us the power of overcoming difficulties which arrested our predecessors, and of carrying to an extent, which even Herschel himself did not contemplate, the illuminating power of his telescopes, along with a sharpness of definition scarcely inferior to that of the achromatic.

And all this has been effected

single-handed, and in a country in no way celebrated for its mechanical manufactures.

It would be wearisome were we even to glance at the numerous experiments which Lord Rosse made before he achieved the glorious and unparalleled feat of casting a speculum six feet in diameter. The extraordinary brittleness of speculum metal renders it most difficult of manipulation; for, although considerably harder than steel, the slightest percussion, or the mere increase by a few degrees only of its temperature, will shiver it to atoms.

To overcome this disastrous tendency to discerptation, the admixture of an increased proportion of copper was tried by early experimenters, and with success so far as rendering the speculum metal less brittle. But the remedy on one side led to a fatal evil on the other. The speculum no longer presented that brilliancy which is so essential; and, independently of this defect, it became much more liable to tarnish.

It was evident, therefore, that no departure could be made from the best proportions of metals for speculum, which we may here mention Lord Rosse finds to be 126·4 parts of copper to 58·9 of tin. Another feature in this intractable alloy is its porous nature. Of this fact Newton, who made several specula with his own hands, was fully aware of, and he records that he considered it a serious defect.

Lord Rosse at first endeavoured to conquer the difficulties of constructing large specula by making them in several pieces, and soldering them to a back of alloy of zinc and copper, which should expand and contract in the same proportion as speculum metal. After several trials he completed specula of three foot diameter, which answered very well for stars below the fifth magnitude; but above that they exhibited a cross formed by the diffraction at the joints, and were consequently rejected.

In the course of these experiments it was ascertained that the difficulty of casting large discs of speculum metal arose from the unequal contraction of the material; and it appeared evident, that if the fluid mass could be cooled throughout with perfect regularity, so that at every

instant every portion should be of the same temperature, there would be no unequal contraction in the progress towards solidification. To effect this, it appeared only necessary to make the lower surface of the mould of iron, while the remainder was of dry sand. But on carrying this into practice it was found that the speculum metal cooled so rapidly that air-bubbles remained entangled between it and the iron surface. The overcoming of this new difficulty is strikingly illustrative of Lord Rosse's high mechanical talents. He constructed the lower part of his mould of hoop-iron, six inches broad, packed edgewise in a strong frame seven feet in diameter, and supported by strong transverse bars below. The upper surface of this mould was turned to a convex segment of a sphere 108 feet radius, and then ground smooth by a frame filled with concave blocks of sandstone. This contrivance answered admirably. The air escaped through the interstices of the hoops, and the metal which came in contact with them was chilled at once into a dense sheet about half an inch thick. It now only remained to prevent the rest of the speculum cooling unequally, and for that purpose it was placed in an annealing furnace, and left there till cold.

The success which attended these operations, and the subsequent grinding, polishing, and mounting specula of three foot diameter, induced Lord Rosse to attempt the arduous task of constructing one of six foot.

The first disc of this gigantic size was cast on the 13th of April, 1842. Three iron crucibles, each containing two tons of speculum metal, were used.

On this occasion (we are told), besides the engrossing importance of the operation, its singular and sublime beauty can never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to be present. Above, the sky, crowded with stars, seemed to look down auspiciously on the work. Below, the furnaces poured out huge columns of nearly monochromatic yellow flames, and the ignited crucibles, during their passage through the air, were fountains of red light, producing on the towers of the

castle and the foliage of the trees such accidents of colour and shade as might almost transport fancy to the planets of a contracted double star. Nor was the perfect order and arrangement of everything less striking: each possible contingency had been foreseen, each detail carefully rehearsed; and the workmen executed their orders with a silent and unerring obedience worthy of the calm and provident self-possession in which they were given.

Allusion to the workmen in this passage leads us to mention that all the operatives in Lord Rosse's establishment have been, and are, Irishmen trained by himself. They are under the immediate superintendence of a foreman, also educated by Lord Rosse, whose manipulatory skill and knowledge of mechanics are of so high an order, that he could construct and mount a six-foot speculum. The casting of the gigantic mirror is represented as having been a magnificent spectacle. For several minutes the metal rolled in heavy waves like those of quicksilver, which broke in a surf of fire on the sides of the mould. The disc was then placed in the annealing oven, where it remained for sixteen weeks, during the first three of which the exterior of the building was sensibly warm.

The operations of grinding and polishing were next performed, and here the aid of steam-power was required. It was long believed that specula could only be polished successfully by the hand; or in other words, that perfect results could only be obtained by *feeling* the polisher's action.* Lord Rosse, however, contrived a mechanical apparatus, which not only grinds but polishes specula without the intervention of the hand. His first experiments were directed to specula of three foot diameter, and having succeeded in giving a beautiful figure and surface to these discs, he undertook to grind and polish the large speculum in the same manner.

The speculum is placed in a trough of water, care being taken to maintain it of an equal temperature during the entire process. The grinding-plate, which is of the same diameter as the speculum, is slightly convex.

* It is worthy of mention, that we were informed by Lord Rosse, that the only person in the metropolis who can grind and polish specula efficiently is a blind man of the name of Cathbert. He polishes all mirrors literally by *feeling*, using no machinery in the operation. But his specula do not exceed four inches in diameter.

It is intersected by transverse and circular grooves, into portions not exceeding half an inch in surface. Prepared emery-powder is then introduced between the two surfaces, and the speculum is made to revolve very slowly, while the grinding-plate is drawn backwards and forwards by one eccentric or crank, and from side to side slowly by another. The process of polishing differs very essentially from that of grinding; in the latter the powder employed runs loose between two hard surfaces, and may produce scratches probably equal in depth to the size of the particles. In the polishing process the case is very different; then, the particles of the powder lodge in the comparatively soft material of which the surface of the polishing-tool is formed, and as the portions projecting may bear a very small proportion to the size of the particles themselves, the scratches necessarily will be diminished in the same proportion. The particles are thus forced to imbed themselves, in consequence of the extreme accuracy of contact, between the surface of the polisher and the speculum. But as soon as this accurate contact ceases, the polishing process becomes but fine grinding. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, to secure this accuracy of contact during the whole process. Several very ingenious devices have been suggested to render the art of polishing independent of the process of grinding. Among others was the proposition of Mr. Barton, who conceived that the object might be effected by turning the speculum with a diamond, constrained by very delicate machinery to move in the proper path, and with so slow a motion that the grooves produced by the diamond should act on light as a polished surface; but the extreme accuracy required in an operation of this nature being so great that the error of figure amounting to but a small fraction of a hair's breadth would destroy the action of a speculum, it was not to be expected that such a process could succeed in practice,—nor, indeed, any other contrivance which has not, like that of grinding, a decided tendency to correct its own defects, and to produce results in which the errors may be said to be infinitely small in com-

parison with those in any of the previous steps from which they are derived.

It would occupy more space than we can afford were we to enter into the detail necessary for the comprehension of all Lord Rosse's beautiful and delicate processes, by which he has attained the grand desideratum in the manufacture of reflecting telescopes; to such perfection, however, has he brought his polishing machinery, that he can polish a six-foot speculum in the small space of six hours. The focal length of a three-foot speculum being so much less than that of a six-foot, Lord Rosse was enabled to test the accuracy of the parabolic curve by the following means. Above the speculum were a series of trap-doors, which, being opened, commanded a view of a flag-staff placed on the summit of a tower one hundred feet high. Watch-dials with their faces inverted were placed on the flag-staff, and an eye-piece being attached at the proper focal distance, the observer was at once enabled to ascertain the state of the speculum. The six-foot speculum could not be submitted to the test, but it was ground and polished so truly and well, that it only differed one inch from its focal length, which is fifty-three feet. It was our good fortune to see one of these gigantic mirrors polished, and we can truly say, that a more gorgeously resplendent surface cannot be conceived than the face of the speculum presented when the operation was completed. It was, indeed, 'a broad bright eye,' of intense lustre and brilliancy, undimmed by any flaw or scratch. With provident wisdom Lord Rosse cast a second six-foot speculum, which he ground and polished with equal success, and thus when the speculum in use requires to be repolished, the telescope does not stand idle.

The construction of the tube and the contrivances for suspending and working it, occupied the greater portion of the year 1844. And here again we have numerous evidences of the master-mind of the noble director of these most interesting works. The great comparative lightness of a three-foot speculum enables it to be mounted equatorially; that is, in a manner permitting it to be turned to

any part of the heavens. But as the six-foot speculum, with its supports, weighs no less than eight tons, and the tube for such a gigantic mirror several more, it became evident that excessive, if not insuperable difficulties existed to mounting it equatorially. It is of paramount importance that the motions of a telescope should be perfectly easy and free from tremor; and when the vast surface of such an instrument as that under consideration is borne in mind, it follows as a matter of course that the action of a gale of wind on it would render it unsteady were it erected in the manner employed in the three-foot speculum.

Lord Rosse, therefore, determined to confine the range of observation to the vicinity of the meridian. There the stars are at their greatest altitudes, and atmospheric influences affect our vision of them least; their places can be determined with most accuracy, and an equatorial movement, so essential to micrometer measurements, can be easily obtained.

His first step was to build two enormous walls on the lawn in front of the castle, and about three hundred yards from it. These walls are constructed of limestone, with a very solid foundation; they are seven feet thick and sixty-five high, and are castellated to correspond with the architecture of the castle.

The tube, which hangs between these walls, is constructed of memel timber, well seasoned and bound by iron girders of great strength and thickness. Its length is fifty-six feet, and diameter eight feet in the middle, but tapering to seven at the end—a height sufficient to allow the tallest man to walk through its tunnel-like proportions. The tube reposes at its lower end upon a very massive universal joint of cast-iron, resting on a pier of stonework buried in the ground, in order to ensure perfect stability. On the universal joint is firmly bolted a cubical wooden chamber about eight feet wide, in which the speculum is placed; and this brings us to one of the most beautiful mechanical arrangements of the whole instrument.

The uniform support of a reflector over its entire extent is a point of the last importance to its optical performance. A distortion of figure by

flexure, which in the object-glass of a refracting telescope would produce no appreciably injurious effect, would be utterly fatal to distinct vision in a reflecting one. When even the small speculum used by Sir John Herschel, eighteen inches and a half in diameter, was supported by three points at the circumference, the image of every considerable star became triangular, throwing out long flaring caustics at the angles; and when he placed the speculum on a flat board, and stretched a thin packthread vertically down the middle of the board, so as to bring the weight to rest on this, as on an axis, the images of the stars were elongated in a horizontal direction to a preposterous extent, and all distinct vision completely destroyed by the division of the mirror into two lobes. But we have stranger and stronger evidence than this of the extraordinary sensitiveness of speculum metal, even when existing in ponderous masses like the six-foot mirror, which is nearly six inches thick and weighs six tons; for the mere pressure of the hand at the back of such a speculum produces flexure sufficient to destroy the image of a star! It is obvious, therefore, that the slightest inequality in the supporting apparatus of a speculum is fatal to its correct performance. Sir John Herschel, who gave this subject great attention when mounting his small specula, and who tried an infinity of experiments, came to the conclusion that his mirrors answered better when they were bedded on woollen cloths; for he considered each fibre of wool as a delicate coiled spring of almost perfect elasticity, and that no artificial arrangement of metallic springs could attain such perfection. But in the case of Lord Rosse's heavy reflector, it was found necessary to employ a system of levers to afford it an equable support. The levers present a combination of three systems in every respect similar. Each system consists of one triangle, with its point of support directly under its centre of gravity, upon which it freely oscillates. Each triangle carries at its angles three similar points of support for three other triangles, and they again at their angles carry in a similar way another set of triangles. As there are three systems,

there are, therefore, twenty-seven triangles, each of which carries at its angles three brass balls; so that the speculum rolls freely on eighty-one balls. It is evident that a speculum supported in this manner will be practically free from strain while in a horizontal position, provided the due action of the levers is not interfered with by any disturbing force. Indeed it will be very much in the same condition as if it were floating in a vessel of mercury. But when the speculum ceases to be horizontal new forces come into play, and part of the weight must then be resisted by pressure against the edge. Four very strong segments of cast-iron, each above one-eighth of the circumference, are adjusted to the edge by screws, the segments bearing upon the massive castings which sustain the three primary supports of the lever apparatus. These mechanical arrangements have answered well, and the mirror has given a very good definition.

When not in use the speculum is covered with a cap of wood, coated with lime to prevent oxidation. The tube carries, near its upper extremity, a small Newtonian mirror, which receives the reflexion of the object from the speculum. The suspension of the huge telescope is effected by a series of chains passing over pulleys, and terminating in counterpoise weights. The weights are constrained to descend in quadrants of circles by chain guys attached to the frame which bears the declination pulley. The mechanism of this portion of the instrument is so admirable, that the gigantic tube is moved with the greatest facility, and is perfectly steady, even in a violent gale of wind. The meridian motion is regulated by a cast-iron arc of a circle, about eighty-five feet in diameter. The arc is composed of pieces five feet long, each adjusted independently in the meridian by a transit instrument, and secured to massive stone-work. A strong bar, provided with friction rollers, is connected with the iron arc. The tube is attached to the bar by wheel-work, so that a handle near the eyepiece enables the observer to move the telescope on either side of the meridian, and thus examine any object before it passes across the meri-

dian, or after it has passed. The range is half-an-hour on each side of the meridian for a star at the equator, and Lord Rosse intends constructing a clock in the course of this winter which shall move the instrument. The machinery rings a bell when the tube arrives on the meridian.

The western wall supports the stairs and galleries for the use of the observers. As high as 42° of altitude, the telescope is commanded by a light, prism-shaped framework, which slides between two ladders attached to the southern faces of the piers. It is counterpoised, and may be raised to any required position by a windlass; the upper portion affords support to a railway, on which the observing gallery moves about twenty-four feet east and west, the wheels being turned by a winch within reach of the observer. Three other galleries, rising above each other, reach to within 5° of the zenith. They are attached to the summit of the wall, and each is carried by two beams, which run between pairs of grooved wheels. Each gallery is capable of containing twelve persons, but the mechanism is so simple and easy, that even when the galleries are full one man can easily work them. The spectator standing in the highest of these galleries, when it is suspended over the chasm sixty feet deep, cannot fail to be struck with the enormous size of the apparatus which meets his eye. The mighty tube, which reposes beneath him in its cradle of massive chains, might be taken for one of the famous round towers which had sunk down from its ancient foundations. Some idea of the prodigious mass of machinery may be formed from the fact that it contains more than one hundred and fifty tons of iron-castings, which have been entirely executed in Lord Rosse's workshops.

All around is on so colossal a scale, that stranger postillions and coachmen may be pardoned for having on several occasions, when driving visitors to the castle, conducted their horses to the opening of the enormous castellated walls, mistaking them for the portals to the castle itself.

Within a short and convenient

distance of the telescope is an observatory, with a revolving dome roof, containing large and very superior equatoreal and transit instruments, which have also been constructed by Lord Rosse. Independently of these, the observatory is fitted up in the usual manner with clocks and all the apparatus necessary for astronomical purposes. Attached to the observatory are rooms appropriated to the workmen, two of whom are always on duty to guard the telescopes from injury.

Close to this building stands the three-foot reflecting telescope, which, as we have stated, is mounted equatorially, and which, before the erection of the leviathan instrument, was regarded as a wonder of mechanical ingenuity.

Having now described the construction of the leviathan telescope, we shall next proceed to show the manner in which it is used, and then endeavour to introduce the reader to a few of the extraordinary celestial wonders which it reveals. As 'soon as the evening shades prevail,' the observatory staff, consisting of an astronomer and four men, prepare the instrument for observing. The eye-pieces, and micrometers for measuring the stars and nebulae, are carefully cleaned and adjusted, and should the night prove propitious for observing, the telescope is at once set to its work. And this is the highest in the whole range of astronomical observation. In the infancy of science, when astronomers for want of instruments only saw the outworks, as it were, of the starry firmament, the invention of the telescope revealed thousands of brilliant orbs, hitherto unseen because invisible. As this invaluable instrument became improved, new wonders burst on the sight; and it was reserved for the Herschels to introduce us to systems in sublime perspective 'vastly separated in space, and apparently unlimited in number and far beyond the region of the so-called fixed stars. These were the nebulae, a term of modern date, for the word *nebulous* was formerly applied only to clusters of small stars. With the aid of reflecting telescopes, the two Herschels examined nearly 3000 nebulae and clusters of stars, an elaborate catalogue of which is given

in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*. We do not mean to say that these distinguished astronomers were the first to make us aware of the existence of nebulae; but the superior power of the instruments which they employed enabled them to add wonderfully to our knowledge of the construction of the heavens.

Nebulae, as their name imports, are dim and misty-looking objects, but powerful telescopes resolve several of them into stars; while, at the same time, every increase of telescopic power brings fresh and unresolved nebulae into view. These facts, combined with the circumstance that a vast number of the nebulae catalogued by the Herschels are represented as a mere patch of milky-light, led Lord Rosse to determine on re-examining those nebulae, as he had little doubt that the superior power of his large telescope would resolve many which were irresolvable by the instruments used in their former examination. And here we may with propriety give the reader some idea of the relative power of the telescopes used by the above distinguished astronomers.

The extreme stars which are generally visible to the naked eye are those which are styled the sixth magnitude; some persons, however, gifted with very acute vision, may penetrate into space, under favourable circumstances, as far as those of the seventh. If we take *Sirius*, which is the most brilliant star in the heavens, and adopt magnitude for distance, it follows, according to the above range of human sight, that it would appear as a star of the sixth magnitude were it removed to twelve times its distance from us. If the same star were removed to a distance seventy-five times as great, or, in other words, to the 900th order of distances, it would be visible in the twenty-foot reflector used by the Herschels in their surveys; but by Lord Rosse's telescope we should still see it if it were removed to the 3436th order of distances. In other words, it reveals celestial objects at such bewildering and inconceivable distances that light would be nearly 20,000 years travelling from them to the earth, though constantly speeding at the known rate of

192,000 miles in a second of time. We are happy to have it in our power to quote Sir John Herschel's opinion of Lord Rosse's leviathan telescope, delivered on the occasion of that nobleman reading a paper on the nebula numbered 25 in Herschel's catalogue.

Sir John Herschel declared that he could not explain to the section the strong feelings and emotion with which he saw this old and familiar acquaintance in the very new dress in which the more powerful instrument of Lord Rosse presented it. He then sketched on a piece of paper the appearance under which he had been accustomed to see it, which was a nucleus, surrounded by a ring-shaped nebulous light, with a nebulous curve stretching from one part of the ring to nearly the opposite. This had very strongly suggested to his mind what our system of stars, surrounded by the milky way dividing into its two great branches, would appear if seen from a sufficient distance. But now this nebula is shown in such a way as greatly to modify, if not totally to change, former opinions. In the first place, under the examination of the more powerful instrument, the nucleus became distinctly resolved into its constituent stars, which his telescope is not powerful enough to accomplish; and it now turned out that the appearance which he had taken for a second branch of the ring, was a nebulous offshoot stretching from the principal nebula, and connecting it with a neighbouring much smaller one. This was to him quite a new feature in the history of nebulae. The general appearance of the nebula as now presented strongly suggested the leading features of the shell of a snail rather than a ring. He felt a delight he could not express when he contemplated the achievements likely to be performed by this splendid telescope; and he had no doubt that, by opening up new scenes of the grandeur of the creation, it would tend to elevate and ennoble our conceptions of the great and beneficent Architect; the raising of our thoughts to whom should be the aim of all our researches, as the advancing our knowledge of Him, and the grateful tracings of the benefits and blessings with which He had surrounded us, was the noblest aim of all that deserved the name of science.

The prophetic language of Sir John Herschel has been in a great measure realized. The profundities of space hitherto wholly inaccessible have been sounded, and not only have many nebulae been resolved, but such peculiarities of structure

have been observed as, in Lord Rosse's words, 'seem even to indicate the presence of dynamical laws, which we may, perhaps, fancy to be almost within our grasp.'

It is exceedingly difficult to curb the pen into sobriety of expression when dwelling on the aspect of some of these marvellous objects. Our first view through the mighty tube was at one of the most brilliant nebulae, known by the name of the Dumb-bell. Never shall we forget the breathless interest with which we entered the lofty gallery and took our stand before the object-glass. The field of vision was sown with myriads of stars, but as we gazed there came a dawn of stronger light, which increased in brilliancy as the nebula rose to view, and when it occupied the field, the spectacle which it presented was gorgeous in the extreme. The second nebula which we had the gratification of seeing was that of *Orion*. This nebula is peculiarly interesting to astronomers, and to philosophers generally, in its relation to Sir William Herschel's nebular theory. That distinguished observer, from certain peculiarities which he detected in some of the unresolved nebulae, was induced to imagine that 'many of the milky spots were not remote galaxies, but, on the contrary, accumulations of a shining fluid akin to the cometic, and probably located at no great remoteness, amid the interstellar intervals of our heavens.'

In some instances the shining matter was chaotic, and presented no definite structure; but in the midst of other masses there seemed a gradual alteration of this amorphous form, and it was thought that the constitution of nuclei might be detected, around which the matter appeared gathering.

The nebula of *Orion* was regarded as a test in some degree of Herschel's hypothesis, and to that remarkable object the large telescope was early directed.

The night on which it was first observed was far from favourable; and it was found impracticable to use more than half the magnifying power which the speculum bears; yet, even under these disadvantages, it was plainly seen that all about the trapezium was a mass of stars;

that the rest of the nebula also abounded with stars, and that it exhibited the characteristics of resolvability strongly marked.

Subsequent observations under more favourable circumstances, have confirmed in all respects this first impression. The extraordinary object—'the glory and wonder of the starry universe,' as it has been styled, has been distinctly resolved; and what was thought to be a mottled region, turns out to be a blaze of stars. Viewing all this glory during the silent night-watches, the words of holy writ came strongly to mind,—'Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like Ilm? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus, with his sons?'

The number and variety of nebulae is astounding. The firmament literally swarms with them. Those denominated spirals are among the most remarkable,—sending out their long streamers of stars from a brilliant centre. They vary in extent, aspect, brightness, and resolvability; but a certain degree of sphericity is indicated by their being generally brightest towards the middle. It has been proposed to class nebulae into 1. Clusters, where all the stars are readily distinguishable. 2. Resolvable nebulae, or such as there is every reason to believe consist of stars. 3. Nebulae, properly so called, which no telescopic power can resolve. 4. Planetary nebulae, possessing circular or slightly oval discs. 5. Stellar nebulae, approaching to the appearance of stars; and 6. Nebulous stars, or nebulae connected with very small stars which might be classed together. These may be subdivided into annular, spiral, knotted, and other forms. Lord Rosse is in the habit of calling all nebulae spirals in which he detects a curvilinear arrangement not consisting of regular re-entering curves. He has discovered several of these in the early part of this year. The sketching of

nebulae is an exceedingly delicate and difficult operation. For when the nebula is faint, the feeblest amount of lamp-light must be employed to depict the object; and even this light unfits the eye of the observer for deep and steady vision.

The reader will now understand why Lord Rosse has selected the nebulae for the nightly task-work of his unparalleled instrument.* They carry the mind into the highest region of astronomy; and though to grasp by mental efforts the magnificent unity of that wondrous system of worlds, of which our own globe is but as a molecule, is not given to man, yet it may be ours to soar with steadier wing, and more sustained energy, far beyond the flights of our forefathers. The noble astronomer of Parsonstown is indeed a true type of Thomson's philosopher:—

Not to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confined—the radiant tracks on
high

Are his exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through, and from that full
complex

Of never-ending wonders to conceive
Of the SOLE BEING right.

We shall conclude this branch of our subject by quoting Sir John Herschel's words respecting nebulae and the nebular theory:—

The nebulae furnish in every point of view an inexhaustible field of speculation and conjecture. That by far the larger share of them consists of stars, there can be little doubt; and in the interminable range of system upon system, and firmament upon firmament, which we thus catch a glimpse of, the imagination is bewildered and lost. On the other hand, if it be true, as, to say the least, it seems extremely probable, that a phosphorescent or self-luminous matter also exists, disseminated through extensive regions of space in the manner of a cloud or fog, now assuming capricious shapes, like actual clouds drifted by the wind, and now concentrating itself, like a cometic appearance, around particular stars; what, we naturally ask, is the nature and destination of this nebulous matter? Is it absorbed by the stars in whose neighbourhood it is found, to furnish by its condensation their supply of light and heat? or is it progressively concentrating itself by the effect of its own gravity into masses, and so laying the found-

* The results of the examination of several nebulae have lately been communicated to the Royal Society by Lord Rosse.

ation of new sidereal systems, or of insulated stars? It is easier to propound such questions than to offer any probable reply to them. Meanwhile appeal to fact, by the method of constant and diligent observation, is open to us, and as the double stars have yielded to this kind of questioning, and disclosed a series of relations of the most intelligible and interesting description, we may reasonably hope that the assiduous study of nebulae will, ere long, lead to some clearer understanding of their intimate nature.

Such are those objects which we, with our finite senses, have termed nebulae. It may be the good fortune of future astronomers to fathom the mysterious nature of these bodies; but should they fail in this high task, we shall not err in ascribing to their laws of matter and motion the same almighty wisdom which we find pervading everything created by Jehovah, and with which we are permitted to become acquainted.

And canst thou think, poor worm! these orbs of light,

In size immense, in number infinite,
Were made for thee alone?

Of course it is impossible to perceive how far into the depths of space the march of science may lead us. As with the microscope, so with the telescope, every improvement in those instruments which increases their magnifying power, or renders their lenses or mirrors more transparent, or more reflective, introduces us to new creations; and it appears probable that it is only the excessive remoteness of certain celestial bodies, and the want of penetrating power possessed by our telescopes, that cause them to appear to us as mere glimmers of light.

Sir William Herschel, as the inscription on his monument at Upton finely says, 'broke through the inclosures of the heavens;' and although he retreated when he found himself among depths whose light could not have reached him in much less than four thousand years, yet his successors, armed with keener and more space-penetrating vision, may advance beyond former bounds, and inform us of varieties of splendour of which we have no comprehension.

Descending through the strata of celestial space, we come to what we call the fixed stars, but which doubtless only seem unchangeable in their posi-

tion on account of our limited vision. Those eyes of Providence, as they were entitled by ancient astronomers, are glorious objects to view through the large telescope. Their brilliancy and infinite number startle and bewilder the beholder. Some notion may be gathered of their multitude from the fact, that Lord Rosse's huge cyclopiian orb renders stars of the 2016th order of distances visible. As with the nebulae, so with the fixed stars, mile-measures utterly fail to convey anything like a just appreciation of the remoteness of these objects. The star 61 *Cygni*, which is one of the nearest to us, has been computed to be 62,481,500,000,000 miles from the earth. Such distances as this place these orbs utterly beyond our ken; but they are not without their use to us; they have been well described as the landmarks of the universe, for amidst the endless and complicated fluctuations of our system, they seem placed by an Almighty and All-wise hand as guides and records to erring man.

It is, however, after all, when we enter upon the comparatively proximate region of the planets, that the great and searching power of Lord Rosse's large instrument becomes fully apparent to us. Indeed, it is difficult to avoid the risk of being suspected of exaggeration, writing of the moon as it appears in a favourable condition of the atmosphere, when viewed by the above telescope. *Saturn* is another extraordinary object. The two rings are seen with amazing distinctness, and the satellites themselves are orbs of great glory and brilliancy. How different are all these revelations to those enjoyed by our astronomical forefathers! Such was the imperfection of early instruments, that *Saturn*, from the date which we attach to the creation, made 190 revolutions before the beautiful appendage of his rings became revealed to the eye of man. And when Galileo discovered that the figure of the planet was not round but oblong, his telescope was so weak that he could not discriminate the rings; and subsequent observers stated, that when *Saturn* 'was beheld with some great telescope, he was seen with anses or arms fastened to the two sides of his disque.'

But while it is a subject of congratulation that science has so greatly increased the power of astronomical instruments, and particularly that of the reflecting telescope, it should not be forgotten that this gauger of the heavens, with all its original imperfections, did good service to astronomy. Among the scientific treasures possessed by the Royal Society, there is none more highly valued than a small pasteboard tube nine inches long, fitted with a speculum two inches and three-tenths in diameter. Nor will the lover of science continue to feel surprize when he learns that this is the original reflecting telescope, and that it was invented and constructed by the immortal Newton in 1671. Insignificant as this humble instrument appears when contrasted with Lord Rosse's leviathan, yet we find its illustrious maker stating in a letter to the Royal Society, dated March 16, 1671,—‘With the telescope which I made, I have sometimes seen remote objects, and particularly the moon, very distinct.’

We cannot conclude this imperfect sketch of the wonders at Parsonstown, without adverting to the zeal manifested by Lord Rosse in the

cause of science. Not satisfied by the triumphant feat of having constructed the largest telescope in the world, his nights are spent in his observatory, from whence he is summoned when any novel object is revealed to the working observers.

But these night-watches, though harassing and laborious, do not damp his lordship's ardour, nor materially interfere with his day studies. Experiments of the most costly and delicate nature are constantly made; and those who, like ourselves, have had the privilege of an introduction to the laboratory at Parsonstown Castle, will not easily forget the astonishing manipulatory skill of its noble proprietor.

Would, for the sake of science, that the example of this truly great nobleman were in some degree followed by his hrother peers! He has devoted many thousand pounds to the advancement of knowledge; hut, alas, how many so-called noblemen are there, who hazard their fortunes and reputation on the contemptible ambition of winning a horse-race, on the issue of which hangs the ruin of hundreds of men!

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

I DO not ‘believe in ghosts,’ nor do I wish that my readers should do so. I was never considered a superstitious man, nor a credulous: my organs of wonder and imaginative-ness are but very moderately developed. I have passed through a country churchyard on a dark night without a shudder, and I have slept in a room adjoining which a murdered man lay without finding my rest disturbed. I have ever laughed at omens, dreams, and presentiments; and as for banshees, brownies, duffies, bogies, *et hoc genus omne*, I am as doubtful of their existence as Betsy Prig was of the existence of Mrs. Harris. My wife is a very sensible, and I may add, to interest my readers, a very pretty young woman, by no means romantic or sentimental, though somewhat timid and nervous. Before her marriage she had never seen a ghost, and since she has only now

and then heard ‘strange noises,’ when I have slept from home, or staid out later than I should have done. We are, I believe, a very happy couple, as couples go; and have cares, and children, and responsibilities enough to restrain our minds from soaring over much into the realms of Fancy.

The circumstances which I am about to relate, however, are so strange and startling, that I may be pardoned if I admit that I attribute them to something more than natural causes: they have made a deep, and I am convinced a lasting, impression upon my mind. It is not probable that I shall ever obtain a clue to the mystery; and though unwilling to plead guilty to what is vulgarly called a belief in ghosts, I shall carry to the grave with me the firm conviction that there are more ‘things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.’

And now to my story. I relate facts, and leave it to others to draw their inferences. And let those who doubt me at least admit what a certain cardinal is reported to have said of the New Testament,—‘*Si non è vero è ben trovato.*’

In the year 1846 I was ordered from Lower Canada to the Upper Province on a special service, and as my duties were of a nature to take me much from home, I selected a pleasant cottage within a short distance of the Falls of Niagara as my head-quarters, and as a permanent residence for my family, always returning there from my excursions, and finding in the society of my dear ones a full and sweet recompense for all the hardships of an irksome and somewhat laborious course of duty.

In the summer of 1847, having been required to visit the districts situate to the north-east of Lake Ontario—a magnificent tract of country, partly unexplored, and throughout but scantily cultivated—my wife expressed a wish to accompany me, in the hope that the change of air and scene might prove beneficial to our eldest child, a sweet little girl of three years of age; and I gladly assented to her proposal, merely making it conditional that not more than one trunk, one handbox, and one *sac de nuit*, should form our baggage, and after many fruitless attempts to convince me how utterly impossible it was to travel in such very light marching order, all arrangements were completed, and on a fine morning in August we found ourselves on the lovely borders of Rice Lake, where Monsieur Pierre Laroche provided us with a large canoe, and a crew of four half-breed Indians, who undertook to pilot us as far as Hudson’s Bay, if required.

The part of Canada to which we were now proceeding is generally known under the name of ‘the Back Lakes;’ the land is fertile, the scenery picturesque, and the whole country intersected by a chain of small lakes, which form; with the exception of a few trifling interruptions, a complete water communication for hundreds of miles, and by means of which, when time and industry shall have developed the glorious resources of our North American empire, a direct road will be formed, connecting the

extreme northern territories with the main lakes of Canada.

At present, however, the Back Lakes, owing to various causes, do not offer the same inducements to settlers as other parts of the colony; and with the exception of those bordering on ‘the Front,’ as the less remote country is called, it is only here and there that a clearing, a log shanty, or, perhaps, a waving corn-field, attest the presence of some of those hardy men who have so truly been called the pioneers of American civilization. Now and then a deserted cottage, a broken ploughshare, a half-cleared field, and, perhaps, a rude grave, mark the scene of ill-requited labour, and tell a tale but too common of the wasted energies, the disappointed hopes, the broken spirit, the ruined health, and, perchance, the miserable and lonely death, of the unfortunate backwoodsman. Indeed, such scenes were far more frequent here than in other parts of Canada, owing to the class of settlers who selected the Back Lakes for their homes having principally consisted of persons whose previous habits little fitted them for a life of toil and privation,—young men of good family and luxuriant habits; retired officers of the army or navy, who make pleasant neighbours but poor farmers; lovers of the picturesque, dreamers in Utopia, would-be misanthropes, and ardent sportsmen.

Occasionally, too, a deserted settlement is met with in the very depths of the woods, and a sad scene is thus presented. Roofless huts, with the cold ashes yet lying on the rude hearth; broken furniture; the shattered remnants of farming implements; and here and there the whitened bones of cattle—helpless victims to the winter’s blast.

One such deserted village, from the beauty of its position, attracted our attention; and in Pierre we found an amusing narrator of its very sad history. This settlement had been formed exclusively by young graduates of Dublin College, enthusiastic dreamers in an El Dorado, who too soon awakened to a life of such stern and hard realities as dulled all the warmth of their hearts, and deadened the bright hopes which had tempted them to exchange the comforts and prospects of their homes,

for a life in the wilderness. Death, disease, and disappointment did its work among them. Some cheerfully relinquished a life which had lost every charm; the rest wandered forth, broken in health, soured in temper, and ruined in fortune, to seek the means of livelihood for themselves and their families. Some are now keeping petty shops in remote parts of the country; others have adopted professions, and have risen to eminence at the colonial bar, in the senate, or the pulpit; others, attributing their failure to any but the true causes, have gone to the United States, where they are distinguished for their ardent Republicanism and their hatred to the British name. One edits a newspaper, two keep taverns, another drives a stage-coach; some few have sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, and wander from place to place, homeless, ragged outcasts, and confirmed drunkards.

The struggles of these unfortunate men evidently formed a favorite theme for Pierre's eloquence, and he found in us a willing and sympathizing audience. Among other things, he pointed out a rudely-enclosed mound, closely adjoining a ruined shanty. It was the grave of a young couple, once the life and soul of the settlement. He had been the originator of the scheme, and she, his bride, the devoted follower of his fortunes,—both ever the most cheerful, kind, and resolute of all; overcoming all obstacles, lightening every difficulty, strengthening and animating the weak-hearted, and, by their combined energy and goodness, sustaining the sinking spirits of their companions. He returned not from his work one bitter winter's day—a falling tree had crushed him beneath its weight; and before his mangled remains had been interred, his poor young wife and her newly-born infant had ceased to be. They sleep in the same rude grave: the summer's breeze and the blasts of winter sing their requiem; the wild forest flowers and the heavy moss grow in rank luxuriance around them—fit monuments for the forest tomb; and soon, perchance, the ploughshare will pass over them, and nought be left to mark the grave of this hapless pair.

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By far the greater part of our journey was performed by water; and when we came to an occasional portage, the Indians carried the canoe and baggage (including wife and child), while Pierre and I went in search of game, every species of which abounds in these woods, from woodcock and partridge up to deer.

The novelty of the scenes through which we passed, the fine weather, and more than all, perhaps, the little hardships which we had to undergo,—now cooking our dinner by a huge fire in the woods,—now collecting fresh leaves, which, with a buffalo-skin spread over them, often formed our bed, were to my wife a source of amusement; and my little girl's pale cheek began to recover its roses from constant exposure to the sweet forest air and pure lake breezes. Pierre's good-humour never flagged for one instant, and even the taciturn Indians smiled and approvingly grunted when his cheerful, well-tuned voice arose, and the stillness around was broken by one of those wild native ditties known as the *Voyageurs'* Songs.

Returning homewards we varied our route. The weather had now begun to be uncertain; occasional rains delayed us on our march; and on one occasion, owing to a heavy shower which had fallen, it was nearly ten o'clock at night when we were yet on the waters, and at a distance of four miles from our intended halting-place. It was a lovely calm night; the air was cool and refreshing after the day's heat, and the lake, its dark shores covered with the rich foliage, bearing already the variegated tints of autumn, smooth and clear as glass. The stillness was profound, save when the night-owl's dismal note arose from the dark woods, or the more melodious note of Pierre hurst forth into snatches of the old French songs, which are yet so often heard among the *habitans* of Lower Canada.

Rapidly and noiselessly, like an Indian tracking a foe, our graceful canoe moved over the waters; the swarthy crew, their small black eyes glistening like coals of fire from beneath their straight, matted hair, paddled on mechanically; my wife, tired, yet delighted, rested her fair cheek upon my shoulder; and wrapped in my cloak, with childhood's

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pure, bright smile upon her lips, my little girl lay sleeping soundly in my arms. The blue sky reflected its thousands of stars in the clear waters, the gloomy shores threw their heavy shadows around, and towering high the gaunt pine-tree rose above all,—a never-dying giant, keeping its eternal watch upon surrounding Nature.

Let me be honest, however, and admit, that however willing now to acknowledge the beauty of the scene, at the time my thoughts were far from poetical. I was hungry and sleepy, and would have given all Nature's loveliness for a beefsteak and a bottle of porter; and I was beginning to draw invidious comparisons between steam-boat and canoe travelling, when my train of thought was interrupted by an exclamation from Pierre, who, steering direct for the shore, brought us alongside a solitary canoe, in which sat, armed with gun and rod, a fine-looking young man, clad in the coarse grey cloth of the country, but bearing in every feature the unmistakable stamp of a gentleman. On seeing my wife he raised his cap, and then turned to reply to the rapid eloquence of Pierre, who, in expressive tones, emphasized by a very free use of his arms and shoulders, seemed to be laying down some very important point, the result of which was not long doubtful, for, turning to me, the stranger said,—

'You will hardly reach the Cape for two hours yet, and the moon is a treacherous companion upon the lakes; if you will accept such fare as a backwoodsman can afford, I shall be much pleased to call you my guests.'

The offer was a tempting one in itself, for my wife and child looked weary, and I had fasted for many hours; and besides, it was made in that frank and sincere manner which admits of no refusal. But, even had I felt any scruple to accept the invitation, Pierre had set the matter at rest by paddling ashore, and, without further instructions, landing our baggage.

Thanking our unknown host, therefore, we submitted ourselves to his guidance, and in a few minutes found ourselves ensconced in the most snug little log shanty in America.

The idea conveyed by the term 'log shanty' falls very far short of the reality, for these buildings, though consisting of the rough trunks of trees (the crevices being filled up with clay), admit of being made as ornamental as the most Cockneyfied cottage ornée in the suburbs of London; while in point of substantial comfort, and as a protection against the extremes of heat and cold, they are superior to nine-tenths of the green-shuttered and brass-knocked villas of Clapham and Peckham Rye.

Our host had displayed much taste in the architecture of his shanty, which was also on a larger scale than usually met with. The building formed a square, surrounding a grass plot, where a bear, two deer, an otter, and sundry racoons, lived most amicably together. Immediately in front a small clear lake extended, while in the rear and at the sides the huge trees grew close up to the shanty.

The interior presented a very strange scene. The roughly-plastered walls were almost covered with paintings and drawings, many of the former being the work of the best masters, while the latter, evidently by his own hand, represented, in fine bold outlines, various American sports, scenery, and characters; guns, rifles, tomahawks, the skins of birds and beasts, Indian beadwork, and weapons of strange device, lay scattered around; a rudely-fashioned table was bestrewn with many of the best works of British and foreign literature; and a sideboard (without doubt home-made) bore upon its rough surface a strange collection of valuable and curious contrivances,—ancient golden cups, gourds and buffalo-horns worked into flasks, deers' antlers cunningly converted into candelabra, and plates and baskets fashioned out of the bark of trees.

Trophies of the chase, too, were here. From one corner of the room a shaggy wolf glared fiercely upon us; in another, a huge grizzly bear stood threatening with upraised paw; while overhead, lifelike and graceful, a monstrous American eagle soared with outspread talons.

A grey-haired, weatherbeaten man, whose erect bearing bespoke the old soldier, attended with all the dignity of an aristocratic butler; while his wife, a tidy ruddy-cheeked English

woman, produced at very short notice one of the best dinners (or I should say suppers) that it was ever my good fortune to partake of:—Boiled masquanongè (that turbot of the lakes!), venison steaks, hashed ducks, and devilled black squirrels: add to that a capital appetite, and a very fair allowance of Lafitte; and to conclude all, a tumbler of whisky-punch (in justice to my wife I should remark, that she only 'put her lips' to the punch); and you will not wonder that we retired for the night in the best possible humour, which was by no means decreased when we found a bed ready to receive our weary limbs, which only wanted a satin counterpane and lace sheets to make it a fit couch for her Majesty and Prince Albert.

But I have forgotten the most important part of the establishment—the host himself, who fully justified the favourable impression which the first appearance had conveyed of a very handsome person, with the easy and well-bred bearing of a man of the world, and great powers of conversation; there was something in his frank, almost brusque manner, irresistibly fascinating; and we had not been an hour under his roof before we felt as if in the company of an old friend, and even my little girl fixed her large blue eyes upon his handsome face with perfect confidence and goodwill. It could not be but a matter of surprize to us to find such a man selecting a backwoodsman's life, and he, as if guessing our thoughts, informed us that, after having passed two years on the Western Prairies, he had on his homeward route through Canada visited the Back Lakes, where he fell ill, and on his recovery, tempted by the beauty of the scenery, the abundance of game, and absence of man, established his abode, and by degrees surrounded himself with all the comforts within his reach. He had now passed three years here without ever feeling disposed to cast a lingering look upon the world which he had left behind him.

'And yet,' said I, 'you do not look like a misanthrope; nor can you, surrounded as you are by luxuries, pretend to have eschewed the vanities of life.'

He laughed.

'Oh no, I do not play the hermit to the proper extent. I cannot satisfy my hunger with the roots of trees, nor my thirst with spring water, yet it is more from the force of habit than any enjoyment that I derive from such indulgences as wines and sauces, for I lived for a whole year on little more than dried venison, and never felt disposed to grumble. Besides, I have books, my gun, and my dog, and thus I find no difficulty in accomplishing the great end of life—killing time.'

'But,' asked my wife, 'do you not feel the want of society?'

'I have not done so hitherto,' was his well-turned reply. 'The blame shall be yours if henceforth I do.'

The following morning the rain came down in torrents. The day after, our host, whom, to avoid initializing, I will call Dalton, induced us to visit a lake in his neighbourhood, noted for the beauty of its position and the abundance of wild ducks; and we had passed the best part of three whole days under his care before we proceeded on our march. Thus thrown together, it was but natural that we should become more intimately acquainted during this space of time, than under other circumstances we should have grown, perhaps, in as many months; and agreeably impressed as we had been at first with our host, we found him improve on better acquaintance.

Have you ever observed, reader, that a woman, when she takes a fancy to a man, is very apt to discover either a striking resemblance to her brother, or grandfather, or else a distant relationship? Dalton and my wife became great friends; and, sure enough, they found out, that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or Bloody Mary, their two families had intermarried, and that consequently they were cousins. For my part, I am an easy-going man, so, while they settled the point to their mutual satisfaction, I sipped my claret, and inwardly congratulated myself upon having secured a connexion whose cellar, even in the backwoods, was unexceptionable, without feeling in the least disposed to question the correctness of their genealogical discoveries.

At parting we exacted a promise from Dalton to pay us a visit at

Niagara; and we left him truly grateful for his well-timed hospitality, and pleased with having made so agreeable an acquaintance.

Pierre spoke of Dalton in the most enthusiastic terms, having accompanied him as guide on several of his hunting trips. He described him as a thorough sportsman; and though of manners unusually reserved, he fully compensated for this fault, in Pierre's estimation, by the most unbounded liberality. He attributed his present mode of life to a disappointment in love, and marvelled who the lady could be to refuse her heart to such a man.

We reached home in perfect safety after a very agreeable trip, and in the quiet routine of our domestic enjoyments we soon ceased to think of Dalton, except as among bygone things, until, on returning from a long drive one evening, we found him romping with little Constance in the drawing-room, while his dog Drake was making friendly advances to my terrier puppy. I need not say that we were right glad to see him; and so agreeable did we contrive to make his visit, that it was shortly repeated, and during the following spring I prevailed upon him to leave his forest home altogether; and he took a small cottage in the vicinity of our house, passing most of his time with us,—shooting, boating, or fishing with me, or gardening, dnetting, and chess-playing with my wife, with whom he was, I suspect, somewhat in love: but not being a jealous man, and knowing, moreover, that she was still too much in love with me to be even aware of his admiration, I liked him all the better for his good taste; and constant as were his visits, he never wanted a hearty welcome. When my duties called me from home he generally accompanied me; and none but those who have travelled alone through the remote parts of Canada can fully appreciate the pleasure of having an agreeable companion on such journeys. Inured to every description of hardship, a capital shot, and a most ingenious contriver, my otherwise irksome duties became excursions of pleasure through his means; while his wonderful powers of conversation enlivened many a dark winter's evening, and shortened

many a weary drive over bad roads.

There was much in Dalton's past life and circumstances connected with it, which explained the peculiarities of his character; and before proceeding further, I will sketch a brief outline of what—partly from his own lips, and partly from other sources—has come to my knowledge upon the subject.

Of an ancient family, and the heir to a moderate fortune, Dalton had been left at an early age under the charge of an uncle, a venerable dean, a good, indolent, conscientious man, who, fearful of the effects of a public school upon his ward's morals, placed him under the immediate care of a pedantic curate, whose austere manners and sour temper exercised an injurious effect upon the mind and feelings of his pupil, and disinclined him for the study of divinity, which it was his uncle's wish he should pursue. At the age of nineteen he was sent to Oxford; but in vain did the good dean attempt to persuade him to prepare himself for holy orders; in vain he assured him that a good living carried faith along with it, and that the Rectory of L— was ready furnished with orthodoxy. Dalton would not yield, but horrified his uncle by proposing to finish his education at the University of Heidelberg, having conceived a great liking for German literature and philosophy. At length a compromise was effected—the Church was given up, and Dalton, still against his will, entered a cavalry regiment then on home service; but the Articles of War were as little to his taste as the Articles of the Church, and on his uncle's death he lost no time in relinquishing pursuits so uncongenial to his nature. Doffing his red coat after a service of little more than a year, he carried his previous plan into execution, and became a Heidelberg student. He now prosecuted his studies ardently, and acquired a very tolerable knowledge of his favourite sciences; not without entering occasionally into the wild dissipations of *Studenten Leben*.

At last, having become tired of smoking long pipes, drinking *Brüderschaft* in sour beer, and swearing eternal friendship with long-

bearded students, he once more returned to England, unsettled in opinions, filled with vague hopes and restless desires, and disinclined for all the usual pursuits of a young Englishman entering upon life.

A season in London did not add much to his content. Whether, as Pierre surmised, he was crossed in love, I know not, but he spoke of his London life with bitterness and aversion; and he left England for the second time, with the determination of not returning for many years. He travelled much, and profited by all he saw. Literature and the fine arts were to him a fruitful source of enjoyment, and his means enabled him to indulge these tastes; while his engaging manners, and his various accomplishments, insured him a welcome reception into the best circles of foreign society.

But while he lost no opportunity of improving a mind naturally of a high order, he made no efforts to overcome his greatest mental defect—the want of method or system to regulate his knowledge, and of fixed principles of thought to guide his opinions. Desultory and wavering in ideas as in habits, his conversation, brilliant and pointed as it often was, constantly displayed this defect, which had been confirmed by a very miscellaneous and irregular course of reading, and gave to all his remarks an original and piquant, rather than a convincing and practical, character.

Caprice led him to America, where he passed two years among an Indian tribe on the Western Prairies. Of this mode of life he spoke enthusiastically; and few there are, whose frame can support the hardships and privations of a life on the prairies, who do not concur in describing it as inconceivably fascinating. To him, with a giant's strength; a devoted love of all sports; a mind so capable of appreciating all the grandeur of nature in its wildest aspects, all the noble traits of man in his savage state,—such an existence must have offered endless charms; and but for a serious illness which attacked him, I suspect he would have ended his days among the Red Men and buffaloes in the Far West. I should have lost a very true friend, and my readers a very entertaining tale.

How he settled in the Backwoods of Canada, where we first found him, and how we lured him from his solitude into the more busy haunts of (comparative) civilization, I have already stated; and to complete my sketch, I have only to add, that Dalton was in person strikingly handsome, the very perfection of manly beauty, with, perhaps, rather more expression than belongs to an English Adonis, and wanting—if I want it be—that *nil admirari* air which distinguishes our well-bred beauty-men. His tall, muscular form, displayed unusual strength, but was at the same time perfectly graceful; and while he delighted and excelled in the hardest sports of the field, he possessed in a rare degree all the gentle accomplishments of 'Lady's Bower.' With an inconsistency, by no means uncommon, Dalton, while a sceptic on many generally admitted points of our faith, was disposed to be a bigoted believer upon subjects bordering rather on superstition than religion; the state after death, or, as he loved to call it, '*das Geisterleben*,' was one of his favourite topics, and his German reading had tended to confirm opinions which other circumstances had given rise to. To a firm belief in predestination, in its broadest sense, he clung with the utmost tenacity, while no argument could shake his conviction that departed spirits could, and did, 'revisit the glimpses of the moon;' to all my reasonings he opposed some circumstances connected with an hereditary superstition in his family, which were so strange, and at the same time so well authenticated, as almost to justify his belief in a supernatural agency.

It was on a bitter February night, while we sat around a bright blazing wood fire, my wife industriously employed in the manufacture of diminutive garments, Drake and Vixen snoring on the hearthrug, the cold wind whistling without in impotent rivalry with the noble Niagara, which roared forth its eternal lullaby, that Dalton related to us this strange history. I cannot attempt to convey any idea of the graphic, racy manner in which he expressed himself; and the narrative itself did not at the time possess for me that interest which it has since acquired, but

as well as I can, after a lapse of time, call his words to mind, he spoke to this effect :—

‘During the reign of the first Charles the Daltons were divided in politics, and at the Battle of Naseby father and son stood opposed to each other—the former in the Parliamentary, the latter in the Royalist cause. The son fell, and his young wife pronounced a curse upon the family, which has ever since been fulfilled. Appearing to the unhappy father, she uttered the most heart-rending cries,—

“You have murdered your eldest son, and for generations and generations will I pursue your line. As he was basely killed in the prime of his youth, even so shall the eldest son of the Daltons die a cruel death, until the name survives no more.”

‘Something like this was her prophecy, which has been verified through each generation. The eldest son has invariably died before the age of thirty, and in each case a violent death. Thus, among my ancestors, two were executed for treason; several were killed in action; one committed suicide; and another was struck dead by lightning,—all within the allotted period. My great-grandfather had nearly attained his thirtieth birthday, when he was assassinated in Rome, having been mistaken for another person. His eldest son went down in his yacht with all on board; and my father was shot. He was a gallant soldier—the pride and the delight of his regiment. On the morning of an expected engagement he was observed to be unusually serious, and on being questioned he stated that he had received the *warning*, and that he should never come out of action. They tried to laugh him out of what they believed to be a fancy, but neither ridicule nor reasoning had any effect upon him. He deposited a written memorandum of his last wishes in the hands of a brother officer—it is now in my possession, and leaves no doubt as to the nature of the warning which he received,—and having made all his arrangements, he went into action fully prepared to meet his death with calmness and resignation. The battle was long and hotly contested; my father’s regiment suffered severely,

three of his brother officers fell; but though ever foremost where danger was, he remained unscathed,—he seemed to bear a charmed life, and at nightfall, when darkness separated the combatants, retired to his camp without a wound, though not without gloomy forebodings as to his approaching end. His companions, however, who had been inclined to place some faith in his anticipations previous to the action, now openly ridiculed his fears. My father became irritable—word begot word,—till at length one more excited than the rest attributed his apprehensions to want of courage. An immediate meeting took place, and my poor father fell at the first fire—shot through the heart.

‘Thus has the prophecy been fulfilled so far. As for me,’ continued Dalton, in a tone between jest and earnest, ‘I have yet three years to live, and shall probably be the last victim, for at my death the direct line becomes extinct; at any rate, I shall cheat the vindictive lady out of a widow.’

‘Indeed,’ said my wife, ‘I trust that the charm is already broken; surely your ancestress has glutted her revenge?’

‘Oh, no,’ replied Dalton, gloomily. ‘I must die—I know it; it is no idle presentiment, but a deep and solemn conviction. But is it not strange,’ he added, ‘that the curse of an angry woman should thus have pursued us for two hundred years?’

‘It is a strange coincidence,’ I said.

‘Coincidence!’ exclaimed Dalton; ‘the old solution of all that passes our comprehension. You forget that it is a combination of coincidences which establishes facts; but call it what you will, the circumstances which I have related are too well authenticated to admit of any doubt, and I have no hope, nay, hardly a wish, to escape the fate that hangs over me. But come,’ added he, more cheerfully, seeing that my wife began to look nervous, ‘you cheek-mated me last night; I claim my revenge.’

While they were playing at chess I could not but seriously reflect upon the strange story, and wonder whether Dalton, whom I now beheld in all the pride of health, manhood, and

beauty, would also fall a victim, and by what strange fatality the prophecy had been hitherto fulfilled. No wonder that his fine countenance should now and then be shaded by a deep cloud of melancholy, or that his vigorous mind should bear the taint of superstition. A weaker intellect would probably have sunk into idiocy or madness under such haunting apprehensions of an early and violent death.

Time passed on, its course unchecked by any event of importance, until, at about the end of August, I received orders to proceed to Jamaica. This was a long-expected, I may add, a long-feared change; but I have accustomed myself to submit with a good grace to the inevitable orders of the powers that be, and in all the disagreeables incident to a military life (and to a married man there are many) I console myself and my wife with the simple reflection, 'Why did ye list?' When the route came, therefore, we did not grumble, but set to work cheerfully making all necessary preparations for our voyage.

Dalton expressed his deep regret at the prospect of parting with us; while we, on our part, felt equally grieved at losing a friend whom we had begun to look upon as one of ourselves. He promised, however, to pay us a visit during the following spring, and pass a few months with us in our new home.

About a week before our departure he had accompanied me on a day's shooting. We had excellent sport, and did not return homewards until the increasing sultriness and a dark gathering overhead foretold an approaching thunderstorm. By the time we reached the cottage a few large, heavy drops had fallen, and we had scarcely sat down to dinner when a vivid flash of lightning, immediately preceded by a clap of thunder which shook our house to its very foundation, announced the commencement of one of the most glorious scenes of nature, and nowhere more glorious than by the foaming waters of Niagara. Louder and louder roared the thunder, the brilliant lightning fitfully illuminating the darkness without; the mighty cataract, its rushing waters black and swollen, rolled fiercely

o'er its rocky bed, and yelled forth its never-ending song, as if in savage defiance of the higher elements. Blacker and blacker grew the air, while the clouds, as if to outdo the great Niagara, hurled down a deluge in one unbroken stream; again and again Heaven's mighty voice arose, and the blinding flashes darted from the skies, till, lashed into fury and madness, the Falls seemed mingled in one huge chaotic mass with storm and lightning.

We had stood silently watching the scene: my wife, with a pale cheek, clung closely to me; and Dalton, with folded arms and a sorrowful, almost solemn, expression upon his countenance, gazed forth. My absorbing feeling on first viewing the Falls of Niagara had been a crushing sense of insignificance, and now that by the side of that stupendous work of nature the voice of Heaven arose, even above the roars of the waters, I felt awed and humbled. Who could have witnessed such a scene without acknowledging, in the very depths of his soul, the power of his Creator?

After raging for more than an hour, the storm ceased suddenly; a cool breeze, and an atmosphere sweet and pure, succeeded to the tumult of the elements—the surrounding trees shone in renewed verdure, refreshed and invigorated—the bright birds sang merrily as they shook the rain off their tiny wings—the grass sparkled and glittered beneath the silvery drops which hung upon its blades, flower and shrub sent forth their grateful incense—and amid all, calmly in their wonted course, a noble image of the Eternal, rolled on the Falls in serene might and majesty.

Dalton was the first to break silence.

'What a beautiful world this is!' he said, in a tone of deep emotion; 'whether in the fierceness of her wrath, or the calm of repose, how glorious is all nature!'

'Yes,' said my wife, in a subdued voice, 'ever reminding us of our duty and the gratitude we owe.'

'I would not,' continued Dalton, after a pause, 'outlive such feelings, and yet to leave the world while yet capable of loving so much that it contains seems hard. There is a story told in Germany of a dying

man bartering his soul for one more sunset. 'Twas a high price for so short a lease, yet many would give as much.'

Dalton was now fairly launched upon his favourite theme; and my wife, who, like all her sex, delighted to shudder at tales of the supernatural, listened intently as he, in his low, impressive voice, attempted to prove that departed spirits could and did 'revisit the glimpses of the moon.'

I had long ceased to enter into arguments upon the subject, and hearkened to him less convinced than interested.

'I confess,' said my wife, laughing, in reply to a remark of his, at the same time looking timidly around, 'I should much like to see a ghost; but then it must be by daylight, and before witnesses.'

Dalton turned round abruptly.

'Would you then be convinced?' he demanded, 'or would you, like your husband, call it a coincidence or a fancy?'

'Oh,' she replied, 'to see is to believe; show me a ghost, and I will become a convert.'

'I will make a bargain with you,' said Dalton, earnestly. 'If it be within the bounds of possibility for a departed spirit to reappear among men—and who shall say that it is not possible?—I will appear to you after death: should you die first, which God forbid, then you shall do the same to me.'

'Come, come,' said I, 'you are driving all the blood out of the little woman's cheeks. Do dismiss your ghost for this evening.'

'Are you agreed?' asked he, without noticing my interruption.

I looked towards my wife; her cheek was pale as marble, as, with an ill-assumed laugh and in a faltering voice, she muttered,

'Agreed!'

I made some jesting remark, and endeavoured to divert the conversation to livelier topics; but there was a gloom over the party not to be dispelled, and we broke up soon after, looking as dismal and solemn as if we had already seen the ghost we were threatened with.

A few days more and we were off. Dalton gave me as a memento the most prized of his possessions, his

dog Drake; who has ever since been the faithful companion of my wanderings, the guardian of my house, and the playmate of my children. He repeated his promise to visit us early in the spring, and we parted as from a brother.

How vividly can I now recall his last words; how plainly picture to myself his noble form and handsome features, as he stood watching us till lost to view. A truer, better heart never beat in a human breast.

Were it not rather my object to curtail than to spin out my story, I should entertain or weary my reader with a lengthened account of the United States of America; and on the strength of a week's residence in New York write a philosophical treatise on the effects of republican institutions, devote a few chapters to spitting and asking questions through the nose, enlarge upon independent waiters and free-and-easy shopkeepers; and, by the aid of railroad and steamboat trips, produce three volumes, under the head of 'Travels in North America.' But such is not my intention. To abler pens I leave the task of eulogizing or slandering the Americans, and have only to remark, that after passing a few days among a people who, amid a large share of the higher and better qualities of mankind, possess a few very disagreeable habits, I sailed for Jamaica, where, after a short voyage, we all arrived in safety, and settled down in a quiet corner on the north side of the island, delighted with the beauty of its scenery, overcome with the power of its sun, and disgusted with the degraded state of its population.

We occupied a pretty cottage on the sea-shore. To the right, a fine large group of cocoa-nut trees waved their graceful branches high above us; to the left, a luxuriant garden, overrun with bananas, palma Christi, oranges, limes, and fig-trees, afforded a pleasing shelter from the midday sun. A magnificent oleander grew up to our bedroom windows, and the walls were richly clustered with wild jessamine, myrtle, and convolvuli, which shed their fragrance around. A fine, clear, sandy beach extended in front; and here at sundown our children loved to play, picking up shells and pebbles, and

running to and fro before the advancing and retreating waves. A verandah, protected by Venetian blinds, ran along the whole length of the cottage, and here we would sit watching our little ones at play: my wife, industrious in spite of a tropical sun, still busy with diminutive garments; while I, in all the luxury of a white jacket and open shirt-collar, sipped my sangaree and read my paper.

Excessive as the heat is in the lowlands of Jamaica, there is a continual sea-breeze during the day, which affords the greatest relief and comfort; at night, a land-breeze from the mountains takes its place, cooling and purifying the air. We had little society, and no description of public amusements; but we soon became reconciled to our new mode of life, and looked forward cheerfully to a happy conclusion to my term of West India service.

It was the 14th of March — a calm, but unusually sultry evening. The children had had their romp on the beach, and had gone to their beds; my wife and I had silently watched the glorious sunset, and the growing darkness still found us in the verandah. The broad ocean lay before us smooth as a mirror, its unrippled surface only here and there tinged by the red moon as it lazily arose from the horizon. Not a sound was heard, save now and then the distant voices of fishermen engaged in their nightly labours. The atmosphere was thick and oppressive, and unrelieved by the usual landwinds. The huge cocoa-nut branches hung like dead things overhead, and the universal stillness extended even to us; for hours passed, and still we sat immovable and silent.

At length my wife observed that it felt as just before a recent earthquake which we had experienced. I assented, and we both relapsed into silence.

I was in that strange state of natural mesmerism which endues a man with clairvoyance, enabling him to see distant things and beings, if not as they are, at least as he would have them to be. Past events arose rapidly before me; things long forgotten suddenly presented themselves to my memory, and hopes and dreams took form and filled my

mind with pleasing yet uneasy sensations.

My wife, too, had apparently given the rein to fancy. Her thoughts were wandering homewards, to the green lanes and bright hearths of dear old England.

‘I wonder if we shall ever return there?’ said the poor little woman, sighing, and more as if uttering her thoughts than addressing me.

My trusty Drake lay at my feet, and occasionally he would turn his large brown eyes in mute wonder from one to another, marvelling, perhaps, what on earth we were thinking of so long. Suddenly he started up, uttering a low sound, between a growl and a cry of pain; he was trembling violently, the hair on his back stood erect and bristling, and his attitude was expressive of extreme terror. I fancied that he beheld a snake, and arose to look about me when I observed my wife’s gaze fixed on the ocean with such a strange, startled expression, that my eyes involuntarily followed in the direction. A cloud had just passed from over the moon, and by its broad light I now beheld a figure rapidly approaching, as if walking on the water. It appeared distant, and yet was so distinctly marked against the sky, that I could, with one glance, distinguish every portion most accurately. The figure was that of a large man in clothing of a light colour; he carried a long pole in his hand, and a gun was strapped across his back. A fur cap, drawn over the ears, and a hood thrown over the head, concealed the features. I gazed I know not how long, with an indescribable feeling of wonder and alarm, while the figure was rapidly approaching, until suddenly, when apparently about one hundred yards from the shore, throwing his arms above the head, and in the movement displacing the hood, it sank beneath the waves. I distinctly saw the head disappear, and felt my blood chilled within my veins when I recognized the well-known features of Dalton.

In stupified horror I turned to my wife; she was pale as marble, and almost as motionless; and, with her eyes strained and her arms extended, sat like one enchanted. At that moment there arose a shriek, the

most terrible I ever heard. To this hour I cannot think of it without a shudder: it was not like a human cry, so full of horror and yet so plaintive; the voice of mingled agony, despair, and terror. I stood rooted to the spot, overcome with a feeling of awe such as I never felt before, and pray I may never again experience. The sound had hardly died away when again and again it was repeated, louder, more harrowing if possible, than before.

'Good God!' I cried at last, rousing myself from my stupor by a violent effort, 'he is drowning.' And, on the impulse of the moment, I rushed to the gate; but my wife's pale face alarmed me and I ran to her assistance, fearful lest she should faint. She grasped my arm convulsively and muttered, her eyes still fixed and strained, 'It is Dalton!—he is dying!'

Disengaging myself from her, I ran through the wicket to the beach. Everything was still, not a ripple on the broad waters, not a vestige of a living thing within sight. I stood gazing around with that vague sensation which is produced by violent excitement when combined with complete irresolution of action, and was about to return when I thought I saw a black substance floating in the water about an hundred yards from the shore. Without an instant's hesitation I ran my skiff (which was lying on the beach) into the water and pushed off. At that moment a human face arose above the surface; it was Dalton's, pale, haggard, and stained with blood. One arm was raised and extended towards the shore, and there was a terrible expression of agony in his features as if imploring relief from dreadful agony.

Straining every muscle I pulled to the spot, but the figure had again disappeared; there was nothing to guide my course, and after looking around without discovering any object on the water, I slowly returned to the shore. I had hardly landed when there arose behind me a low, long wail; but now it was faint, as if of one exhausted in a deadly struggle, and gradually getting weaker and weaker, it died away.

On returning to the cottage I found my wife lying insensible. Hastily despatching a servant for

medical assistance, I bore her to her bed. It was daylight before she fairly recovered her senses, and her first words were, 'Is he dead?'

In vain I endeavoured to divert her mind to other subjects—she could speak of nothing else.

'I saw him in his last agony,' she said; 'his face was bleeding. Strange how it should bleed in the water!'

A severe attack of fever succeeded to the alarm and excitement produced by these events, and it was several weeks before she was restored to perfect health.

It appears that her impressions upon that dreadful night were similar to mine; she had seen Dalton rapidly approaching on the water—she saw him throw his arms above his head and sink—she heard the shriek. Then again the face appeared above the waters; there was blood upon it: she must then have lost consciousness, as she did not see the last struggle nor hear the dying cry of poor Dalton; for that it was not he whom we beheld no earthly power shall ever persuade me.

It may be imagined with how much anxiety we looked forward to tidings from Canada; and so strong were our convictions of Dalton's death, that we were almost amazed on receiving a letter addressed in his handwriting. It was dated from the Back Lakes *two days before* the eventful evening, and written in his happiest manner. He informed me that he was making arrangements for the disposal of his land in Canada, on completing which he intended sailing for Jamaica; and in a postscript to my wife he alluded jestingly to their ghostly compact. Relieved, but not satisfied, I turned to my other letters, glanced over the newspapers, and went to bed with a mind ill at ease and an undefinable sense of evil tidings.

But as time passed and we received no confirmation of our fears, we began to persuade ourselves that we had both been the victims of a fanciful delusion; and when on returning one evening from a long walk we were informed by a servant, who came to meet us, that a stranger had arrived and was waiting to see us at the cottage, we hurried forward in the full expectation of meeting Dalton.

At the garden-gate, dressed in

deep mourning, stood old Wells, Dalton's faithful servant, who, while the honest tears of grief rolled down his weather-beaten face, informed us in a few words of his master's death by drowning on the evening of the 14th March.

The first shock of these sad tidings having passed, the poor fellow gave us, in rude but truthful language, the following particulars of our friend's fate:—

For some days previous to his death, Dalton had been employed in disposing of his land. On the 13th March he had made an appointment to meet his agent at a place called Beaver Creek, for the purpose of giving him final instructions. Wells left him in his room at about nine o'clock in the evening. During the night he heard him walking to and fro, and on entering early on the following morning found him writing. He had not been to bed. It was evident from his manner and appearance that something was wrong. He passed the whole forenoon in writing and destroying papers; his servant did not venture to question him, but thought that he was ill. At about two o'clock he put on his blanket coat and prepared to go out, but he stopped at the door, and calling Wells, said to him in a calm tone, 'I am about to die: perhaps before evening all will be over. I wish you to attend to my instructions.'

The old man begged him not to speak in such a way, and suggested that he had better have medical advice, as he was evidently ill.

'No,' he said, 'I am not ill, but I shall soon die. Now mind me. In the first place, immediately after my death, you will carry this parcel to Jamaica. You will deliver it yourself, as it is addressed. Promise me this; and if you fail, I shall haunt you.'

He spoke this seriously and calmly. The old man promised to do all he required, but hoped he would long outlive him.

Dalton shook his head and proceeded to give other directions, informing Wells, among other matters, that he had liberally provided for him and his wife. His last words were, 'Remember what I have told you.'

He then went out, declining Wells's

offer to accompany him. He never returned alive.

The old man continued to relate that Dalton, who often boasted that he had never broken a promise or failed in an appointment, met the agent, to whom he gave all necessary instructions. It was six o'clock before he turned homewards; the snow was falling heavily, and in the darkness he probably lost his way, for he did not take the direct road. At about eight o'clock he was seen by an Indian crossing a lake about a mile from his house; the ice had begun to break up, but, by the aid of a pole which he used for leaping across the occasional chasms which intersected the lake, he reached in safety within about a hundred yards of the shore: he then probably threw away the pole and broke through the ice.

'Long before this time,' continued poor Wells, 'I had become alarmed for my master's safety, and had gone in search of him; but I took the direct road and missed him. My wife distinctly heard his cries; but they sounded more like the screams of drowning cattle than a man's voice. She said she thought it was a horse that had broken through the ice. It was morning before we found him; he was frozen hard, and his hands and face were much cut by the ice.'

All was true, then, and at the very hour,—at the very moment, probably (making allowance for the difference of time in America and the West Indies),—that we beheld Dalton he was dying a miserable death at a distance of 2000 miles; and as he died so he appeared to us,—the blanket coat, with the hood drawn over his head; the gun on his back, the pole in his hand; even as he was last seen in life, so we beheld him.

The contents of the packet which my poor friend had sent me related principally to affairs of a private nature, to which it is unnecessary here to refer. In a long letter to me he stated that, confident of his approaching death, *having received his warning*, he had intrusted to his faithful servant the duty of conveying to me his last wishes; and it was with the big tears rolling down my cheeks that I read the dying words of my noble-hearted friend. To my wife he wrote in a strain of gratitude and

affection, and concluded with the following remarkable passage:—

I had been sitting up reading later than usual, and had closed my book weary, but not disposed to sleep, when I heard a knocking at my window, and on looking up distinctly saw a white figure beckoning to me. You may fancy that such an apparition at such a time and place, startled me. I arose, and, opening the window, looked forth. It was a bitterly cold night, and a sharp, piercing wind, struck upon me as I raised the sash. At that moment I felt a touch upon my arm, and found myself face to face with a female figure. Her features were but too familiar to me; they were those of my vindictive ancestress, whose portrait you have so often admired and marvelled at. She was deadly pale, and looked at me, not in anger but with a deeply sorrowful expression, as if bewailing the fate which she was about to bring upon me. I know not how long she gazed upon me. She did not utter a sound, but slowly retiring without turning her face from me, and beckoning as if for me to follow, she was lost in the darkness of the woods. A strange feeling now stole over me. I was not alarmed, but, on the contrary,

felt as if a weight had been removed from my mind. I was calm, cool, and resigned, for I felt that the sentence was irrevocably passed, and that I must die. Perhaps before another sun shall arise all will be over. With a fervent trust in the mercy of God, I am prepared to meet my fate. Fain would I once more have met you, my best and kindest friends, but it is destined otherwise. Yet I remember our agreement, and if the human will survives the frame, my departing spirit shall visit you. And now farewell, and if sometimes when in the full enjoyment of all the happiness which is yet in store for you my image should intrude, think of me as an affectionate brother, whose last thoughts were of your goodness and worth.

Dalton was buried close to the scene of his last struggle. No stately monument, no polished marble, marks the grave; but beneath a grassy mound on the borders of his favourite lake, far from his kindred, home, and friends, the sacred stillness of his resting-place but seldom disturbed by the tread of man,

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

PART XII.

FEW of those who stand near some quarry in our inland counties, surrounded by all the beauties of British scenery, hill and valley, down and field, luxuriant with woods, carpeted with herbage, or waving with corn, bestow a thought on the character of the rock beneath. It occurs not to many, that where the grass now grows and the cattle low the waves once flowed; and that the ripple-mark may still be seen on what was once the ribbed sea sand.

To those who are unacquainted with geology, it is startling to be told that the solid slab of stone so marked, when last exposed thousands of years ago, was part of the sandy shore over which the animated beings, now blotted from the book of life, wended their way, leaving in many cases the traces of their steps, just before some great convulsion of our planet changed the whole appearance of the surface, but spared

these unmistakable records to tell the tale.

No one with any powers of generalization can long study the system of animated nature without being satisfied that he must search among the wrecks of bygone ages for those forms which are required to make it complete, and that in the fossil fauna he will find the lost links of the broken chain.

Among the ichnolites, or fossil foot-prints, which have attracted so much attention of late years, those announced by Dr. Ogier Ward, as proving the existence of a small four-footed animal at the period of the deposition of the new red sandstone near Shrewsbury, were brought under the notice of the British Association at Birmingham. They most nearly resembled those figured in the paper on the new red sandstone of Warwickshire, by Sir Roderick Murchison and Mr. Strickland,* but

* *Geol. Trans.* Second Series, vol. v. pl. xxviii.

differed in exhibiting more distinct indications of the terminal claws, and less distinctive impressions of the connecting web: the innermost toe was less, and there was an impression always at a distance from the fore-toes, like a hind-toe pointing backwards, the point of which only seemed to have touched the ground, reminding the observer of such an impression as might have been made by a wading bird, and of the ornithichnites discovered by Dr. Hitchcock in the Connecticut new red sandstone, which have been referred to the grallatorial tribe of birds.

The American fossil footsteps were found at five places near the banks of the river, within a distance of thirty miles, at various depths beneath the surrounding surface, in quarries of laminated flag-stones. The inclination of the stone is from 5° to 30° ; and there is evidence to warrant the conclusion, that the tracks were impressed before the strata were so inclined. Many of these tracks, clearly showing that they belonged to different individuals and species, cross each other; and the footmarks are not unfrequently crowded together, reminding one of the impressions left by the feet of ducks, geese, and other birds, on the muddy shore of the stream or pond frequented by them. These footprints are referred by Professor Hitchcock to seven species at least, if not genera, of very long-legged wading birds, varying in size from that of a snipe to dimensions twice as great as those of an ostrich. The steps are seen in regular succession on a continuous track, as of an animal walking or running, the right and left foot always occupying their proper places. At Mount Thorn, near Northampton, were discovered four nearly parallel tracks of a gigantic animal whose foot was fifteen inches long, exclusive of the largest claw, which was two inches in length. The toes were broad and thick, and in one track appeared a regular succession of six of these steps, four feet distant from each other. The distance in other tracks varied from four to six feet. Another footmark extended to the length of from fifteen to sixteen inches, without reckoning a remark-

able appendage extending backwards eight or nine inches from the heel. The impressions of this appendage present traces similar to what may be made by wiry feathers or coarse bristles; these last appear to have sunk into the ground nearly an inch. The toes had penetrated much deeper, and the mud or sand appeared to have been raised into a ridge rising several inches around their impressions, reminding the observer of the elevation round the track of an elephant over moist clay. Intervals of six feet were noted as the length of the stride of the impressor of this ornithichnite. The bones of fishes only (*Paleothrissum*) had been discovered in this impressed rock.

If Professor Hitchcock be right in his conclusion that these enormous foot-prints are the vestiges of feathered giants, there can be no doubt that they justify the remark that they are of the highest interest to the paleontologist, as they establish the new fact of the existence of birds at the early epoch of the new red sandstone formation; and further show that some of the most ancient forms of that class attained a size far exceeding that of the largest among the feathered inhabitants of the present world.

The discovery of the bones of the gigantic *Dinornis* (Owen), have proved beyond all question the last conclusion: but the student will do well before he accepts the former, to investigate thoroughly Professor Owen's papers on *Labyrinthodon*,* remembering that the toes of Dr. Hitchcock's giant were broad and thick. The footmarks of that gigantic batrachian (*Salomandroides*, Jäger — *Mastodonsaurus* and *Phytosaurus*, of the same — *Chirotherium*, Kaup) were impressed on a shore; and in some of the specimens of that petrified strand were the impressions of drops of rain that had fallen upon the strata while in the process of formation. On the surface of one at Storeton, where the impressions of the footmarks were large, the depth of the holes made by the rain-drops on different parts of the same footstep, varied with the unequal pressure on the clay and sand, according to the salient cushions and

* *Geol. Trans.* Second Series.

retiring hollows of the animal's foot. The constancy of these appearances upon an entire series of foot-prints in a long and continued track, showed that the rain had fallen after the creature had passed.

The equable size of the casts of large drops that cover the entire surface of the slab (says Dr. Buckland, in his Address to the Geological Society of London on this phenomenon), except in the parts impressed by the cushions of the feet, record the falling of a shower of heavy drops on the day in which this huge animal had marched along the antient strand: hemispherical impressions of small drops upon another stratum, show it to have been exposed to only a sprinkling of gentle rain that fell at a moment of calm. In one small slab of new red sandstone, found by Dr. Ward near Shrewsbury [where the remains which will presently be alluded to were found], we have a combination of proofs as to meteoric, hydrostatic, and locomotive phenomena, which occurred at a time incalculably remote, in the atmosphere, the water, and the quarter towards which the animals were passing: the latter is indicated by the direction of the footsteps which form their tracks; the size and curvatures of the ripple-marks on the sand, now converted to sandstone, show the depth and direction of the current; the oblique impressions of the rain-drops register the point from which the wind was blowing at or about the time when the animals were passing.

But how was this record so firmly imprinted on the stone? The answer is ready from the same eloquent and accurate oracle:—

The clay impressed with these prints of rain-drops acted as a mould, which transferred the form of every drop to the lower surface of the next bed of sand deposited upon it, so that entire surfaces of several strata in the same quarry are respectively covered with moulds and casts of drops of rain that fell whilst the strata were in process of formation.*

No, you are not about to be dragged into a treatise on ichnology, friendly reader: though, believe me, you will find the subject, pregnant as it is with evidences of uncouth extinct forms that have passed away from life for ever, wending their way over the shores of a half-formed world, amid wind and rain, storm and sunshine, as marvellous, ay,

and as entertaining too, as a fairy tale. You are only to be led to the contemplation of the ichnolites from the Shrewsbury sandstone, as a fit introduction to the crocodiles, which will next claim your attention.

Professor Hitchcock, as we have seen, undoubtedly claims his ichnolites as due to the presence of birds on the spot where they were impressed; but, as Professor Owen well observes, any evidence of a warm-blooded and quick-breathing class of animals at so remote a period as the new red sandstone epoch, requires to be very closely sifted; and, accordingly, the chance of obtaining any analogical facts, bearing upon Professor Hitchcock's ornithichnites, induced our professor to spare no exertions to obtain further insight into the problematical creature of the Grinsill quarries.

Dr. Ward kept a sharp eye upon the quarrying operations; and soon, in addition to the footsteps, fossils were from time to time found, secured, and liberally sent up to the Professor, who was thus enabled to form a clear opinion of the animal that had impressed the sands with its feet. The result was the Professor's *Description of an Extinct Lacertian Reptile, Rhynchosaurus orticeps* (Owen), of which the bones and foot-prints characterize the Upper New Red Sandstone at Grinsill, near Shrewsbury, published in the seventh volume of *The Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society*. For the highly interesting details of this masterly paper we must refer the reader to the memoir itself, which will well repay an attentive perusal; suffice it to say, that this Rhynchosaur turned out to be neither crocodilian, batrachian, nor chelonian, though in a degree allied to each of those tribes, and that the fortunate preservation of the skull brought to light modifications of the lacertine structure leading towards the tortoises and birds, which were before unknown.

Before we sketch the natural history of the crocodiles, it may not be unamusing to pass rapidly in review some of the legends with which the ancients connected a form selected

* Address delivered to the Geological Society of London on the 21st February, 1840, by the Rev. W. Buckland, D.D. President.

by the Egyptians as the symbol of a cruel and revengeful being. The horrible shape and detestable disposition of the crocodile, made it an apt representative of the murderer of Osiris;* and when it was regarded as the personification of Typhon, it must be confessed that it looked the character of that evil one well, as any one will allow who looks on the devilish woodcut that surmounts the old French quatrain:—

Le Nil produit des monstres perilleux,
Lors que d'Egypte arrose le pais.
Mais entre ceux, dont sommes esbahiz,
Le crocodile est le plus merueilleux.

The sculptor has done his best to make the monster look decent as he appears on the robe of the Nile in the celebrated statue; but one of the surrounding sixteen typical children finds himself rather inconveniently near the open mouth of the destroyer, and is represented as starting back accordingly; while another lends him a hand to help him out of the dangerous neighbourhood. Poor old Nilus! he must have had warm work to keep his crocodiles in anything like order when the terror-stricken son of Clymene was hurried by his father's runaway horses he knew not where, and the quiet, steady Moon beheld with amazement her brother's chariot dashing along beneath her own. The crocodilian commotion under that smoking state of things must have been the cause of his extremity of horror, for the Tanais, the Caicus, the Lycormas, the Xanthus, the Mæander, the Euphrates, the Ganges, the Danube, the Ismenus, the Phasis, the Tagus, the Caister, whose swans then sung their last and died; the Rhine, the Rhone, the Tiber,—all suffered equally, and stood their ground; but

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem

Occulnitque caput, quod adhuc latet.

Father Thames was happily out of the way, or not sufficiently known to the polite world on that occasion. His turn, however, is at hand. A foreign prince and priest, shot from

his proper sphere, is coming down upon him: but we will venture to prophesy that he will not run away like the affrighted Nile, but continue to go between his banks and look the Archbishop of Westminster boldly in the face.

As the serpents had their *Psylli*, so the crocodiles had their *Tentyrites*:—

Moreover, there is a kind of people that carry a deadly hatred to the crocodile, and they are called Tentyrites, of a certain isle even within Nilus, which they inhabit. The men are but small of stature, but in this quarrell against the crocodiles they have hearts of lions, and it is wondrous to see how resolute and courageous they are in this behalf. Indeed this crocodile is a terrible beast to them that flee from him: but, contrary, let men pursue him or make head againe, he runnes away most cowardly. Now, these islanders be the only men that dare encounter him in front. Over and besides, they will take the river, and swim after them; nay, they will mount upon their backs, and set them like horsemen: and as they turn their heads, with their mouths wide open to bite or devour them, they will thrust a club or great cudgell into it crosse overthwart, and so holding hard with both hands each end thereof, the one with the right, and the other with the left, and ruling them perforce (as it were) with a bit and bridle, bring them to land, like prisoners; when they have them there, they will so fright them only with their words and speech, that they compel them to cast up and vomit those bodies againe to be enterred, which they had swallowed but newly before. And therefore it is, that this is the only isle which the crocodiles will not swim to: for the very smell and sent of these Tentyrites is able to drive them away, like as the Pselli, with their savour, put serpents to flight. By report this beast seeth but badly in the water: but be they once without, they are most quick-sighted. All the four winter months they live in a cave and eat nothing at all. Some are of opinion that this creature alone groweth all his life: and surely a great time he liveth.†

To say nothing of more ordinary methods of capture, if a crocodile was only touched with the feather of an ibis it instantly became motionless; and there was another mode,

* Osiris, the popular divinity, the ruler of the Nile, the benign dispenser of plenty, had for his antagonist and destroyer Typhon, the scorching desert wind, that dried up the fructifying waters, bearing famine and death on its wings, when it unseasonably prevailed.

† Pliny.

if old chroniclers are to be believed, not unworthy of note. It was thought a bitter and bright, as well as a novel idea, when some ill-conditioned scapegrace sent a looking-glass to an importunate Gorgon, who was qualified for admission into the Ugly Club,—if any woman ever was, which we with all gallantry and humility doubt—in the hope that the first look at herself would be fatal. But here again we have the old adage, *Pereant qui ante nos*, &c.—‘There is nothing new,’ &c. forced upon us. The sure way to settle a crocodile, according to ancient practice, was to confront him with a mirror, when he incontinently died of fright at his own deformity.

‘Crocodile tears’ have become a proverb somewhat musty; and yet everybody may not know that there was another version besides the vulgar one, of working upon the kind-hearted traveller by apparent distress, getting him within reach, and then destroying him. It was held for certain that when a crocodile had got hold of a man and killed him, it consumed its prey comfortably enough till it came to the head, which would have proved too hard a nut for our crocodile to crack, without pouring forth a copious shower of tears as a solvent, which softened the skull, and put the ra-

venous reptile in easy possession of its tit-bit—the brain.

One of their horrible functions, among the Indians, was to act as the finishers of the law in capital cases, as elephants were employed by Asiatic autocrats not very many years since,* but in a different manner, as may be well supposed. The crocodile-executioners were kept without food when judgment of death was anticipated; and the condemned wretch was dragged to the tank, where the hungry monsters glared at him with their green cannibal eyes, as the assistants deliberately bound him and foot, and then tossed him alive to the chasms of their gaping, serrated, clanking jaws. They were also retained as guards in Pegu; the ditches of the fortifications being filled with them.

The *Questiones crocodilinae*, those *plicæ et serræ dialecticorum*, as they have been called, took their rise from certain stories in which the crocodile figures. For instance, a woman was taking a walk with her little son on the banks of the Nile, a lurking crocodile carried him off, saying, he should be restored if his mother responded truly.

‘Do I mean to give him up?’ asked the crocodile.

‘No, you don’t,’ answered the mother; ‘and, therefore, according to your rule, you ought.’

* Mr. Sirr, in his entertaining book, *Ceylon and the Cingalese* (8vo. London, 1850, Shoberl), mentions a striking instance of the docility of one of these elephants.

During the reign of the last blood-stained king of Kandy, the terrible custom which had long prevailed of execution by elephants, who were trained to prolong the suffering of the doomed criminal by crushing the limbs before the *coup de grace* was given, prevailed.

One of the elephant-executioners was at that place during Mr. Sirr’s sojourn there, and he was desirous of testing the sagacity and memory of the brute. It was of huge size, and mottled, and stood quietly with the keeper seated on its neck. The noble, who accompanied Mr. Sirr and his party, desired the man to dismount and stand on one side.

The chief gave the word of command,—‘Slay the wretch!’

The elephant raised his trunk, and twined it as if grasping a human being, and then made motions as if he were depositing the patient on the earth before him, then slowly raised his forefoot, and placed it alternately upon the spots where the limbs of the sufferer would have been. This he continued to do for some minutes; and then, as if satisfied that the bones must be crushed, raised his trunk high above his head and stood motionless.

The chief now said,—‘Complete your work.’

The elephant immediately placed one foot on the place where the victim’s abdomen would have been, and the other upon the spot where the head must have rested, appearing to exert his whole strength to crush the victim, and trample out the remains of life.

The tyrant was dethroned in 1815; and since that time the animal had never been called upon to execute his horrible office.

Whether the mother ever got her son back must be left to the judgment of those who have been made to feel how many points of the law are centered in possession, especially where crocodiles are concerned.

The same story is the foundation of the crocodile question put in Lucian's dialogue:—

'Havⁿ you a son?'

'What then?'

'If he was wandering near a river and a crocodile should find him and carry him off, but should promise to restore him upon your giving a true answer to the question, whether it was intended to do so or no, what would you say were the crocodile's intentions?'

'You ask me a perplexing question, truly.'

But almost everything has its bright side, and so has a crocodile. Did not one save good King Minas when he tumbled into the water? And were they not reckoned admirable safeguards for preventing robbers from crossing the river? In short, they made a very respectable figure among the mob of animal and vegetable Egyptian deities, and were treated accordingly, as we shall presently see. Silence is not only the gift, but the attribute of the gods; and as the ancients believed that a crocodile had no tongue he had a pretty safe claim, which, joined to his alleged foreknowledge of the extent of the inundation of the Nile, was all-sufficient for his deification. Hence no doubt existed of the salvation of the man devoured by one of these reptiles. The sure road to heaven went through a crocodile's maw;* and even those who were bitten by one were considered peculiarly fortunate.

The priests were not slow in availing themselves of these articles of belief, which they themselves had invented, and accordingly they took care to have tame crocodiles ready to receive the offerings of the faithful. Strabo saw one of these at Arsinoë, that 'city of the crocodiles,' and an apolaustic life he seems to have led. Bread, meat, and wine, the contributions of travellers and pious neighbours, formed his ordi-

nary diet. Strabo's host—a man of consequence, and the guide of the party in everything relating to sacred things—led the way to the pond, carrying from the table a small cake, some roasted meat, and a cup of spiced wine well mulled. They found Suchos, in which name the crocodile rejoiced, stretched at his ease on the margin. Straightway did the priests approach him. Some opened his mouth, one acolyte popped in the cake, another crammed down the meat, and the whole was finished by pouring down the wine; when Suchos plunged into the pond and swam over to the other side to take his *siesta*. If many pilgrims visited his shrine with similar offerings in the course of a day, the deity must have occasionally afforded the awful spectacle of 'a drunken monster,' second only to that of Lablache's Caliban.

What a wondrous piece of acting that is! The brutal passion—the cunning ignorance—the monster lower than the man but higher than the brute—something between a chimpanzee and humanity, with a strong dash of his devilish dam in him, are brought out as no actor but that great artist could portray them; and when the mass warms up under the influence of Trinculo's bottle—But words cannot convey the personification: go and see him. Why will not some gifted master write a Sicilian opera, if *Acis and Galatea* will not suffice, and present Lablache as Polyphemus? All Europe would crowd to behold the incarnation of the Cyclops.

But my pen is running away with me as usual, and must be brought back to these well-fed and well-appointed crocodiles, which were looked up to with some faith as oracles of divination. If the crocodile spontaneously took the cake, or other food offered, it was a good omen; but if the offering was unheeded or rejected, the worst might be expected. There was a dark story that the priests concluded, from such a rejection, that Ptolemy's death was near.

Geoffroy seemed to think that the *Suchos* was a mild and in-

* If a person was killed by a crocodile, or drowned in the Nile, his body was embalmed by the priests, and deposited in the sacred tombs.

offensive species, whose more gentle nature led the Egyptians to deify and tame it; but, to say nothing of the fugitive characters relied on by him as constituting specific difference—characters which can hardly be viewed as indicating more than variety—it seems that the three crocodile mummies, so far from being specimens of Geoffroy's *Suchos*, are identical with his *marginatus*, *lacunosus*, and *complanatus*.* *Souch*, or *Souchis*, according to M. Champollion, indicates the Egyptian name of *Saturn*; and *Suchos* was, in all probability, the proper name of the individual that Strabo saw at Arsinoe. Thus Apis was the sacred bull of Memphis; that of Heliopolis was Mnevis.

But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that the animal was tamed by the ancients; and as little that proper treatment meets with the same success now. Plutarch relates how the crocodile can be made obedient to the human voice and hand, opening its mouth and suffering its teeth to be cleaned with a towel.

Crocodiles, says Herodotus,† are sacred with some of the Egyptians; but not so with others, who treat them as enemies. Those who dwell about Thebes and the lake Mæris look on them as very sacred; and they each train up a crocodile, which is rendered quite tame. Into the ears of these crocodiles they put crystal and gold ear-rings, and adorn their forepaws with bracelets. They give them appointed and sacred food, treating them as well as possible while alive, and when dead they embalm and bury them in the sacred vaults. But the people who dwell about the city Elephantine eat them, not considering them sacred. They are not called crocodiles by the Egyptians, but *champsæ*. The name of crocodiles was given to them by the Ionians, because they thought they resembled lizards,‡ which are

found in the hedges in their country. But as the crocodile, in a state of nature, was not very likely to find any careful attendant ready to rub his teeth with a napkin, Nature, it seems, has sent him an animated feathered toothpick.

The following, says the *Halicarnassian*, is the nature of the crocodile:—During the four coldest months it does not eat: though it has four feet, it is amphibious. It lays its eggs on land, and hatches them there. The greater part of the day is spent on the dry ground, but the whole night in the river, for in the night-time the water is warmer than the air and the dew. Of all living things of which we know, this grows to be the longest from the smallest beginning. It lays eggs little larger than those of a goose, and the young at first is suitable in size to the egg; but when grown, it reaches to the length of seventeen cubits and more. It has the eyes of a pig, and the teeth and projecting tusks are large in proportion to the body. It is the only animal that has no tongue: it does not move the lower jaw, but is the only animal that brings down its upper jaw to the under one. It is furnished with strong claws, and a skin covered with scales not to be broken on the back.§

With the exception of the very pardonable mistake generally current with the ancients, in consequence of their being deceived by appearances, about the absence of the tongue and the want of motion in the lower jaw, the description above given may pass very creditably; but then comes a statement, for which we have heard Herodotus branded as a most daring fabulist.

It is blind in the water, continues the historian, but very quick-sighted on land; and because it lives for the most part in the water its mouth is filled with leeches. All other birds and beasts avoid him, but he is at peace with the trochilus, because he

* Geoffroy founded his *C. complanatus* on mummies which MM. Duméril and Bibron assert are clearly specimens of *Crocodilus vulgaris*.

† *Ent.* 69.

‡ *Κροκόδilos*. In Kircher's Egyptian dictionary, *Pi-souchi* is made—but upon no sound foundation—the Coptic name for a crocodile. *Emsah*, or *hamsa*, is stated by the safest authorities to be the Coptic word from which, with the feminine article prefixed, has come the Arabic word *imsah*, now current on the banks of the Nile. Herodotus, who was evidently aware of this name, gives it under the form of *χαμψα* (*champsæ*).

§ *Ent.* 68.

receives benefit from that bird. For when the crocodile gets out of the water on land and then opens its jaws, which it does most commonly towards the west, the trochilus enters its mouth and swallows the leeches: the crocodile is so well pleased with this service that it never hurts the trochilus.*

Upon this foundation succeeding writers have raised their fantastic structures, and we proceed to give one or two modes of telling the same story:—

All the day time the crocodile keepeth upon the land, but he passeth the night in the water: and in good regard of the season he doth the one and the other. When he hath filled his belly with fishes, he lieth to sleep upon the sands in the shore: and for that he is a great and greedie devourer, somewhat of the meat sticketh evermore between his teeth. In regard whereof cometh the wren, a little bird called there trochilus, and the king of birds in Italy: and shee for her victuals' sake, hoppeth first about his mouth, falleth to pecking or picking it with her little nee or bill, and so forward to the teeth, which he cleaseth, and all to make him gap. Then getteth shee within his mouth, which he openeth the wider, by reason that he taketh so great delight in this her scraping and scouring of his teeth and chaws. Now when he is lulled as it were fast asleep with this pleasure and contentment of his: the rat of India, or ichneumon, spieth his vantage, and seeing him lye thus broad gaping, whippeth into his mouth, and shooteth himselfe downe his throat as quicke as an arrow, and then gnaweth his bowels, catcheth a hole through his belly, and so killeth him.†

Scaliger, somewhat scandalized that Pliny had made the bird a wren, was of opinion that it should be described; and the trochilus then came out of the size of a thrush, with an acute crested feather, which it had the power of erecting, so as to prick the palate of the crocodile if he should close his jaws and shut her in. Aldrovand backs this doctrine by a reference to Leo's work on Africa, who declares that he saw on the banks of islands in the middle of the Nile crocodiles sunning themselves, and birds, about the size of a thrush, flitting about them; but after a short space the birds flew away. His in-

quiries were answered by a statement that portions of the fishes and other animals on which the crocodile feeds stick about his teeth and breed worms, to his great torment. The birds, perceiving the worms when the crocodile gapes, come to feed upon them. But the crocodile, as soon as he finds that all the worms are eaten up, closes his mouth, and attempts to swallow the bird that has entered, but, being wounded by the sharp spine with which the head of the bird is armed, gapes again and sets the winged prisoner free.

The narrative of Herodotus has received corroboration from the pen of the accomplished author of *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*.‡

I will relate (says Mr. Curzon, in that amusing and interesting book) a fact in natural history which I was fortunate enough to witness, and which, although it is mentioned so long ago as the times of Herodotus, has not, I believe, been often observed since; indeed, I have never met with any traveller who has himself seen such an occurrence.

I had always a strong predilection for crocodile-shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion I saw a long way off a large one, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank, about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance; and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in my imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank: there he was within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a zic-zac. It is of the plover species, of a greyish colour, and as large as a small pigeon.

The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and instead of flying away as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed 'Zic-zac! zic-zac!' with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and immediately spying his danger, made a jump

* *Ibid.* Cary.

‡ London: John Murray. 1819.

† Holland's *Pliny*.

into the air, and, dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived into the river and disappeared. The zic-zac, to my increased admiration—prond, apparently, of having saved his friend—remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the zic-zac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.

The crocodile's protector was acquitted, doubtless, by that self-interest which governs so many social compacts; and Herodotus, when he describes the bird as freeing the crocodile from his troublesome parasites, only records an alliance which is far from uncommon in the history of animals. To say nothing of the familiar instances of the daws, magpies, and starlings, that attend upon our sheep and horned cattle, there are more close alliances founded on a reciprocity of benefits. Such, among the warm-blooded vertebrated animals, is the connexion between the *Buphaga erythrohyncha*—the beef-eater of the English, the *pique-beuf* of the French—and the oxen, camels, and antelopes, which it frees from the *larvæ* that hurrow in their hides, for which service its feet and beak are admirably adapted,—the feet, armed with strong claws, affording a firm hold on the back of the animal, and the beak, fashioned so as to dig and extract the maggots as neatly as an instrument combining the qualities of a lancet and forceps, in skilful surgical hands, could perform the operation. Such are the rhinoceros birds mentioned by Mr. Cumming. Even among the molluscous animals we have the association of the pinna and the crab.

The rhinoceros birds were just as attentive to their charge as the guard which deprived Mr. Curzon of his 'ugly game.' A native had informed Mr. Cumming that a white rhinoceros was lying asleep in thick cover, and he accompanied his guide to the

spot. The rhinoceros was lying asleep beneath a shady tree, and his appearance reminded Mr. Cumming of an enormous hog. The beast kept constantly flapping his ears, which, he says, rhinoceroses invariably do when sleeping. But before he could reach the proper distance to fire, several rhinoceros birds by which he was attended warned him of his impending danger by sticking their bills into his ear, and uttering their harsh, grating cry. Thus aroused, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crashed away through the jungle at a rapid rate, and Mr. Cumming saw him no more. But it appears that it is not to the rhinoceros alone that these guardians do good service.

These rhinoceros-birds (continues our mighty hunter) are constant attendants upon the hippopotamus and the four varieties of rhinoceros, their object being to feed upon the ticks and other parasitic insects that swarm upon these animals. They are of a greyish colour, and are nearly as large as a common thrush; their voice is very similar to that of the mistletoe-thrush. Many a time have these ever-watchful birds disappointed me in my stalk, and tempted me to invoke an anathema on their devoted heads. They are the best friends the rhinoceros has, and rarely fail to awaken him, even in his soundest nap. 'Chuckuroo' perfectly understands their warning, and, springing to his feet, he generally looks about him in every direction, after which he invariably makes off. I have often hunted a rhinoceros on horseback, which led me a chase of many miles, and required a number of shots before he fell, during which chase several of these birds remained by the rhinoceros to the last. They reminded me of mariners on the deck of some bark sailing on the ocean, for they perched along his back and sides; and as each of my bullets told on the shoulder of the rhinoceros they ascended about six feet into the air, uttering their harsh cry of alarm, and then resumed their position. It sometimes happened that the lower branches of trees, under which the rhinoceros passed, swept them from their living deck, but they always recovered their former station; they also adhere to the rhinoceros during the night. I have often shot these animals at midnight when drinking at the fountains, and the birds, imagining they were asleep, remained with them till morning, and on my approaching, before taking flight, they exerted themselves to their utmost to awaken Chuckuroo from his deep sleep.

Geoffroy was of opinion, and others

agree with him, that the Egyptian dotterell,* first described by Hasselquist, is the *trochilus* of Herodotus; and it is a curious instance of the perverseness of systematists that they should have pressed the last-mentioned name into their service to designate those volatile animated gems† which shoot by like meteors in that western world which was unknown to the ancients, and to which these brilliant birds are exclusively confined. Linnæus, who gives the Egyptian dotterell a place among his *charadrii* (plovers), makes no sign as to its being the *trochilus* of Herodotus, and he adopts that word as the specific name of the common wren of our hedges.‡

In the grand battle between the hippopotami and the crocodiles, represented on the plinth of the statue of Nilus, a somewhat long-billed but rather corpulent long-legged bird seems ready to come to the assistance of a crocodile, which has a hippopotamus fast by the nose. Another and similar bird stands calmly before an open-mouthed crocodile. If the sculptor intended these for *trochili*, they have not much of the wren about them, nor of the plover either. They may have been meant for ibises looking on at the row.

Hasselquist declares that the crocodiles do inexpressible mischief to the common people of Upper Egypt, often killing and devouring women who come to the river to fetch water, and children playing on the shore or swimming in the river. He relates that in the stomach of one dissected before Mr. Barton, the English con-

sul, the bones of the legs and arms of a woman, with the rings which Egyptian women wear as ornaments, were found. The fishermen, whose nets are broken by the crocodiles if they come in his way, are, he says, often exposed to great danger from those terrible monsters.

Sonnini relates that they are formidable to the inhabitants, and that in some places they are obliged to form in the river an enclosure of stakes and fagots, that the women, in drawing water, may not have their legs carried off by the crocodiles. The Catholics, he adds, are persuaded that those hideous destroyers will attack a Mussulman, but forbear to injure a Christian, and bathe without fear in the Nile, while the Mahometans, acknowledging the miracle, dare not expose themselves there.

After alluding to the veneration which the crocodile experienced in some parts of Egypt in remote times, and the fury with which it was pursued and destroyed in others, Sonnini remarks that in his time the crocodile was neither revered nor destroyed. Banished to the most southern part of Egypt, they assemble there, he says, in vast numbers. They are to be seen when the sun is at its height, their head above the water, immoveable, and appearing at a distance like large pieces of floating wood, gliding slowly down with the current and basking in the heat, in which they delight. He shot several, approaching very close, which, as they were not often disturbed, he was able to do; but he does not appear to have hagged any like Mr. Cumming, with

* *Charadrius Egyptius*, Linn. Hamet, Hippo's careful and intelligent attendant, when told what Herodotus and Aristotle had stated on this subject, expressed his disbelief of the story, but said he knew the bird, which he described pretty accurately. Mr. Mitchell took him down to the museum in the garden, when he at once pointed out *Hoplopterus spinosus*, a spur-winged dotterell or plover, as the bird he meant. This species, it appears, is constantly found in the places where the crocodiles land, and runs about hunting for insects—small mollusca, perhaps, and such things—when the crocodiles are lying asleep. The appearance of the hunter immediately excites a noisy note from the plover, the crocodile wakes, and the natives believe that the bird is the crocodile's friend and watchman. The Sheigea Arabs call this bird *El sugda*: the natives of Dongola call it *El'um tisaad*, which, being interpreted, means the cousin or niece of the crocodile. Mr. Curzon's narrative leads to the inference of a much more intimate connexion between the bird and the crocodile than a mere cry at the approach of danger. The spur on each of the wings of hoplopterus is nearly half an inch long. The reader will remember, in one of the versions of the story, the sharp spine with which the bird is said to be armed, and which Leo places on its head.

† The humming-birds—*Trochilide* and *Trochilus* of modern ornithologists—inhabiting America and the West India islands.

‡ *Motacilla trochilus*.

whose best and worst dog the crocodiles of South Africa made off. In the neighbourhood of Thebes, the small boat in which Sonnini sailed up the river was often surrounded by crocodiles. They saw the party pass with indifference, neither discovering fear nor any cruel intent at the approach of the voyagers. The noise of the musket-shot alone disturbed their tranquillity. Sonnini asserts that they never rise upon vessels, and that how little soever the gunwales may be raised above the water, nothing is to be apprehended from their attacks. But he advises the navigator to avoid thrusting his arms or legs into the stream, or he will run the risk of getting them snapped off by the sharp-pointed teeth of the crocodiles. Very alert in the water, which, he says, they cleave with rapidity, they make, according to him, but slow progress on dry land; and were it not that their slime colour and the coat of mud with which they cover themselves in walking along the miry shores of the Nile, disguise them so as to render them less perceptible, and thus expose men to be surprized by them, they are, he declares, by no means so dangerous out of the watery element, in which they are stronger and more at liberty.

The portrait of the ichneumon '*que les Egyptiens nomment Rat de Pharaon*,' is given in the *Portraits d'Animaux*,* with the following morsel of poetry:—

Voy le portrait du Rat de Pharaon,
Qui chasse aux rats, comme fait la Be-
lette :

Au demeurant fort cauteleuse beste,
Qui autrement est nommée Ichneumon.

But not a word is said about the romance of its leaping into the gaping mouths of crocodiles, gliding into their bellies, and eating their way out of the entrails of the reptiles, which the ancient authors and many of the moderns loved to dwell upon, but which Sonnini treats with the contempt that it deserves. The natural food of the ichneumons consists of rats, birds, eggs, and reptiles; and if some of them have been seen springing on little crocodiles with fury when presented to them, the act was the effect of their general appetite for such game generally, and not of

a particular antipathy. It would, as Sonnini observes, be at least equally reasonable to say that their mission on earth was to prevent the too great propagation of chickens, to which they are far more hostile than to crocodiles. In his time, and in more than half of northern Egypt, that is to say, in that part comprized between the Mediterranean Sea and the city of Siout, ichneumons were very common, although there were no crocodiles there; while they were more rare in Upper Egypt, where the crocodiles were more numerous. The great scourge of the crocodiles is a tortoise called *thirsé* by the Arabians—one of the Potamians, probably—which, when the little crocodiles just hatched repair to the river, springs upon them and devours them. Persons of undoubted veracity at Thebais told Sonnini that out of fifty young crocodiles, the produce of one hatching, seven only had escaped the *thirsé*, which is also a keen devourer of the crocodile's eggs. Seven little crocodiles, each eleven inches long, were brought to the French traveller when he was at Kous. Their teeth were already very sharp, and they appeared to have come into the world with the true crocodile spirit. The Egyptian who took them said that there were about fifty of them together, but that it was impossible to catch them all because the mother arrived unexpectedly, and was eager to fly at him. From such small beginnings are these enormous monsters developed. Sonnini saw at Négadé the skin of a crocodile thirty feet long and four broad; and he was assured that some had been found in the Nile of the length of fifty feet. One thing is certain, that the number of teeth was as great in the newly-hatched reptiles as in those that had attained to that enormous size.

Herodotus† gives an amusing account of the bait with which the ancient fishermen bobbed for crocodile. Having well covered his hook with the ehine of a hog, he makes, according to the historian, a cast into the middle of the river; and then producing a young live pig on the bank, he beats it till he makes it squeal. The crocodile, attracted by the piercing cry, goes in the direc-

* 1657.

† *Ent.* 70.

tion whence it proceeds, meets with the baited hook, swallows it, is struck, in angling phrase, and the tackle being none of the finest, is drawn bodily to land. But when the crocodile is there the angler would have but a hard time of it, if he did not instantly set to work to plaster up the eyes of his game with mud. When he has done this, it is managed very easily; but he has a world of trouble before the operation is completed. Hasselquist found a fishing-hook in the palate of one which he dissected; and the eggs which he procured, larger than that of a hen but less than that of a goose, covered with a hard crust, of a rugged surface, and of a cloudy white colour, were taken out of a female thirty feet long.

It was to be expected that the Roman populace, whose cry for novelty at the great shows only equalled that for bread, would be familiarized with the monsters of the Nile:—

Marcus Scaurus was the first man who, in his plaies and games that he set out in his milidship, made a show of one water-horse and four crocodiles, swimming in a pool or mote made for the time during these solemnities.*

This seems to have been a zoological exhibition, and nothing more; but the crocodiles were soon brought forward for more cruel purposes, and to pander to the popular lust for blood. Augustus turned six-and-thirty into the amphitheatre at once. The shout raised by the thousands who beheld that monstrous entrance, could only have been equalled by the breathless silence with which they saw the bold, calm gladiators, advance upon their frightful antagonists. The *bestiarii*, who were sworn to face any living thing that their lord and master chose to oppose to them, did their butcherly duty that day, for not one of the thirty-six was left alive.

Most probably the conquerors feasted on them afterwards, for there was a saying that

A crocodile is good meat,
All save the head and feet;

though a little musky, perhaps; and the head was not without its use in

the Roman pharmacopœia, as, for instance:—

The eie-teeth of the said crocodile, filled up with frankincense (for hollow they be), and tied to any part of the body, put by those periodical fevers which use to return at sett and certain hours; but then the patient must not for five dayes together see the party who fastened the same about him. And they report likewise, that the little gravel stones taken out of their belly be of the same vertue to drive away the shaking fits of agues when they are coming, which is the cause that the Egyptians use ordinarily to anoint their sicke folk with the fat of this beast.

The blood administered to the eyes was supposed to promote clearness of vision. The fat bore a high price, for he who was anointed with it might fearlessly dive in the Nile, though surrounded by crocodiles. It was reckoned excellent good for the bites of serpents, according to Dioscorides; and Leo lauds its efficacy in the case of old ulcers, and even of cancers. Boiled in water with vinegar, it was held a sovereign remedy for the toothache, if the patient washed his face with the decoction; and no doubt it did the sufferers as much good as any nostrum now advertised. The skin, if carried round fields or gardens, and afterwards suspended there, was held to be a sure defence against approaching hailstorms. In modern times not only is the musk of the glands held precious (or was, not long ago), but other parts of the animal were used for medicinal purposes. Hasselquist notices the 'folliculus,' of the bigness of a hazel nut, under the shoulders of the old crocodiles, containing a thick matter which smells like musk. The Egyptians, he says, are very anxious to get this when they kill a crocodile, it being a perfume much esteemed by the grandees, but Hasselquist did not find one in any that he dissected. He states that the Egyptians use the fat against the rheumatism and stiffness of the tendons, esteeming it a powerful remedy outwardly applied. He mentions the gall, as being considered good for the eyes; and that, and the eyes of the crocodiles themselves, as used by the Egyptians for purposes about which we care not to be particular.

* Holland's *Pliny*.

I am not aware that a true crocodile has ever been exhibited alive in this country. I never saw one, though I have seen many alligators of all sizes. It would not be very difficult to bring over a Nilotic crocodile; and if the Zoological Society of London were to show one with its attendant dotterell and the hippopotamus,* the attraction would be strong. The clever keepers of that establishment would soon reconcile them to each other, and present another 'united happy family' to the wondering spectators.

Without wearying the reader with anatomical details, we would draw attention to certain peculiarities in the organization of the crocodilian family, which are not only essential to its well-being, but indicate that approximation of one form to another of which every observer who studies animated nature is constantly reminded.

The cervical vertebræ are furnished with a sort of false ribs, which impede lateral motion; and, indeed, the general structure of the vertebral column, as far as the pelvis, combined with the abdominal ribs, renders it difficult for the *crocodilidae* to bend their bodies sideways; whence the notion of throwing them out when in pursuit by

donbling back. There is a story of an Englishman running before a large alligator which came out of the lake Nicaragua, and was gaining on him fast. He would have been soon overtaken by his grim pursuer, had not some Spaniards called to him to run in a circle and baffle it by compelling it to resort to the laborious operation of turning, if it should be bent on continuing the pursuit. That an alligator can bend its body *and tail* so as to bring head and tail together I have proved. I took an alligator between five and six feet long, at the Zoological Garden in the Regent's Park, by the tail and lifted it off its legs, when, by what certainly appeared to be a violent effort, it bent its body so as to reach my hand with its head. I had a glove on, but the reptile bit it through, without, however, wounding my hand.

The abdominal ribs, which form a sort of plastron for the protection of the belly, in addition to the false and ordinary ribs, do not reach up to the spine, and seem to be the result of an ossification of the tendinous portion of the recti muscles. True clavicles there are none, but, as in the rest of the Saurian tribe, the coracoid apophyses are attached to the breast-bone. The lungs of rep-

* 6/A Oct.—I to the Zoological Garden, and in my way to the hippopotamus came upon a late hatch of six young black swans not long out of the egg, walking with their affectionate mother, the proud father strutting in advance ready to do battle with all comers, and looking as if he defied the world. Looked in upon Jenny Lind, who had broken her horn at the hase, or rather loosened it at the suture, so that it went quite back. But the keeper set it cleverly, and it is now in place, exalted, like that of her namesake by Brother Jonathan; so that she carries her head as proudly and symmetrically as any giraffe of them all.

The great tortoise had cuddled into a corner of his house, as if he felt the approach of winter.

Hippo was in his bath. When he sinks he pnts back his ears, and closes them to keep out the water. A large vegetable marrow was thrown to him by Hamet. He mumbled it for some time in the water, and below the surface as well as above, making an impression on the fruit but not breaking it. When below the surface he would let it out of his mouth, and then rise after it as it floated to the top, trying his young teeth upon it. At last his vegetable appetite appeared to be roused. He brought it to one of the steps of his bath, and, reposing, set to work upon it in good earnest, with all but his head still in the water, succeeded in breaking it, bit off pieces, chewed them with a slow, champing, snapping motion, without any lateral grinding, and swallowed them. He had previously been offered green maize, which he mumbled, broke, and played with, but did not eat, so far as I could see. Boiled carrots and kohlrübe were more to his taste; and he had eaten freely of them before the experiment of the raw vegetable marrow was made. All this looks like a healthy state of stomach, and I cannot help hoping that his careful attendants will bring him through the winter. He was rather fractious at first on being left, but is now reconciled to the absence of his kind Hamet at night, and sleeps by himself very comfortably. In short, his conduct entirely justifies the epithet conferred on him by Mr. Dickens, who has immortalized 'The Good Hippopotamus.'

tiles generally reach down into the abdomen; but such is not the case with the crocodilians, and some fleshy fibres adhering to that part of the peritoneum which covers the liver, remind the observer of a diaphragm. This organization, combined with their trilocular heart, where the blood coming from the lungs is not mingled with the venous portion of that fluid, which comes from the body, so completely as it is in other reptiles, approximates, though in no great degree, the crocodilians to the warm-blooded quadrupeds. As in the tortoises, the auditory bone and the pterygoid apophyses are fixed to the skull.

But the jaws, which in the chelonians are edentulous, are furnished with numerous large conical teeth of unequal length, implanted in a single row in the thickness of the upper and lower maxillary bones, in separate cavities, each of which may be looked upon as a true alveolus or socket. This formidable array is constantly kept up in good order and condition by a provision which insures a constant supply of serviceable teeth. Each tooth is hollowed at the base, so as to become the case or sheath of the tooth of greater size destined to replace it; so that, in the crocodiles, the operation of teething is always painlessly going on: nor does the number of the teeth vary according to age. The pressure of the rising tooth causes an absorption of the hollow base of the old one; and as the former advances the latter dwindles, till it drops out and is succeeded by the new one. It need hardly be observed that great solidity and strength result from this double *gomphosis*; while, to add to the firmness of the terrible apparatus, the sockets are directed obliquely from front to rear. Each tooth is, so to speak, insulated; and a gum, or at least what does duty for a gum, covers the bony edges of the jaws whence they spring.

The depressed and elongated body and tail are shielded on the back by solid carinated scutechons. The scales of the belly are squared, comparatively delicate, and smooth. The tail is longer than the body, compressed laterally, and its scales are elevated into a central ridge. The fore-feet are furnished with five toes, the hind-

feet with four. All the toes are armed with claws, and more or less webbed. The nostrils open at the end of the muzzle, and are raised and furnished with crescent-shaped slits. This elevation is very strongly marked in the Gavials or Gharrials, and enables the animal to lie floating with the nostrils above the water without exposing much of the head. They are closed by valves when the creature descends. The fleshy flat tongue is attached very nearly up to the edges; whence the notion of the ancients that the crocodile had none. This conformation prevents, in a great measure, the routing out of leeches, &c. by muscular action, and accounts for the necessity of external aid in freeing the mouth from annoying parasites. The lower jaw is prolonged backwards beyond the skull, and the gape is proportionably elongated. Hence, when the animal raises its head and throws it a little backwards on opening the mouth by the depression of the lower jaw, it has the appearance of moving its upper jaw, whence the error of the ancients in that respect.

Cuvier observes that the crocodiles cannot swallow when in the water, but the evidence of those who have seen alligators in their fishing expeditions hardly supports this assertion. It is true that such witnesses relate, that after having seized the fish beneath the surface, the captor rises above it, and occasionally tosses the prey into the air, as if to get rid of the water taken in at the time of the seizure: but there can be no question that, on such occasions, the fish is swallowed by the alligator without leaving the water; though the latter repairs to the land for the purpose of devouring such land animals as it may have succeeded in surprizing and drowning, after they have undergone such a degree of decomposition as renders their fibre tender and more easily divided by crocodilian teeth. With all due submission, then, to the high authority of the great French zoologist, his position may be doubted; and, indeed, the careful adaptation of a part of its organization to the requirements of the animal goes far to contradict it. This conformation we shall endeavour to explain with as little technicality as possible.

If the interior of the mouth of a crocodile or alligator be examined, the roof of the palate will be found nearly flat, and not pierced by the extremities of the nasal *fossæ*, as in the greater number of other reptiles. No; the posterior nasal apertures open in the pharynx behind the palatine veil, which is sufficiently elongated to overspread that portion of the roof which is in front of the glottis, or opening of the windpipe. Indeed it is probable that the crocodiles are the only reptiles that have a true pharynx, in other words, a vestibule common to the mouth, the posterior nostrils, the larynx or windpipe, and the œsophagus or gullet. This arrangement of the parts in combination with the muscular structure of the tongue, the bone of which, or *os hyoides*, has a peculiar expansion, produces a sort of disk or valve, which can be lifted and applied to the *velum palati* above, so as effectually to protect the glottis and perform the office of the *epiglottis* in mammiferous animals, conferring on the crocodile a peculiar power of deglutition and respiration when it has seized its prey below the surface of the water, or has dragged it down from the land. The same admirable machinery comes also into play in carrying on respiration, when the animal lies with its muzzle alone above the surface of the water.

The eggs of the crocodile are covered with a hard shell, and are as large as those of a goose, but not so oval. The female is said to guard the nest or place of deposit, and to bestow maternal care upon the young during some months.

The form is widely spread. Asia, Africa, and America, have it. There is no authentic record of its ever having inhabited Europe, in the present state of the world at least; unless we are to give credit to the

assertion of Malte-Brun, that one was taken in the Rhone some two centuries ago. The fifth quarter of the globe, Australasia, has not as yet been found to possess it. The muzzle of the crocodiles is not so wide as that of the alligators or caymans; and some of the Asiatic species, the gavials* for example, have the jaws elongated into a narrow snout, with a rounded termination, reminding one in some degree of the beak of a gigantic spoonbill armed with teeth.

The alligators, according to some, derive their name from the Portuguese word *lagarto*, signifying a lizard; some make it a modification of the Indian word *legateer*, or *allegater*; and others, again, suppose that it is simply a corruption of the words *al lagatore*,† the inhabitant of the lake or lagoon—for travellers agree generally in stating that the caymans are never found in the rapids, or even in the running part of the stream, but in creeks, lagoons, or back waters. There is this difference, also, between them and the true crocodiles, that whereas the latter frequently descend beyond the brackish water of great rivers, even into the sea—the greater species that inhabits the Ganges, for example,—and have been known to swim from island to island where the distance has been considerable, no such migrations have been generally recorded on the part of the alligators, which, it has been said, never quit the fresh water.‡ When, after the intense heats of summer, the cold season approaches, the alligators bury themselves in the mud of some stagnant pool, and there remain concealed and comfortable, in the sort of death-in-life state of hybernation, till the genial breath of spring calls them again into active life. Then, and as the summer advances, multi-

* More properly, garrials.

† Sloane, who writes *alligator*, *allegator*, *alagarta*, and *alagartos*, derives it from the Spanish *alagarta*, a lizard.

‡ But note. Sir Hans Sloane, in his *Jamaica*, speaking of the shoals between Port Royal and Passage Fort, and of the corals, starfishes, and echini, which there abound, says that 'allegators are often drawn on shore in the *seane*-nets by the fishermen, whose nets are generally broken by them;' and he speaks of one which was afterwards taken, as stated at p. 630 of this book, that used to do abundance of mischief to the people's cattle 'in the neighbourhood of this bay, having his regular courses to look for prey.' And Sloane further remarks, that 'They are very common on the coasts and deep rivers of Jamaica.' Catesby, too, states, that they frequent salt rivers near the sea, as well as streams of fresh water, fresh and salt lakes.

tnes may be seen in the unfrequented waters of South America, their huge flat heads floating among the luxuriant nymphaeæ—such as Queen Victoria's own water-lily, and other aquatic plants, with which the surface is, as it were, carpeted,—or basking on the sunny banks in a dozing state, when the day is at the hottest. They probably have a feathered attendant, as the true crocodiles have, for a bird has been seen quietly perched on an alligator's snout.

Like the poacher, their principal time of fishing is in the night, when they assemble in large companies, drive the fish before them, with loud bellowings that may be heard a mile off, into some retired creek, and take up a position at the mouth of it. Then the work of destruction begins. Diving under the crowded shoal, the alligators seize the prey, not unfrequently using their tails to sweep the terrified fish which attempt to escape, towards their gaping mouths, while the shores resound with the clanking of their jaws. Some have supposed that the musky secretion of the glands beneath the throat has attraction for the fish, as the anglers of old were used to anoint their baits with perfumed unguents to draw the finny race to their hooks. But, although fish form the principal food of the alligators, they not unfrequently seize on land animals, which, if too large to be swallowed whole, they sink beneath the bank till it becomes what venison-eaters term rather high, when it is brought out and devoured at leisure on the bank. Some of them have been known to attack men while bathing or swimming across rivers; and there goes a saying, that they prefer the flesh of a negro to any other delicacy. Sonnini, when he notices the belief above referred to, that the Christian bears a charmed life against the crocodile, while the Mussulman is devoured, states that he has read somewhere that in Western Africa the reptile

not only prefers the negro, but never touches the white Christian.

Like several fishes, gold and silver fish and the carp for example, the alligators live at their ease in waters of a very high temperature. Bartram found great numbers, both alligators and fish, in a spring near the Mosquito River, in Florida, strongly impregnated with vitriol, and nearly at boiling point where it issued from the earth.

At St. Domingo, M. Ricord had opportunities of witnessing the mode in which reproduction is carried on among the crocodilians of that island. In April and May, he tells us, the female deposits from twenty to twenty-five eggs, more or less, in the sand without much care, and indeed hardly covering them. He met with them occasionally in the lime which the masons had left on the river's bank. According to his reckoning, and if the temperature be sufficiently genial, the young come forth five or six inches in length on the fortieth day. They are hatched without aid, and as they are able to exist without nourishment while extricating themselves from the egg, the female is in no haste to bring it to them; but she leads them towards the water and into the mud, where she disgorges half-digested food for their nourishment. The male, he says, takes no notice of them. They retain for some time the umbilical cicatrice whereby the vitellus was absorbed while they were in the egg.*

Like the young turtles, many of them are destroyed by their numerous enemies in their way to the river, and before they get into deep water. Vultures devour them both in the egg and on their exclusion; and ravenous fishes thin their ranks as soon as they reach the element in which those who survive are to pass so much of their existence.

The flesh of alligators is eaten by the Indians, and I have been assured by those who have partaken of it,

* A collector who had taken the contents of one of these nests, brought the eggs to the house where he was living, and put them into his room on the first floor. One day he went out, leaving the door of his room open, and on his return beheld a swarm of young alligators coming down stairs. Another procured a number of these eggs just before he sailed for England, and put them into one of his chests. Towards the end of the voyage he had occasion to open the chest where he had stowed away the eggs, and found a legion of these black imps among his shirts and stockings. Some of these young alligators arrived alive and well in this country.

that the tail of a young alligator sliced and treated like veal cutlets bears no distant resemblance to that dish.

Of their ravenous and ferocious disposition there can be little doubt, and stories illustrative of it are not uncommon. Bontius relates, that a man who had conducted a horse to drink was fiercely attacked by an enormous one, and if the latter had not suddenly sprung away, both man and horse would have been in danger of their lives. Acosta records the bravery of an Indian father, whose little son had been seized by an alligator that plunged with his prey into the depths of the river. The father, a strong and skilful swimmer, armed with a short sword, leaped in after the reptile, dived under it, and by a succession of vigorous stabs in the belly compelled the monster to make for the bank, where it deposited the child half-dead. Mr. Waterton is not the only rider who has bestridden one of these river Bucephali. He mounted an alligator. Adanson witnessed and shared in an engagement with a true crocodile. The negroes, it appears, in the neighbourhood of the river Senegal holdily attack these monsters; and on one occasion a negro discovered a crocodile seven feet long asleep, among some bushes at the foot of a tree near the banks of the river. The negro stealthily crept up, and inflicted a deep wound on the side of the reptile's neck. The crocodile with one sweep of his tail knocked the negro off his legs; but he rose instantly, and slipped a rope over the crocodile's muzzle, while one of his companions secured the formidable tail. Then Adanson leaped on the crocodile's back, and kept it down while the negro drew out the knife which he had left sticking in the wound, and cut off his antagonist's head. Another author mentions one of the garrison of Fort St. Louis who used frequently to amuse himself with these duels, and always with success; till at last he was so terribly wounded in one of those combats, that he must have been killed outright if some of his comrades had not come to the rescue.

Sir Hans Sloane was offered the

stuffed skin of an alligator nineteen feet long when he was at Jamaica, but he could not accept of it on account of its size, 'wanting room to stow it.' The story of its capture, as related by him, is curious. The people in the neighbourhood of the bay between Port Royal and Passage Fort having suffered great loss of cattle by its depredations, a dog was used as a bait, with a piece of wood tied to a cord, the farther end of which was made fast to a bed-post. The reptile coming round as usual every night, seized the dog, was taken by the piece of wood, which stuck across his throat, in his struggles drew the bed to the window, and waked the people, 'who kill'd the alligator which had done them much mischief.' Sir Hans also records that there was 'a pottle of stones' in the belly of one nine feet long. Ravenous as the alligators are, they are, like serpents and tortoises, capable of enduring a very long fast. Browne, in his *Natural History* of the same island which Sloane so ably illustrated, remarks that they are observed to live for many months without any visible sustenance; which experiment, he says, is frequently tried in Jamaica by tying their jaws with wire, and putting them thus tied up into a pond, well, or water-tub, where they often lie for a considerable time, rising to the surface from time to time for breath. He also asserts, that on opening the animal the stomach is generally found charged with stones of a pointed oval, but flattened shape, to which they seem to have been worn in its bowels.

Doubtless (adds the worthy doctor) it swallows them, not only for nourishment, which is evident from the attrition and solution of their surfaces, but also to help its digestion, and to stir up the oscillations of the slothful fibres of its stomach, as many other creatures do. Some people think it swallowed them to keep them easier under water at times; but how reasonable soever this conjecture may seem to some people, it will not take with such as are better acquainted with the nature of aquatic animals.

Catesby* thus draws their portraits:—

In Jamaica, and many parts of the

* *Carolina*.

continent, they are found above twenty feet in length; they cannot be more terrible in their aspect than they are formidable and mischievous in their natures, sparing neither man nor beast they can surprise, pulling them under water, that, being dead, they may with greater facility, and without struggle or resistance, devour them. As quadrupeds do not so often come in their way, they mostly subsist on fish; but as Providence, for the preservation, or to prevent the extinction of defenceless creatures, hath, in many instances, restrained the devouring appetites of voracious animals by some impediment or other, so this destructive monster, by the close connexion of the joints of his vertebrae, can neither swim nor run any other ways than straight-forward, and is consequently disabled from turning with that agility requisite to catch his prey by pursuit. Therefore they do it by surprise, in the water as well as by land; for effecting of which Nature seems, in some measure, to have recompensed their want of agility, by giving them a power of deceiving and catching their prey, by a sagacity peculiar to them, as well as by the outer form and colour of their body—which on land resembles an old dirty log or tree; and, in the water, frequently lies floating on the surface, and there has the like appearance,—by which, and his silent artifice, fish, fowl, turtle, and all other animals, are deceived, suddenly caught, and devoured.

Catesby also mentions their habit of swallowing stones and other hard substances, not, as he thinks, to help digestion, but to distend and prevent the contraction of their intestines when they are empty. In the greater number of many which he opened nothing appeared but chumps of light wood and pieces of pine-tree coal, some of which weighed eight pounds, and were reduced and worn so smooth from their original angular roughness, that they seemed to have remained there many months.

Dr. Buckland, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, well observes, that in the living subgenera of the crocodilian family we see the elongated and slender beak of the gavial constructed for feeding on fishes; whilst the shorter and stronger snout of the broad-nosed crocodiles and alligators gives them the power of seizing and devouring quadrupeds that come to the banks of rivers in hot countries to drink. As there were scarcely

any mammalia during the secondary periods, while the waters were abundant, we might, *a priori*, expect, he remarks, that if any crocodilian forms then existed, they would most nearly resemble the modern gavial. Accordingly, those genera only which have elongated beaks have been found in formations anterior to, and including the chalk; whilst the true crocodiles, with a short and broad snout like the alligator, appear for the first time in strata of the tertiary periods in which the remains of mammalia abound.

Though neither crocodile nor alligator exists in Europe, nor ever, I believe, has existed there since that quarter of the globe was peopled, there was a time when this now temperate island must have teemed with animals only able to exist in warm latitudes, and when its hotter clime presented a congregation of all the crocodilian forms now so widely scattered and separated. What geographical changes has the world undergone since that time! How different was the face of this fair island before the eocene deposits were formed!

At the present day the conditions of earth, air, water, and warmth, which are indispensable to the existence and propagation of these most gigantic of living saurians, concur only in the tropical or warmer temperate latitudes of the globe. Crocodiles, gavials, and alligators, now require, in order to put forth in full vigour the powers of their cold-blooded constitution, the stimulus of a large amount of solar heat, with ample verge of watery space for the evolutions which they practise in the capture and disposal of their prey. Marshes with lakes—extensive estuaries—large rivers, such as the Gambia and Niger, that traverse the pestilential tracts of Africa—or those that inundate the country through which they run, either periodically, as the Nile for example, or with less regularity, like the Ganges; or which bear a broader current of tepid water along boundless forests and savannahs, like those ploughed in ever-varying channels by the force of the mighty Amazon or Orinoko,—such form the theatres of the destructive existence of the carnivorous and predacious crocodilian reptiles.*

Well may the gifted Professor ask, What must have been the extent and configuration of the eocene continent

* Owen's *History of British Fossil Reptiles*, now in course of publication.

which was drained by the rivers that deposited the masses of clay and sand, accumulated in some parts of the London and Hampshire basins to the height of one thousand feet, and forming the graveyard of countless crocodiles and gavials? whither trended that great stream, once the haunt of alligators and the resort of tapir-like quadrupeds, the sandy bed of which is now exposed on the upheaved face of Hordwell Cliff?

No one is better qualified to give an answer to such questions than the deep-thinking and eloquent querist. Everything must fade after the vivid picture here presented, and with it we close the scene:—

Had any of the human kind existed and traversed the land where now the base of Britain rises from the ocean, he might have witnessed the gaval cleaving the waters of its native river with the velocity of an arrow, and ever and anon rearing its slender snout above the waves, and making the banks re-echo with the loud and sharp snappings of its formid-

ably-armed jaws: he might have watched the deadly struggle between the crocodile and palæothere, and have been himself warned by the hoarse and deep bellowings of the alligator from the dangerous vicinity of its retreat. Our fossil evidences supply us with ample materials for this most strange picture of the animal life of ancient Britain, and what adds to the singularity and interest of the restored *tableau vivant* is the fact, that it could not now be produced in any part of the world. The same forms of crocodilian reptiles, it is true, still exist, but the habitats of the gaval and the alligator are wide asunder, thousands of miles of land and ocean intervening: one is peculiar to the tropical rivers of continental Asia, the other is restricted to the warmer latitudes of North and South America; both forms are excluded from Africa, in the rivers of which continent true crocodiles alone are found. Not one representative of the crocodilian order naturally exists in any part of Europe; yet every form of the order once flourished in close proximity to each other in a territory which now forms part of England.*

THE RECORDS OF THE ANCIENT KINGS OF PERSIA.†

THE acuteness of human intellect in the present age is not manifested only by the striking progress made in the exact sciences, and in the discoveries which annul distance and give us the means of communicating over land and sea with the speed and the very action of lightning; the peaceful conquests of our time are quite as wonderful on the field of the sciences not immediately connected with the business of daily life. Posterity will mention the deciphering of hieroglyphics and of the cuneiform inscriptions in the same line with the construction of railways, steamboats, and electric telegraphs, as specimens of the inventive genius by which our age is characterized.

It is well known that the Rosetta stone (now in the British Museum) led Dr. Young to the first successful attempts to determine the Egyptian alphabet, and to the more complete researches of Champollion, which disclosed the ancient history of Egypt. The deciphering of the cuneiform inscriptions is as ingenious as that of the hieroglyphics, and is certainly of equal importance to an investigation of the primitive history of mankind.

The existence of extensive ruins of royal palaces at Nakshi Rostan, in Persia, had been well-known in Europe for centuries. The bassi relievi of these buildings gave a high idea of the state of civilization in the Persian empire. Inscriptions in arrow-headed

* Owen's *History of British Fossil Reptiles*.

† *The Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistun deciphered and translated, with a Memoir*. By Major H. C. Rawlinson, C.B. of the Hon. East India Company's Bombay Service, and Political Agent at Baghdad. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. 1846, 1847, 1849. (Tenth and Eleventh Volumes of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*.)

A Commentary on the Cuneiform Inscriptions of Babylonia and Assyria; including Readings of the Inscription on the Nimrud Obelisk, and a brief Notice of the Ancient Kings of Nineveh and Babylon. Read before the Royal Asiatic Society. By Major H. C. Rawlinson, C.B. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. 1850.

characters were also noticed on the ruins, and hewn in the rocks, in several other places in Persia and Armenia. These records were copied by adventurous travellers, not without danger, some of the inscriptions being inscribed on the smooth surface of the rock at such an elevation that it was necessary for the traveller to be drawn up by ropes, and to transcribe these documents of antiquity whilst swinging in mid-air. There seemed to be no hope of deciphering them, since not only were the characters wholly unknown, but the languages to which they belonged were also entirely obliterated by time from the book of human knowledge. No more could be made out than that the inscriptions appeared to be in three different languages. When, therefore, in 1802, it was announced that a German professor, Mr. Grotefend, had discovered the Persian alphabet, and thus possessed the key to the cuneiform writing, the correctness of his deciphering was generally doubted. The study of the cuneiform inscriptions remained neglected, and the researches of Mr. Saint Martin and Professor Rask (1821-1826) failed to advance the science materially. It was not until 1836 that the simultaneous publications of Burnouf and Lassen first gave a scientific basis to these researches. These scholars completed the deciphering of the Persian alphabet, one-third of which had been empirically discovered by Professor Grotefend. It was then ascertained that the old Persian language was intimately related to the Vedic Sanskrit, and a well-founded critical analysis of all the then known inscriptions was published by the above-named great Orientalists. Shortly before these publications appeared in Germany and France, Major (now Lieut.-Colonel) Rawlinson was at Kermanshah in Persia, and was led to the same discoveries as Grotefend, Burnouf, and Lassen, but quite independently of their labours. The account of the manner in which he succeeded in deciphering the inscriptions is so clear and interesting that we give it entire :—

It was in the year 1835 that I first undertook the investigation of the cuneiform character. I was at that time only aware that Professor Grotefend had deciphered some of the names of the early

sovereigns of the house of Achæmenes, but in my isolated position at Kermanshah, on the western frontier of Persia, I could neither obtain a copy of his alphabet nor could I discover what particular inscriptions he had examined. The first materials which I submitted to analysis were the sculptured tablets of Hamadân, carefully and accurately copied by myself upon the spot; and I afterwards found that I had thus, by a singular accident, selected the most favourable inscriptions of the class which existed in all Persia for resolving the difficulties of an unknown character. * * * * These tablets consist of two trilingual inscriptions, engraved by Darius Hystaspes and by his son Xerxes: they commence with the same invocation to Ormuzd, they contain the same enumeration of the royal titles, and the same statement of paternity and family; and, in fact, they are identical, except in the names of the kings and in those of their respective fathers. When I proceeded, therefore, to compare and interline the two inscriptions, I found that the characters coincided throughout, except in certain particular groupes, and it was only reasonable to suppose that the groupes which were thus brought out and individualized must represent proper names. I further remarked, that there were but three of these distinct groupes in the two inscriptions; for the groupe which occupied the second place in one inscription, and which, from its position, suggested the idea of its representing the name of the father of the king who was there commemorated, corresponded with the groupe which occupied the first place in the other inscription, and thus not only served determinately to connect the two inscriptions together, but, assuming the groupes to represent proper names, appeared also to indicate a genealogical succession. The natural inference was, that in these three groupes of characters I had obtained the proper names belonging to three consecutive generations of the Persian monarchy; and it so happened that the first three names of Hystaspes, Darius, and Xerxes, which I applied at hazard to the three groupes, according to the succession, proved to answer in all respects satisfactorily, and were, in fact, the true identifications.

Colonel Rawlinson, however, does not press his claims to the originality of this discovery, his scientific merits being of a far higher kind. Not only was he the first to copy, decipher, translate, and publish the Persian inscription of Behistun,—in an historical point of view the most important of all these records, and

of larger extent than all the others added together; but, in consequence of his Persian researches, he discovered also the Median characters, and with these the Median language, and his labours thus stand unrivalled in this department of science. He further completed our knowledge of the Babylonian characters, the inscriptions being in almost every instance trilingual and trilateral.

They are engraved in three different languages, and each language has its peculiar alphabet; the alphabets, indeed, varying from each other, not merely in the characters being formed by a different assortment of the elemental signs, which we are accustomed to term the arrowhead and wedge, but in their whole phonetic structure and organization. The object, of course, in engraving the records in three different languages, was to render them generally intelligible. Precisely, indeed, as at the present day, a Governor of Bagdad, who wished to publish an edict for general information, would be obliged to employ three languages—the Persian, Turkish, and Arabic; so in the time of Cyrus and Darius, when the ethnographical constitution of the empire was subject to the same general division, it was as necessary to address the population in the three different languages, from which have sprung the modern Persian, Turkish, and Arabic. To this fashion, then, or necessity of triple publication, we are indebted also for our knowledge of the Assyrian inscriptions.

Colonel Rawlinson has not yet published the whole result of his philological researches; a part only of the Memoir on the Persian Inscription at Behistun has at present appeared; but the conscientiousness of the researches, obvious in every page of this publication, certifies to the correctness of his analysis of the Babylonian and Assyrian inscriptions, of which he gives a mere cursory sketch, published only with a view to satisfy public curiosity, which has been excited so strongly by Mr. Layard's excavations at Nineveh; since everybody in descending to the coal-cellars of the British Museum, to admire these adornments of the Assyrian palaces, naturally inquires, Who are the kings whom we see here represented? and, What is the meaning of the inscriptions engraved on the slabs? We trust that Colonel Rawlinson will soon enrich our knowledge with a critical comment-

ary on the Assyrian inscriptions, which would be even more interesting than the classical Memoir on the Behistun inscription.

These celebrated records, mentioned by the ancient Greeks as a monument of the fabulous Semiramis, are found, according to Colonel Rawlinson, upon the sacred rock of Behistun, on the western frontiers of Media.

This remarkable locality, situated on the high road conducting from Babylonia to the eastward, must in all ages have attracted the observation of travellers. Its imposing aspect also, rising abruptly from the plain to a perpendicular height of about 1700 feet, and its aptitude for holy purposes, were not to be neglected by that race which made Their altars the high places, and the peak Of earth o'ergazing mountains.

It was sacred to Jupiter, or as we may understand the Greeks, who would fain homologate all those systems of theology with which they were conversant, with Ormuzd. Here, then, did Darius Hystaspes, the founder of the civil polity of Persia, resolve to execute a work, which, hallowed by the sanctity of the spot, should serve, as it were, for the charter of Achemenian royalty, and which, by reminding his descendants of their pristine glory, should lead them to covet and to earn the admiration of their posterity.

Darius relates in this inscription the events of the first part of his reign, and gives an account of the exploits by which he established and settled his throne. This official document gives, therefore, to scholars the details of the early incidents in the reign of Darius, which are not mentioned at all, or at most incorrectly, by Herodotus. But the inscription is likewise of general interest, from the analogies it offers with the history of our own days.

Darius, who established a new dynasty in Persia and restored the old faith, felt no less than the Emperor Napoleon that he wanted one thing to settle his crown—legitimacy. Hardly had he ascended the throne of Persia, after slaying Gomates, the Magian impostor (who personated Smerdis the son of the great Cyrus, slain long ago by his brother Cambyses), than pretenders arose in every part of the realm. At Babylon, representatives of the national house of Nabonassar; in Media, a descendant of the royal

race of Cyaxares; in Persia, a second false Smerdis: Susiana, Assyria, Armenia, Parthia, Sagartia, Margiana, and the Sakes revolted in turn. Many a battle was fought, and Darius experienced several defeats, before the rebels were dispersed, imprisoned, and executed. When at last his tottering throne was really settled, the king caused his feats to be engraved on the rock of Behistun, that everybody might know that Darius was the legitimate King of Persia, and that all who resisted him were impostors. He says, therefore,—

I am Darius, the great king, the king of kings, the king of Persia, the king of the provinces, the son of Hystaspes, the grandson of Arsames the Achæmenian.

Not content with stating the fact that he is the great king, he gives further confirmation of his right to the throne, viz. his birth. The inscription proceeds:—

Says Darius the king: 'My father was Hystaspes, of Hystaspes the father was Arsames; of Arsames the father was Ariaramnes, of Ariaramnes the father was Teispes; of Teispes the father was Achæmenes. On that account we have been called Achæmenians. From antiquity we have been unsubdued, from antiquity our race have been kings. There are eight of my race who have been kings before me; I am the ninth: for a very long time we have been kings.'

Darius completes the sentence in the style of an absolute monarch of modern days, saying,—

'By the grace of God (Ormazd) I am king; God has granted me empire.'

Solemn as these assertions were, still they were not believed. The great grandson of the grandson of Darius says, two centuries later, in a similar wedge inscription at Persepolis,—

I am Artaxerxes, the king of kings, the son of King Artaxerxes, the son of King Darius, the son of King Xerxes, the son of King Darius, who was the son of one named *Hystaspes*, the son of one named *Arsames*, an Achæmenian.

Time had sanctioned the rights of the dynasty of Darius, and Artaxerxes could now freely avow that he was descended from one named Hystaspes, in the same way as the Czar Nicholas avows that he descends from one named Romanoff, though 200 years ago this Romanoff boasted no less of his descent from Rurik, the Varæg

prince, than Darins is anxious to enforce the belief of his royal Achæmenian descent.

Education in Persia, as we know from Herodotus, was very simple. The youth were taught the use of the bow and arrow, and to speak truth; yet the inscription of Behistun evinces that the official bulletins in the time of Darius were no more to be relied on than those which last year proceeded from the Austrian head-quarters.

Darius relates that Media revolted whilst he was gone to subdue the rebellious Babylonian. Phraortes, a descendant of the royal family of Cyaxares, became king in Media, and a part of the army of Darius went over to Phraortes. Darius sent for Hydarnes, his general, and addressed him thus:—

Happiness attend you! Smite this Median state, which does not acknowledge me. Then that Hydarnes marched with his army. When we reached Media, a city of Media named Ma, there he engaged the Medes. He who was leader of the Medes could not at all resist him. Ormazd (God) brought help to me. By the grace of Ormazd the troops of Hydarnes entirely defeated the rebel army. Subsequently, my forces remained at Capada, a district of Media, apart from me, until I myself arrived in Media.

Yet, in spite of this victory, the rebellion is not crushed. Darius summons another of his generals, Dadarses, and sends him against the rebels. He, too, defeats the insurgents three times, by the grace of Ormazd; but the king sends a third general, Vomises, against the rebels, who are, of course, defeated anew, always by the grace of God. At last Darius himself is obliged to proceed to Media, after having conquered Babylon; and Phraortes, now really defeated by the grace of Ormazd, without Russian intervention and without treachery, was taken prisoner and brought before the king. Darius—we see that ancient history differs in many points from the feats of our days—does not hang his enemies, but he cuts off the nose and the ears of Phraortes and has him crucified. The friends of the rebel chief were sent to prison.

Even this short extract is sufficient to show what a rich source of knowledge is opened by the deciphering of the inscription of Behistun for the

history of Darins, as well as for the geography of the old Persian realm.

Colonel Rawlinson, however, has not yet published that part of his *Memoir* treating of the geographical and historical purport of this record. As yet he has only given us a critical inquiry into the Persian cuneiform alphabet, as it is fully established by the numerous names of persons and countries which appear in the Behistun inscription. He has also published a reasoning vocabulary of the ancient Persian language, giving the original text, the translation, and a critical analysis of all the Persian inscriptions, accurately ascertaining the relation of the old Persian language to the Vedic Sanskrit and the later Pehlvi. We await with impatience the continuation of this *Memoir*, which is to contain a similar analysis of the Median translation of these inscriptions, and acquaint us with this Scythian (Turk-Tartar) language.

It is very remarkable how distinctly the character of the different kings is expressed in their documents. The great Cyrus has simply engraved on his sepulchre at Murgah, 'I am Cyrus, the king of the kings, the Achæmenian.' This was enough, his feats spoke for themselves. The epitaph of Darius is large. He enumerates the provinces tributary to him, and amongst the rest, Greece, regardless of the battle of Marathon; he blesses Persia, ascribes all he did to the grace of Ormazd, and concludes with the words:—'May Ormazd protect from injury me and my house, and this province. That I commit to Ormazd, that may Ormazd accomplish for me. O people! the law of Ormazd, that having returned to ye, let it not perish. Beware, lest ye abandon the true doctrine. Beware, lest ye stumble.'

Other inscriptions of this king show him as the builder of palaces at Persepolis. The inscriptions of his son Xerxes are of a different character: a prayer to Ormazd, with the name, title, and pedigree of the king, who invokes the protection of his god, is found repeated several times. They are imitations of the records of Darius, without their noble simplicity. The most characteristic of the inscriptions of Xerxes is this one on the rock of Van, in

Armenia, in which the king says, after the usual invocation of Ormazd and the autographical record of the royal title: 'King Darius, who was my father, he by the grace of God executed many a noble work: he also visited this place, in celebration of which why did he not cause a tablet to be engraved? After that I arrived here, I caused this tablet to be written.' Xerxes had nothing more illustrious to relate of his deeds.

After the epoch of Xerxes we have but one other great inscription, that by Artaxerxes Ochus; it is in the style of Xerxes, and evinces the beginning of the corruption of the old Persian language, both in grammar and orthography.

Interesting as these Persian inscriptions are, they do not equal in extent and purport the Assyrian inscriptions excavated by Botta and Layard. We do not yet know them in their whole extent, their very deciphering still meets with the greatest difficulties. Colonel Rawlinson says in this respect:—

It would be affectation to pretend that, because I can ascertain the general purport of an Assyrian inscription, or because I can read and approximately render a plain historical record, like that upon the Nineveh Obelisk, I am really a complete master of the ancient Assyrian language. It would be disingenuous to slur over the broad fact that the science of Assyrian decipherment is yet in its infancy. Let it be remembered, that although fifty years have elapsed since the Rosetta stone was first discovered, and its value was recognized as a partial key to the hieroglyphs, during which period many of the most powerful intellects of modern Europe have devoted themselves to the study of the Egyptian, nevertheless, that study, as a distinct branch of philology, has hardly yet passed through its first preliminary stage of cultivation. How, then, can it be expected, that in studying Assyrian, with an alphabet scarcely less difficult, and with a language far more difficult than the Egyptian,—with no Plutarch to dissect the Pantheon and supply the names of the gods—no Manetho or Eratosthenes to classify the dynasties, and furnish the means of identifying the kings—how can it be supposed, that with all the difficulties that beset, and none of the facilities that assist Egyptologists, two or three individuals are to accomplish in a couple of years more than all Europe has been able to effect in half a century?

The Memoir of Colonel Rawlinson, on the inscription of the celebrated black obelisk in the British Museum, gives us a notion of the interest attaching to the Assyrian inscriptions. This monument contains an account of the feats of a great conqueror, whose very name has until now remained unknown to history. It is Temenbar II., the son of Assar Haddon Pul (Sardanapalus, not the well-known voluptuary of historical romance, but one of his ancestors), who built the palace of Nimroud. We have not yet any accurate knowledge as to the epoch of this king; but Colonel Rawlinson assigns it, on plausible reasons, to the twelfth, or at the earliest to the thirteenth, century before Christ. But all these questions will soon find their solution, since, according to the latest tidings, Mr. Layard has been so fortunate as to discover the archives of the Assyrian realm, engraved on large

terra cotta tablets—a discovery of the utmost importance to the ancient history of civilization, even if it gives not the true history, but simply the official account of the facts. A great scholar, with whom we lately conversed on the subject, said:—“Rawlinson, like the Egyptologists, always assumes that conquests recorded by a king are real facts. This is a great delusion. In the court histories of Persia, written in this century, may be read of the *tributes* sent by the English kings to the great shah, told in terms which would imply that England is a province of the Persian empire—if it were in picture-writing, the delusion would be still more complete. Does he forget also the triumphs of Caligula over the Germans? Lying is a vice inherent in despotic courts, and every prince of Nineveh or Memphis was bound to seem at *least equal* in glory to his conquering predecessors.

TOUCHING THINGS THEATRICAL.

THE British stage has been declining so steadily, according to the critics, from the days of Shakspeare downwards, that it is surprising to find it exhibiting so many symptoms of activity in this year of grace 1850. Still are there found enthusiasts to write plays; audiences more enthusiastic to pay for seeing them; and managers, more insane than either, to provide theatres to enact them in. It is true the authors trade chiefly upon the brains of our French neighbours; the audiences find their patience often sorely taxed; and the managers, with elongated faces, murmur Gibbonian periods about the Decline and Fall of the public taste. Add to this, that National Concerts, Concerts Monstres à la Jullien, and rival Opera Houses, present serious counter attractions; still the good old English love of the stage survives, and the theatres are filled, if only a prospect of amusement—no matter how moderate—be supplied to the pensive public. The present November sees the leading houses in unwonted vigour. Macready at the Haymarket, Miss Helen Faucit at

the Olympic, and the Keans in a theatre of their own—the Princess's. Mr. Anderson, ‘pleased with ruin,’ is said to have vowed himself to renew his disastrous attack of last season upon the legitimate drama at Drury Lane. At present, however, the venerable walls reverberate the stirring tones of Kœnig’s cornet-à-piston, and the warblings of Jetty Treffz, the beloved of Cockneys,—a pleasanter music to most ears than the conventional mouthings of incapable tragedians, or the liveliness of comedians of the forcible-feeble school.

Uniformly crowded audiences testify the interest felt by the public in the concluding performances of Mr. Macready, who receives from his audiences that acknowledgment which is never paid by the public more cordially than to the favourite whom they are about to lose. A fitter season may come for speaking of the merits of this actor, whose retirement from the stage at this particular juncture will create a greater void than can be measured, perhaps, before the event. Criticism is now too

late. Mr. Macready's faults and excellences are alike stereotyped. Both are great, and both are more than usually conspicuous now, when the actor's physical powers have been somewhat impaired by the rude hand of Time. At such a season the friendly critic can scarcely fail to run into that excess of praise which has for many years been systematically bestowed on Mr. Macready by a circle of injudicious admirers; while those who are not disposed to award him the pre-eminent place to which circumstances have in a great measure raised him, are content to overlook what is faulty and mistaken for the sake of the much that is admirable. Genius this actor has not. The French felt this, and said it; and fame will say so too, when the bustle and excitement of living representation have passed away, and the performance is tried in the silent judgment-hall of memory. But memory will, at the same time, recall the subtle intellect, the accomplished taste, the fiery energy, the occasional touches of profound tenderness, and the predominating will and intelligence, that shine through all his performances. All that an actor without genius can do, Mr. Macready does; but the intuitions that give the law to a character, and from which all its manifestations develop themselves simply, directly, and harmoniously,—the spontaneous promptings of nature—the continuous evolution of a consistent individuality, are not his. The actor is at no time lost in the man. Such as he is, however, he is so immeasurably above any male performer whom he will leave behind him, that all lovers of the drama must regard his approaching retirement with regret.

To the enterprising management of the Olympic the public are indebted for the first good play of a high class which it has seen for many years, and for the restoration to the London stage of its greatest ornament—Miss Helen Faucit. Mr. Marston's *Philip of France* and *Marie de Méranie*, is a great advance upon this gentleman's former works, in structure, in dramatic interest, in the nature and truth of the characters, in terseness of thought, and harmony of versification. The poetry, unlike much in his previous plays, is not

the mere poetry of fancy; it is the poetry of feeling, of character, and situation. His characters are well defined, consistent human beings—not exceptional possibilities. In some of his former plays their acts belied their words, the sympathies claimed for them by the author were revolted by their own weakness. Thus the Mordaunt of *The Patrician's Daughter*, described by the author as one of Nature's gentlemen, high in aspiration, generous in action, manly in thought, is guilty of an act, resulting in the death of the heroine, for which no measure of contempt is sufficient. Clandio's rejection of Hero in the church is scarcely made tolerable by our knowledge that he acts under the conviction of her infidelity. But where was Mr. Marston's manhood when he made his model-man bear the Lady Mabel in hand in like manner, and then cast her off before the face of a sneering world, simply because of a fancied slight to his pride in which she had no part? Not all the genius of the actress, who made the Lady Mabel the quintessence of all that was attractive in womanly grace, and touching in womanly suffering, could obliterate the impression of this radical flaw. A love like hers, so mistakenly bestowed, may not be uncommon, but such a love is not a theme for a great play. Juliet, or Thekla, could never carry with them, as they do, the full current of our feelings, were Romeo and Max Piccolomini less worthy of their devotion than they believed them to be. Others of Mr. Marston's plays sinned in the same way; but, in the present, while the subject exposed him to the risk of falling into a similar error, he has skillfully avoided it.

Had the play been named '*Marie de Méranie*,' it would have better expressed its character, and saved its author from captious criticism founded upon the expectations raised by its more ambitious title. It makes no pretensions to being 'an historical drama,' in the sense of the historical dramas of Shakspeare, Schiller, Goethe and Raupach. The main circumstances of the action are indeed historical, and the prominent events and characteristics of the period in which the play is cast are employed by the author to give colouring and

an important background to his work. But the play is essentially a play of sentiment, deriving its interest from the fortunes of the one central figure, and that figure the heroine. The cabals of jealous nobles, the chicane of time-serving Churchmen, the struggle for mastery between Pope and King, the turbulence of a people smitten because of the wilfulness of a sovereign,—all these are vividly portrayed, and they are historically true, but they are subservient to the main interest, which is the love, the wrong, the death of Marie de Méranie.

In the annals of France Mr. Marston found the tragic element of his play ready to his hands. In 1193, Philip Augustus, to strengthen his position, demanded and received in marriage Ingerburge, the sister of Canute, king of Denmark. Owing to some antipathy on the part of Philip, the cause of which is left to conjecture, she remained a virgin bride; and pliant Churchmen were found to decree a divorce on the ground of a marriage within the forbidden degrees. These, as Mr. Marston truly says, 'are what construction makes them'; and the fact that, in the words of Mezeray, 'Ingerburge and Philip had, both of them, for great-great-great-grandfather, Jaroslav, king of Russia,' served as a sufficient plea to annul the union. In 1196 Philip married Marie-Agnes, daughter of Bertold, duke of Méranie and Dalmatia; and in 1199 the Church, having in the meantime been gained over to the interest of the slighted Ingerburge, pronounced sentence of prohibition upon the kingdom of France. After an interval of seven months, moved by the frightful consequences of this ban, and finding that the convocation of bishops who had been appointed to try the cause was likely to decide against him, Philip admitted himself in the wrong, took back Ingerburge, and again to quote Mezeray, '*before the year's end Agnes her rival died, having been five years with the king.*' These incidents present noble materials for an historical drama. Mr. Marston has, no doubt with a just appreciation of his own powers, preferred to confine himself to their more domestic features, and to vivify for us the Marie, whose brief sad tale lies

like a tear upon the page of the historian.

The difficulty of so treating the subject as to subordinate our sympathy for the neglected Ingerburge to our admiration for Marie, will at once be apparent; but in this Mr. Marston has entirely succeeded. The affections of the Marie of the play have been won by Philip before he marries Ingerburge; and, in the first act, the shock of this intelligence breaks upon her in a scene where the poet has, with much subtlety and delicacy of feeling, put his audience in possession of the secret. In the second act the tidings of Ingerburge's divorce, which rouse all her womanly sympathies,—

I have a partner in calamity
In this wronged queen. I could not
weep till now,—

are followed by a visit from the king, who appeals to her thus :—

Philip. Thou wilt hear,
Perchance—oh, dare I hope it—pity?

Marie. Both.
If you endure a grief unmerited,
I pity much, and, if deserved, still more.

Philip. Severer than rebuke is this
forbearance.

Goes the heart with it?

Marie. Comprehend me, sir.
I do not feign that you have used me well,
Or that I have not suffered. But the
wrong

Heaven strengthened me to bear, it bids
me pardon.

As these are parting words, believe their
truth.

* * * *
Philip. I come to atone the madness
which awhile

Shut out thine image. To the throne of
France

I bear thee. There no haughty rival
towers:

Her chains are rent for thee!—Why
beams thine eye

With such stern comment?

Marie. King! One woman's heart
Glow with triumph at another's fall;
But shivers 'neath the warmest robe of
love

Rent from a sister freezing in her woe,
And naked to the insult of the world!

Philip. She loves me not: our dif-
fering wills recoil.

A grant in land to compensate her dower
Will medicine all her grief. Besides, in
this,

Count me the Church's echo. Can thy
voice

Cancel our prelates' judgment, or recall

Whom they have exiled? No; on me alone

Thy vengeance falls. Alas! I have deserved

Thou shouldst forget or scorn me!

Marie. * * * * * *I forget!*

I scorn! No, Philip! It will make my pulse

Beat quicker in its silence, when I hear
That you are happy; and, should perils

come,
The faltering prayer your ear will never know

May yet reach Heaven's—And so we do not part

In anger. From my inmost heart I bless you!

Philip. What words are these that bless me in their sound,

And curse me in their sense? Oh, Marie, hear me!

Thy love is not alone my fortune's crown!
'Tis nature's need! not to my branch of life

An added blossom; but the vital essence
Replenishing the root!—You changed my being!

I measured glory once by daring deeds,
Extended empery and prostrate foes.

You taught me, first, to think *Deliverer*
A holier name than *Victor*.

* * * * *

I thought of thee,
And from the captive dropped his chain—of thee,

And, pardoned, rose the traitor at my feet—

Of thee, and bade the tyrant-stricken serf
Look up and greet a Father in his King!

Oh, Saint of Mercy, I have built thee shrines

By happy hearths through France! It is thy life

That thrills in every pulse, thy soul that floods

Each artery of my own! Each thought of good

Is but thyself reflected! Spurn not, crush not,

That which thou didst create!

[Sinking on his knee.

Marie. My feet are fixed.

I would depart, but cannot. *[Aside.*

Philip (rising). Listen, heed!—
Thou seest me contrite,—pardon;—

weak,—sustain;

Erring,—direct me! Snatch me from the toils

Of selfish brains, the chill of frigid hearts,
The infected air that stifles and corrupts

The soul that pants to live!—Unpitied still,

Still silent! Then, farewell! But when the years

Of woe unshared, of struggles with the base

Who taint even what resists them, aims unguided,

Have frozen impulse into apathy,
Mercy to rigour; when the man whom once

You might have raised, bless'd, saved—becomes—Well, well,

Whate'er I might become, think what I was,

And what I might have been, had Marie loved me!

Marie. Had Marie loved thee!

Philip. And I dreamed she did.

Marie. Oh, Philip, I am thine!

[Throwing herself into his arms.

Philip. Mine! 'Tis a sound

I could repeat forever. Mine, mine, mine!

Fine as this scene is, it requires the eloquent illustration of the actress to bring out its full beauties; and here Miss Faucit at once indicates by her silent acting the high, and pure, and self-sacrificing nature of Marie. In the early part of the scene we see the being whose lofty nature has given to Philip the inspiration of greatness which he so eloquently depicts, sacrificing her own heart to the convictions of principle. The spirit that would unshrinkingly meet death for the right, speaks in every lineament. The very joy that gleams faintly in the over-shadowed eyes at the picture of her influence for good, has no trace in it of selfish pride. And it is only when Philip portrays the wreck he will become, apart from her, that the quivering lip and trembling frame speak the vastness of the affection which could overcome a resolution so firm. The intense pathos of the words,

Had Marie loved thee!

as spoken by the actress, leave an echo in the heart that prepares it for the deeper pathos of the closing scenes.

The next act shows the doom of the Papal interdict impending over the empire; and in one of the most effective scenes in the whole round of the drama, Mr. Marston has brought into view the conflict of the Papal and Imperial power with which Europe was then convulsed. The doleful booming of the bell which proclaims that the interdict has been pronounced, peals upon the angry strife of Churchman and Monarch, and hurries Marie from her chamber to the Hall of Council, where she offers to discrown herself to save her husband. Appeal is made to the Pope, and in

the fourth act, Philip, wearied by the artful delays of the Church in disposing of this appeal, and fearful of the issue of their arbitrement upon his position, agrees to reinstate Ingerburge in her queenly honours. He communicates this step to Marie in the following scene :—

Marie (alone). Another night, and yet no tidings come!
Day follows day to mock me in its round.

* * * *

Enter Anne.

Dear lady!

Marie (eagerly). Anne! Well?—No, your face is void!

You have no tidings for me.

Anne. Alas; none.

Marie. We must be patient, Anne.

I cannot think

The Council will bereave me of my Lord.

Anne. Heaven touch their hearts with gentleness!

Marie. Amen!

Anne. And keep the King—(*faltering.*)

Marie. Why falter? Prayers should breathe

Trust and not fear.

Anne. Heaven keep King Philip faithful,

And worthy of your love.

Marie. I will not say

Amen to that. To pray he *may* be faithful
Were to misdoubt he *is* so.

Anne. All men, being tempted,
Are prone to fall; most prone ambitious
kings.

Marie. What dost thou mean?

Anne. By thoughts on ill that may be
To shield your heart from worse.

Marie. Worse! What were worse
Than treachery in my Lord? Rash girl,
that word

Stretches to woe so infinite, it fathoms
An ocean of despair! Uncrown me,
slay me,

Honours and life must end. Not love!
The grave

Is as a port where it unlades its wealth
For immortality. But rob or taint
The merchandise of love,—then let the
bark

Drift helmless o'er the seas, or strike the
shoals!

They can but wreck a ruin.

Anne. Pardon, Madam.

I would not thus have moved you; but—

Marie. Be silent!

Thy look doth herald thoughts my soul
repels.

He did desert me once.—You see I read
you.—

No, Anne! His love was changeless,
but he quelled it

For duty and his country. O shame,
shame!

Listening thy treason, I adopt it. Go!—
Nay, not unkindly. This suspense disturbs me.

I'd be alone. There, there! (*Taking her hand.*) [*Anne goes out.*]

* * * *

(Enter Philip.)

Philip—my Lord!—Say, say,
May I embrace thee—may I call thee
mine—

Am I thy wife?

Philip. Yes: in the sight of Heaven.

Marie. And not of earth?—A doom
told in a breath—

Brief, but so cold that it hath froze the
fount

Whence sorrow gushes!

Philip. I am dear to thee?

Marie. What! Is there hope? If
not—encourage none.

Philip. Why should we be the slaves
of Rome?

Marie. Thon wilt

Resist his mandate! Yet, thy kingdom,
love.

Philip. Dearest—most faithful! We
may still remain

Bound to each other, and the Papal Curse
Pass from the realm.

Marie. How?—Haste thee to disclose.

Philip. The Council has pronounced
no sentence.

Marie. Yet

Thou art returned!

Philip. Like to a criminal

I stood before the conclave. Every day
Brought some new contumely. The
weight I bore

Of strained suspense and nice indignity
Was pleasant pastime for them; and they
lingered,

Protracting their enjoyment, and inviting
The universe to look on haughty Philip
Crouched at their stools, and learn from
thence how Rome

Would deal with rebel kings!

Marie. And yet you bore it?

Philip. It was the Church's aim to
judge my cause,

And on it found a precedential claim
To rule the fate of monarchs. Even this
I would have suffered; but the tedious
scorn

Designed to crush me burst of its excess!

Marie. And then?

Philip. Marie! I said within my soul,
My pomp,

My title—all my gilded shows of power—
Were not the links that bound thy love
to mine.—

Was I right there?

Marie. Can Philip ask that question?

Philip. Her trust doth sting me more
than could reproach.

Too late, too late! all must be told!

[*Aside.*]

Marie. What followed?

Philip. I will not hear your judgment, Lords, I cried :
I am content, my Marie, from the throne
And empty state she never prized, to sever,
And Ingerburge, in her vain dignities,
To reinstate ! 'Tis all that Denmark

seeks ;
Therefore dissolve the interdiction !

Marie. And Philip
Could of his proper will cast Marie out !
I thought—I thought you said we should
not part.

Philip. Part—never, never ! Part !

Marie. But have you not owned Ingerburge your wife ?
I am no longer Queen.

Philip. But for all this
We must not part.

Marie. Husband !—I pray your
pardon ;

I can't forget you were so—torture not
My mind with this perplexity ! How is't
I can be thine, and Ingerburge thy wife ?

Philip (after a pause). She is but so
in name ; thou wilt retain
The empire of my heart.

Marie. Ah ! how the light—
The livid light I could not see before—
Bursts on my sight, and wheresoe'er I
turn

The lurid horror glares. No, it is night !
It seems a year since morn, so must be
night.

Although I see—I shall not touch thy
hand.

[*Takes his hand as if to assure herself.*
It is reality !—And yet—forgive me !
A subtle tempter through my o'erwrought
brain

Would stab my trust in thee. He shall
not love !

Even now I'm calmer.—Pray, repeat the
words—

The words you spake but now.

Philip. I said, my love,
Though Ingerburge might bear the name
of Queen.

Thou only should'st rule Philip—

Marie. Pause awhile.

Though Ingerburge might bear the name
of Queen

I only should rule Philip—

[*Signs to him to proceed.*
Philip. Thou should'st be—

[*Hesitating, and averting his head.*

Marie. His PARAMOUR !—O God !
although his voice

Was shamed from speech, this is the
thing he means !

[*She turns from him.*
Philip. Thou would'st not go ?

Marie. I am already gone !

We measure distance by the heart.

Philip. Yet stay !

Marie. The Duke de Meran's daughter
listens, sir.

[*She sits.*

Philip (about to kneel). If this humility
may aught—

Marie. No knee !

Respect so far my woe's reality,
As to put by these pageant semblances.

Philip. Oh, has this grief no remedy ?

Marie. None, none.

The faith of love no hand can wound but
that

Was pledged to guard it. Then what
hand can stanch ?

We strive no more with doom ; the sad
mistake

May be endured, but not retrieved. No,
no !

Philip. By Heaven, you do me wrong !
'Tis not in man

To conquer destiny. I made you Queen.

Marie. You made me Queen ! I
made you more than King.

When my eyes raised their worship to
thy face,

I saw no crown. I asked not if thy hand
Closed on a sceptre ; but mine pressed it
close,

Because it rent the shackles of the slave.
'Twas not thy grandeur won me. Had

the earthquake
Engulphed thine empire—had frowning
fate

Lowered on thine arms and scourged thee
from the field,

A fugitive—if on thy forehead, Rome
Had graved her curse, and all thy kind

recoiled
In horror from thy side—I yet had cried,
There is no brand upon THY HEART ;

let that
In the vast loneliness, still beat to mine !

Philip (falling at her feet). You had ;
you had ! the dust is on my head !

Sweet saint ! Thou'rt of a higher brood
than we—

Hast right to spurn me from thee.

Marie. Rise ! The feet
By thorns on life's rough path so often

pierced,
Are little like to spurn a stumbling
brother.

Philip. Forgive, forgive me, Marie !

[*Rising.*

Marie. You repent.
'Twas but delusion. You will be again

The Philip I adored ! That hope shall
bless me

When we are far apart. And now for ever
In this dark world farewell. Another land

I seek ; but ne'er shall find another
home.—

Shield him, all holy Powers ! Philip—

[*Extending her hand.*

Philip. Go, go—

I was not worthy thee !

Marie. Not thus—not thus !

Philip. But one embrace. It is the
last—the last !

[*They embrace.*

Go, Marie!

[*Marie goes to the door. She reverts her head. They regard each other in silence for a few moments, after which Marie disappears.*

This is a scene which speaks to the heart. It is dramatic in what is said, — most dramatic in what is not said, but left to the skill of the performers to express, — a consideration which writers for the stage are too apt to forget. The sophistication of Philip, the hesitating approach to the announcement of a proposal which his inner soul — ‘the man within the man,’ — tells him is base, but which he wants the moral courage to reject; the weakness and selfishness of the man, in contrast, as life is ever showing it, with the absolute trust, the clear moral sense and martyr-like firmness of the woman, are developed with masterly skill. In the acting of Miss Faucit all this receives a commentary richer than ‘the consecration of the poet’s dream.’ The trembling tenderness of the first part of the interview — the slow, incredulous surprise in the inquiry,

And Philip

Could of his proper will cast Marie out?
I thought — I thought you said we
should not part —

the anguish of the first surmise of Philip’s meaning, succeeded by the touching self-reproach for a suspicion which she thinks unjust — the affectionate abandonment which then for the first time makes her approach him and hang upon his shoulder (an exquisite stroke of nature) — the indignant scorn, when the full enormity of the proposition, for which she is left to find the true name, is placed fully before her — the majestic dignity of the passage beginning

You made me Queen! I made you more
than King —

the forgiveness of the broken heart, whose faith has been thus fatally shattered — the parting, in which the agony of a life is centered — make up one of those perfect delineations, alas, so few! which once seen enrich the memory for ever.

In the next act Marie is dying in a château, in which she has secreted herself. Philip has conquered in the struggle with the united monarchs of Europe — Ingerburge has herself sought a divorce — the Pope confirms

his union with Marie, — but the blow has been struck. The tumult of war rages round her retreat, and her attendant, Anne de Vignolles, sees troops approaching the château.

Marie. We shall meet!

My dimming gaze may reach him — *his farewell*

Close on my ear, the music of this world.
Come they not nearer, Anne? Look forth!

Anne. They pause;
But for a moment. He who seems their chief

Motions them forward. They move on.

Marie. They pass!
My Lord is with them, yet they pass.

Stay, Philip, —
’Tis Marie calls — I shall not see thee —
Death

Knocks at my heart, and all that was my life

Swims from my eyes! Stay, stay in mercy!

[*She rises, and rushes to the window.*
Anne. See,

They bend towards the castle.
* * *

Await him here.

Marie. Time will not wait, nor death,
Moments are ages! Ebb not, tide of life,
With thy last wave cast pardon at his feet,
Then sweep me to the future!

[*She pauses, as if overcome.*
Philip rushes in.

Marie. I hold thee, see thee; thou
art safe, victorious!
* * *

*The angel tarried for thy coming. Now,
My head is on his breast! — I die!*
* * *

Philip. Oh, God! The brows are
growing marble cold

To which I bear a crown. My wife,
my wife!

Anne. She bless’d thee ere she died!
Philip. AND THIS IS FAME!

The character of Marie is by no means so elaborated by the poet as that of Philip. How much of the impression which it leaves upon the mind is due to the actress, and how much to the poet, it is difficult to estimate. Here, as in many previous instances, this great actress has made us feel that the poetry of her own conception, and the finish and force of her execution, produce results which the dramatist’s page alone would never suggest to the reader. She gives to the author more than she receives; and in this noble emulation vindicates for her art its claim to walk side by side with the Muse from which it takes its inspiration.

In this lady's impersonation all is so truthful, so refined, so full of glow and earnestness, the continuous sweetness of the softer moods so touching, the bursts of stronger feeling so powerful, yet so full of dignity, the pathos so simple, so heart-searching, so pure, the character of Marie grows and unfolds itself so naturally and consistently to the close, that it is only when the play is over and the emotions calm that we see how great the powers, how exquisite the art, which have created this noble portraiture of womanly affection and womanly worth.

Although the interest undoubtedly centres on Marie, it is on the character of Philip that the poet has concentrated his strength. Whether or no the portraiture be true to history, is not the question. That the Brutus of Shakespeare is anything but the Brutus who 'killed Cæsar in the Capitol,' we all know; but this detracts nothing from the grandeur of the poet's delineation of this, 'the noblest Roman of them all.' Mr. Marston has observed the one important canon,—

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi
constet.

His Philip is the ardent, aspiring, brave, cultivated man, who is fitted to attract a woman like Marie, and in a strong degree to appreciate and profit by the influence of her noble and pure moral nature. Wanting, however, inward strength and self-denial, he is unable permanently to make head against his selfish passions and the lust of power. In the hands of a great actor this part could not fail to create a deep impression. None more vigorous has come from the pen of any modern dramatist. It is one where Mr. Macready's peculiar powers would have appeared to signal advantage; but upon Mr. Brooke, who has neither heart nor head to rise above the level of conventional common-place, it is altogether thrown away.

We have spoken warmly of this play, because we have felt warmly; because, almost for the first time for many years, it sent us from the theatre with a feeling of satisfaction, and because we believe it will form a permanent addition to dramatic literature. We hail it for itself,—for the high and

generous tone in which it is couched, and for the assurance it contains of genuine dramatic power and worthy purpose in its author. It is a work to study and to profit by; and its success is another proof that the much-abused public will never be backward to appreciate either plays or acting of a high order. Coming as it does after so long an interval of dreary failures and spurious successes, it is doubly welcome. What wonder, if the theatres have ceased to be the resort they once were of the intelligent and cultivated classes, when their attractions for the last few years, in so far as the higher drama is concerned, have been of such negative quality? In the Haymarket, now our leading theatre, we have had an actress through an entire season performing *Romeo*, and the press vehement in praise of the performance. Nor did the profanation stop there, but the same actress, whose masculine energy was thought so appropriate in *Romeo*, was equally applauded in the gentle and maidenly *Viola*. Could such things fail to make 'the judicious grieve,' and to drive from the theatre that part of the audience whose tastes ought on all accounts to be chiefly considered? Again, through another season the same theatre was engaged in nightly divulging to a dwindling audience *The Wife's Secret*; a secret, by the way, which, being transparent in the first act, became a bore of most intolerable magnitude by the fifth. Whatever the press might say, either of the play or of its performers, this was not an amusement to lure men from their libraries or their firesides. Again, if Shakespeare has been acted, how much better were it he had been left alone? The fact of his plays having been performed at Windsor Castle could neither add to their merits, nor set the seal of genius upon the 'renowned artistes' who condescended to illustrate his conceptions. That *Portia* had been vulgarized in a palace did not make her one whit more endurable in the Haymarket; neither was the *Hamlet* of the Rubens Room necessarily that 'glass of fashion and mould of form, the observed of all observers' whom Shakespeare drew. Journalists might be got to laud the one, and to discover new beauties in the other,

with such assiduity as to ensnare even the sceptical into the theatre; but the mistake was not likely to be repeated. Even the gaping crowd, who will throng to any novelty or follow any fashion, soon found out that court lacker could not convert dross into gold. Counterfeits may and do pass current on the stage for a time, but sooner or later the cheat is detected. *Commenta opinium delet dies, nature judicicia confirmat.* Charles Kean may, as we gather from an absurd autobiography in the *Dublin University Magazine*, succeed for a time in getting managers to pay him 50*l.* a-night, but nature and common sense are sure in the long run to stop the supplies. What father, wishing to advance his children in the knowledge of our great poet, would subject their plastic minds to the impressions of this gentleman's Hamlet? What mother would wish her daughters to couple Viola, Juliet, Desdemona, or Portia, with the recent representatives of those parts on the London stage? And yet it is these fathers and these mothers to whom managers must look, if they wish to see their boxes filled.

Late dinner-hours, the fashionable rage for music, the increase of cheap literature, have all been severally charged with withdrawing audiences of the better class from the theatre. Let not managers or actors deceive themselves with such thoughts, but take to heart and ponder well the truth, for truth it is, that if they are less patronized than before, it is because the stage has not kept pace with the times, and because they have acted the best class of audience *out* of the theatres. The intelligence and critical discrimination of those who formerly frequented the pit and boxes have been advancing, while the ability and artistic skill of actors have as certainly retrograded. At no time was the actor's art more thoroughly and widely appreciated than in the present day. The noblest section of our literature is dramatic. That Shakespeare can only be fully brought home to our hearts and minds upon the stage, has become a truism; that the actor is the interpreter of Nature's mysteries, and when truly a great actor, is in spirit akin to the poet he illustrates, nay, is himself a poet; that the attain-

ments requisite for excellence are such as place him high in the ranks of intellect and cultivation; all this is fully recognized, and intelligence and skill, where they do really exist, are eagerly hailed and liberally rewarded. We are an overwrought people, and we crave the intellectual excitement of the drama. We need its animating and ennobling influences to lift us out of the petty and personal cares of daily life; but as we work hard and earnestly ourselves, we demand earnestness and careful study from those who profess through the stage to amuse and to instruct us. We are accustomed to study character, and those who undertake to embody it must not go slovenly about their work. We know something of human nature, and our knowledge tells us that the good and the pure, the high and generous, can never be impersonated by the bad and the impure, the grovelling and the selfish. Ladies and gentlemen can be impersonated only by ladies and gentlemen. If the actor is to move to tears, he must have experienced the emotions whence they spring; so also, if he is to express a great thought greatly, his whole nature must be possessed with that thought: it must issue fresh from the glowing pulses of his own heart. If he is to hold the mirror up to Nature, that mirror must reflect the lights and shadows of his own soul. Studied declamation, skilful posture-making, tricky effects, may catch boys and those who accept stage-nature with a passive credulity that inquires not how unlike it is to human nature, but there is a large portion of every audience whom they can never deceive. These may not be able to explain their dissatisfaction; but they feel that the puppet before them is the veriest of shams, and they go from the theatre with less inclination than ever to return.

To make a great actor, Nature must not only have been bountiful in her personal gifts of voice, and face, and form, and feeling, but Art, laborious and unwearied, a habitual exercise of refined tastes and elevating studies must combine. Shall Imogen be embodied by a creature of commonplace, or Othello by a man whose associations are sensual and degrading? Shall Hamlet,—the scholar,

courtier, gentleman,—the master-work of all Shakespeare's creations, be fitly impersonated by one whose eye centres only upon self, and who in all the world sees only the reflexion of his own morbid vanity? Or can any play be adequately presented while an actor sacrifices the whole scene, and all other parts in the play, to the effect of his own peculiar 'points'? Yet who has not seen all these things? and who has not gone mourning from the theatre at the thought, that a source of enjoyment so noble and so delightful should be so miserably perverted? We have spoken only of leading parts, but all we have said is equally true of those which are subordinate. In Shakespeare, and in every good dramatist, every part, no matter how small, is a distinct individual, with certain marked features, the true embodiment of which is essential to the fulfilment of the poet's conception, like the adjuncts of a great picture, the absence of the least of which would detract from its completeness. In Germany and France, where actors deal with their vocation in the spirit of artists, this is understood and acted upon. But it is not so with us; and if one or two characters be in the hands of leading actors, managers seem to think it a matter of indifference how the rest are treated. In this they are, of course, in a great measure, dependent upon their performers; and the average merit of these has sunk to so low an ebb, that it might be difficult, if not impossible, to bring together in any one theatre a company equal to the demands of any of our great plays. This is a state of things which no amount of patronage can remedy. It is from actors alone that the cure must come. They must learn the dignity of their own vocation, understand what it requires of them and give it; they must think less of themselves and more of their art; they must be content to climb step by step, and not conceit themselves to be masters before they have gone through the ordeal of apprenticeship; above all, they must learn to respect themselves, and they will find the public ready to welcome the improvement with honours and rewards. Good plays well acted will make men dine earlier to see them.

Jenny Lind herself—our absurd over-estimate of whom is now ludicrously reflected across the Atlantic—will not be able to abstract their audiences; and those who read to most profit will be the readiest to freshen their minds and vivify their imaginations from the living volume of the stage.

Let the delusion be cast aside for ever, that the public do not care for the higher drama. The public do care for it and seek it, wherever they can find it presented in a palatable shape. But they will not accept little men for great ones. Kemble, Cooke, the elder Kean, and Young, are not yet quite forgotten; the rich humour of Munden and Liston have not been obliterated by the buffoonery which marks the low comedy of the present day. Above all, melodramas in five acts, like *The Templar*, which has just been produced at the Princess's, are not what the public want. No amount of stage decoration or skilful grouping can give vitality to such pieces. A good actor soon makes us forget the poverty of scene and decoration, but fine houses and appointments force upon our notice the absence of good actors to fill them. With such materials as he has at command, Mr. Kean should turn his attention to plays of a higher class, and leave melodramas to the transpontine Hicks and the 'heroine of domestic tragedy.' 'The rude man,' says Goethe, 'is contented if he see but something going on; the man of more refinement must be made to feel; the man entirely refined desires to reflect.' For which of these three classes does Mr. Kean intend to cater? If he is to aid in reviving the taste for the drama, he must not think to do so either by the vulgar interest which attaches to seeing a play performed by the same performers who have acted it in a royal drawing-room, or by merely gratifying the eyes or exciting the curiosity of an audience. The heart must be touched, and the mind filled. The actor must draw his audience up to him; they will not continue to pay for being dragged down to a lower level than their own.

Unhappily, the dramatic department of our journals is no reflex of the public mind, and thus the truth rarely reaches either manager or

actor's ears. Happily, however, the journals no longer lead the public taste. Their arbitrary and interested dispensation of praise and blame has wrought its own cure, and people go to the theatre, when they do go, not because of what the press tells them, but because of their faith in the author or actor, or because of what their friends or neighbours report of the performances. Yet managers dread and succumb to these Aristarchs of the press, and trust to their influence with the public to carry through indifferent acting or bad pieces. The whole system is false and deceptive, and leads like all that is so to ultimate ruin. Till managers and actors learn to trust to genuine excellence, and to cast themselves boldly on the public, leaving the press out of their consideration altogether, they will never be sure of success; and when they do so, the press may, possibly, once more become a guide. It has much to learn, however, before this can happen. There is no royal road to criticism, least of all in the actor's art. The power is to be acquired by long observation, as well out of the theatre as in it; an earnest study of life and character,—of what art can do, and what it leaves undone, based upon a quick and strong feeling, and a widely sympathetic as well as independent spirit. To how many of our dramatic critics do these requisites belong? An accomplished actor despises their censure, because to him the knowledge that gives the right to judge is palpably wanting. For the same cause their eulogies bring no satisfaction, because to him they are no evidence of success. He sees

them often misbestowed, and, therefore,

Ihr Beifall selbst macht seinem Herzen bang.

Without such a mediator as an intelligent and independent press between the actor and the public both are sufferers,—the public, for lack of an exponent to help them to regard the actor's work from the right point of view, and to follow the nicer touches of his art; the actor, for lack of an honest voice to tell him where he has succeeded, where failed, and, above all, to show him that his purpose has been understood.

When the darkness is greatest, dawn is near. So although among actors we everywhere see third-rate ability, where only the first should be; tricks of manner usurping the place of true feeling and genuine art, care lavished on dresses and decorations, while the commonest rules of elocution are neglected; although the dramatic writers who 'reflect the age and body of the time, its form and pressure,' are few, indeed; and those who can write well for the most part cannot construct a plot, while those who can construct a plot are generally but sorry writers; although the press helps rather to pervert than to instruct or elevate the public taste, still there is a vitality in the English drama, which must in the end place it in the exalted position which, among a highly cultivated people, it is entitled to hold. But the work of restoration must commence from within. Patronage originates nothing; it can only foster. Let the stage and its professors deserve success, and they will not fail to command it.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

TO THE

REV. C. CUTHBERT SOUTHEY,

CURATE OF PLUMBLAND.

IT is not because I enjoyed your father's friendship, my dear sir, that I am now about to send you my testimony to his worth. Indeed that very friendship, and the frequent expression of it in his letters for more than forty years, have made me hesitate too long before the public.

Never in the course of my existence have I known a man so excellent on so many points. What he was as a son, is now remembered by few; what he was as a husband and a father, shows it more clearly than the best memory could represent it. The purity of his youth, the integrity of his manhood, the soundness of his judgment, and the tenderness of his heart,

they alone who have been blest with the same qualities can appreciate. And who are they? Many with one, some with more than one, nobody with all of them in the like degree. So there are several who possess one quality of his poetry; none who possess the whole variety.

For poetry there must be invention, energy, truth of conception, wealth of words, and purity of diction. His were indeed all these, excepting one; and that one often came when called for—I mean, energy. This is the chief characteristic and highest merit of Byron; it is also Scott's, and perhaps more than equally. Shelley is not deficient in it; nor is Keats, whose heart and soul are sheer poetry, overflowing from its fermentation. Wordsworth is as meditative and thoughtful as your father, but less philosophical; his intellect was less amply stored; his heart was narrower. He knew the fields better than men, and ordinary men better than extraordinary. He is second to your father alone, of all poets, ancient or modern, in local description. The practice of the ancients has inculcated the belief that scenery should be rare and scanty in heroic poetry. Even those among them who introduce us into pastoral life are sparing of it. Little is there in Theocritus, hardly a glimpse in Moschus or Bion: but Virgil has more and better of (what is called) *description*, in his *Æneid* than in his *Eclogues* or *Georgics*. The other epic poets, whatever the age or country, are little worth noticing, with the single and sole exception of Apollonius. I am inclined to think there is more of beautiful and appropriate scenery in *Roderic* alone, than the whole range of poetry, in all its lands, contains. Whatever may be the feeling of others in regard to it, I find it a relief from sanguinary actions and conflicting passions, to rest awhile beyond, but within sight. However, the poet ought not at any time to grow cool and inactive in the field of battle, nor retire often, nor long.

The warmest admirers of Wordsworth are nevertheless so haunted by antiquity, that there are few among them, I believe, who would venture to call him, what I have no hesitation in doing, the superior both of Virgil and of Theocritus in description. And description, let it be remembered, is not his only nor his highest excellence. Before I come to look into his defects, I am ready to assert that he has written a greater number of good sonnets than all the other sonneteers in Europe put together: yet sometimes in these compositions, as in many others of the smaller, he is expletive and diffuse; which Southey never is. Rural and humble life has brought him occasionally to a comparison with Crabbe. They who in their metaphors are fond of applying the physical to the moral, might say perhaps that Wordsworth now and then labors under a diarrhœa; Crabbe under a constipation; each without the slightest symptom of fever or excitement. Immeasurably above Crabbe, and widely different, less graphic, less concise, less anatomical, he would come nearer to Cowper, had he Cowper's humour. This, which Wordsworth totally wanted, your father had abundantly. Certainly the commentator who extolled him for *universality*, intended no irony, although it seems one. He wanted not only universality, but variety, in which none of our poets is comparable to Southey. His humour is gentle and delicate, yet exuberant. If in the composition of Wordsworth there had been this one ingredient, he would be a Cowper in solution, with a crust of prose at the bottom, and innumerable flakes and bee-wings floating up and down loosely and languidly. Much of the poetry lately, and perhaps even still, in estimation, reminds me of plashy and stagnant water, with here and there the broad flat leaves of its fair but scentless lily on the surface, showing at once a want of depth and of movement. I would never say this openly, either to the censurers or the favorers of such as it may appear to concern. For it is inhumane to encourage enmities and dislikes, and scarcely less so to diminish an innocent pleasure in good creatures incapable of a higher. I would not persuade, if I could, those who are enraptured with a morrice-dancer and a blind fiddler, that those raptures ought to be reserved for a Grisi and a Beethoven, and that if they are very happy they are very wrong. The higher kinds of poetry, of painture, and of sculpture, can never be duly estimated by the majority even of the intellectual. The marbles of the Parthenon and the Odes of Pindar bring many false worshippers, few sincere.

Cultivation will do much in the produce of the nobler arts, but there are only a few spots into which this cultivation can be carried. Of what use is the plough, or the harrow, or the seed itself, if the soil is sterile and the climate uncongenial?

Remarks have been frequently and justly made on the absurdity of classing in the same category the three celebrated poets who resided contemporaneously and in fellowship near the Lakes. There is no resemblance between any two of them in the features and character of their poetry. Southey could grasp great subjects, and completely master them; Coleridge never attempted it; Wordsworth attempted it, and failed. He has left behind him no poem, no series or collection of his, requiring and manifesting so great and diversified powers as are exhibited in *Marmion*, or *The Lady of the Lake*, in *Roderic*, or *Thalaba*, or *Kehama*. His *Excursion* is a vast congeries of small independent poems, several very pleasing. Breaking up this unwieldy vessel, he might have constructed out of its materials several eclogues; craft drawing little water.

Coleridge left unfinished, year after year, until his death, the promising *Christabel*. Before he fell exhausted from it, he had done enough to prove that he could write good poetry, not enough to prove that he could ever be a great poet. He ran with spirit and velocity a short distance, then dropped. Excelling no less in prose than in poetry, he raised expectations which were suddenly overclouded and blank, undertook what he was conscious he never should perform, and declared he was busily employed in what he had only dreamt of. Never was love more imaginary than his love of Truth. Not only did he never embrace her, never bow down to her and worship her, but he never looked her earnestly in the face. Possessing the most extraordinary powers of mind, his unsteadiness gave him the appearance of weakness. Few critics were more acute, more sensitive, more comprehensive; but, like other men, what he could say most eloquently he said most willingly; and he would rather give or detract with a large full grasp, than weigh deliberately.

Conscience with Southey stood on the other side of Enthusiasm. What he saw, he said; what he found, he laid open. He alone seems to have been aware that criticism, to be complete, must be both analytical and synthetic. Every work should be measured by some standard. It is only by such exposition and comparison of two, more or less similar in the prominent points, that correctness of arbitrament can be attained. All men are critics; all men judge the written or unwritten words of others. It is not in works of imagination, as you would think the most likely for it, but it is chiefly in criticism that writers at the present day are discursive and erratic. Among our regular hands of critics there is almost as much and as ill-placed animosity on one side, and enthusiasm on the other, as there is among the vulgar voters at parliamentary elections, and they who differ from them are pelted as heartily. In the performance of the ancient drama there were those who modulated with the pipe the language of the actor. No such instrument is found in the wardrobe of our critics, to temper their animosity or to direct their enthusiasm. Your father carried it with him wherever he sat in judgment; because he knew that his sentence would be recorded, and not only there. Oblivion is the refuge of the unjust; but their confidence is vain in the security of that sanctuary. The most idle and ignorant hold arguments on literary merit. Usually the commencement is, '*I think with you, but*,' &c., or '*I do not think with you.*' The first begins with a false position; and there is probably one, and more than one, on each side. The second would be quite correct if it ended at the word *think*; for there are few who can do it, and fewer who will. The kindlier tell us that no human work is perfect. This is untrue: many poetical works are. Many of Horace, more of Catullus, still more of La Fontaine; if indeed fable may be admitted as poetry by coming in its garb and equipage. Surely there are several of Moore's songs, and several of Barry Cornwall's, absolutely perfect. Surely there are also a few small pieces in the Italian and French. I wonder, on a renewed investigation, to find so few in the Greek. But the fluency of the language carried them too frequently among the shallows;

and even in the graver and more sententious the current is greater than the depth. The *Ilissus* is sometimes a sandbank. In the elegant and graceful arrow there is often not only much feather and little barb, but the barb wants weight to carry it with steadiness and velocity to the mark. Milton and Cowper were the first and last among us who breathed without oppression on the serene and cloudless heights where the Muses were born and educated. Each was at times a truant from his school; but even the lower of the two, in his *Task*, has done what extremely few of his preceptors could do. Alas! his Attic honey was at last turned sour by the leaven of fanaticism. I wish he and Goldsmith, and your father, could call to order some adventurous members of our poetical yacht-club, who are hoisting a great deal of canvas on a slender mast, and 'unknown regions dare explore' without compass, plummet, or anchor. Nobody was readier than Southey to acknowledge that, in his capacity of laureate, he had written some indifferent poetry; but it was better than his predecessor's or successor's on similar occasions. Personages whom he was expected to commemorate looked the smaller for the elevation of their position; and their naturally coarse materials crumbled under the master's hand. Against these frail memorials we may safely place his *Inscriptions*, and challenge all nations to confront them. We are brought by these before us to the mournful contemplation of his own great merits lying unnoticed; to the indignant recollection of the many benefices, since his departure, and since you were admitted into holy orders, bestowed by chancellors and bishops on relatives undistinguished in literature or virtue. And there has often been a powerful call where there has been a powerful canvasser. The father puts on the colours of the candidate; and the candidate, if successful, throws a scarf and a lambskin over the shoulder of the son. Meanwhile, the son of that great and almost universal genius, who, above all others, was virtually, truly, and emphatically, and not by a vain title, Defender of the Faith,—defender far more strenuous and more potent than any prelatical baron since the Reformation; who has upheld more efficiently, because more uprightly, the assaulted and endangered constitution of the realm than any party-man within the walls of the Parliament-house; who declined the baronetcy which was offered to him and the seat to which he was elected;—he leaves an only son, ill-provided for, with a family to support. Different, far different, was his conduct in regard to those whom the desire of fame led away from the road to fortune. He patronized a greater number of intellectual and virtuous young men, and more warmly, more effectually, than all the powerful. I am not quite certain that poets in general are the best deserving of patronage: he however could and did sympathize with them, visit them in their affliction, and touch their insondness tenderly. Invidiousness seems to be the hereditary ophthalmia of our unfortunate family; he tended many laboring under the disease and never was infected. Several of those in office, I am credibly informed, have entered the fields of literature; rather for its hay-making, I presume, than for its cultivation. Whatever might have been the disadvantages to your father from their competition, will, I hope, be unvisited upon you. On the contrary, having seen him safe in the earth, probably they will not grudge a little gold-leaf for the letters on his gravestone, now you have been able to raise it out of the materials he has left behind. We may expect it reasonably; for a brighter day already is dawning. After a quarter of a million spent in the enlargement of royal palaces and the accommodation of royal horses; after a whole million laid out under Westminster Bridge; after an incalculable sum devoted to another Tower of Babel, for as many tongues to wag in; the Queen's Majesty has found munificent advisers, recommending that the entire of *twenty-five pounds annually* shall be granted to the representative of that officer who spent the last years of his life, and life itself, in doing more for England's commerce than Alexander and the Ptolemies did for the world's. He quelled the terrors of the desert, and drew England and India close together.

Your affectionate Friend,

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE GHETTO OF ROME.

THE Church of Rome has never been famed for her tolerance; her energy and indomitability will have been too frequently manifested by the stern behests of imperious authority. The sovereign pontiffs, with their claims of infallibility, have left the Pagan far behind in the ardour of persecution and the more than imperial character of their governments. Julian published edicts of universal toleration; from time to time he assumed the garb of each different sect, and claimed affinity with the gods of each conquered race. At one moment the zealous supporter of Christianity, then the ablest advocate of the Platonic philosophy; at another, initiated into all the arcana of the Theurgic science and the Eleusinian mysteries, terminating his chequered religious career by that great edict of universal toleration which astonished the whole Roman world, when all classes of all religion, Pagan and Christian, received alike an express command to open the portals of their temples. Paganism could afford to be tolerant, not so Christianity. One god, more or less, in the Heathen Pantheon makes very little difference, but the worship of the Christian Church is one and exclusive. The very ardour of its belief renders it essentially intolerant. How is it possible to be indulgent to error, when we are firmly persuaded that such error must lead to eternal condemnation? But whatever apology may be made for intolerance by those who do not suffer from its severities, it will not be approved of by the thousands who find themselves deprived of their most prized social rights for the sake of their faith. None suffer more from this Christian spirit than the favoured and exclusive race in Rome. While other nations have been constantly relieving the Jews from the pains and penalties which have been attached to their absence of faith, the Church of Rome has stood over them stern, proud, and uncompromising. To be a Jew in the Holy City, is at once to be deprived of half the social privileges of citizenship. Among other grievances under which they

suffer, they are confined to a small district of the town called the Ghetto, where formerly the gates were locked from sunset to sunrise, during which period no one was permitted to pass out; on the slightest pretences they used to be persecuted for any the least expression of irritation into which they may have been betrayed: the poor people bear impressed on their countenances the downcast dogged look of persecution. Confined to such a small space, they have crowded their houses together until, in some of the streets, or rather lanes, it is easy to step across from one roof to another. The dark eye, the luxurious black hair, and a sensual expression produced by the fullness of the lower lip, are the characteristics of the women. Long, dirty, scanty beards—thin, lank, grey hair—frames which have grown decrepit through long persecution—eyes piercing and crafty—sickly, wrinkled features, are the characteristics of the men. Although, as I have remarked, the gates and the pales of the Ghetto are now removed, a stranger can easily tell when he enters what Catholic Rome considers its tainted circle, by the miserable, poverty-stricken appearance of the whole district. The people crowd round him, losing all sense of manly dignity or mental degradation in the anxiety for gain. Skinny shrivelled hands touch his clothes in the hope of arresting his progress; worn-out tawdry finery is thrust before him, in the hope of tempting him to purchase. No shop, or rather store, is devoted to any particular object of gain. Butter, dates, olives, broken and pawned articles, are mixed up in the most absurd confusion. With brocaded coats, valuable lace, and Eastern silks, Jewish trade resembles the Jewish character and the Jewish faith,—much that is low, mean, and sordid, combined with some elements of the beautiful, the prized, and the good.

And yet this strange, fantastic, ro-coco district, if beyond the pale of Christianity, is far from being without the pale of fashion. Ladies, exhibiting the height of Parisian fashions, with dainty footsteps and soft movement,

may be seen of an afternoon endeavouring to thread their way through the greasy throng, which jostle, elbow, and abuse each other in these narrow lanes. The cunning Israelites must have scents to tell them whenever any particular connoisseur is approaching; for, strange enough, the article which each is in search of is precisely that which is displayed in all the shops. If the lady come to purchase lace, the most valuable specimens of the *pointe du roi* are forced upon her; if she require silks, by the strangest magnetism the finest dyes and richest fabrics are unrolled as she draws near. From the constant and invaluable habit of concealing their own impressions, the Jews appear to be better enabled to read the sensations of others. They know, almost to a nicety, the extent of their customers' means and intentions. Go disguised as you choose, they will discover you. The Jewish origin, grafted on the Roman craft, has produced a progeny which would astonish the adroitness of our own peculiar tribe of Levis and Fagans.

I had, on two or three different occasions, visited the Ghetto in search of old lace, and on each occasion had turned to admire perhaps one of the most beautiful faces which could at that time have been found in Rome. It was that of a young Jewish girl, who was always sitting at the same corner of the street at the entrance of the Ghetto, where she kept a fruit-stall.

Hers was one of those faces in which the features, from their strongly-marked development, become at once impressed upon the memory. She was tall, of a commanding appearance, her cheek was very pale, but lit up by the blackest eyes. She wore a thick Indian-striped handkerchief, tied cunningly round her head; and a large pair of massive gold ear-rings, which fell almost to her neck. Even if plain, she would have been most remarkable, from the perfect indifference which she evinced as to whether she sold her goods or not. While all the rest of her tribe were fawning, cringing, flattering, and importuning, she sat there like a statue, but a statue of a most perfect order. Nor was this indifference and apathy of her manner thrown away on the purchasers who crowded towards the Ghetto. It stood her in better stead than the

most manifest anxiety could have done: it placed her apart from that detestable crowd. I observed many persons stop and make purchases of her on whom all importunity would have been thrown away. There was not one of the buyers who did not look back with hurried gaze at that pale and glorious face, which did not even glow with the least tinge of animation at the admiration which she excited. She sold her stock in trade, changed her money, with the same entire absence of interest in her occupation. Carriages turning the corner suddenly where her fruit-stall was placed, sometimes almost grazed it and overbore all its contents: but even this circumstance did not appear to awaken any interest in her mind; she only stooped down to pick up one or two of the peaches which had been shaken off by the jar, quietly moved her stall a little nearer the wall, and then folded her arms again in the same contemptuous manner.

Strange, indeed, but it ever is so; the world cares most for those who appear to treat it with contempt and to be indifferent to its petty interests. Be a slave to the world, and it will impose the heaviest burdens upon you; it will be the hardest of all task-masters: but, on the other hand, drive it before you, and it will obey almost every impulse of the determined. In this country, where individualism and idiosyncrasy are now so rare, the very deference which the whole of constituted society pays to the requirements of the majority, only renders the exceptional case more rare and prized. We unconsciously admire those who, instead of seeking to be guided by the opinions of others, endeavour to direct them, and who, forming their own standard of judgment, keep themselves aloof from all fluctuations of indecision and weakness.

I had been commissioned to purchase two founces of the handsomest lace, and had made two unsuccessful expeditions to the Ghetto in search of it, ransacking all the shops and listening to an immeasurable amount of falsehood; but as I was soon to leave Rome, I did not wish to do so with my commission unfulfilled, and resolved to make another search: besides, that beautiful pale statnette deeply in-

terested me, without ever having addressed a single word to her. I felt well assured that her mind must be one of no ordinary stamp. One day I stopped near her for some time without attracting her observation, and then it was that I so greatly admired and marvelled at the total absence of the two qualifications for which her nation are remarkable—cunning and obtrusiveness.

I reached the stall, and turned after I had passed it a little way to take a passing glance at her. To my astonishment, and almost sorrow, I observed that her cheeks, and even her figure, had lost their admirable fullness: there was a strange and wild expression in her eye. I turned back involuntarily and stood for a moment opposite her stall. She beckoned me towards her.

‘I know what you want,’ she said, with a rapid utterance, as if anxious to get rid of the subject; ‘you want to purchase some lace. I have a piece which I am sure will suit you, and you shall have it very cheap. It belonged to —.’ Here she hesitated, looked down, and, as I fixed my eye on her countenance for the first time, the blood rose to the very temples, and she appeared lovely. ‘No matter who it belonged to; some great man, of course; but I have the lace, that is sufficient for you to know. Tell me what sum you are willing to give, and then I shall know whether mine is too expensive.’

I named the amount which I was desired to lay out for the finest quality of old lace. It was, I knew, a small sum for such an object, unless in the case of some fortunate hit; but to my surprise she told me that her piece of lace was much within that mark; and then I began to imagine that it must be of inferior quality, but she assured me of the contrary.

She commissioned a boy to keep her stall for her for a few minutes, and then walked on at a rapid pace, desiring me to follow her.

It was not until she rose from her seat that I had an opportunity of observing the beautiful symmetry of her figure. Her footstep was firm, like that of one who possesses a strong will. To have seen her as she swept along the streets, you would have

imagined that she was on a mission, in which high resolve and great self-sacrifice were required, so compressed was the lip and haughty the glance,—

Moving through the throng,

Like one who does, not suffers wrong. No one would have imagined that it was the question of the sale of a piece of lace as she passed down the streets, with the folds of her dress almost sweeping the ground; while, with a scarf of beautiful texture fastened round her waist, she resembled one of those maidens of the sun which we see in Egyptian frescos.

‘Let me pass, Emmanuel,’ she said to a broken-backed, stunted broker, who was hanging some filthy rags on a string which stretched across a narrow lane.

‘Pass! so you shall, my love, my own bright eyes: but you shall give me a kiss first,’ said the cadaverous-looking wretch; and he put his thin, bleared, and hairy lips near her face: but in the act he turned his head half round, and, for the first time, he saw me.

‘Oh, I ask your pardon, Rachel!’ he said; ‘the Christian, of course, before one of our own tribe. I know you well, my darling, you never deceived me in your brightest days. You are a great lady; hut, after all, we are both more or less in the same line. I sell old clothes, you sell old kisses; the difference is, that I cannot get rid of my wares as fast as you can of your kisses.’

Suddenly she turned round in all her beauty; flushed with indignation and trembling with anger, contempt, bitterness, and hatred, could not have been more gloriously expressed. The sallow, sickly, hollow-eyed impertinent was looking up at her face when, with one push, she hurled him over a heap of rubbish, which in the centre of the street supplied the place of a gutter; and shouts of laughter saluted him as he slunk, downcast and defeated, back into his shop.

When I looked at him I observed that his eyes, which before had only expressed lust and sordid avarice, now gleamed wildly with a look of intense and bitter hatred.

There are none whom we are so disposed to punish as the mean and sordid, and yet there are none whom it is more dangerous to offend; they feel, with tenfold virulence, the dis-

gust which they engender; they go about bearing with them a curse, which they are ever ready to transfer to any who offend them. No man is ignorant of his possessing the lower qualities; and no one, not even he who suffers from their action, can so intensely hate and despise them as their possessor. They are the chains on the galley-slaves, which clank at every step, but which they cannot shake off, allowing them only that amount of liberty of action which incessantly recalls their restraint.

My guide turned sharp round to the left, and the next moment we were at the foot of the broken stair. Two or three dogs, which as usual had taken possession of the small space allotted for the passage to the primo piano, rushed, with frantic yells, down stairs. It could scarcely be properly called a house; it was rather a collection of planks nailed together, supporting the most rickety description of roof. It was quite wonderful how the whole fabric held together at all; for between the chinks of the rotten and creaking floor we could look into the shop below, where, amid immense piles of bales and casks, children were riotously playing.

There was a curious expression of doubt and uneasiness in Rachel's countenance, when, with some slight degree of impatience, I begged her to be quick and show me the lace. She looked carefully round the room, as though fearful of being observed. At last, after some hesitation, she ransacked an old drawer, and drew forth the lace from beneath a heap of rags and rubbish.

It was certainly the most magnificent specimen of old lace which I had seen in Italy. A large and deep flounce of the *pointe du roi*; that lace which was made solely for the Grand Monarque, and subsequently sold at immense prices, a great portion of it coming into the possession of the cardinals. It was in a most perfect state, and the only thing that surprised me in the transaction was the excessively low price which she asked for it: but, of course, it was not my business to tell her the real value of her own property; so I eagerly wrote a cheque on Torlonia, and requested her to pack it up.

My attention had latterly been so

absorbed by the beauty of the fabric, that it was not until I placed the cheque in her hand I observed how she trembled. She endeavoured, when she saw me observing her, to conceal her agitation, but it soon defied even her dissimulation. She leant against a small chest of drawers, and had barely strength enough to point to a cup, which was half full of spirits, which I handed to her. She drank it off with the energy of apparent despair, and then it was that she commenced to revive slowly; but her forehead was still damp from agitation, and her lips were as pale and colourless as her cheeks.

'What is the matter?' I asked. 'Are you ill, Rachel?'

She clutched hold of my arm mechanically.

'Do not show the lace,' she exclaimed, 'to any one in Rome; at least promise me solemnly that you will not allow a single person to know from whom you purchased it.'

'Just as you like,' I answered; 'but you ought, on the contrary, to be very proud of having such a beautiful piece in your possession. I should have thought that you would have wished me to tell every one of my friends, so as to extend the reputation of your shop; but, of course, I will do as you like, and lock it up until I leave Rome.'

She seemed greatly relieved by this assurance; it must have restored or confirmed her confidence in me, for after a long pause she said,—

'I will tell you the truth, for you are a friend. You saw that man,' she continued; 'that miserable wretch, Emmanuel? Well, although I treated him in so bold and harsh a manner, I must tell you that I am at heart bitterly afraid of him. He is at once a coward to the strong, and a tyrant to the weak; one of those despicable characters which get our nation unjustly aspersed. He really does possess all those vices and meannesses which are attributed to many who are as noble, true, and good as you of the Christian race. You will consider me as unmerciful as my faith, from the manner in which I speak of this abandoned villain; but the truth is, that I am in the power of a guardian, who, if he knew that I had this money, would be the first to take it

from me; and Emmanuel, who finds everything out, will be certain to inform him. You saw the look he gave when I pushed the foul creature from me. I know that he is only waiting his opportunity to be revenged upon me. He had the insolence to ask me to marry him two years since; and upon my refusing to accept him he swore that his hatred should some day or another find me out; so I quite tremble when I see him, however bold I may pretend to be. But, oh, my heart! Hush! he is standing there below.'

She knelt down on the floor, and touched me gently to make me draw back so as not to be seen by him; but it was too late, he had caught a glimpse of her through the crevices of the floor. He did not attempt to come up the stair, but he stood at the foot of it, heaping upon her the coarsest and most brutal expressions. For a moment, all the fear that had shortly before marked her countenance had given way to the most intense hatred. It flashed from her eyes and dilated her nostrils. My first impulse was to rush forward and turn the man out of the shop; but the girl saw the movement, and placed her hand on my arm with a significant look. The colour had left her cheeks, and she was again pale as starlight.

We waited there some minutes, when Emmanuel, after muttering sundry curses, withdrew. We looked at him as he passed down the lane, with his hands clenched and the muscles of his countenance trembling with excitement. We heard him, as he passed by, telling every one of his friends that Rachel was shut up in the room with a Christian. Some treated the information with indifference, others only called him jealous; but sundry boys crowded round the door, waiting for my departure.

I took the lace and left the shop with her. The children in the street, excited by that rascal, made use of some insulting expressions towards her; but ran away whenever I made an attempt to approach them. I could, however, see that the poor girl was, if not alarmed, very unhappy; for, now that Emmanuel was no longer present, the tears ran down her cheeks. I took her hand kindly and parted

from her, but not without a vague and uncomfortable feeling of doubt and mistrust.

'Ah, me!' I thought, when alone, 'is this the freedom, the liberty, the charity which suffereth long, the consideration for others, which the Gospel teaches? It is well for the great poet to write of the freedom of the Roman citizen:—

But Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,

To rule mankind, and make the world obey;

Disposing peace and war, thine own majestic sway.

To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free:

These are imperial acts, and worthy thee.

The fettered slave is set free, but the citizen is enthralled; not because he now proclaims another king than Cæsar, but simply because the tenets of his faith are not precisely the same as our own. And this beautiful girl, brought up in that worst of suffering—mental suffering—keenly feeling the persecution to which her race is exposed, however, she could bear children who would, in those moments of tribulation to which Imperial Rome of all empires is most subject, stand forth to defend her walls!

I went away, however, well pleased with my purchase. Notwithstanding my promise to the contrary, I could not avoid showing it to one or two particular friends. Even in so slight a matter it is very easy to find food for vanity. It gratified me to have purchased it so cheaply. When it was pronounced quite beautiful, I accepted the expression as an indirect tribute to my judgment, taste, and ability. It was, of course, not the lace that I cared for, although most anxious to gratify her who had charged me with the commission. What, to judge myself truly, I delighted in, was the circumstance of my having gained a victory over those who possess hereditary claims for depth and cunning.

Ah, it does not do to cast the lead too frequently into the depths of the heart in search of motives.

I was at dinner the same day when a card was sent into me: it had the name of M. Narelli, the head of the police, printed upon it. I was at a loss to imagine what business he could have with me; but as my ser-

vant told me that it was a matter of the last moment, with some misgivings I desired that he might be shown in. The moment he appeared, I could detect at one glance that he was a man of official eminence, and also of great ability. The eye always catches the resolution or indecision of the mind. To judge from his expression, he must have been a man of the coolest courage and most determined character. His manner was deferential, without being obsequious; his voice, clear, sonorous, and distinct, rang on the ear like a well-toned bell.

He commenced by apologizing for the intrusion, and then at once asked me whether it was true that I had that morning purchased some lace of a young Jewish girl in the Ghetto.

No sooner had he uttered the word lace, than the whole tragedy burst upon me. I remembered Rachel's hesitation, her fears, her tremblings, and excitement: all was explained. For one moment I felt tempted to deny the whole transaction, and to refuse to show the lace; a second consideration, however, proved to me that it would be at once absurd and unjustifiable: but that moment showed me the poor girl, pale, broken-hearted, and trembling under the weight of a terrible accusation. I bitterly lamented the innocent part which I had taken in this transaction, and regretted that I had ever visited the Ghetto in search of lace. I thought of her as I first saw her standing at the fruit-stall, with that haughty, contemptuous glance, that resolute and open countenance; and it was bitter to picture her sinking in gaol, in such a prison as Italy boasts of in these enlightened days: but there was not much time for reflection and consideration. M. Narelli, who saw that I was hesitating, told me at once that the whole truth was known, and that he must require the piece of lace to be given over to him; he then suggested that it would be a kindness to the woman herself if I would accompany him at once to St. Angelo, to be confronted with her.

As we drove rapidly down the streets, he told me that the lace had been stolen some months since from one of the cardinals. The police had suspected for a long time that it was concealed somewhere in the Ghetto;

but in consequence of the hostile feeling which had been apparent there for many months, they did not like to commence an official search in that district without sufficient evidence: this evidence had been obtained that very day through one of those ill-conditioned, ill-omened spies, who are to be found connected with the police of every country. From the description which he gave of the man I could not for a moment doubt that it was Emmanuel. He told me very frankly the precise hour at which the informer came to him, and I found that it was soon after I had left the shop.

There was a slight stoppage caused by the carriages which were driving up to the Teatro d'Apollon, the present Opera. People looked curiously into ours, which was well-known as that of the chief of the police. How wonderful are the circles into which the interests of society are divided; how many currents are eddying and bubbling in their course before the mighty river of human existence is formed; each stream so perfect in itself, so separate from every other, yet ever flowing towards the same wide fathomless sea. Of the gay and the happy whom I passed, how few cared for this poor girl, or how few would have cared had they even heard the tale. I felt myself almost criminal from the circumstance of having been the cause of this misery to another. My whole thoughts were fixed on this one object. Before the fulness of my imagination the prison-walls disappeared, and I saw nothing but the cells, and listened to the voices of the many to whom the voice of the comforter is never heard. We were passing over the yellow Tiber, but I heeded not its associations, either with history or with my early school-boy days, their studies and their struggles. When the mind is full of one object, all others become invisible, even to the senses. The light of the mind is greater than the light of the body.

We arrived at last at the gates of St. Angelo, the tomb of the dead Pagan and of the living Christian. After certain stern, painful formalities were gone through, in the most matter-of-fact way, between my companion and the commander of the strong post which was

on guard, we entered the mighty precincts, and the gates closed behind us. I had then time to marvel at the massiveness of the structure—the immense blocks of stone, so typical of the colossal empire under which it was constructed. Passing through a long series of narrow passages, gloomy and sad, impervious to all sound, save that of low sighs and groans from dungeons below and around us, we arrived at an open space in the centre, above which the winged angel is poised in the act of abreathing his sword. The moon shone around it, and the expanded wings, edged with a silver light, seemed almost to move in the night breeze: there were guards on the battlements, who marched with solemn, measured tread; and high above all floated the Pontifical banner, with the keys of St. Peter in its huge folds flapping in the breeze,—the emblem of sovereignty, spiritual and temporal. No one can judge of the immense extent of St. Angelo from the interior. The ashes of the great Emperor, how small a space could they have occupied in that vast circumference—the tomb of the one day, the citadel of the morrow—the grave of the Pagan, the fortress of Christianity! During the recent revolution at Rome the people broke down the viaduct which connects it with the Vatican, and the ruined wall still remains;—we may hope, as a good omen, to show that the palace and the prison are no longer closely connected together, and that safety does not depend on the battlements and armaments of that stern old tower of other days, which stands surrounded with the memorials and memories of imperial Rome.

In one of the darkest of these cells the poor girl had been thrown.

When the door was opened gently we saw what seemed to be a heap of clothes piled together in one corner; but the light from a small lamp suspended from the ceiling was so weak that it was quite impossible to distinguish any object distinctly. The cell, as far as I could judge from a hasty glance, resembled those abodes of misery which have been so frequently described, and which it would require the energies of ten Howards to improve. There was a disagreeable, close, damp smell; the pavement of

the floor was sadly out of repair; there was a bracket placed against the wall, with a few necessary articles of furniture for ordinary use: but when my eyes became more accustomed to the light, I discovered that what had appeared a mere heap of clothes was the poor girl, almost rolled up in the corner. For some moments she continued to lie there, apparently quite insensible; but at last, with a sharp cry, she raised her head suddenly, and then I could not mistake the beautiful countenance that had so struck me on that morning. But, sad to say, even these few hours had made great ravages: sorrow, anxiety, and misery are the most zealous accessories of age. She really looked years older: this might have been partly the effect of the lurid, flickering light, and the disorder of her dress; but sure I am that no one could have recognized the haughty, dignified, imposing woman, who but a few hours since had swept almost contemptuously through the streets.

'You are come to accuse me,' she exclaimed, falling with both her hands on the pavement, and striking it with violence; 'now you come to accuse me. It is like a Christian,' she continued, with increased bitterness in her voice and vehemence in her action. And then she sobbed violently, and looked into my face with a piteous expression.

The police prevented the necessity of my reply, for one of the men seized her at once by the arm, and dragged her up rudely, desiring her to stand. And she did stand there—a picture of utter prostration, mental and physical, to have melted any heart, save the stony, arid ones of those men who were with me. Stand alone she could not, but she leaned against the wall, and her head fell on her shoulder, her fingers were intertwined together, and she moved them about with a kind of galvanic agitation. All the anger and impetuosity of her character had passed away: she was no longer the ideal of ruined greatness, but the simple, broken-hearted woman. Violence in a woman is at all times so painful to witness, even in moments of extreme sorrow, that it rather offends than interests.

'You know this woman?' said

the abrupt, uncouth examiner, in a voice which echoed to the vaulted roof.

I scarcely dared look at her; but I felt that those large black eyes were fixed supplicatingly upon me, and I, too, trembled.

The question was repeated in the same harsh manner, and this time I nodded in the affirmative.

'She sold you this piece of lace?' was the next question.

He took the lace of exquisite texture, and unrolled it so roughly that it tore in his hand. M. Narelli had left us for some minutes, or this miserable subordinate would not have dared to behave in so rude a manner; but I scarcely thought it worth while to notice it,—or rather, I scarcely did notice it at the time, my attention was so absorbed by the poor girl, whose happiness, whose every prospect, depended on my evidence.

I could not but repeat the affirmation; but how strange a thing is justice, that it is sometimes difficult to reconcile it to humanity, generosity, and all the nobler qualities of the heart! At the moment that I was telling the truth my heart, and almost my conscience, reproached me; it was impossible for me to deny the fact, even had it been possible by a denial to have destroyed all the links of evidence, could I so violate every received principle. But, nevertheless, however irreconcilable with honour, dignity, and religion such a course would have been, the features of that poor girl have frequently since appeared to me wearing such a reproachful glance, that I have seemed to stand before her abashed and self-convicted.

'And this piece of lace you stole?' continued the inquisitor, turning sharply to Rachel,—a style of examination which would scarcely be understood in England.

She made no reply, but looked at him with a calm, steady glance. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike her.

'I ask you but one favour,' she said, speaking to M. Narelli, who had just returned. 'Order these men away, and leave me alone for ten minutes with this gentleman: if you mistrust me, you will, at least, have confidence in an English gen-

tleman. Besides, what chance is there of my escaping from this place?' And she cast a melancholy glance around the cell. 'You can watch at the door, if you choose,' she continued, with additional animation: 'do this, and I will give him some most important information; if you remain, I will tell nothing at all.'

The men whispered together, and appeared to hesitate about granting her request. I looked on in great anxiety. I was most desirous of being of some use to the poor girl, more especially as I felt myself to have been the innocent, but still the original cause, of all her sufferings.

'Do this,' she continued, with a heightened tone,—'do this, and I will tell you much more: I will put you upon the track of a man who has stolen countless wealth—who has done worse than steal, who has stained his hands with blood. You know Flavio. Well, I know him also; and at the present moment I can tell you where he is to be found. Do you believe me now?'

Flavio had been well known some two years previously as one of those bandits who was the terror of a whole province. He was accused of several daring crimes, and a few months before these events a person had been murdered in one of the narrow streets which skirt the city, and the strongest circumstantial evidence pointed him out as the criminal. Since then the police had been vigorously on the alert to discover his hiding-place, but all their efforts up to this period had been fruitless. I had often heard him spoken of, more especially in connexion with the republican movement then in progress in Italy; but I was quite at a loss to imagine what connexion could have subsisted between this man and Rachel, or where she had had the opportunity of seeing him.

The men left the cell, M. Narelli whispering me to curtail the interview as much as possible, as they were anxious to terminate the first inquiry. So soon as the door was closed she threw herself at my feet, took from her bosom a small packet, which I opened, and there I saw the picture of a fair child—she might have been seven years of age; and packed up with the picture was a lock of hair, and an address.

'As you are the cause of my misery,' she said, 'be also the source of my happiness, even in this infliction. Give this to my child at the enclosed address, and tell her to love me.'

'Your child!' I exclaimed, with astonishment.

'My child, and by a man who you heard me mention so recently—Flavio!'

'And Flavio?' I said.

'I shall denounce him,' she exclaimed,—'denounce him, as the one great duty which I owe to society, as an atonement for my own sins. And does he not deserve it? Is it but a light thing for a man to ruin me, in the first instance,—to leave me afterwards to starve, and compel me to keep a fruit-stall to gain the shadow of a subsistence,—condemning me to misery and to humiliations which my soul abhorred and loathed? And was that all? I said that you were the cause of my being here in this wretched dungeon: you are the innocent cause, but the man who betrayed me was —'

'Was Emmanuel,' I interrupted.

'Yes, Emmanuel, it is true,' she continued; 'but there was a traitor prior to him, and greater than him: it was Flavio.'

'Flavio!'

'It is scarcely credible, but true. He insisted upon my giving him all my earnings; when I refused to do so,—not for my own sake, for I could live just as happily on bread-and-water as you could surrounded by all your luxuries, but for the sake of my child, who at that time was almost starving, for I had to bestow all the pittance I could scrape together to procure it a nurse and a lodging. It was Flavio induced me to steal the lace. I did so in a moment of desperation, when I fully believed he would have murdered me if I had refused to obey him. I had it by me so long; for, in the first instance, I did not venture to offer it for sale; and, latterly, I thought it would be difficult to procure the full price. At last I heard that you were searching for old lace, and thought I was safe in your hands. Circumstances have turned out differently. I sent to Flavio to tell him that I had found a customer for it, and till the very moment I was arrested I was

perfectly ignorant that he and that scoundrel Emmanuel were in close communion together; but when I was dragged out of my small, miserable lodging, like a condemned criminal, rather than as a person only accused of a crime, Emmanuel, who stood by, with a glow of triumph over his pale, miserable, withered countenance, whispered to me, 'Thank Flavio for this: he denounced you for the reward.'

'He will escape you,' I said; 'of course he will imagine that you intend to be revenged upon him.'

'He will not escape me long, for I know that he imagines me ignorant of the woman with whom he is now living, and who hates him with a bitterness second only to my own. She will give him up to justice, and deservedly so. A greater villain does not exist. I cannot tell you what his whole conduct has been to me—his acts of barbarous cruelty. Even my child, whom I doat on, cannot make me forgive the father all his iniquity.'

'And this poor child?' I said.

'Ah, that is the thought that lays next my heart with a weight which I can scarce sustain!' And she clasped her hands to her bosom, as though to express the greatness of her affliction. 'What I ask you is to see the child, to give her this lock of hair and likeness. And may I venture one thing more,—may I ask you to take care that she is not left utterly destitute?' And so saying she put a small purse in my hand, saying, 'It is very light, but it contains all that I possess.'

I returned her the purse, as she required every baiocchi to add to her comforts in the prison; but I set her mind at rest by promising to see her child the next morning, and to do all that lay in my power for its support and protection.

She fell at my feet, bathing my hand with her tears. In her beauty, as she knelt before me, I, for the moment, forgot in what spot we were standing, and looked upon her with an interest which was only broken, rudely enough, by the clanging of the chains of the door, and its creaking movement on its rusty hinges. M. Narelli entered, and with the rough, straightforward, practical conduct of a man in his

position, he came at once to the point.

'You confess, then, that you stole the lace?'

'I do,' she answered, with a firm voice, which surprized me after the scene I had just witnessed,—'I do confess that I stole the lace; but it was not for myself, but for one far greater, and far better capable of making a defence,—for that man Flavio.'

I noticed the gleam of satisfaction that passed over M. Narelli's countenance at the mention of his name; and when he felt well assured that he was, at last, fairly on the track of the man who had evaded all his efforts, and in pursuit of whom, as I afterwards learned, he was, on one occasion, nearly losing his situation, on account of a robbery which it was quite evident that Flavio had committed, but of which he could not obtain the least trace, at once his whole manner changed towards the unfortunate girl: he asked her to sit down, to be quite calm, and to tell him all that she knew of the man's career.

I thought for one moment that even then she would have relented, but it was far otherwise: she began at once, with the calmest voice, to give a sketch of Flavio's life from the time when she first met him. The story was one of intense interest. It seems that at one time he was engaged in gaining an honest livelihood; but one unlucky day he quarrelled with a man—struck him: this led to a tussle, and in a fit of exasperation he took out a knife and killed him on the spot. From that moment he was lost. The dead man's family vowed vengeance against him. He had to take to the woods, where, for self-defence, and really for his subsistence, he took to the brigand's life. His extreme courage, and even generosity, soon brought a large number of followers together; and, as I have already remarked, he became the terror of the whole Neapolitan frontier. At one time two or three regiments were sent in pursuit of him; and then it was he undertook the last and boldest step of coming to Rome itself. He got into the city at night, and for a long time nothing more was heard of Flavio. At last his old habits returned. Some robberies committed

with wondrous skill, and a murder of extraordinary atrocity, made the police suspect that the man who thus braved their vigilance was a criminal of no ordinary description; but do what they would, they were baffled in every scheme which they planned for his arrest. At one moment his extraordinary nerve saved him,—for instance, when chased by the police, he sought shelter in one of the very tribunals, which they might naturally imagine was about the last place where he would have been found. Mingled with this wild and savage character were some generous qualities: he had been known to assist people in misfortune, and a vague kind of interest attached to him on account of traits of self-denial that were attributed to him. But now, when Rachel told me of his heartless conduct to her, I learned how entirely visionary are all those tales of nobility of character among men who are leading an abandoned and vicious life.

From her story it could not be doubted for a moment that he it was who had instigated her to commit the act which had brought her to despair. Nothing could equal the bitterness with which she inveighed against him. She told all his hiding-places—the secret passages by which he evaded all pursuit; and when the story was finished, and her vengeance accomplished, she wept like a child.

Even the stern M. Narelli was touched at the painful tale. He gave orders that every comfort should be shown her, and after some minutes' further delay we left the prison.

We had been there almost three hours, but the time had seemed very short. When we crossed the Ponte St. Angelo the people were leaving the Opera, after three hours of fictitious sorrow, while I had been passing that time in the presence of real affliction,—side by side, as it were in the face of each other, the mockery of woe and its solemn reality. And how often is it so! Unthought of—not, indeed, uncared for—but unthought of by the happy, the carriage rolls along, passing the hospital and the prison in its rapid progress; the golden youth, listlessly reclining in happy indolence, hears not the voice of pain, sees not the hectic glow of suffering on the cheek;

nursed in the sweet sorrows of romance, dreams not of living agonies more fearful than those which the greatest actor can portray, and of death as a reality.

I determined to lose no time in fulfilling my mission. The directions of the house where the child lived had been very carefully written, so I had no difficulty in discovering it; but I had to pass through a labyrinth of dirty streets, until at last, in a small, narrow lane, next the Farnese Palace, I found the house. Evidently something had occurred to excite the inmates, for people were hustling about the door, and there was unusual excitement for that late hour of the night. I stood aside for a few moments to learn, if possible, what was the cause of all this movement; and then I overheard expressions which made me tremble for the safety of the poor child, if it was quite certain that she lived there. 'Who did it? Where is the man? Poor child, how beautiful she was!' At last, unable to restrain my feelings, I rushed through the group, and asked whether a young girl of eight or ten years lived there.

'She did live here,' said an old woman, with the tears trickling down her cheek,—*'she did live here, but she is dead.'*

'Dead!' I exclaimed; for however indifferent a person may be to us, perhaps in the circle of events nothing is more fearful than to seek the living and find the corpse; to expect joy, and tremble before despair. 'Dead! When did she die? How did she die?'

'Come up, and see for yourself,' said the woman; 'the room will explain everything.' And the men made way for me, and I followed up a rickety staircase to the third flat,—it was scarcely worth the name of a floor. As we drew near the top I saw two or three myrmidons of the police; they all, I observed, looked pale—almost alarmed: evidently some great catastrophe had occurred, but I had yet to learn the worst.

The light which the old woman held in her hand shone upon something sparkling on the ground. I touched her arm to point it out to her, and then she threw the full blaze of light upon it, and I saw at once that it was blood. A cold,

creeping sensation passed over me; that terrible conviction that in one moment we are going to be witnesses of the effects of a great crime almost paralyzed my senses: but, strange to say, at this moment of horror I felt as if I had witnessed the whole scene before. When we entered the room, and I saw the body of a young and lovely child lying on the floor bathed in blood, I did not shrink even then, although destitution and crime were both presented to me in their most fearful aspect. My nerves appeared to have been braced for some great necessity. The police were standing by perfectly irresolute, and incapable of taking any decided course, when one of them picked up a handkerchief from the floor.

'Rachel,' he exclaimed, looking at the corner.

I started at the name, and then a sudden idea flashed across me: it was Flavio who had been here, and with that devilish spirit of revenge to which Rachel alluded he had killed his own child. I took the chief of the police to one side, and asked him if he knew Flavio.

'Well,' he replied. 'I was one of the band who were sent in pursuit of him for two or three months. We fell in with him several times, but never were able to take him.'

'You had better inquire about him,' I said; 'for I strongly suspect him of having committed this murder.'

He took my suggestion, and it appeared that a man, precisely resembling Flavio, had been seen leaving the house at the time of the murder. When once suspicion was directed into the right channel numerous corroborative circumstances were cited. It appeared that Flavio came constantly to see the child: the only strange part of the case was that he appeared very fond of it, and as tender and considerate towards it as a man of his brutal nature could be. There clearly must have been some ground for this sudden and unprovoked attack,—if, indeed, he committed it; after exhausting every possible motive we could not arrive at any definite conclusion.

After awhile the horror of the spectacle grew upon me: it presented itself no longer as a picture to my imagination, but as a fearful fact.

The crowd of people who forced their way into the room—the blasphemous and terrible expressions—the coarse jokes—the vulgar, obscene language—the poor child, not fashioned tenderly, but lying like a confused mass of clothes and gore upon the floor, perfectly sickened my heart. And when I thought that I could not be of any further use I was too happy to turn away.

I returned home, but could not sleep. All the events of the day crowded upon my mind. My dream had been dreamt before I laid my head upon the pillow: it now filled my brain like a horrible vision. I rose early, wearied with restlessness, and went immediately in search of M. Narelli. To my great surprise I found that he was up, and in close communication with the chief of the police, whom I had seen on the preceding night at the poor child's room. I was immediately shown into his office, and I observed that his countenance betrayed an anxiety and annoyance unusual in persons of his nature under any circumstances.

I was beginning to tell him my story, when he interrupted me.

'My dear sir,' he said, 'pardon me, but we have no time to lose, and I know it all. A murder has been committed, and there is no question that Flavio is the murderer: and I will tell you something more that will surprise you. I know the cause of the murder—the motives that influenced him. What do you think?—he was present at the examination of that girl, yesterday!'

'He!' I exclaimed, with an expression of astonishment.

'It is surprising what he can do,' he said: 'he was disguised like a soldier on guard; and, if you remember, two or three of them were listening when the door was opened, when I returned after your interview with Rachel.'

The whole mystery was now explained: he had murdered the child to revenge himself on Rachel.

'What I fear is,' continued M. Narelli, 'that we are three hours too late, and the fellow has escaped; but we have sent off in all directions, and all that can be will be done. I am now going to see the poor girl, will you come with me?'

A strange fascination made me do so; besides, I wished to restore the objects which she had given into my charge. When we arrived we found her asleep: the gaoler awoke her more gently and with more consideration than before, for her sorrow had touched even his heart. When she saw me she gave an exclamation of joy,

'And my child?' she said.

I could not answer a word, but put the packet into her hand.

She looked up with a kind of vague, incredulous smile, and passed her hand across her forehead, as though to reflect more clearly.

'You have seen her, and you have not given it to her,' she said. 'What does it mean?'

'It means,' said M. Narelli, 'that your child is the victim of an act of fearful treachery, of a dreadful crime.'

'My child! my child!' she shrieked aloud. 'There is but one man who could hurt a child, a sweet child like that—its own father!'

She bowed her head for a time, and raised it again only to utter the most fearful ravings. Fit followed fit; her whole frame was convulsed, and I withdrew in horror and anguish.

The result may be shortly stated. She went mad, and was confined in an asylum,—one of those glorious charitable establishments of which modern Rome can boast. Flavio escaped to the Campo Morto, where he is now living,—an asylum for men guilty of the blackest crimes, where they gradually fall victims to the pestilential vapours which they inhale, and perish beneath the brightest sun while cultivating the soil so soon to become their graves.

CHRONIQUE DE PARIS.

A LETTER FROM DUDLEY DIGGES DOOLITTLE, ESQ., SECRETARY TO H. B. M. EMBASSY AT —, TO CHARLES CARLETON BULSTRODE, ESQ.,
H. B. M. ENVOY AT —.

Paris, Nov. 20, 1850.

MY DEAR BUL,—You have not, I know, been in Paris since we met in that gay capital nearly a quarter of a century ago; and though I have been frequently there within the last twenty years, yet my visits have been short and sudden,—they have been marked by what the old parliamentary lawyers called *occasionality*; and I seem to have altogether lost by *non user*, to use a *terme du palais*, that right of settlement, denizenship, and of freedom of the good city, which I had acquired from 1825 to 1830.

Many of our old friends and acquaintances of 1825, 6, and 7, are dead, or distant in foreign lands; others of them are married, and the fathers of rising families; others of them again have retired from a town life, and become *préfets*, *sub-préfets*, or quiet vine-growers or agriculturists; while not a few have grown into full-blown public men and politicians—have acted as ministers, ambassadors, and envoys, with the varying success and changing fortunes that mark the career of all who, in this strange country, dabble in public affairs. Could I by any chance transplant you here from the far-off land in which your lot has been so long cast, and walk you through the Rue de l'Université, Rue de Bourbon, Rue St. Dominique, Rue de Valenciennes, or Rue de Babylonne, you would find, indeed, the old hôtels where we so often met twenty years ago all standing: but the tenants are, with few exceptions, changed; and where this has not been the case, death, or altered circumstances, or increasing years, or disappointment, or *mal-aise*, have induced those who formerly lived in the great world, either from necessity or from choice, to retire from it, and now to live either in a willing or an enforced seclusion. These things, my dear Bul., render the memories of a sojourner of the 'days of other years' in this city anything but pleasant, and invite one like myself, disposed to enjoy society,

rather than to indulge in melancholy retrospections.

As to society, there is little of it to be found now in the Faubourg St. Germain. The brilliant *salons*, whose doors were so freely opened from 1824 to 1830 to all well-recommended strangers, have been many of them closed since 1830. Some of the proprietors of the best hôtels have not appeared in Paris for twenty years; others of them have paid flying visits on affairs of business; others, again, have come up for an odd season: but all, all have contracted their expenditure—have diminished the number of their servants, horses, and carriages—have seen little or no company—have ceased to receive twice or thrice a-week, as was their wont in ancient days—have shut themselves up within narrower and more narrowing circles. Many, again, of the men and women we knew formerly, to use a French phrase, *donnent dans la dévotion*. There is the brilliant and once beautiful Mde. de —, whose husband you remember filling the highest employments abroad, and representing France well and worthily. This lady is now altogether absorbed by religious feelings, and thinks only of attending committees and *réunions* for the propagation of the faith and the spread of the Christian doctrine; just like the Vicomtesse Casteljac (*née* Mlle. St. Germy) in 1826. Her sons, whom you remember children, have grown up *Carlistes enragés*, dream solely of a *jure divino* theocratic government, and daily render thanks to the Giver of all good because *la perfide Albion* again gives promise of a return to the ancient fold. Yes, I do verily assure you, that hundreds and thousands of well-born and well-bred men and women, belonging to the best blood and the most illustrious houses in France, potently believe that we in England and in London are in the high road to salvation—believe, fervently believe, that within a twelvemonth, every man, woman, and child amongst us, including Sir

Robert Inglis and Mr. Briscoe, the ex-member for Surrey, will become *des Catholiques Apostoliques Romains*—believe, fondly believe, that our bench of bishops are nine-tenths of them sighing to become subjects of the Pope of Rome—believe, eagerly believe, that our parochial clergy are only waiting for the favourable moment to turn *volte face* from the errors of their ways, and to repudiate the Thirty-nine Articles. Such pitiful hallucination at the close of the nineteenth century is hardly credible; but when men and women live in a confined and narrow circle, seeing only their particular cliques, with alternations of the peasants and priests of the west and south of France, it is wonderful how the human mind degenerates, and becomes as it were dwarfed. That the events and consequences of two revolutions should have deeply impressed themselves on the followers of the elder Bourbons, and given a sombre hue, a settled gloom, and a deep religious tinge to their feelings, one can well understand; but that educated men and women should be so grossly in error touching the feelings and opinions of a country within a dozen hours' journey of Paris, does seem astonishing, and almost surpasses human belief.

The Carlist party, as you are well aware, in France was always bigoted, narrow-minded, and exclusive. The *habitués* of the Pavillon Marsan in former days were rigorous formalists, and ceremonious observers of all the rites of their religion. You might have seen them at the Church of St. Roch, or of the Assomption, or at the lectures of the Père Frassynons, afterwards Bishop of Hermopolis and Minister of Public Instruction; but the young men of that day, though bigoted and narrow-minded, were distinguished by graces and accomplishments of no ordinary kind,—they were distinguished as the *fine fleur de la noblesse Française*; they were gay, generous, single-minded, and *débonnaire*; their manners were courteous and gentle, and their whole tone of thought chivalrous and refined. But the young Carlism of the present day have lost these graces and charms, and retain only the bigotry of their predecessors. From having dwelt principally in the provinces, and lived among

the devotees, priests, and peasants, they want the toleration, accomplishments, and *agrémens* of the *roués* of the Regency, of the grands seigneurs of the times of Louis XV. and XVI. They possess not the Voltairian *persiflage* and scepticism which distinguished the *esprits forts* of the time of Louis XVIII. True, they have all, and more than all, the bigotry of the times of Charles X., but without the high-breeding or high bearing of that monarch or the most favoured of his courtiers.

It has fallen to my lot to see much of the Carlism of the present day, both in public and in private; and, with a few exceptions, men more unpleasant, more disagreeable to Englishmen, it is impossible to conceive. The Carlism of the best water never liked or relished England or her institutions. They could not conceive, tolerate, or endure, our freedom of conscience, of speech, and of the press, our complete liberty of thought and of action. But the men of the old school were too polite and polished to express openly their disrelish or dislike. They did not give to their worst of thoughts the worst of words, but dissembled with exquisite dexterity their prejudices and prepossessions. But the French Carlism of the present day have no such reserve: they blurt out their opinions, however unpalatable, openly, without regard to time, or to place, or to circumstances. In private *salons*, in the reserved galleries of the Chamber, in the Café de Paris or the Bois de Boulogne, it is all the same. '*Le perfide Albion!*' '*Ce venal et remuant Palmerston!*' are always on their tongues or in their thoughts. With them, the Pope of Rome, the politics of the Vatican, the Capcains of Marseilles, and the Jesuits of St. Acheuil, of Brussels, and elsewhere, are always the first consideration. The men are, for the most part, stupid, reserved, and proud. Some exceptions there are, where individuals are keen-witted and masters of fence, and no mean debaters and dialecticians, like Montalembert; or where, like M. de Falloux, there is power of concentrated and vigorous expression, and a robust tone of thought. But the exceptions are few, and only mark the rule. Besides, the head of M. Montalembert must be complimented

at the expense of his heart. He is a cold, a waspish, and a vinegar-minded person, English on the mother's side, who has repaid the obligations which he and his family, more especially his father, who was in our military service, owed to England, by the blackest ingratitude. Such, however, is the effect of religious bigotry, that this man forgets all the obligations which he and his owed to England, in remembering that we are not subjects and vassals of the Pope. M. Falloux is not obnoxious to the same objections. He owes nothing to England. No English blood flows in his veins, and there is not in his bigotry the acerbity and bitterness which leavens that of Montalembert. But, withal, he loves us at bottom as little as his fellow; and if ever one or other shall have an influence on the politics of France, such influence would be exerted against England.

Of Berryer one can hardly speak seriously. Of exquisite organisation and no mean endowments—of prodigious memory, wonderful powers of speech, and great fascination of manner, the man is a mental and material Sybarite, and nothing better. Give him but a good cook, the ample resources of a varied cellar, a pleasant book of memoirs or travels to read, an evening party (not of an opera night), where he will have good music and good conversation—give him but these things, and on an opera night give him but a long chat with Grisi, Alboni, or Sontag, behind the *couliasses*, and he thinks no more seriously of Henri Cinq, and what the Carlists call 'the good cause,' than Mr. Disraeli thinks seriously of impeaching Lord John Russell and Lord Clarendon for those Popish compliances which he so vigorously makes believe to denounce in a letter dated from Bradenham Manor. *Essentiellement matériel et crapuleux*, Berryer is Legitimist more from habit and tradition than from conviction. A gay and pleasure-loving man of the world, *blasé* and indolent, he is withal shrewd and keen-witted, and has too nice an appreciation of character to suppose that any large class of Frenchmen of this generation care a rush for legitimacy as a principle. But as the leader of a party, and as the paid agent of a prince and a principle, Berryer is obliged to go through a certain rou-

tine, which he does with infinite grace and talent. He has no enemies; for he is a likeable, a social, indeed, a loveable man, and does not wound, and lacerate, and sneer at his friends, with that true religious rancour, that real *odium theologicum*, which so pre-eminently distinguish M. de Montalembert.

You ask, What are the views and objects of the Carlists now? I tell you, then, that notwithstanding the mad and silly missive of the Count de Chambord effectively putting an extinguisher on his pretensions by his *jure divino* notions, and his opinions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the mass of his young adherents look forward sanguinely to the success of Henri Cinq. It is impossible, however, to imagine that a man so shrewd and experienced as Berryer can share these delusions. Such delusions are not even shared by Henri de la Rochejacquin. That honest, chivalrous, and straightforward Legitimist, sees clearly enough that the only *jure divino* right acknowledged in our day is that by popular election, and in refusing to submit his claims to this test the Count de Chambord threw away the noblest chance of a throne which has fallen to the lot of any one in our day. But although the people of France in the mass care not a fig for the Count of Chambord, a knot of partisans in the west and south, and in the Faubourg St. Germain, still believe that a 'good day is coming' for him, notwithstanding the irreparable error he has recently committed. But the Carlists commit in this respect a grievous mistake. Enough of politics for a few minutes, however. Let us now glance at something else.

Do you, my excellent friend, remember—can you, indeed, ever forget—the pleasant and exquisite dinners we used to have in 1827, 1828, and 1829, at Laiter's, at the corner of the Rue Castiglione, when the room below, and the suites of apartments up stairs, used to be crowded by elegant and well-dressed natives and foreigners, among whom our countrywomen and countrymen greatly predominated? How admirable were his soups and his *entrées*, how exquisite his wines, how charming his *salons particuliers*, how *empressé* his waiters and *maitres d'hôtel*! All this is now,

and has been for a long time, at an end. For several years the establishment of Laiter has been broken up, and owing to the want of encouragement consequent on the Revolution of 1830, that excellent *chef* became bankrupt. In 1831 or 1832 he retired to Havre, and there the French and American merchants have for years enjoyed a cookery of which Paris has been unhappily deprived. The house in which Laiter lived in our day stands: it is now, and has been ever since his departure, a species of *restaurant*; but the *genius loci* has departed, and with him all approach to good cookery. Indeed the same observation applies to all the great establishments we frequented in the olden time.

The Café de Paris, twenty years ago so renowned for its cookery, its wines, its exquisite site, the purity of its water, the whiteness and lightness of its bread, and its *habitués*, the *crème de la crème de la bonne société*, has fallen—greatly fallen—from its high estate. The site and position of the hôtel of the Marchioness of Hertford—for it is to the marchioness the Café de Paris belongs—are no doubt as admirable as ever: the table linen and bread are as snow-white; the water as clear, as well filtered, and as beautifully iced as anciently; but as the house is not so frequented as it was in the olden time, neither the cookery nor the wines are as we remember them in 1827, 1828, and 1829. In the company, too, frequenting the café you see a great change. Instead of that brilliant array of Englishmen and Englishwomen, Russians, Poles, and Austrians, which one used to observe twenty years ago, the chief visitors now are *agens de change*, speculators on the Bourse or in railroads, or *courtiers de commerce*. In the John Bull season you doubtless see a few English on their way from Italy and Germany, with their wives, sisters, or daughters; but during the other portions of the year the English are indeed few. As to Russians and Austrians, they are still more rare; and there are no *gardes du corps*, no brilliant officers of the staff, as in the days of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., no *jeunes élégans*, and few middle-aged or aged *gourmets*, *gourmands*, and *gourmandes*, à *gants jaunes*, as from

1825 to 1830. When we remember Paris in our youthful days, men of the highest rank used to give dinners at the Café de Paris to men of wit and learning, to men of science, and distinguished artists. But now, owing to the *mal-aise* that prevails everywhere, and the *mesquin* and stingy habits produced by sixty years of struggles and convulsions, liberality seems to have fallen into desuetude. How often have we met Benjamin Constant, Etienne, Charles Nodier, Dumoulin, Rossini, Chateaubriand, Frizzelle of the *Débats*, A. V. Arnault Keratry, D'Orion, Pelligréni of the *Italiens*, and Zuchelli, and others, at this delightful place of public resort. But now all this is changed. The French Amphytrions among the *noblesse* are few, and their hospitality is a give-and-take concern, in which the debtor-and-creditor side of the account is booked with the Italian exactitude of double entry. I do not mean to say, mark you, that the Café de Paris is wholly gone down; that would not be the exact truth. It is infinitely better than it was two years and a-half ago, and much better than it was a year ago; indeed it may be admitted that it is still, take it for all in all, the best house of public resort in Paris. But it is not what it was in the days 'when George IV. was king.'

As to the Rocher Cancale, that establishment had been sinking from 1832 till the period when the Revolution of 1848 made the proprietor bankrupt. Though the fish and the poultry continued excellent to the last, yet the wines were not of the *crus* which we remember, though it must be admitted there was no change in the prices—the very inordinate prices—which were exacted to the very last moment. The establishment in the Rue Montorgueil now feels, when too late, the error of its ways in this regard. In ancient days people thought nothing of paying twelve, fourteen, and fifteen francs a bottle for Châteaux Margaux and Lafitte at this house. But these days are gone never to return.

Within the last four years a famous Gargotier, whom you may remember living near the Halle aux Blés, by name Verdier Olive, set up a magnificent establishment near to the Boulevards, and adjacent to the Café de

Paris, called the *Maison Dorée*. This was in 1847. So long as the novelty lasted the new concern, which was magnificently fitted up, did pretty well; but it had not been more than seven or eight months in existence when the Revolution of 1848 broke out, and the consequence was that Verdier Olive lost an immense sum of money, and materially injured the parent establishment in which he had made a fortune before he came to the 'west end' of Paris, to use an English term. At present the *Maison Dorée*, notwithstanding its expensive fitting-up, is but poorly attended. The consequence is that the cookery is none of the best. Very's, Véfour's, Douix's, the *Café Anglais*, Lointier's, and Lenglet's, have all wonderfully fallen. The *Trois Frères Provençaux* now seem to be the most frequented restaurant in the *Palais Royal*, but the cookery is coarse and indifferent, and the higher classes of wines abominable. Yet, notwithstanding these undoubted facts, they not very long ago raised their prices fully twenty per cent. You shall now pay fifteen or twenty francs for a dinner and wine that, fifteen years ago, would have cost you twelve or fifteen francs, and which were one hundred per cent better. The crowd in the lower room is on a Saturday and Sunday unpleasant—indeed, disagreeable. In our younger days, as you are aware, the *Trois Frères Provençaux* were celebrated for their wines, more especially for their Burgundies and Rhône wines, and their cookery *à la Provençale*; but of late years all their wines, except the *vins ordinaires*, are indifferent. This observation applies now indeed to most of the *restaurants* and *tables d'hôte* of Paris in November 1850. The safest way for the stranger or wayfarer is to call for a bottle of ordinary Maçon or Beaume, the former being generally excellent, and the latter good, in Paris.

Of the *tables d'hôte*, those of the *Hôtel des Princes*, *Rue Richelieu*; the *Hôtel Mirabeau*, *Rue de la Paix*; and *Meurice's*, seem to be the most frequented. But my objection to the two former is, that they are crowded with English; and to the latter, that it is crowded with English and Americans.

At the *Hôtel des Princes*, it is true, VOL. XLII. NO. CCLII.

there is now and again a sprinkling of French, but not always of the best order; as to the *Mirabeau*, there are rarely any but English; and *Meurice's* is confined to third and tenth-rate John Bulls, and to free citizens of the model republic. The conversation of our travelling countrymen and countrywomen, as you are well aware, is generally confined to what they eat, to what they drink, to what they disburse, and to what they see on the stages of the Opera or the *Théâtre Montansier*. To any one who has lived long on the Continent, or had much intercourse with foreigners, these platitudes of dear John Bull are very wearisome.

It is not merely cookery that has been injured and destroyed by the Revolution of 1848; theatres and theatrical property of all kinds have sadly suffered, and the position of actors and actresses has been considerably deteriorated.

It is true that within the last twelvemonth things have become much better than they were from February 1848 to November 1849; but of late M. Baroche, the Minister of the Interior, has considerably increased the per centage which the French theatres are obliged to pay to the French hospitals. As the theatres are at present sick and languishing, the additional three or four per cent thus laid on may materially interfere with their convalescence. At what you used to remember the *Académie Royale de Musique* (now called the *Académie Nationale de Musique*), a great hit has been made in bringing out the *Prophète*, in which Alboni has had wonderful success. It has been played above ninety times to overflowing audiences; but as Alboni is engaged for the Madrid theatre, a new opera of Auber, called *L'Enfant prodigue*, is now in preparation, in which Mdle. Viardot is to play the principal part. You do not, I believe, remember Roger or Massol, though they have been both several years on the French stage, and therefore I shall not say a word in reference to either the one or the other.

I cannot, however, permit the appearance of a young actress at the *Théâtre National*, called in your day the *Théâtre Français*, to pass unnoticed. Her name is *Madelaine Brohan*, and she is the youngest

daughter of that Suzanne Brohan whom you and I remember nearly a quarter of a century ago at the second Théâtre Français, in the part of Dorine, in the *Tartuffe* of Molière, and whom we afterwards saw at the Vaudeville in 1828, where she created such a sensation in the part of Marie Mignot. You remember—who that has seen her can forget?—the open and expressive countenance of the mother, her laughing mouth, her lovely and lustrous eyes, her plump yet lissom figure, her clear and silvery voice, of which she made such good use as Madelon, in *Les Précieuses ridicules*. Well, her youngest daughter excels her in all these natural gifts. She is taller and more majestic than her mother, her eyes have more fire and energy, and her voice greater depth and power—indeed, her voice has more depth and power than that of her sister Augustine, whose *début* you could not have witnessed in the Français in 1841, but of which you may have nevertheless read in the *Débats*, as was your wont of old. Augustine, the elder sister, is not yet five-and-twenty, and for nine years she has been at the head of her profession. Madelaine is not more than seventeen, and already she has achieved as prodigious a reputation in *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre* as her sister in the part of Lise, in Marivaux's comedy, *Les Rivaux d'eux-mêmes*, or as her mother in the piece called *Un Monsieur et une Dame*. The *Contes de la Reine de Navarre*, in which Madelaine made her *début*, is a five-act comedy by Scribe and Legouvé, the scene of which is laid at Madrid in the time of Charles V. Madelaine Brohan plays the part of Marguerite with a *triple éclat*. She exhibits a *grace*, a *finesse*, and a *fine fourberie*, which are only witnessed on the French stage. In another twelvemonth, when Mlle. Brohan has acquired a little experience, and is somewhat toned down, there can be no doubt she will stand foremost in genteel comedy.

The English newspapers will have announced to you that the *Italiens* has opened under the management of an Englishman of the name of Lumley, who has two requisites for being a stage-manager—first, he is an attorney by profession; and secondly,

a Jew by religion. The Gauls, who lose no opportunity of making an epigram, tell you that such a man possesses the chief requirements for dealing with actors and actresses. Many of our countrymen in Paris proclaim that Mr. Lumley will be very successful. But this may be doubted. He has certainly, however, made a hit in Sontag and Fiorentini. A large party of French and Italians are amazed that the theatre should have got into the hands of an Englishman. The thing is said to have been achieved by female influence operating on the Minister of the Interior.

One of the very pleasantest theatres in Paris now is the Théâtre Montansier, formerly called the Théâtre du Palais Royal. There is, however, one inconvenience. The curtain draws up at half-past six o'clock, an hour at which most Englishmen are preparing to dine. As, however, they generally give four pieces, even though you enter at half-past eight o'clock, you are sure to see two of them. Some of the most agreeable and excellent actors in Paris are of this theatre; as Achard, equally eminent as a comedian and singer, who rose from a Lyons weaver to be one of the best comic singers and actors of his day; Sainville, so admirable in broad farce; and Hyacinthe, so unapproachable in clowns and *niais*.

The Variétés has considerably fallen since we middle-aged youths first started. Brunet is dead and gone; so is Odry, so famous in the part of masons and carpenters, *fileurs de coton cuisinier*, &c., and farcical parts in general. Potier also, so renowned in the *Ci-devant jeune Homme*, *les Anglaises pour Rire*, *Pique Asnielle*, is also gone the way of all flesh; and Vernet, one of the best actors of our day, who could play equally well the *fashionable de la Chaussée d'Antin*, the *bossu* of the *Gros Caillou*, the *Cocher de Cabriolet*, and the *Paysan niais*, is also gathered to his fathers. Jenny Vertpré has disappeared, so has Madame Baroyez, '*la meilleure duëgne des Variétés*;' but *en revanche*, Arnal, originally a hutton-maker, who was rising into repute a quarter of a century ago, is still in full repute; and Lafont, and Bouffé, so admirable in the *Gamin de Paris* and originally a

carver and gilder, are still in the noontide of their fame. A new actor of the name of Hoffmann, at the Variétés, imitates English-French most admirably; and in the part of the Baronet in *Les Fantaisies de Mirlord*, equals Brunet in his imitations of the English of 1825 and 1826.

At the Vaudeville, Mdle. Clara of our day is more than rivalled by Dejazet, whom you may remember playing children's parts in this very theatre. Subsequently, Dejazet appeared at the Gymnase, after having made the tonr of Lyons and Bordeaux, in the part of Bonaparte élève de l'Ecole de Brienne, and also in the part of the Duke of Reichstadt, since which she has been as much *par excellence* the actress for male attire as Vestris was in London in her best days. Though Virginie Dejazet is not an actress who is distinguished by sensibility or good taste, yet her facility, her *à plomb*, her easy coquetry, her mastery over the young men of the pit, have rendered her the idol of Paris, of Bordeaux, and of Lyons. She is full of *esprit*, of coquetry and of *enjouement*, and is the *Déesse* of the *Pays Latin*, of the *Bachelier en Lettres*, and of the *Etudiant en Droit*.

Possibly I have somewhat too fully enlarged on theatres, without saying anything of *la danse*. Since your days in Paris, however, a new species of dancing, unknown to the Alberts, the Anatoles, the Brocards, the Hulinis, the Pauls, and the Noblets, has come into vogue at the Jardin Mahille, and at the Grande Chanmière, situated on the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse, not far from the Barrière d'Enfer. This dance is called the Cancan and the Chahut. It is unlike the waltz, the gavotte, the country dance, the Scotch reel, the Spanish cachucha, the Hungarian mazurka; is far worse than jota Aragonese, or the most lascivious of Spanish dances of Andalusia. You may remember that in the early days of Charles X. the police of Paris attempted and succeeded in putting down gross and immodest dances; but under the reign of Louis Philippe the spirit of libertinage and *dégingandage*, to use a French term, again broke out among the class of *débaucheurs*, and towards the close of 1845 became terrific to behold. You, who

know me well, are aware that I am the last person in the world who would seek to put an end to any innocent amusement, or who would contend that the French people should not dance. They have always danced, and will always dance, to the end of time. They danced under Saint Louis, under Henry IV., under Louis XIV., under Napoleon, and why should not they dance now? There is no reason in the world why they should not dance, if in dancing they do not shock public modesty, and offend against public decorum. In the time of Louis XIV. there were public dances at the Moulin de Javelle; in the time of Napoleon there were dances in the Rue Coque-nard, and at the Porcherons, near the Rue St. Lazar. In the time of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. there were dances at the Jardin de Tivoli. But at none of these were decency outraged or morality shocked. At Tivoli, the national pastime was indulged with decency and decorum, and although the price on entering was so low as fifteen sous with a ticket, and thirty sous without a ticket, and albeit the dancers were chiefly of the humbler classes, yet, I repeat, in 1827, 1828, and 1829, public decency was not shocked. But from the *bal masqué* of the Théâtre des Variétés in 1831, when, towards the close of the evening the lights were put out, and the *ronde infernale* was commenced, obscene and disgusting dances were becoming more and more common in Paris, and continued to make progress till February 1848. They had attained the most unenviable notoriety in 1845, when at the Bal Mabille a dance was introduced called 'La Reine Pomare.' Then there was the 'Cancan excentrique,' introduced by a personage called 'La Princesse de Mogador,' a feigned name, as you may suppose, assumed by some *fille perdue*. These dances, commenced at the Chaumière and the Bal Mahille, were also introduced at the Bal Montesquieu, at the Bal de la Cité d'Antin, and, if I mistake not, at the Bal Valentino. The principal performers were students in law, in medicine, in pharmacy, clerks, commis voyageurs, profligate tradesmen, and lorettes, *grisettes*, et *filles de basse condition*.

I must do the Provisional Govern-

ment, so much abused, the justice to say, that towards the close of 1848, when these disgusting dances were again revived, the Gardiens de Paris interfered, and proceeded to clear the room if they were persevered in. If this had been done in 1845 and 1846 by that austere minister, who so much boasted of his independence and morality, events might have taken a different turn. But it is now too late to speculate, and it is easy to be wise after the event. But M. Guizot, his *préfet de police*, and the members of the Government, were warned long before 1845-6 of the profound immorality and indecency of these dances, and they made no effort to put a stop to them. It is because these scandals are now in a course of revival that I advert to this matter at such length. The subject is worthy the attention of M. Carlier, the *Préfet* of Police, and of wiser heads than M. Carlier. '*Selon qu'il est conduit*,' said Richelieu, and he knew his nation well; '*Selon qu'il est conduit le peuple Français est capable de tout*.' I am no enemy of innocent recreation, as you are well aware, or of harmless, convivial, social, or saltatory enjoyment. But if lasciviousness, obscenity, or *des saletés* be tolerated in public places, a blow is struck at the very foundations of society. I may not, even in a letter, enter into a minute description of these dances. Suffice it to say, they would not be endured in England, even by women who had fallen from the paths of virtue, unless their minds and hearts were wholly debauched. You see, after so much light gossip, I end with a sermon—a sermon which the least strait-laced would preach under the circumstances.

I had intended to say something to you of the President and of his *entourage*, of Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Bedeau, and other notabilities; but this must be briefly and imperfectly now, and the remainder postponed to some future occasion.

The President of the Republic is a stiff, set-up, silent man, reserved and taciturn, not wanting in prudence or in courage, with a wonderful species of obtuseness and *à plomb*, which with the million pass for wisdom. He is devoured by the most pressing wants, and the most insatiable ambition. If his ambition were not re-

strained and kept within bounds by his pecuniary wants there would be no holding him in. Notwithstanding his Dutch phlegm, he would long ago have gone off at half-cock or have exploded, and there would have been an end of him. But the division and splitting-up of parties, the conflict of opposing interests, the dishonesty and insincerity of leading French politicians, the want of cohesion and homogeneity among his enemies, and the votes of six millions of Frenchmen propping him up, have kept him in his place, notwithstanding the manifold errors committed by him and his. Nothing can be less calculated to secure respect or to excite sympathy than his personal *entourage*. With the exception of Colonel Vaudrey, an honest, honourable, and well-meaning man, *brave comme l'épée qu'il porte*, and who was deeply implicated in Louis Napoleon's conspiracies, there is not a man attached to his person of whose acquaintance any decent *bourgeois* ought to be proud.

I am not, as you well know, a diplomatic fine gentleman, who attaches undue importance to birth, or who despises a man because he is *fils de ses œuvres*. Quite the contrary, indeed. But without unrolling a family pedigree, or talking of two-and-thirty quarters, like an Irish *parvenu* or a Scotch impostor, I think a man attached to the person of the French President ought to be a gentleman in conduct and bearing, if not in birth—ought to be a person of irreproachable private life—and *omni exceptione major*, to use the language of our lawyers. Now Fialin, called or calling himself De Persigny, lately envoy at Berlin, and within a very few years *clerc d'huisier* at Strasburgh, and *maréchal de logis*, hardly comes within these categories. We have had in England men risen from the ranks—attorneys, barristers, and bailiffs' clerks, who have emerged with credit from an ignoble position, and who have always conducted themselves with propriety. But it is rare in France to find such men. *La caque sent toujours le hareng*, and however M. Fialin may be favoured by the confidence of his master, and however he may deserve such confidence from his devotion, there are not wanting those who maintain, that

Pour bien servir et loyal être,
De serviteur on devient maître.

Certain it is that M. Fialin has some influence, has put on of late wondrous airs, and found in consequence many enemies. He has just now returned from Berlin, where he effected no good and did much mischief, and they who were forward in sending him to Prussia a year and a half ago now laugh at his embassy, and say, *C'est l'ambassade de Viarron, deux chevaux et une mule*. What most annoys the early compeers of M. Fialin is, that he has become a *Muscadin*, a marquis of the Louis Napoleon school, as Armand Marrast became a marquis of the *National* and Revolution of February school. From *clerc d'huissier* Fialin has been elevated to *clerc du président*; and let us remember the proverb, *Il n'y a point de si petit métier qui ne nourrisse son maître*.

For my own part, I trust and hope that Fialin, or De Persigny if you will, may do less mischief at Paris than at Berlin. Prophecy I will not.

L'avenir m'est chose inconnue,
Et je n'en parle qu'à tâtons.

Briffault, Bataille, Mocquard, and Chevalier, are less known than Persigny. They are all, out of architects, disbarred barristers, and civil engineers, made secretaries, clerks, red-tapists, and confidential men, by the President; but these are *jeux de Prince qui ne plaisent qu'à ceux qui les font*.

Of Changarnier I shall not say much. He is as taciturn as M. L. N. Buonaparte, et possède un grand talent pour le silence. Changarnier is a man of great nerve and energy, and is perfectly up to street warfare and to the management of the unruly Parisian population. He is popular with the soldiery and with the higher officers. As to his having any decided political opinions to which he would become a martyr, I don't believe a word of it. He wishes to preserve order, and to save France from anarchy; but, apart from this, should be guided by his personal interests. If royalty, hereditary or elective, become the order of the day—not a very likely occurrence within two or three years—he would adjust himself to the national arrangement on the best terms, and

throw his sword into the scale that kicked the beam. But if the game of a president is to be played for in 1852 and 1856, Changarnier may put forward his own pretensions, as, at heart, he has neither love nor reverence for the Tenth of December. In the event of a war, however, Changarnier is more likely to look to the highest command, in which he might win the marshal's bâton, and thus become still more important, personally, professionally, and politically. Military men, more especially of the African school, seem to allow that Changarnier possesses a rare combination of military qualities. Decision, energy, bravery, and the *coup d'œil*, he exhibits in the highest degree; but he is, on the other hand, wholly without civil talents. He is no orator, no speaker even, and seems to entertain as great a contempt for *ideologues* and deliberative assemblies as Napoleon himself. If Changarnier were ever invested with supreme power, it would go hard, so far as he was concerned, with the constitution and liberties of France.

There is in no country a more honourable, high-principled, and conscientious soldier, than Cavaignac. Of all the men produced by the Revolution of 1848 (Lamartine and Dufanre were known as political men before), Cavaignac appears the most single-minded, honourable, and conscientious. Though a Republican *pur sang*, he yet rendered more important services to order in June 1848, than any one of the Moderates, Royalists, or Burgraves, or generals of order, or than all of them together. It is significant that Cavaignac has openly declared to his friends—indeed, under his hand, that he will not support the candidature of Louis Napoleon, should he present himself in 1852, or become a party to any head of the Constitution.

Lamoricière is, as a man and as a general, of infinite talent, and of brilliant courage. He is a good man of business, a brilliant speaker, and certainly has carried himself as a public character with independence and honour.

Bedeau is a general of very considerable literary and scientific talents, and perhaps of higher attainments in his profession than any other of the generals of the African school:

but he is said to be deficient in energy, and unresolved, and of late he seems to be less thought of as a man of action than as an organizer and administrator. In the event of a war, it is likely the four men I speak of will play brilliant parts;

and in civil affairs, it is possible, if not certain, that a great part may be reserved for Cavaignac.

Adieu, mon cher. Que le bon Dieu vous ait en sa sainte et digne garde.—A vous de cœur,

D. D. DOOLITTLE.

NEW TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.*

THE fields of literature, like the meadows of merry England, have ere this become so traversed and intersected with every kind of thoroughfare, with every description of approach, to the temple of Fame, from the uncompromising railway that leads straight and stern to her Doric portals, to the meandering path that winds and wavers, and eventually loses itself in the tangled coppice that adorns her base,—there is now so little ground that may be termed unbroken, so few haunts where none have gone before, that it, indeed, requires an original genius and a master-mind to strike out some new line in the pursuit of Pallas, to woo the Muses in some fresh and unhacknied strain.

Under these circumstances, many are content to turn upward from the stream towards its source, to dig and delve for fresh beauties amongst the well-known inspirations of those glorious spirits that have passed away, and are satisfied to gather here a bud and there a garland, from the ever-fragrant, ever-blooming gardens of Greek and Latin lore.

Hence it is that, of late years, we have seen so many translations of time-honoured poets,—so many renderings of the glowing lines of antiquity into our own rich and nervous language; some, indeed, that gild the already refined gold; some, in the words of that keen satirist, hight 'Bon Gualtier,' that give the astonished bard a meaning all their own, but still praiseworthy in their common object of diffusing through every class of society the beauties of thought,—of bringing within the reach of all the luxuries of the mind.

The Epicurean bard, the fourth form's direst foe, has not escaped this general tendency to increase that familiarity which, in such authors as Horace, breeds anything but contempt; though, when we reflect upon the universal acquaintance every schoolboy has with the original, it is almost surprising that no full and perfect translation, somewhat less literal than that convenient volume of Mr. Smart yeleft 'a crib,' should have been published. Though there must ever be great difficulty in rendering the elegant Latinity, the terse and pointed diction of the Roman, into our own language, there is at the same time strong temptation to imitate, almost unconsciously, the graceful turn of thought and truly poetical ideas of him who could say, '*Non ante vulgatas per artes, verba loquor socianda chordis*;' and it may give rise to much serious reflection to consider how very little the ideas of 'a man of the world,' as the term is understood in the world, have changed during the long, long interval of darkness and barbarism that extends between the Augustan age and the year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty!

Take Horace as you find him, as he explains himself to you, and pours into your ear, as though you were his own Mæcenas, the melodious account of his pleasures, his woes, his weaknesses, and his amusements; his ideas on men and things, his good-humoured irony and cheerful gossip touching the scandal of his metropolis; never coarse and outrageous like Juvenal, never prosy and severe like Cicero, but always the same agreeable, gentlemanlike, and amus-

* 1. *The Odes and Epodes of Horace.* Translated Literally and Rhythmically, by W. Sewell, B.D. Fellow and Sub-rector of Exeter College, Oxford. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1850.

2. *Horace: Odes, Epodes, and Carmen Sæculare.* Translated into English Verse by G. J. Whyte Melville, Esq. late Coldstream Guards. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Stationers' Hall Court. 1850.

ing companion, that you would select as your guest at the dinner-table, or your comrade in the street. Drink with him in his glorious climate under the poplar and the plane, and as you pledge him in his choice Falernian, hoarded for you with a miser's care and lavished on you with a spendthrift's profusion,—as your eye is charmed by his tasteful grounds, his sunny slopes, and shady bowers,—your ear lulled by the murmuring fountain, taught to soothe Mæcenas to his rest,—your nostril expanding to inhale the intoxicating incense swayed by some shapely slave, you will feel that, even had you been born a Roman, you could not more have entered into, or better understood, the feelings of your host; and, *cæteris paribus*, had Horatius Flaccus been destined to bask at Richmond or Twickenham, instead of Tibur and Æsula,—to a frock-coat instead of a tunic, a 'gibus' instead of a garland of roses, and the window at White's, Boodle's, the Conservative, or the Coventry, instead of his morning lounge through the Bath and the Forum, he would still in London, as in Rome, have been your cherished companion, your satirical and amusing friend.

All his maxims with regard to the greatest enjoyment of life,—all his detestation of pomp and magnificence, and what we call *gêne*,—his keen sense of pleasure in simple luxuries,—all these are exactly the sentiments expressed, though in a different language, in the same terms we should expect to hear from the lips of an idle, clever 'man about town' of the present day.

There is the same half-confiding, half-apologetic confession of a strong relish for sensual pleasures; the same half-counterfeit adoration of the ideal in beauty; the same ludicrous resignation to the dreaded approach of age, and the same capability for something better than a life of ease and enjoyment occasionally peeping from behind the mask of mirth, in which all deeper sentiments are veiled. In the heathen, there is something truly touching in the shivering awe with which he shrinks from the dark abyss of death, in the graceful garb of poetry, which he throws around that Future he dare hardly trust himself to analyze.

Occasionally, too, the mellifluous bard soars into the heroic on no unworthy wing. Perhaps there are few passages more beautiful, amongst all the beauties lavished on his pages, than those in which he rises from some vivid description of trifles, through the natural train of thought which they suggest, into the lofty regions of heroic verse, and bears us on through the realms of ideality into the very dwellings of the immortal gods; from whence, with gradually closing wings, his descent is graceful as his rise was glorious, and, ere we are conscious of the change, he leaves us once more denizens of this dull earth. Every mood of the Muse is his: heroic, plaintive, satirical, elegiac, and descriptive,—he is 'master of all.' And we have now said enough to show that the translation of such a poet into English verse is a task of no common difficulty, and one requiring as much versatility to render as capability to appreciate the varied beauties of the original.

This is an undertaking which, as if to prove the general tendency of the present age to classical literature, has been lately entered upon by two individuals, probably as widely different as possible in education, habits, ideas, and character. The one professedly a scholar, nay, more, a teacher of scholars, a disciple and a disciplinarian of Alma Mater (and we doubt not that at Oxford Mr. Sewell's attainments and proficiency, in Greek and Latin, are appreciated as they deserve); one who, having devoted much of his time to the education of youth, upon the system so generally adopted in England, must have paid the very greatest attention to the *construing*, to use the technical term, of those authors so unceasingly studied by the rising generation; one, in short, probably by nature, certainly by education, peculiarly adapted to succeed in the translation even of Horace. The other, a young man having enjoyed, indeed, the advantages of an Eton education, not always made the most of, but otherwise of a profession, and consequently we may assume of habits, by no means favourable to study. A retired captain of the Guards, who, during those important years devoted by the reading undergraduate to intense application, was,

in all probability, varying the routine of military duty in St. James's Street by fox-hunting, pheasant-shooting, and other amusements of his class, more conducive to the developement of the muscles than the maturity of the brain. It is a subject for congratulation, that the taste for such literary pursuits as we are now discussing should have been found to flourish in the camp as in the cloister; beneath the red coat and epaulettes of the Guardsman, as in the stately folds of academical costume dignifying the University Don.

Captain Melville's translation of the *Odes*, *Epodes*, and *Carmen Sæculare* of Horace was published a few weeks prior to the work of Mr. Sewell, which bears the same title as its predecessor; but, *cedant arma togæ*, let us give the priority to cap and gown, ere we proceed to inquire how the graces of Latinity may be studied amidst the pealing notes of clarion, fife, kettle-drum, and all manner of musical instruments.

Mr. Sewell, in the preface to his translation, lays much stress upon the necessity of strict adherence to the letter of the original, and deplors the custom prevailing, as he says, too generally in schools, of permitting boys to embroider their unconscious author with phrases which have no existence in his work, and leading them into unpardonable variations, to escape from the dry and monotonous performance which a school-boy's lesson, construed by himself, is universally allowed to be. In this we bow to Mr. Sewell's experience, as far as concerns the urchin and his class, but we confess that this principle, when extended to a printed version of such a hard as Horace, appears to us to offer but a stilted and unsatisfactory mode of conveying the luxuriant ideas of real poetry; and a version of any ode, however beautiful, impeded by such fetters as he deems necessary, and rendered over strictly, according to the method he adopts, is too apt to degenerate into mere Latinized English, an exact interpretation of the sense, stripped of the beauties of thought to which that sense should lead, suggesting none of the extraneous ideas to which, in the original, that sense should give rise: in short, a *literal translation*, and nothing more.

As an instance, we may be allowed to quote a stanza from Mr. Sewell's version of the twelfth ode of the first book:—

Regulus and the Scauri, and the man
Of his high spirit, when the Punic foe
Triumphed, profuse, Paulus will I re-
hearse

With muse of Blazon, and Fabricius, too.

These lines, being between two full stops, consequently tolerably independent of the context, are a fair example of what we mean; and we submit that, to the English reader, supposing him totally unacquainted with the Latin language, the foregoing stanza is perfectly unintelligible, however easily it might mould itself into a graceful sapphic in the plastic brain of a sixth-form Etonian; while to the scholar, the Latin lines of the original would far more readily convey the intended meaning than this complicated construction of his mother-tongue.

To the idle boy who would fain avail himself of its aid to supersede the use of his Dictionary, it would deservedly be a most provoking puzzle.

Mr. Sewell has likewise fallen into the temptation, no doubt well-nigh irresistible, of perpetrating English sapphics as the readiest method of translating Latin ones. We think it is now pretty generally conceded that the English language will not bear the same species of versification which is so harmonious in the measured tones of Greece and Rome.

Spenser's correspondence with Harvey furnishes us with some ludicrous attempts of the latter to *cut prose into lengths* of this description; his conceited address to the laurel,—
O laurell, bonny laurell! to thee do I veil
my bonnetto;

so inimitably parodied by Nash, in his bombastic appeal to

The weathercocke, that stands on the top
of All Hallowes,

Come thy waies down, if thou dar'st for
thy crown, and take the wall on us,

is as good an instance of the ludicrous effect of this style of rhythm as we can well lay our hands on. English sapphics, like English hexameters, require to be framed with great care and corrected by a refined taste, otherwise they are apt to become somewhat strained and unnatural, always excepting the immortal re-

buke to the 'Needy Knife-grinder' in *The Rejected Addresses*. Who, in these degenerate days, shall hope to equal the *bathos* of 'I give thee sixpence, I'll see thee d—d first!' Much of the merit of all such combinations is the extreme difficulty of their execution, the labour being monstrously disproportionate to the effect produced. We are sometimes tempted to say with Dr. Johnson, 'It is a pity they are not impossible.'

Occasionally, Mr. Sewell's vein is almost Hudibrastic; and there is something quaint and pleasing in his treatment of Horace's lamentations concerning the use of garlic, so piteously expressed in the third epode:

If a wight upon a time,
Ever has with hand of crime
Wrenched his sire's aged neck (I ween),
'Tis that he hath eating been
Garlic, deadlier without question
E'en than hemlock. Oh digestion,
Hard as iron, of the reaper!
What's this poison, which so (deep here)
Is turmoiling in my chest? &c.

This is lively and Horatian, though somewhat colloquial; but we must protest against the use of the word 'cuisine' occurring a few lines further down, which, being neither English nor Latin, can have no possible right to be where we find it; and in connexion with this we may remark, that several words used in this translation are so rarely seen in English works, as scarcely to have a place in any vocabulary of our language—such are 'esloined' (why not *parloined*?), 'etern' for eternal, &c.; nor can we approve of 'Bellantis tyranni' being rendered 'belligerent suzran'; the term 'suzerain,' being of feudal origin, is a species of anachronism as applied to a warring chieftain—mighty *Cæsar's* foe. 'Vassal,' again, bears the same objection; nor, except in the mouth of a Scotchman, does it rhyme to 'vessel.' Were we inclined to be critical, we might add, that 'sphere' and 'prefer,' 'train' and 'been,' 'gloom' and 'Rome,' are hardly allowable rhymes, even in a professedly *rhythmical* translation of the *Carmen Sæculare*; but these are rather faults of versification than of scholarship, rather flaws in the mechanism than defects in the scheme of the work. As a specimen of Mr.

Sewell's more pleasing style, we might quote the thirty-fifth ode of the first book, addressed to the fickle Goddess of Antium; the following stanza is literal, rhythmical, and beautiful besides:—

Thee in his penury doth court,
And canvass with a fretful prayer,
The tiller of his farm-land—thee
As sovereign of the main, whoe'er
Is lashing the Carpathian sea
With a Bithynian Argosy.

Altogether, the translation before us is decidedly commendable, as showing much sound classical learning and an intimate acquaintance with the language of the original—such grammatical acquaintance, in fact, as few but the professed grammarian can hope to acquire: at the same time we must acknowledge, that we think the beauties of our own mother-tongue have been somewhat neglected, in too high a veneration for the Latin principles of construction; and we might hazard an opinion, that Mr. Sewell's Latin verses—if such it be his delight to frame—would, for harmony of numbers and elegance of diction, be preferable to his English ones.

He tells us in his Preface, that an exercise for the use of schools has been the object which he has had chiefly in view; and in this, we think, he has been as successful as his reputation as a scholar would lead us to expect: but to the general reader—to him who would have the ideas of the Epicurean bard conveyed to his senses through the medium of a spirited and flowing English translation, we think Mr. Sewell's work will be a disappointment; nor should we expect it to prove as generally popular as the smoother and more harmonious version of his military compeer.

Mr. Melville, in a short preface, informs us, that his endeavours have been directed to framing what he modestly calls 'a weak and diluted version' of his author, with the benevolent intention of making as many of his fellow-creatures as possible partakers with him in that adoration for Horace which much school discipline seems, in his case, to have been unable to eradicate. The method he has adopted seems to be very successful in rendering the spirit of the bard; he has as much

as possible adapted his metres to those of the Roman minstrel; that is to say, he has endeavoured to convey to the English ear, by means of an English metre, the style of rhythm which, in the Latin stanza, must have fallen with such pleasing cadence from the fastidious lip of the polished Roman; and this adaptation has a very happy effect in many of the odes, particularly the sapphics, in which the three first lines are of five feet, the short line at the end being of two feet, and rhyming to the second; as in the translation of the eleventh ode in the third book, the stanza beginning,

Una de multis face nuptiali,

is thus rendered :—

But one deserved the marriage-torch,
the bride

Immortalized! who swore, yet disobeyed,

Nobly before her perjured sire she lied
That glorious maid!

And in the next ode the Ionic measure, or long line beginning,

Miserarum est neque amori,

bears a certain affinity to its English translation,—

'Tis the maiden's lot to suffer, ne'er to
give her love the rein,

Ne'er to drown her care in bumpers,
still to nurse her hidden pain.

In this ode, the same idea with regard to metre appears to have struck both Mr. Melville and Mr. Sewell,—the latter commencing in almost the same rhythm,

'Tis the lot of hapless maidens—neither
to indulge in play,

To affection, nor in honied-wine, their ills
to wash away.

This is, perhaps, the more literal rendering of the two, but in it we look in vain for that zest and freedom which the soldier has imparted to the former; and we like the happy audacity with which Mr. Melville has described 'Liparean Heber's beauty,' in the following vigorous line :—

Swift of foot and hard of hitting, lithe of
limb and form of mould.

It is evident that the *ci-devant* Captain enters with great unction into those odes in which his former pursuits, ere, *relictâ parmula*, he exchanged the sword for the pen, are shadowed forth, and dwells with peculiar pleasure upon those thrilling

stanzas of the Roman, that more particularly describe the bray of trumpets, the din of arms, or tramp of martial steed.

In our perusal of this translation (and to us, we confess, it has been a pleasant task), we have been much struck with the facility with which many of the Latin lines are rendered, adhering strictly to the letter, and at the same time grasping the spirit of the original; but in performing our duty as reviewer, it is impossible for us to pass over sundry errors of style, and occasional carelessness of diction.

In the very first page we come to the wide and fertile district of Libya, that granary of the Roman empire, most unaccountably translated 'Lihar,'—a paraphrase that would appear grotesquely inharmonious to a Roman audience. We have heard the beautiful and sacred name of 'Maria,' when sharply uttered by the female tongue, enriched with a final *r* that would vulgarize the 'Sancta Maria' herself; but we cannot look on such redundancy as adding to the beauty of that most holy and Christian of names, nor can we approve of the classic Libya being cut down into such a Gothic appellation as 'Lihar;' this indeed may be a printer's error, but the advantage of proof sheets, and author's corrections, and emendations, is generally supposed to be for the purpose of obviating such blunders at the outset. In the very next ode to this, looking casually at the work, we are struck with the following inharmonious line :—

Or thou, our founder! if thou still dost
mean.

Mean is an unworthy term as relating to the intentions of a god, and that god the frowning Mars, and renders but poorly the noble expression of Horace, '*Respicis auctor*.' The next stanza, however, redeems the character of our translator, being spirited and graphic, as well as literal, and embodying most successfully the warlike ideas intended to be conveyed :—

Weary of war's rough game, thou whose
delight
Is clash of glittering steel and blow for
blow,
And Marsian cohorts eager for the fight
Fronting the foe.

Again, in the twenty-second ode of the first book, the beautiful and well-known

Integer vite scelerisque purus,
we come to a lame and dragging stanza, when, in describing the wolf that startled so unceremoniously the day-dreaming and love-lorn bard, Mr. Melville informs us that he was A monster such that Daunia's warlike coast

In all her beechen glades hath reared
none worse,

Such as the dry Morocco cannot boast

The lion's nurse.

The 'none worse' is indeed of 'the worst,' and its corresponding rhyme of 'nurse' is sadly provocative of an association of ludicrous ideas, as connected with an old and well-known ditty touching a certain sailing individual, exciting feelings far different from those which the horror-stricken poet was anxious to describe.

Notwithstanding a few such faults as these, trifling errors, scattered here and there, which we may charitably attribute, not to Mr. Melville's Eton education, but rather to that military routine which has given him, perhaps, but little leisure for close study, the work before us bears unmistakable evidence of being the production of a gentleman and a scholar, and of one whose poetic feeling has evidently made it a 'labour of love' to render his favourite author into a translation abounding in truly beautiful language, and, with few exceptions, clothed in smooth and harmonious versification. We have already quoted too much, but cannot resist giving the following lines as no unworthy exposition of one of the finest odes in the Latin language, that affectionate and graceful address to Mæcenas, beginning,

Tyrrhena regum progenies mihi;

three or four stanzas will suffice to show the spirit in which Mr. Melville has read and felt his author:—

Wisely the gods in misty darkness veil

The chances of our future lot, and smile

When, anxious overmuch, we mortals frail

Quake for events to come. Remember
while

The present is thine own to use it well;

All else is like a river flowing past,

Now gently gliding down its bed to swell

The Tuscan sea—now whirling fierce
and fast,

Boulders, and upturned roots, and herds,
and homes,

In ruin mingled! Echoes to the roar
The neighbouring wood, the distant hill;
while foams,

Goaded to rage, the flooded stream
before

So calmly gliding on. Blessed is his fate!

Lord of himself is he, who boasts, 'To-day

I've lived, to-morrow's dawn may clouds
await,

Or Jove's pure sunshine gild; but come
what may,

No Future's frown my bygone joys shall
blast;

The gathered flower no coming blight
shall stain;

There's nought can rob me of the happy
Past—

The golden hour, once fled, comes not
again.'

These are beautiful lines, and the Latin expressions, '*diffinet infectumque reddet*,' taking the form of

The gathered flower no coming blight
shall stain,

is a happy and picturesque translation, not so much of the words as of the ideas of the poet.

Mr. Melville has likewise rendered the more objectionable parts of his author in a form that, without emasculating him to the extent certain revisers of the 'Immortal Bard' have deemed necessary to compile what they are pleased to term 'A Family Shakespeare,' may allow of his translation lying on the drawing-room table, or inhabiting the lower shelves of the library, without shocking the modesty of the public by a too literal exposition of the somewhat loose morality of our Epicurean bard; though we see that, on one occasion, a certain epode was too much even for military daring, and that epode has wisely been left in what we may scarce call the 'purity' of its mother-tongue.

The *Carmen Sæculare*, that glorious hymn which was to express a nation's gratitude for the favours of a century gone by, and a nation's prayer for the blessings of a century to come, concludes this very meritorious work; and should Mr. Melville propose to continue his translation through the Satires and Epistles of Horace, we can only wish him that success which, with care and perseverance, we are confident he will attain.

With a feeling which all old Etonians will readily understand, the book now before us is inscribed to the Rev. Doctor Hawtrey, Head Master of Eton College; and to none could a work of this kind have been dedicated with greater propriety, than to one whose attainments in the classics are equalled by his proficiency in the elegancies of modern literature, and who has given an impetus to general learning, and taste for the beauties of living, as well as of dead, languages, which the venerable academy sacred to 'Henry's

holy shade' did not always boast. In concluding these remarks upon Captain Melville's translation, we must congratulate him on this, we believe, his first essay in the arena of literature, and we feel we can confidently recommend his work to the perusal of those who, in addition to their taste for classical scholarship, can enjoy a free, graceful, and harmonious translation of that undying minstrel, whose golden strains were the pleasure and the pride of the Augustan age.

THE TWO AVES.

A RECOLLECTION OF ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

THE Priest he prayeth in the choir,
 But the sexton's daughter fair*
 Singeth wild and free, in her winsome glee,
 High up in the sunny air.
 Would you hear her song? Climb, bold and strong,
 The perilous, dark tower stair.

Ave! ave! ever below—but the lark's hymn up on high—
 And ave! there too, under the cloud, under the blue, bright sky!

I climbed the stair, I braved the gloom,
 That sweet voice drew me on—
 Higher and higher, to the topmost spire,
 Through the lofts of the carillon;
 Rude, you may guess, were the strain and stress,
 But at last the bourn was won—
 To a ledge set round with a parapet's bound,
 Half dazed, I came anon,
 Where that merry maid, no whit afraid,
 Sat caroling in the sun.

Ave! ave! ever below—but the lark's hymn up on high—
 And ave! there too, under the cloud, under the blue, bright sky!

She broke off in her song and blushed,
 Then soon her task began,
 And standing by my side her glance
 O'er all the landscape ran.
 She showed where Mechlin's steeple tall
 Might through the haze be seen;
 Her slender finger traced afar
 The Scheldt, through meadows green.
 She showed me dykes and battle mounds,
 And towers of grim renown;
 She pointed all the churches out
 Of grey, old Antwerp town;

* Those who have made the ascent of the spire of Antwerp cathedral, may perhaps know something of the sexton's (or sacristan's) daughter.

And when we had o'erlooked the roofs,
 And quite o'errun the plain,
 I sat beside her while she sang
 Her merry songs again.

Ave! ave! ever below—but the lark's hymn up on high—
 And ave! there too, under the cloud, under the blue, bright sky!

I know not what they were, those songs,
 But silvery-sweet and clear,
 And fresh from the very heart, they fell
 On my enamoured ear.
 It was like the music that in dreams
 Pours rapture o'er the brain—
 It was like my own lost childhood come
 Back to me once again;
 So listening, listening, stealthy Time
 Stole by, all unaware,
 And somehow, ere I turned to go,
 We sang together there—
 We sang! oh, dark the downward path
 Of the perilous, steep tower stair!

Ave! ave! ever below—but the lark's hymn up on high—
 And ave! there too, under the cloud, under the blue, bright sky!

Ay, the Priest, he prayeth in the choir,
 With a good gruff voice prays he;
 The little bells ring and the choristers sing,
 And our Lady of Calvary
 Smileth, pure and pale, through her vapoury veil,
 With a look that seems to declare,—
 'There's a voice of glee, far dearer to me,
 Aloft in the sunny air!
 Ay, the Priest he prayeth in alh and pall,
 And may all my sins be shriven!
 Though tapers a-row, and the mimic show,
 Small honour and praise be given!
 But I breathed *my* prayer high up in air—
 It was so much nearer heaven!

Ave! ave! ever below—but the lark's hymn up on high—
 And ave! there too, under the cloud, under the blue, bright sky!

T. WESTWOOD.

THE QUAKER.

ON a cold, wet, wintry morning in the month of February, in the year — (I forget exactly what year, but it cannot be more than twenty or twenty-two years ago), the river Suir was dashing down the bed it had made for itself hard by a thriving town. It was then—I mean upon that day, and for some days before and after—not the languid, shining sheet of beauteous lymph in which I used to delight to roll about in the enervating midsummer; but a turbulent, angry torrent, tossing and brawling about, over rocks, and weirs, and mill-dams, throwing up its dirty, mud-mixed spray upon the unoffending passer-by, as though he had lent a hand to the deformity, or that something more than common and natural causes had so aroused the angry element that it could no longer sleep in its bed, for its slumber had been intruded upon in a manner the most unwarrantable, and that demanded inquiry.

Upon the morning in question, *one* shop in the principal street of the town remained closed several hours beyond that at which it was well known to have been opened any morning for many a year past, and that, too, with a degree of punctuality peculiar to its owners, and for which no other class of people in Ireland, I am sorry to say, are so remarkable as the Quakers.

But before I can enter into any explanation of the cause of this same shop having remained closed up for so long a time beyond the usual hour (and it is a most important feature in my most melancholy story), I must take my reader back for a space of six months, that is, to the month of August previous to the above incident.

Upon a most delightful day in that most delightful month, about the hour of noon, the sun blazing high in the heavens, and the well-cultivated hill-sides that rose immediately above the town acknowledging by their luxuriant verdure the benign influence of his rays, while the willow, the ash, and the beech, that thickly clustered along the margin of the Suir, bowed gracefully to the gentle breeze that ever

and anon cooled the air and rippled the water,—upon such a day, about the hour of noon, as I have said, the gallant —tb marched into the town, their tattered and riddled colours waving proudly above, their fine band playing merrily the air to the never-to-be-forgotten words of Moore,—

And doth not a meeting like this make
amends?

And the Light-bobs stepping gaily along at the head of the division, apparently as elastic of head and heel as though they had but just started on a party of pleasure. A more appropriate tune they could not have hit upon; for many a poor fellow was there in that division that day, whose heart bounded to his throat with delight as each object once familiar to his childhood's eye in the village of his birth again met his longing gaze.

The usual bustle and excitement attendant on the arrival of a new regiment in a country town having worn off, the neighbouring aristocracy began to pay their visits and to have them returned. Balls, and parties, and *fêtes champêtre* were the order of the days and nights, and nothing was talked of but 'those elegant fellows of his majesty's —th.'

And 'elegant' fellows they certainly were; a fine, off-hand, manly, dashing, unaffected, devil-may-care lot of lads, who danced, and drank, and rode, and walked, and coursed, and hunted, and displayed the perfect acquisition of every accomplishment, without a thorough knowledge of which a gentleman was deemed unfit to hold a commission in this regiment.

Amongst the most attractive of them all was Lieutenant Clark of the Light-bobs. He was a tall, 'strapping' fellow, of about two-and-twenty; but yet withal of an expression of countenance so soft and gentle, that he was known in the corps as 'the lady-killer.' Whether or not he deserved that name literally, from the incident I am about to relate, time alone, the great unraveller of all events, can tell. That he deserved it in one sense, there can be no doubt, for the poor girl surrendered at dis-

cretion; but that he could be her murderer, is as revolting alike to common sense as it was abhorrent to his manly character.

I remember, as well as if it were but yesterday, the pleasure it used to afford my boyish eyes to see his unequalled form move along the paved foot-way in his full uniform, as he went to inspect the different guards when he happened to be officer of the day. It was upon such occasions that all the little milliners and shop-girls would drop their work and rush to the shop-doors to look after him, until he was out of view, and then retire with a sigh and an 'I wonder when will he come in here again.'

Amongst the dealers in soft wares whom he was wont to visit, was the one who kept the shop I have already mentioned; and I, who lived with a relative in the immediate vicinity, and who had constant opportunities of seeing him pass in and out, was not slow to discover that it could not possibly be gloves, neckerchiefs, or eau de Cologne that brought him to this mart day after day, and kept him there, each visit, a much longer time that could be necessary for the purchase of the whole 'stock, lock, and barrel.'

Indeed the real cause of his constant calling was soon suspected, and soon after talked about.

One of the handmaids of this bazaar was a young girl of nineteen, a 'lovely Quakeress,' as beautiful a creature 'as ever the sun shone on,' as the old ballad says. She was rather above the middle height, graceful as an antelope; her figure round, soft, and just budding forth, while developing all the charms of womanhood. Her hair was black and glossy as the raven's wing, and hung about her fair forehead and peachy cheeks in all the wild luxuriance of Nature's own curling, totally regardless of the strait-laced constraints of 'her order.' Had Lord Byron seen her, he need not have crossed the Bay of Biscay to seek a model for his 'Dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz;' for that dark eye, with 'its own expressive hue,' she possessed in its most enchanting and bewitching perfection.

But that which endeared her most to all who enjoyed the happiness of

her acquaintance, was her modest, diffident, retiring demeanour; and these, I believe, were the faint weapons with which she unconsciously laid siege to the heart of the soldier, and carried it by a *coup de main*.

It was not to be presumed that Mary,—the gentle, winning, fascinating Mary,—was without admirers until the arrival of this regiment. No, far from it; she was not only beset by clerks in hanks, wine-stores, and cotton factories, but by a host of those idle, penniless puppies, with whom every country town is cursed; a set of fellows who, because their fathers happen to be pensioners on the public purse, as the reward of well-earned merit or the bribe of delinquency, could not think of stooping so low as to learn some honest calling, so long as their silly parents permitted them to strut about the town in plaid shooting-jackets, the wearers whereof never fired a shot (except from a pop-gun); in boots and spurs, as innocent of the span of a horse's spine as their owners' heads of a line in Horace or Homer; and sticks, hats, gloves, and cigars, to be 'put down to my account,' and to be paid for at Tibb's Eve—a festival which, as Maxwell says, it has not yet been decided will be solemnized before or after Christmas. By these was the shop continually beset; and whenever Mary walked abroad or went to meeting, she was sure to be annoyed by them.

One or two, however, there were who appeared to have been marked out from the lot; and of these two, one more bold than the other, brought matters to a crisis by offering his hand; and he being 'a friend,' though he despised the confraternity in his heart with as much cordiality as he did all other recognised forms of public worship, was accepted.

Finding he had made so easy a conquest, he stipulated for fortune; but Mary, as he well knew, had none, and the 'match' was broken off.

Such was the state of things when Clark crossed Mary's path. Their eyes met, and, from that hour, they appeared to think they had been made for each other.

Many, and long and happy, were the stolen interviews they had together, until at length it was suspected that Mary, who was well known to

have had a great aversion for going abroad after dark, must have some object to call her forth so regularly at nightfall. She was watched and betrayed, and he who, but a few short weeks before might, but for his mean, mercenary soul, have possessed the treasure, now became maddened with jealous rage at being supplanted by a red-coat; and, to put an end to his torments and her happiness, offered her marriage unconditionally, which she rejected with scorn, for her heart was gone and never could be his.

From that hour Mary knew not a moment's happiness. At home she was taunted, and twitted, and watched; and when she ventured on an evening's walk, she was either watched by spies or dogged by some of her many tormentors. Indeed to such an extent had some of this scum of the earth carried their annoyances, that upon more than one occasion one or two of them narrowly escaped condign punishment at the hands of Clark.

In this state of things some months passed away. Clark was now Mary's acknowledged lover, and she reciprocated his passion with an ardour equal to his own; and that he meant to act honourably by her, none who knew him ever dared to doubt.

Upon a memorable Sunday about this period, myself and some of my companions were returning along the banks of the river towards the town; we had had a long ramble, and the shades of evening had overtaken us. My companions, less fatigued than myself, had shot a good way ahead of me, and, in order to overtake them, I made a short cut across the fields by a well-known path. At that moment a tall man, whose person was completely enveloped in a roquelaure, accompanied by a female equally closely *incog.*, passed me. They did not either see or hear me; but as they passed I coughed, and they both started. The man turned round, and I knew him at once to be Clark, and had very little doubt that the fair *incognita* was the 'Lovely Quakeress.' He merely said,—

'Ah, young fellow, out so late!' and passed on.

The next morning was that upon which the shop, to which I have alluded some pages back, was observed

to remain closed long after the usual hour. Several of the worthy burgesses, near neighbours of the owner, had assembled in the *boudique* of one who had assumed to himself the office of sense-carrier to the whole town. He, more bold than the others, after having gravely considered what was best to be done, and having arrived at the conclusion that that best could alone be decided by himself, *did* decide it, by swaggering across the street; he remained absent for some time, and on his return assumed an air of vast importance and mysteriousness, while a peculiar smirk and a knowing wink of the right eye gave a laughable expression to his countenance.

His impatient neighbours and their wives gathered round to hear the secret; while the bearer thereof, in order to give additional weight to what he had to communicate, stood silent for a moment, pulled up his collar, pulled down his waistcoat, put out one leg, looked at it approvingly, put his arms a-kimbo, puffed a long puff, looked round to see that all were attentive, and then, in a stage whisper, exclaimed,—

'SHE'S OFF!'

Here was a 'stunner!' the first fearful effects of which having worn off, they then began to inquire who was 'she?'

'Oh, my dear sirs, I knew how it would be along ago! I often said so. You, Tom, may remember I told you so, and now my words have come to pass. That young girl was allowed too much of her own way, and now 'the butter has come out of the stirabout,' as the old saying has it; they eloped last night, and are far on the road to—God knows where by this time.'

The truth now flashed upon the minds of the most stolid of the assembled group. It was quite clear that Clark had taken off the *belle* of the town; and when I stated that I met them both the night before, there was no longer any doubt upon the matter.

What was now to be done? Chaises and post-horses were put in requisition, and away flew gay gallants in pursuit in every possible direction; while 'Puff,' who had no idea of giving chase, contended that they were all wrong, for, in his

opinion, the happy pair might, at that very moment, be snugly domiciled in some comfortable farmer's house up in the mountains, there to spend the honeymoon until the affair blew over. One of the aspirants for the restoration of Mary and the annihilation of Clark actually went so far as to post to the quarters of a brother-officer, who was stationed in a village a few miles distant, and broke into his room, *sans cérémonie*, to see if she was there!

Three or four days passed over, and the hunters returned without the object of their chase, or finding the least trace of the game, and gave as a reason for their failure that the lovers must have crossed the Channel; when, all of a sudden, they were all sent again flying through the country, in consequence of a ruffianly postilion declaring, with an oath, that he could tell where they were. This announcement was made in one of the public establishments of the town; and the fellow's rapacity having been satisfied, he swore that, upon the Sunday night I met the lovers, he drove them in a chaise to a town some miles distant, *en route* to a sea-port, and in a direction the very opposite to that in which I had met them. All this was perfectly possible, and, therefore, the chase was renewed, and the sea-ports visited.

But, alas! no vessel had been known to leave any of those places in or about the time specified, and the thwarted enthusiasts returned more crest-fallen than ever.

In the meantime, Clark was reported 'absent without leave,' and the usual course required by the military code in such cases was followed in his regard. But still he came not, nor any account of him; while the hopes of poor Mary's friends began to fade away, for they were deferred, and the heart grew sick. Painful, indeed, were the feelings and sensations created by her prolonged absence and silence. Her gentle, winning manners, had endeared her to many, and in proportion as she was beloved so was she regretted.

A fortnight had now elapsed, and a settled gloom had taken up its

abode in that happy circle of which Mary was once the centre.

However, that portion of the mystery in which poor Mary's whereabouts was wrapt, as well as that of her unhappy lover, about this time was unravelled with a horror and suddenness that scarcely left people the power of crediting their senses.

A large boat was passing down the river, propelled along her course by means of long boat-hooks. One of the men who was using this implement had hauled it up and drove it again to the bottom, but, to his surprise, it this time struck against something soft, where but a moment before he encountered hard gravel; his surprise was still greater when he found it impossible to pull up the hook. He called to his companion,—

'Arra, Ned, come hether!'

'What's the matter, Jack?'

'That's the very thing I can't find out! but the dickens a wan o' me can pull out the hook. Brusthig a vie,* an' give us a lift!'

They both now pulled at the hook with all their might. It yielded to their united efforts, but judge of their consternation when they brought up at the end of it the body of a man.

That man was Lieutenant Clark!

The intelligence spread like wild-fire; crowds had assembled in an incredibly short time, and the body was conveyed to the town and at once identified.

Search was now made for that of Mary, nor was it long or fruitless; for within a very feet of the spot from whence the corpse of the ill-fated soldier was dragged, there also was found all that now remained of the once beautiful Quakeress.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with this still dark and most mysterious catastrophe is, that though both bodies must have been nearly fourteen days in the water, so far from any trace of decomposition being apparent, they appeared as fresh and life-like as if they had parted with the immortal tenant but twelve hours before.

As vivid as the events of yesterday before my mind's eye are the proceedings of the coroner's inquest upon the symmetrical forms of the lovers.

* Hurry, my son.

There they lay in view of the jury, and all who gazed admitted that a more manly form Nature never moulded; while the idolised being who shared his love and his fate still looked beautiful even in death.

The inquisition room was crowded almost to suffocation, and the coroner was about to proceed, when a slip of paper was thrust into the hands of the foreman of the jury by some unseen hand. He read it, and handed it to the coroner, who read it also, and on the instant shouted out,—

‘Close the doors—close the doors! On your peril, police, let not a soul leave the court!’

He then read the slip of paper, which contained an ill-written pencil scrawl in these words,—

‘There is one in court now who is ready to prove that he heard screams of *‘Murder! Murder!’* and a name mentioned, near the very spot and on the very night the officer and the lady were lost.’

This created the greatest consternation and confusion. The soldiers and officers of Clark’s regiment, who formed nearly three-fourths of the crowd, pushed about in a wild search, and collared almost everybody. The foreman was asked from whom he had received the paper, but he declared he could not tell; it was thrust into his hand by some one beneath him, but by whom he knew not. Every one on the bench beneath him was then laid hold of; but all turned out respectable inhabitants of the town; and after a vain search and loud calls for the writer, coupled with offers of any amount of reward he chose to name, no response was made, and the proceedings went on in solemn silence.

The soldier’s body presented no mark save one on the forehead, which the doctor who examined him said *might* have been caused while in the act of falling into the water, or even afterwards; while that of his lovely mistress was free from the slightest appearance of violence, or scar, or scratch of any sort.

‘Found drowned’ having been recorded as the verdict of the jury, the bodies were interred the next day, side by side,—that of the gallant Charlie with military honours, of course; and it is not a little re-

markable, that upon their graves a blade of grass has never been known to grow, every effort made to the contrary notwithstanding.

And, to this hour, the *real* cause of the drowning of these lovers remains involved in impenetrable mystery.

True it is, that at different periods, more or less remote from the day of the discovery of what was then, and is still, by many believed to be, the *murdered* lovers, various little incidents occurred in connexion with the fatal night when they were seen alive for the last time, which aroused suspicion; but, by some strange manoeuvring, inquiry was invariably hushed up or prevented. For instance, Clark’s servant deposed at the inquest, that upon the Sunday night his master wore his cloak, clasped with a fastening that the wearer could not well undo, and had his dagger in the pocket of it. How strange, how singular, that the body was taken up *minus* the cloak; yet the dagger was found in a field several days after the burial! Still more strange and mysterious is it, that upon the same fearful Sunday night two individuals, the one a tall, muscular man, muffled up in a large cloak, the other, a ragged, wretched-looking woman, were seen standing in the shade of the barrack wall, in a lonely and unfrequented road, in deep conversation, within an hour of midnight; that the man was recognised despite his disguise, as one of the rejected lovers of poor Mary; and the woman, an abandoned creature of the town. But the strangest and most mysterious part of all this scene in the tragedy is the fact, that this same wretched woman called that night at Clark’s quarters, saw his servant, handed him a bundle, and stated, that ‘Miss Mary desired her to leave it for her, and that she and *he* would be in soon!’ But if there be a superlative for strange and mysterious after the *mort*, it is to be applied to the remaining fact, that when this bundle was opened, it contained nothing but scraps of rags and papers!

The minor facts and incidents that, at intervals, stirred up this ‘dirty water,’ until it scented not odoriferously, were such little scenes as disclosures made during family quar-

rels, a member whereof happened to have been one of Mary's admirers: or a door-keeper of a public institution, declaring his readiness 'to disclose all, if *they* would only undertake to support him for the remainder of his life; for he was in 'the Grove,' watching night-lines the night of the murder, and heard the lady shriek in vain for mercy at the hands of —;' or that a wretched being, having been sentenced to death as an accessory before the fact, in a homicide of another character, declaring, in the condemned cell, that 'he could save his life if he wished to tell what he knew about —, and the officer and the Quaker, but he would never save his life by becoming an informer.' Or a local newspaper may have inserted some rhapsodies

from the pen of some conceited demagogue, in which, by a strange and unaccountable jumble, he contrived to identify electioneering politics with murderous onslaughts and disreputable individuals, and thus involve the luckless proprietor and editor (one and the same indivisible being) in an action for libel, which resulted in his being mulct in ruinous damages. But these, and hundreds of others of a like character, were as 'bubbles on the stream of Time;' they were mere ephemera; and if guilt really existed in the quarter in which it was attempted to be fixed, there it met with open and determined defiance; and hence the impossibility of establishing the fact, whether murder had been done on 'The officer and the Quaker.'

DANTE.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ERE blasts from northern lands
Had covered Italy with barren sands,
Rome's Genius, smitten sore,
Wail'd on the Danube, and was heard no more.
Centuries twice seven had past
And crush'd Etruria rais'd her head at last.
A mightier Power she saw,
Poet and prophet, give three worlds the law.
When Dante's strength arose
Fraud met aghast the boldest of her foes;
Religion, sick to death,
Lookt doubtful up, and drew in pain her breath.
Both to one grave are gone;
Altars still smoke, still is the God unknown.
Haste, whoso from above
Comest with purer fire and larger love,
Quenchest the Stygian torch,
And ledest from the *Garden* and the *Porch*,
Where gales breathe fresh and free,
And where a Grace is call'd a Charity,
To Him, the God of peace,
Who bids all discord in his household cease . .
Bids it, and bids again,
But to the purple-vested speaks in vain.
Crying, 'Can this be borne?'
The consecrated wine-skins creak with scorn;
While, leaving tumult there,
To quiet idols young and old repair,
In places where is light
To lighten day . . and dark to darken night.

POLAND AS IT IS.

THERE is no nation of great historical fame so completely shorn of its beams as Poland. Spain still retains an independent existence, and Italy is still the seat of that tremendous spiritual power, which would fain arrogate to itself supremacy and sovereignty over the souls and consciences of all mankind. But the wall of Europe against the Tatars, the rescuer of Vienna from the Turks, is fallen, as it were, for ever, and her children are known in the rest of Europe but as the conspirators against peace and quietness, the enemies of all rule, the leaders and soldiers of every revolution. Yet the Poles themselves do not all despair of the future of their nation; there are too many still undeveloped elements existing within it to justify or excuse them in doing so; nor do they all look to disquiet and revolution, and the misfortunes of others, as the means of reinstating and re-establishing themselves. They begin to see that the fall of Poland was a necessary consequence of her narrow institutions, and exclusive system of privileged classes, and that any eventual greatness which she may hereafter attain to must arise from the development and elevation of those sturdy peasants, who, to adopt the language of one of her living poets,*—‘bear her future on their shoulders.’

Well might the *szlachta* or noble, in the palmy days of Poland, have been proud of his brotherhood and equal privileges with his three hundred thousand fellows, when the poorest gentleman was addressed by the wealthiest and most powerful magnate as *Panie bracie*—‘Sir brother,’ and each and all looked upon themselves as the guardians and protectors of the peasant and the artisan; but as other nations advanced in political knowledge and institutions it was but a selfish patriotism that prompted him to refuse even a small share of civic rights to those, by the sweat of whose brows he obtained his subsistence. An elective monarch is rarely in a position to struggle successfully against a proud and

powerful aristocracy without the aid of a numerous and influential middle class, and in Poland the crown was gradually deprived of its prerogatives, and the peasantry of its protection; so that at last, when the grand attack was made from without, it was made upon a king without power, a people without rights, and a nobility divided against itself. Many of the nobles had sunk into the condition of mere farmers of their own small estates, many others occupied positions in the households of the magnates, analogous to that of Sir William of Deloraine in the castle of the Lady of Branksome; and the magnates themselves moved about with large armies under their command, and even carried on foreign wars on their own account, while the *ojczyzna*, or fatherland, was all but bankrupt and defenceless, and the peasantry exposed to every oppressor.

Well and nobly did a portion of the Polish nobility exert themselves for the general good after the first partition of their country (1772), investing with civic rights the burghers of the towns, who, being to a great extent of foreign, and chiefly of German origin, had hitherto possessed considerable privileges within, but little influence beyond, their own walls, and preparing the way for the emancipation of the peasantry: but it was too late; the overwhelming power of Russia, and the proverbial faithlessness of Prussia, rendered all their efforts nugatory and all their plans abortive. One opportunity was still given, but it was unfortunately not taken advantage of. The first glorious victories gained by Kosciusko (1794), were won at the head of the peasants of the district of Krakow; and had he proclaimed freedom to the peasantry, it is thought by many that his army would never have dwindled as it did, and that he would never have been exposed to defeat and ruin by inferior forces at Maciejowice. It is not true that Sarmatia fell ‘without a crime,’ but her crimes were confined to her own home, and she unnerved and unwea-

* The author of *Pieśń o Ziemi Naszej*.

poned herself while her neighbours were extending and consolidating their power in every possible manner. Poland is now prostrate, but she has still her own glorious history to fall back upon; and in the event of a general European war, the indirect effect she will exert by strengthening or paralyzing Russia will probably be of the greatest importance.

There is no necessary and deeply-seated hatred subsisting between the *Polak* and *Moskal*, between *Warszawa* and *Moskwa*, any more than between the Englishman and Scotchman, between London and Edinburgh, or between the Dorians and Ionians among the ancient Greeks. The feelings of the Poles towards the Russians are simply political, and probably by no means more intense than those subsisting between the English and Scotch in the time of James I. of England. The Poles certainly do not love the Russians, but they hate the Germans, and especially the Prussians, with an intensity that can hardly be paralleled. They look upon the Russians as their conquerors, and feel towards them as such; but the Prussians have added treachery of the darkest dye to hostility and conquest. Their feeling towards the Prussians is one of inextinguishable enmity, that of the Greek towards the barbarian; and the conduct of the German colonists in different parts of Poland, as in all Slavonic countries, is but little calculated to allay the hostile feelings of the natives. A little timely conciliation towards the Poles in the event of a general war, would render them the most loyal subjects and faithful soldiers of the Tzar; and, perhaps, the time will come when the Germans will rue the day they forced them to throw themselves back upon their relationship with their oppressive yet kindred conquerors.

Different Poles express themselves in different ways—we are recording the results of actual conversations—but the sentiments of the majority converge uniformly to the same point. Some say, 'We are personally and individually oppressed by the Russians, while the Prussian Government is much milder, and allows us the same liberties and privileges as the Germans. But the Russians

do not, and cannot, destroy our nationality; and we laugh to scorn the measures by which they endeavour to do so, and propagate their own. On the other hand, the whole Prussian system is but too successfully directed to the destruction of our existence as Poles; and if we have anything in the shape of self-respect, or regard for our history, we cannot but dare and suffer everything rather than submit to it.'

Others say: 'We bide our time. We see that the French cannot, and we are sure that the Germans will not help us, after so many unfulfilled promises and so many cruel treacheries. If nothing turns up favourable to the re-establishment of our beloved Poland, we must even fall back upon our membership of the great Slavonic family, and look to our future prospects as Slavonians. We are producing, and shall produce, a considerable effect, at any rate indirectly, upon the other Slavonians—an effect which is acknowledged and expected by the Russians themselves, as evidenced, for instance, by the remarkable expression made use of lately by a Russian officer to a Polish nobleman,—*Nous sommes vos maîtres, mais vous êtes nos supérieurs.*'

Others, again, express themselves with greater vehemence: 'The enormous and colossal power of Russia is necessary in order to crush the Germans; when this its grand mission is fulfilled, its empire must surely fall to pieces, and who knows what glorious destinies may yet be in store for Poland?'

The revolutionary spirit appears now to be at a discount in Poland, and some of the leading Polish magnates are eagerly turning their attention to the arts of peace, and to the development of the agricultural and other resources of their country. One of the best instances of this is, perhaps, Count Andrew Zamoyski, a gentleman of whose education Edinburgh may well be proud. We should mention, that it is a favourite practice for Polish magnates of the highest rank to be educated at the University of Edinburgh; which appears to be as liberal in this part of its system as the English universities are exclusive.

Through the well-directed wealth

and judicious enterprize of this nobleman a little fleet of iron steamers is already navigating the Vistula between Dantzic and Warsaw, and he contemplates extending the voyages of those of a lighter construction and shallower draught of water as far as Krakow. They are employed as tug-boats, drawing barges laden with wheat to Dantzic, and returning with colonial produce; and also in conveying firewood to Warsaw for the use of the town and the manufactories, which are starting up in every direction. The machinery of these steamers is of French construction, the cost in comparison with English estimates furnished for the same things being as six to eleven; but the boats are built at Warsaw under the direction of Count Zamoycki himself. We ourselves saw a steamer of one hundred horse-power upon the stocks, as well as a barge of considerable size intended for carrying. As the boats are much damaged in the winter by the ice, and especially at the breaking up of the frost, by the floating masses that are carried down the stream, the Count has in contemplation the great undertaking of constructing a dock, for which he has already purchased the ground; but matters of such magnitude must necessarily proceed but slowly, especially as the Government, though it offers little obstruction, yet gives no support, and he is therefore entirely dependent upon his own private resources for carrying out his plans. There appears little or no doubt of eventual success in these undertakings, and should other wealthy nobles follow the example, the result must unquestionably be a great increase in the material prosperity, and a considerable development of the internal resources, of the country.

One of the principal difficulties in the way, both of the Russian Government (so far as it attempts to promote the prosperity of the people) and also of the patriotic Poles, is the condition of the Jews in Poland. These form a very large and disproportioned item of the population, and are indeed, though scarce any bargain is concluded except through

their agency, far too numerous to be able to support themselves conveniently by their usual occupations of trade and brokerage. There are at least 45,000 of them in Warsaw alone, and their state of degradation is such, that it is no libel to term them, both morally and physically, the dirtiest portion of the nation. In fact the state of filth and wretchedness of a large proportion of them is such, that it has become a proverbial expression, that if you push a Polish Jew against the wall he sticks there. Introduced at first as a favoured nation, in order to supply the deficiency of a mercantile class, they have long become too numerous for their former occupation without having betaken themselves to any other. They still cling to their peculiar dress and head-dress, which are very different to those of the Jews in the rest of Europe, and, in spite of all their misery, the effect produced upon them by the praiseworthy efforts of the London Society is slight and almost imperceptible.* Attempts have been made to induce them to engage in agriculture, but hitherto without success; as, owing to their former position as a privileged mercantile class, they consider themselves lowered by undertaking the occupations of the peasants, whom, when in their former state of serfage, they were accustomed to despise.

The condition of Galicia and Posen is very different from that of the kingdom (*królestwo*), or Russian Poland. In part of the former the peasants have risen upon and destroyed a considerable portion of their lords, the nobles, who were organizing a revolution, and have been rewarded by the Austrian Government with freedom and the rights of ownership. Another part, the capital of which is Lwów, or Lemberg, is tenanted by the different though cognate race of the Rusniaks, whose slumbering nationality was evoked by the Austrian cabinet in order to prove a counterpoise to the restless energy of the Polish patriots. In the grand duchy of Posen (*Poznan*), under the Prussian Govern-

* One great hindrance is, however, the constant bickerings between the adherents of the Lutheran and Reformed confessions.

ment, the Poles are undoubtedly possessed of greater material prosperity than in any other district, but at the same time they are exposed to everything that can wound their honour and hurt their feelings as a nation. Is it, therefore, wonderful, that both they and those who have witnessed and suffered from the bloody tragedy of Galicia, are still more dissatisfied and exasperated than those whose personal liberty is restricted and abridged by the oppressive despotism of Russia? These feelings have already once hurried the Prussian Poles into revolt; who can tell how far they may weigh with them should they be called upon to choose their side in a general European war?

The Slavonic question must, ere long, become the grand question that is to decide the fate of Europe. You can rule and govern children by mere authority, but as they grow up they begin to insist upon thinking and acting for themselves, and so it is with nationalities. Races that have hitherto yielded a blind obedience to the more civilized, but coarse and unsympathizing German, have now reached a state of intellectual developement in which they begin to think of their duties to themselves and their posterity. 'Is it better, say they, 'for us to endure a temporary oppression at the hands of kindred Slavonians, with the all but

certainty of future developement and a fair race for superiority in the end, or to remain as we are with every effort thwarted and every aspiration quelled by strangers and foreigners?' Should the Governments of Prussia and Austria persist in their present system of Germanization, these questions will inevitably press themselves more and more forcibly upon the different Slavonic races within their limits, and will, in all probability, impel them into the arms of Russia. A grand mistake was made by the great powers of Europe in permitting or partaking in the dismemberment, instead of insisting upon the reconstruction, of the kingdom of Poland. This error it is now too late to repair; the material resources of Poland are now for ever in the hands of Russia, who will know how to conciliate its people when the favourable opportunity arrives for striking a blow for universal empire.

These are no pleasing reflections for an Englishman, but at a time when the fate of Germany is decided by conferences held at Warsaw instead of Paris or London, we feel it to be a matter of duty to place these questions before the English public in the light in which they are regarded by a large proportion of those whom they more immediately concern, and whose actions must prove their eventual solution.

'THE CHURCH-BELLS WERE RINGING.'

THE church-bells were ringing, the devil sat singing
 On the stump of a rotting old tree:
 'Oh! faith, it grows cold, and the creeds they grow old,
 And the world is nigh ready for me!'

The bells went on ringing, a spirit came singing,
 And smiled as he crumbled the tree:
 'Yon wood does hut perish, new seedlings to cherish;
 And the world is too live yet for thee!'

C. K.

OUR MUSICAL AUTUMN.

IN this age of promises and prospectuses, one of the first impulses of the discreet reader, on looking over a new project of public entertainment, is to disbelieve. This has been peculiarly the case with regard to the orchestral performances which, under the name of Promenade Concerts, now annually occupy the autumnal season in London; and when we have glanced through the column of *The Times* in which the scheme is set forth, read of the great composers, the extraordinary singers, the unheard-of instruments, the monstrous assemblage of players, military bands, &c., which are to augment noise and so astonish the senses and confound the judgment of hearers, we acknowledge an attraction for the crowd, but for the chance of music have only an incredulous smile. The sacred art has been much degraded in these mercenary speculations, and even the fame of the greatest composers has been used as a means to carry on a bad and corrupt trade.

When M. Jullien some time ago gave his Monster Concerts at Exeter Hall, we observed among his miscellanies, with great surprise, Bach's organ fugue in A minor with *pedale* obligato. The selection of so recondit a work, which Mendelssohn had played to perfection before connoisseurs of the strict style, as a variety wherewith to entertain the waltz and polka-loving supporters of Jullien, struck us as extremely odd. Bach's reputation among the multitude of London we considered must be worth some shillings; the piece was placed between the parts of the concert, and if some of the audience went out to refresh at the tavern, there would still be a sprinkling of the true church to admire the skill of the performer. Our curiosity was raised to know how the thing actually went off, and we inquired of one of the orchestra. 'I could not hear a note of it,' he replied, 'there was such a noise with the *tuning*.' The confusion and excitement which attended the attempt to forestall the interest of Meyerbeer's last opera at those ill-organized and failing performances, may account for the ex-

traordinary fact that the band were sounding their instruments during a great and important solo piece. But in such an unworthy manner does fine music sometimes make its first approach to the notice of the public at large.

It is now some years since the eyes of all London have been turned upon the man in the orchestra who wields the stick. Aware of the intense interest which he creates, he evidently prepares and practises his motions, and studies his most effective attitudes before the glass. Among the bearded, uncouth, and sometimes slovenly men who compose the promenade orchestra, there is one whose well-washed face, trimmed moustachios and hair, open waistcoat, exemplary linen and white gloves, distinguish as the conductor. Some laugh, and think the sight of such a popinjay an impertinence no way in keeping with the simplicity of music; but to the multitude the sight has become so habitual, that we fear due reverence would not be paid, even to the transcendental harmonies of Beethoven, under a conductor the least exceptionable in his toilette. M. Jullien has been long a model-man in this respect, and his manner of subsiding into his chair on the conclusion of a grand symphony or a triumphal march has been extolled as a masterpiece of effect. The graceful curve of the right arm, the delicate play of the kid glove on the left hand when a *piano* is indicated, and the flourish of the staff at a sudden pause, are motions of the principal figure in the orchestra, which amuse the eye of the spectator and furnish topics of criticism, in which the music itself is sometimes overlooked. A man who conducts is praised as a master of his art, not because he makes the music go well, but because he is successful in exhibiting this pantomime. And yet, much as is thought of the importance of the stick, an orchestra without one would be by no means in the case of a coach without a driver; for in most cases it would arrive very accurately and safely at the end. Our chief orchestras, the Italian Opera and Philharmonic, played

excellently for many years without any other guide than a finger lifted to mark the time of the first bar at starting. As however it is in human nature to love office and authority, the first violin would sometimes leave off playing to beat time for the rest, and thus the services of a good strong player were lost to the composition. When, therefore, in imitation of the Germans, we some twenty years since deposed our leaders, and installed a conductor in authority over the entire band, it was approved by all who considered the advantage of having in superintendence of the music one who had nothing to play, and who could give his undivided attention to the orchestra. But the abuse of the office was not considered, and personal vanity and foppery in its performance have nowhere been exemplified in such perfection as in England.

It would be trivial to dwell on excesses in costume, which are at all times pardonable in the dancing-master, the master of the ceremonies, or any other public functionary exposed to general observation and personal criticism. We would by no means interfere in a matter of taste, but when good music becomes alike 'sophisticate' and infected by the channel through which it flows, it is time to question the claim set up to be considered an improver as well as an amuser of the public. The Beethoven commemorations, the Mendelssohn festivals, and the rest of the *classical* treats, with which M. Jullien has diversified his quadrilles and waltzes, instead of conciliating the musician, have but increased his disgust. Even when the notes of the great masters have reached the public ear, their spirit has been wanting, and of Beethoven especially it may be said,—

Nil fuit unquam

Sic impar sibi.

We have heard the symphony in C minor under Jullien, but so overpowered by undue proportions in his orchestra, and an excess in the brass instruments, that we could hardly recognize the original design of the author.

There was nothing for which Beethoven was more anxious, in the execution of his symphonies, than that the orchestra should be of good

proportions. He knew that if his works possessed the grandeur for which they have been praised, that it resided in the idea, and that an increase of sound, through more instruments than he had contemplated in any one department, would but obscure the development and effect at which he had aimed. This composer, so heroic and elevated in his style, desired only a moderate orchestra to execute his symphonies. Jullien, however, believes firmly in those material elements of the sublime which have of late misled the public in quest of large numbers of performers where they would have grandeur of effect, and thus, with his hard French ears, he has gone on adding trumpets to drums, till noise can do nothing more to indurate the natural sensibility, or misrepresent the real character of music. Even young men in search of a sensation have been so astonished at the *row* on some of Jullien's gala nights, that after pushing their way into the theatre they would readily have paid twice as much to get out again.

It is time when an adventurer of this kind puts out claims as a leader of taste and a public instructor in musical matters, that opinion should restrain him within those limits in which he is an admitted authority. Jullien's dance music is sufficiently popular, and ought to engage his whole attention. In the intoxicating atmosphere of a masked ball, with its exciting measures of the waltz, the quadrille, or polka, our Parisian conductor is distinguished; and as long as he confined himself to this, his own style, we would quarrel with none of the eccentric arrangements or novelties which he might think fit to introduce at Drury Lane. His legitimate path is marked out by nature—let him flourish in it; but no longer presume to superintend the production of great works of art, in which neither education nor native talent has given him any authority.

On reviewing the long period of service of M. Jullien, we can perceive nothing for which the art has to thank him, unless it be that he has shown, by his failures and shortcomings, how a new experiment in popularizing good music might be

better established. None of his undertakings have been free from the taint of mercenary speculation: the names of good composers have looked as ill in his bills as their music sounded under his direction; and naturally, for while other conductors spend their rehearsals in infusing unity of conception into the performers, and correcting their readings of passages, Jullien has thought only of his evening appearance and the grand crash—he had no musical mind to infuse. By what caprice of fortune a man who is of so little real importance as this dance composer has been raised to a position influential on the progress of music we need not stop to inquire. After ten years' sole occupation of the musical field, we find him again at Drury Lane, deserted by his chief solo wind instruments, and carrying on the war with the newly-established National Concerts, where things destined to advance the art have really begun to open in a most promising and unexpected way. There is no one point on which Jullien has advanced—he pursues the same system of bold *charlatanerie* with which he first drew a crowd to his theatre. His quadrilles only become more stunning and his effects more deafening; his crystal curtain and *bal masqué* have been succeeded in their novelty and attraction by a *Quadrille des Nations*, in which, in addition to his orchestra, he employed the bands of the Coldstream, Fusilier, and Second Life Guards, together with all the drums of the Second Legion of Paris National Guards. Conceive the rolling of this corps of drums—formidable instruments in the open air, and capable of alarming a city—under the roof of a theatre; and, gentle reader, you will still be short in your estimate of the noise. One part of the education of musicians has hitherto been in discriminating fine and beautiful tones, the delicate shading of crescendo and diminuendo, in which all expression has its origin; but in Jullien's orchestra the searing effect of constant noise deadens the finer musical faculties, and a man to prepare himself for it had better serve in the artillery than in a conservatorio.

We have seen in the management of the Wednesday Concerts what a

mass of people are prepared in London to applaud any foolish novelties. But we the less consider the ill-effect of such music on the gay young gentlemen of the metropolis who are the patrons of Jullien (*Punch*, in his portraits of the gent, has shown us what they are) than the general degradation of the art, and the lowering of the moral standard of the musical profession. The artists whom necessity compels to accept employment under such a system despise it: they laugh at the audience who are pleased with, and the conductor who plans, the entertainment; and music itself cannot fail to suffer under their feelings of dissatisfaction and contempt. After pursuing the course of indefatigable toil, and gaining the hard-earned experience necessary to artistic excellence, a man cannot with much patience find himself involved in any scheme for which he has no respect. Such artists as Demunck, the violoncello player from Brussels, Delavigne the oboe, Howell, Jarret, and others, can hardly feel proud of themselves in sanctioning by their presence and assistance the exploits of Jullien. Every new advertisement and experiment bespeaks the fertility of this consummate adventurer. His gigantic octo-basso, his *viola d'amour*, his castanets, and other prodigious things, answer for him. Meanwhile, we will say that the artist is unhappy and the condition of the art mean and degraded, when a musician of talent, knowing the mercenary object of such undertakings, can yet not afford to keep himself free from them. It is enough to witness the career of vulgar music; if it must furnish a trade for some, let it not be supported by those higher talents and accomplishments which are respected only as they are joined with a conscientiousness to the elevated and sacred purposes of the art.

Entertaining the same distrust in the objects and execution of the plan of the Grand National Concerts lately instituted at Her Majesty's Theatre—a distrust which, in these days of cheap amusement, unfortunately besets every reader of a new scheme—we are bound to say, that in the progress of the performances we have been most agreeably surprised and disappointed. Whether

or not the committee actually reject all concern in the profit of the concerts, and are content that they shall be merely self-supporting—we are bound to testify of some of their performances, that they have been given with such care and fidelity to great authors, that the most select and critical hearers could find nothing to blame; nor could they once say of the symphonies of Mozart or Beethoven, 'This is not a true and conscientious reading of those composers.' It was with a sensation of extreme surprize that we mingled with the crowd which filled the ample area of Her Majesty's Theatre, and left scarcely room to move, while the orchestra were playing Mozart's symphony in C (Jupiter), with all the repeats, and a repeat, moreover, in the last triumphant fugue, which is never observed at the Philharmonic concerts—the whole miscellaneous body listening with such silence, attention, and respect, throughout the elaborate work, that never was symphony so honoured in the number, and the profound and touching interest of its hearers. Even at the Philharmonic Society the composer's intentions are less scrupulously observed. Here we had not only the repeats, which show the composition in its true dimensions, but the slow movement was played with the *sordini* on the violins, giving to the wind-instrument solos a delicacy of shading in the soft accompaniment, which produced a more delicious effect than any we ever heard. The softly-breathed comments of the audience around showed how they enjoyed the heavenly melodies of this slow movement, and in particular the solos on the oboe of Barret, and of Baumann on the bassoon. With the excitement of impressions hitherto inexperienced in the art, and enjoying all the vague but powerful emotions of beauty peculiar to the instrumental symphony, the audience seemed to watch intently for every change in combination of wind or string, in which Mozart has here so richly displayed his knowledge of effect. Who would believe that a work so exquisitely vocal in its melodies that they absorb every hearer in tender and sweet emotion, was now commencing its operation on the public at large after being composed

nearly seventy years? It is too long for so great a symphony to have been confined to mere concert rooms for the exclusive pleasure of rich connoisseurs. We are delighted with the fact which this experiment has tested, namely, that the works of the classical masters are gaining enormous accessions of admirers, and that, truly scudded, the notes of Mozart and Beethoven are secure of a respectful bearing. This point gained, those heroes of the instrumental art are safe, for nothing wins upon the ear with a more constant and increasing attraction than instrumental music. The attention and discipline necessary to master the design, and comprehend the details of a great instrumental work, endear it to the amateur. It is a curious and striking peculiarity of the symphony to be always discovering something fresh; and even however we may know it in imagination or memory, we no sooner hear the tones of the orchestra than all the old interest revives—as the poet truly says,—'a joy for ever.'

Mr. Balfe had prepared himself by so accurate a previous study of the symphony, and shunned the common error of giving the time too fast so completely, that nothing could be desired better for the effect of the melodies of the adagio and trio, and the clearness of the contrapuntal subjects of the fugue, than his direction. This famous symphony of Mozart was certainly as well, or even better, performed than we ever heard it.

At the opening of the 'National Concerts,' complaint was justly made of the want of a better classification of the compositions, for in the attempt to bring forward in their integrity concertos by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., long pieces in which great interest and curiosity would be necessary to support the attention of hearers, the patience of the audience, and the improvement of their taste, had not been duly reckoned upon. The trifles and sweetmeats interposed between the solid parts of the banquet were not relished; they formed contrasts too sudden and violent; and the most experienced musicians were surprized to find around them an audience disposed to be critical on the gravest

efforts of the art. To meet the wishes of the audience for the continuity of better music, at least during the first part, was a grateful task to the committee, and it was promptly executed. Through this general and most unexpected recognition of the merit of classical composition, the solo artists exhibited themselves with unusual felicity; and rarely in any assembly have we heard the concertos of the first modern masters better performed or accompanied.

M. Charles Hallé performed Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, and that also in G, amidst the breathless interest of his auditory. The powerful, correct, and tasteful execution of this pianist in the concerted music of the solid German school, leaves nothing to be desired. Animated by the enthusiasm of the true artist, and cultivated to an extraordinary point of technical facility, he gives an effect to his readings of these admirable productions, which has hardly been reached by any artist since Mendelssohn. Hallé excels particularly in his playing with the orchestra. His fine tone, elegant phrasing, clear and distinct touch, and the art with which he distributes the light and shade of his solos, so as when necessary to throw the accompanying instruments into prominence, make him a most valuable exponent of the concertos of Beethoven. He is less successful in compositions of the new romantic or sprawling school of Liszt, Chopin, Heller, &c., which we have also heard him attempt; but in a solo sonata, or a classical concerto, the graceful talent of M. Hallé is rarely equalled. While he has been receiving the suffrages of the more cultivated listeners, a young lady performer, named Goddard, has carried off much applause through her fine touch, her neat and polished mechanism, and the promise which she gives of future excellence. Young as is Miss Goddard, scarcely any one has so well succeeded in public in the compositions of Thalberg; of whose style she has thoroughly conquered the peculiarities, though at present naturally deficient in the physical power which gives them their imposing effect and character.

Solo violin playing has been exhibited by Molique, Cooper, Sainton, and Blagrove, with a pleasant and

instructive contrast in the individuality of each player. Molique stands incomparably at the head of them as a musician. His concertos are constructed with elegance and regularity; the orchestral parts are put together with skill and judgment, and in the pleasing and often fanciful character of his solo passages he reminds the hearer of Hammel. Yet, as a performer, he possesses a certain hardness, and is deficient in breadth of style. We heard him play his concerto in A minor without being much touched by any beauties elicited from the principal instrument, though the orchestra often commanded admiration from the masterly handling which it displayed. The success of Molique in the classical track of composition is great, but in executing even his own music he leaves much to be desired.

Mendelssohn's violin concerto, a symphonic production on the model of Beethoven, was played by Mr. Cooper with that strength and brilliancy which won him on a previous occasion the plaudits of the Philharmonic audience. M. Sainton has attempted much of the music of Spohr, but in a style of exaggeration peculiar to himself, which effectually disguises and conceals the real meaning of the author. The best music, delivered with this excess of grotesque and florid sentimentality, degenerates into mere *fiddling*, and attains scarcely any higher interest than belongs to the display of the performer's mechanism. Blagrove, like our English Lindley, continues to maintain a high place among competitors for precedence in the solo, by the striking individuality of his tone, which is distinguished by a sweetness of quality scarcely attained by any performer in our experience. With this capacity to form a remarkable tone, which always strikes the hearer with pleasure, he has natural deficiencies to contend against—and notwithstanding the purity of his style, his playing is in general too phlegmatic and unimpassioned.

Of all the solo playing at the National Concerts, none perhaps deserves to be noticed in higher terms of praise than Piatti's exhibitions on the violoncello. Piatti seems gifted with every quality to form a great player. The variety of effects which

he draws from his instrument, and the equal manner in which he plays across the strings through the whole compass of the violoncello, exhibit the perfection of the artist, and we really think that nothing so finished has been heard since Paganini. Mr. Richardson, the flute-player, showed his crisp and rapid execution in Drouet's variations on *Ride Brilannia*. Such is an outline of the chief artistic displays which have given brilliancy to the programmes of the National Concerts, and enabled the public at large to form as just an idea of the latest advances in every branch of practical skill, as has hitherto been attainable only by Phil-harmonic audiences.

Mixed with selections of a kind which aroused the lighter feelings of curiosity, we had subjects of graver admiration, and the performances of the Berlin choir must be numbered among those most surprising and unexpected musical events which stamp an indelible impression on the memory. Such startling purity of combination coming suddenly upon us from a country which was never greatly esteemed for its singers, affords honourable testimony to the zeal and success with which vocal harmony is cultivated in Germany, and the occasion on which we first learned the powers and accomplishments of the Berlin choir will always remain an era in our experience. The first striking impression is the wonderful unity of their performance and the kindred quality of their tones, which seem to belong throughout to solo singers. That the boys in the highest soprano parts never get flat, and that the whole choir begin and leave off at the same pitch, though singing long and arduous pieces of unaccompanied ancient music, beset with discords and suspensions, trying to the best ear, is a fact for which the mere diligent practice of singing will scarcely account. For this the ear and the capacity of the voice must be fortified by the study of harmony and the practice of an instrument, and thus it is that these German singers have obtained their excellence. The power to dissect and analyse a composition enables each performer to regulate with exactitude his individual contribution to the general

effect. To hear the Berlin choir commence with precision, after a brief period of silence, a full harmonious chord in the most remote key from that which last struck the ear—as truly as an organ-player produces a fine and instantaneous harmonious combination from the swell and pedals of his instrument—is the more surprising, as the minute sounds of the fork which gives the pitch to the singers are quite unheard by the listeners. The effect of all this is as beautiful as it is new.

In contrast with the clear high pipes of the boys, who sing with an absence of effort which contributes greatly to the repose and enjoyment of the hearer, there are basses, who in the closes of the harmony give, *sotto voce*, the fine, grave effects of the pedal notes of an organ; singing down to double D and C sharp in tones of as much softness as volume. Nor are the tenors wanting in the finer qualities of expression, though German tenors have mostly a peculiarity in the formation of their tones which prevents their reaching the ideal of purity. The choir have, however, perfectly learned to swell and diminish their tones by degrees—an art much studied at Berlin, and exemplified to perfection by the dramatic orchestras of that city in accompanied recitative—their harmonies, consequently, being also nicely in tune, produce an exquisite effect. A part song by Mendelssohn, sung without the boys, almost suspended the breath of hearers by its delicious and melting harmony. The old music of the Venetian master, Lotti, and Mozart's *Ace verum*, formed noble specimens of the abilities of this choir, in whom, though we have a high opinion of the professional choristers of England, we have yet found something so superior, that their presence among us must tend to improve and elevate the general standard of choral singing.

Mr. Macfarren's cantata *The Sleeper Awakened*, is a sort of comic opera, without scenery, costume, or action. It is a work of some pretension and considerable merit, the long concerted pieces being put together with the skill of one well read in the great masters; and these full pieces are interspersed with pretty ballads,

which have been effectively sung by Mademoiselle Angri and Mr. Sims Reeves. This composition, however, has, we fear, not had that attraction for the public which will render it a remunerative speculation to the directors.

After the service towards legitimate and high art performed at the National Concerts, we regret to observe that the committee, who ought to have kept their plan as distinct as possible from that of M. Jullien, condescended to place themselves on a level with him, by engaging in a Quadrille of all Nations, with a chorus and three military bands. Labitzky is, however, a superior man in his way. The melodies of his waltzes are elegant, and his mode of instrumentation is masterly. The parts of his compositions are distributed with a very pleasing variety, and they are so subdued that in the largest orchestra the effect of music is produced without noise.

A new symphony by Spohr is the last great novelty at the National Concerts. We see in the selection of such compositions what it is that the committee desire to give; and acknowledging their intention to confer a benefit on the art by placing the public in a capacity to judge of the best things, feel that the interest of music itself is concerned in the remunerative character of their experiment. It would be gratifying to find that London afforded sufficient patronage to place upon a permanent footing a speculation so well begun and liberally carried out as the National Concerts. But we fear that the plan is too magnificent to last; for when it includes, not only an immense orchestra of our standard musical forces, but the importation of whole troops of foreign auxiliaries, the treasury becomes exhausted of sums equal to the cost of the most splendid dramatic pageant, with all its appurtenances, costume, scenery, &c. Our fears make us speak, though unwillingly, on this head. Whatever may be the final result of the undertaking, it has hitherto surprised and delighted us; and should its seasons be permanent, it will become an ornament as well as a benefit to the metropolis.

The commencement of a series of

concerts by the pupils of Mr. John Hullah's classes took place on Wednesday the 20th at St. Martin's Hall. The Mass in C of Beethoven opened the first concert, and considering the many difficulties, both of time and intonation, which abound in that choral work, the execution was highly creditable, and was in parts characterized by a precision beyond what we have hitherto observed in a chorus so numerous. We have no doubt, from the evident care and pains which have been bestowed in getting up this work—certainly, as a whole, the most genial and complete conception of the composer in sacred music—that this society will make the Mass in C their own. Nothing could be better than the choral rendering of the exquisitely poetical *Kyrie*; but it may be observed of the quartet of solo singers, that a more subdued and quiet delivery of their parts would have been more in keeping with the character of the composition, and have contributed to a completer blending of their voices when they sang together. The solos of a mass do not require the ostentatious tone of a grand air or scena, and this should be well considered by those to whom the parts are entrusted. Miss Birch, Mrs. Nohle, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. F. Rodda, supported the solos in other respects effectively. The *Gloria*, particularly, in the first part, was admirably performed; and the only parts of the Mass which left anything to be desired from the further practise of this interesting choral body, are certain passages in the fugue *Et vitam*, and from the 'Sanctus' to the end. The entrances of the chorus and solos are here so complicated with orchestral features as to render the perfect execution of the music very difficult of attainment from so numerous a body of performers. Every indication is given, however, of that final completeness in rendering this elaborate Mass which can only be expected from a body of singers who pursue their practise steadily together, and thus improve individually and collectively. Mr. Hullah's orchestra contains excellent players, particularly among the stringed instruments; but considering the numerous choir which he has collected, its proportions in modern symphonic

works will bear to be increased. The audience sat in silent amazement at the colossal ideas of Beethoven, and paid the highest tribute to his work in their respectful attention.

Handel's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*—or, rather, selections from the most favourite pieces of those works, introduced by one of the orchestral concertos of the composer, formed the secular division of the entertainment. We can hardly express the pleasure with which the revival of this forgotten novelty affected us, and every ear seemed to participate in the same feeling. This concerto was one in G, of which the prominent parts are for two violins and a violoncello, and it contains such passages of melody and powerfully marked character that no listener could remain insensible to its merit: independently of this, too, the *sol*i parts to the concerto being long disused in the modern style of works of that class—one instrument alone occupying attention—produced an impression most agreeably new and piquant. Mr. Blagrove played the principal violin with rare perfection: the tone, the purity of intonation, the smoothness, were not to be excelled; and in rendering the passages he showed the well-read musician in his appreciation of the qualities of the ancient style. Mr. Blagrove observed the excellent traditions of the Ancient Concerts in his manner of performing this music. It is of the highest importance to the art that they should be transmitted, both for the advantage of the rising generation of musicians and the education of the public taste. The effect of the *tutti* parts of this concerto, we think, would have been improved by a moderate employment of the organ, which was certainly used in the days of Handel to bind together and sustain the whole. And while on this subject we would observe, that the modern practice of giving Handel's recitative without any accompanying chords on a keyed instrument, as a substitute for the harpsichord, which was invariably used in his day, leaves the hearer in much doubt as to the progression of the modulation, and makes the performance of the singer bald and dry. The sprinkled arpeggios of chords in accompanied recitative are both elegant and useful;

they aid and support the voice, and they develop taste so exquisite in the inflections of the accompanist, that the greatest composers have accepted this office as one not ill-adapted to their position and their experience in the art of embellishing a melody. We should be glad to see a keyed instrument again employed in accompanying with the violoncello and contra basso.

Mr. Hullah's scheme in the proposed eight concerts, which will occupy his Society at monthly intervals during a great part of the next year, embraces much which claims for his undertaking a character of individuality and progress. We are to hear new works by a French composer named Gounod, and Purcell's *Dido and Æneas*,—which latter, with all the force the conductor will be enabled to bestow on the choruses, must certainly be an event most interesting to musicians, for the delightful character of that work has been well tested by them in private performance. Mr. Hullah thus occupies some of the ground relinquished by the late directors of the Ancient Concerts, while, being pledged to nothing more than good music, he has a freedom which they had not; for should any favourable novelty in the art spring up he may immediately occupy himself with it, without waiting twenty, or, perchance, fifty, years. We forget the precise period to which his predecessors restricted themselves before a composition was sufficiently flavoured with antiquity to be admissible in the Ancient Concerts; but while Mr. Hullah remains unfettered by the regulations of this once venerable and useful institution, he has also great advantages in variety of plan over both the Sacred Harmonic Societies. The progress of music has placed him in a very advantageous position for getting up fine musical entertainments, and he should be well supported by those who have hitherto encouraged his system of choral education. An effective body of choristers has been formed by it; they are directed with taste and energy, and are producing the good results of their industry and docility. It now remains only for the musical public at large to hear and judge of what has been done.

PROBABLY there is no single individual who, during the last fourteen years, has occupied so large a space in the thoughts of English folk as Charles Dickens. Not that these years have been by any means deficient in events. This time of profound peace (as it is officially designated) has seen many a contest fought out head to head, horn to horn, in the good old John Bull style. More than one combatant has distinguished himself from the herd, been hailed as veritable hero by all his brethren, *minus* one, and worshipped accordingly. During these fourteen years kings have been tumbled from their thrones and set up again, unless killed by the fall; ministers have been ousted and reinstalled; demagogues have been carried on the popular shoulders, and then trampled under the popular feet; innumerable reputations have flared up and gone out; but the name and fame of Charles Dickens have been exempt from all vicissitude. One might suppose him born to falsify all the common-places about the fickleness of public favour, to give the lie to all the proverbs, to destroy the resemblance of all the similes. In his case this same public favour is a tide that never ebbs, a moon that never wanes; his wheel of fortune has a spoke in it, and his *popularis aura* is a trade wind. Almost on his first appearance his own countrymen unanimously voted him a prophet, and have held by the doctrine with unrivalled devotion ever since. In every other subject men find matter for doubt, discussion, and quarrel; whether protection can be restored; whether corpses conduce to the health of congregations; whether man be what the Scotch folk call him—merely ‘mon,’ a curtailed monkey; whether Colonel Sibthorp’s beard be real; whether the Rev. R. Montgomery or Master J. Milton be the greater poet: everywhere the pugnacity natural to the human race finds room to join issue on.

And, specially confining ourselves to contemporary literature, we have heard men gravely doubt the philosophic depth of Bulwer, the perspicuity of Tennyson, the impartiality

of Macaulay, and the orthodoxy of Carlyle: Dickens only dwells in a little Goshen of his own, away from the shadow of criticism. The very mention of his ‘last number’ in any social gathering, is sure to be the signal for a chorus of eager admiration. Go where you will, it is the same. There is not a fireside in the kingdom where the cunning fellow has not contrived to secure a corner for himself as one of the dearest, and, by this time, one of the oldest friends of the family. In his company the country squire shakes his jolly sides, the City merchant smooths his care-wrinkled forehead—as he tells his tale to misses in their teens, mammas, grandmammas, and maiden aunts—God bless them all—their eyes glisten and flow over with the precious diamond-drops of sympathy. We have been told, that when *The Old Curiosity Shop* was drawing to a close, he received heaps of anonymous letters in female hands, imploring him ‘not to kill little Nell.’ The wretch ungallantly persisted in his murderous design, and those gentle readers only wept and forgave him.

How are we to account for this wide-spread popularity? Not because the author is faultless—he is too human for that; not because his plots are of absorbing interest—neither Shakespeare’s nor Scott’s are so; but because of his kindly, all-pervading charity, which would cover a multitude of failings, because of his genial humour and exquisite comprehension of the national character and manners, because of his tenderness, because of his purity, and, above all, because of his deep reverence for the household sanctities, his enthusiastic worship of the household gods.

By means of all these blandishments he has nestled close to our hearts, and most men would as soon think of dissecting a first cousin as of criticizing Charles Dickens. Moreover, he is so thoroughly English, and is now part and parcel of that mighty aggregate of national fame which we feel bound to defend on all points against every attack. Upon our every-day language his influence has been immense—for better or

worse. We began by using *Wellerisms* and *Gampisms* in fun, till they have got blended insensibly with our stock of conversational phrases; and now in our most serious moments we talk *slang* unwittingly, to the great disgust of the old school, who complain that, instead of seeking the 'well of English undefiled' by Twickenham, we draw at haphazard from the muddy stream that has washed Mile End.

The truth is that people, as soon as they *have done growing*, set up for language, as for everything else, a fixed standard of perfection, and stigmatize all deviation by the name of corruption. Whereas in reality, fixity of phrasology would argue stagnation of thought. On the other hand, the increase of the national vocabulary may be regarded as a tolerably exact measure of the development of the national intelligence. Look at America. What a vast number of strange words and phrases have been coined, as exponents of strange things and strange doings! These again, by means of steam-presses and steam-ships, have been familiarized to England and her colonies, and, in spite of all purists, indissolubly amalgamated with the common mother-speech. A legion of academicians could not prevent it. By virtue of a law, as certain as the laws of physical motion or chemical combination, the slang of one age becomes the serious phrasology of the next. We have nothing for it but to submit, and talk like the rest of the world. After all, much that the purists censure as barbarism is nothing but genuine Saxon, which has been current by immemorial tradition in province or metropolis, and which is now once more introduced to polite life, its respectability being vouched for by a popular author or 'a good story.' Pantagruel, Sancho Panza, and Falstaff, are as guilty in their way as Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp; and for Dickens it may be said, to his eternal honour, that if he has corrupted our tongue ever so much, his whole efforts have been directed to purify our hearts.

The time will come when 'The Life of Charles Dickens' (in half-a-dozen volumes), will take its place beside the lives of Samuel Johnson and Walter Scott, when the curious public will be able to ascertain *what*

and *whom* he had to dinner on any given day (say the 1st of December, 1850), with all manner of statistics respecting the Lion's private life. Meanwhile we must be content with such scanty and scattered notices as he has given of himself in the prefaces to his various books, especially those prefixed to the recent cheap editions, which, from their unaffected modesty and exquisitely polished style, are among the most charming of his productions. They show that the author, while proud of his success, has not been spoilt by it. The blaze of triumph has not dazzled him.

We are not going to quote largely from what must be familiar to almost all our readers. We give only one passage from the preface to the last edition of *Pickwick*, which narrates the real origin of that 'world-famous' book:—

I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend, Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers; then only known to me, or I believe to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life.

When I opened my door in Farnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by the bye—how well I recollect it—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen, and so fell to business.

This auspicious bargain was struck in 1835. Before the close of the

following year 'Boz' was one of the most famous names in England. The young author had sprung at one bound over the heads of his elder rivals. He had penetrated into the very heart of public opinion, and carried it by storm before the advanced forts of criticism had had time to open their fire upon him. And so, when they did fire, it was only to hail the conqueror with a salvo of applause. For, if possession is nine-tenths of the law, it is all in all of the battle.

But a truce to these warlike metaphors, which cannot without force be applied to one who has done more, we verily believe, for the promotion of peace and goodwill between man and man, class and class, nation and nation, than all the congresses under the sun. One good joke and one general laugh melts reserve into hilarity, and converts the stiffest company into a set of 'jolly good fellows.' Boz, and men like Boz, are the true humanizers, and therefore the true pacificators, of the world. They sweep away the prejudices of class and caste, and disclose the common ground of humanity which lies beneath factitious, social, and national systems. They introduce the peasantry to the peerage, the grinder at the mill to the millionaire who owns the grist. They make John, Jean, and Jonathan, shake hands over the same board—which is not a board of green cloth by any means. Sam Weller, we suppose, made old England more 'merrie' than it had ever been since Falstaff drank, and roared, and punned, at the Globe Theatre. In the interval Britannia had grown haggard and sad, and worn with the double duty of taking care of the pence and providing sops for her lion to keep him couchant; and now, once more, the old lady laughed till the tears ran down her wrinkles. It has done her a world of good. La Belle France, too, who is somewhat chary of her applause, has condescended to pronounce Boz *un gentil enfant*; and Germania has learnt some things from him which were not dreamed of in her philosophy. For his fun is not mere fun. Had it been so we should have tired of it long ago. Deep truths are hidden, scarcely hidden, beneath. Bacchus and his rout would soon have palled

on the taste of old Hellas, but for the mystic and solemn meanings that lurked beneath the external riot. The baskets, carried aloft, to all appearance filled only with 'various leaves,' contained in reality the sacred symbols of eternal verities. The mask grinned grotesquely, but you felt that grave, earnest eyes were watching you from behind it. So our sly philosopher dresses himself in motley to attract grown-up children to his chair. All experience, as embodied in a host of proverbs—those axioms of life—attests the wisdom of such a course. The preacher is left alone in the desert, while a sunset thrown in the street gathers a crowd at once. And if the mountebank cares to seize the opportunity, he can make the spectators auditors. Or, again, the lips of the chalice may be smeared with honey, though there is salutary absinthe in the draught.

And now that we are on classic ground, indulge us, gentle reader, in one more old saw (hacked though it be) for the sake of the modern instance, and instead of 'Horatius Flaccus,' please to read 'Charles Dickens.'

*Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit et admissus circum precordia ludit.*

So wily Horace, while he strove to mend, Probed every foible of his laughing friend, Played lightly round and round the peccant part,

And won unfelt an entrance to his heart.

We have read *Pickwick* many times over, each time with increased pleasure. Nevertheless, in these reperusals we cannot fail to be made aware of certain defects which escape notice in the tumultuous applause of a first reception. The most notable of these defects is the change which takes place in the character of Mr. Pickwick and his friends, who from being at first purely ridiculous come in the end to be objects of our affectionate sympathy and admiration. The author has himself noticed this change in his recent preface:—

I do not think this change will appear forced or unnatural to my readers if they will reflect, that in real life the peculiarities and oddities of a man, who has anything whimsical about him, generally impress us first; and that it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look below these super-

ficial traits, and to know the better part of him.

The apology is, certainly, ingenious; but it is one which can only be pleaded in mitigation. The author of a book, the creator of the characters, is not supposed to be as unacquainted with them as his readers. Doubtless in this case the author grew fond of his imaginary people as he went on, and felt, moreover, that by taking a more serious tone he could excite a deeper interest in their fortunes. And he was quite right to make the change. 'Twenty numbers of burlesque would have been intolerable. Yet the *artistic ensemble* of the book is damaged thereby. The fault lies with the mode of publication—fractional and periodical; for thus the author has no opportunity of revising his work as a whole, of correcting mistakes, and producing uniformity of tone. This is the great disadvantage of publishing a tale by instalments, though the plan may be very successful in the *£. s. d.* point of view, inasmuch as many people can afford twenty shillings who will not part with a sovereign. It would be well if the writer were to abstain from publishing any portion till he had written the whole. But then these authors are always lazy, and rarely work without the devil at their elbow, waiting for—copy. Again, the eluh disappears entirely in the course of the story. All the better. Mr. Blotton, of Aldgate, was no fit associate for Mr. Pickwick. The 'Theory of Tittlebats is also unworthy of the Hon. Gent. The story of 'Bill Stumps, his Mark,' is obviously borrowed from 'Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle' in the *Antiquary*—the plagiarism of a plagiarism. Moreover, those doleful tales, entitled 'The Queer Client' and the 'Madman's Manuscript,' are out of keeping with the rest of the book. They remind one of the nightmares which occasionally inter punctuate the festivities of the Christmas week. After all, these are but spees on the sun.

Next came *Nicholas Nickleby*, which on the whole satisfied the popular expectation, though one missed the exuberant hilarity of *Pickwick*. Mrs. Nickleby and the theatrical people seem to have made the deepest impression. The hero—

and what a name for a hero!—is a mere walking gentleman. Many of the characters—Smike and old Nickleby, for instance—are distorted out of all human compass. Arthur Gride was a second edition of *Trap-boys* in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. Unfortunately, too, about this time, the young author seems to have conceived a notion that it was his mission to exterminate special abuses, and he went about the task with a zeal worthy of a Paladin or Hercules himself. This time he fixed on the cheap Yorkshire schools, which in real truth are by no means the hells of brimstone-and-treacle which he represented them to be. In those remote uplands twenty pounds a-year goes a great deal farther than in the populous districts, and will keep a boy well in corduroy dittos and cold mutton. One of the most famous of the schoolmasters thereabouts was unlucky enough to have only one eye, and a monosyllabic name beginning with S.; so that he was immediately dubbed Squeers, and his 'establishment for young gentlemen' Dotheboys Hall. The poor man's occupation was goue, and the distress of mind consequent thereon was said to have shortened his nights and, ultimately, his days.

In the next novel, *Oliver Twist*, the monster marked out for attack was the New Poor Law. This ulterior object was so apparent, that the effect of the tale was in some degree marred. On the other hand, the fun of the tale diverted people from its serious object; and we are not sure even that the purpose was right. At all events the design failed; and the author, thenceforward, instead of framing his story to suit a moral, framed it to suit nature, and left the moral to shift for itself; which is a much more truthful, pleasant, and profitable method. Besides, these sweeping attacks are seldom wholly just or well-aimed. The reckless spirit of knight-errantry is prone to mistake windmills for giants.

Oliver Twist is the only novel in which one can trace any resemblance between Dickens and Ainsworth. Bill Sykes, and Fagin, and Nancy, might have been creations of the latter. The Artful Dodger, however, is a 'kinchin' of Dickens's own brain.

Master Humphrey's Clock appeared in a new form, and at weekly instead of monthly intervals. Mr. Pickwick and the Wellers were resuscitated without much success. But the machinery of the clock was soon found to be as cumbrous as that of the club, and discarded accordingly. The *Old Curiosity Shop*, with Dick Swiveller to laugh at, Quilp to hate, and little Nell to love, made amends for all. Only Tom Moore has cause to complain, that after Mr. Swiveller's misquotations his melodies can never be taken *au sérieux* again.

Barnaby Rudge had been advertised to appear years before as a romance in three volumes, under the name of 'Gabriel Varden.' Perhaps it was in part composed before *Pickwick*. A *Scottish* influence is palpable throughout. The opening scene, for example, at the village inn, reminds one of *Kenilworth*; the assault on Newgate smacks strongly of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. The Raven, we are informed, was taken from the life,—a favourite pet of the author's having kindly sat for the portrait. We have heard that one of his friends, an indifferent punster, observed on some social occasion that Dickens was raven-mad; the only foundation for a story generally current about that time, that he was *raving-mad*,—he being all the while as sane as ever, that is, as nearly allied to sanity as a 'great wit' can be.

About this time Dickens made an expedition to America. There he was received as if he had been a sovereign or a soprano; fêted, fêted, banqueted, and bored to death. On his return he wrote the *American Notes*, which, though conceived generally in a kindly spirit, grievously disappointed the expectations of our Transatlantic brothers. The rage they manifested throws some doubt on the genuineness of their hospitality. They had counted on praise for their pudding. The quiet banter to which we in England had been long ago accustomed was incomprehensible to them. There was one passage, especially, about a drove of pigs which Charles Dickens met on the road, which excited their ire amazingly. That matter-of-fact people cannot understand a joke, and persisted in fixing upon the unconscious author

some *arrière pensée*. Another chapter about the slave-trade was peculiarly *iriling*, since it consisted chiefly of extracts from their own newspapers and indisputable facts. Let an American be the strongest possible abolitionist at home, he is always prepared to defend slavery against all attacks from without.

We will venture to say, that none of the multifarious criminals who have fled for refuge to the bosom of the Republic, ever deserved a tenth part of the abuse that was lavished on Dickens. One of our friends happened to be at a theatre at Boston, and witnessed a travesty of *Macbeth*. Into the witches' caldron were thrown all the most useless things on earth—Pennsylvanian bonds, Mexican rifles, &c. &c. Finally, as a *ne plus ultra*, was consigned to the infernal flame 'Dickens's last new work,' amid the applausive laughter of the happy gods.

This unmerited abuse put our author on his mettle. So he laid the scene of his next novel, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, partly in America, in order to show that sensitive young people what he *could* say of them when no friendly recollections bound him to reticence. The exasperation, of course, increased tenfold; and if we may judge from the sentiments of casual 'statesmen,' still continues unabated. We have heard more than one apathetic-looking stranger express a savage desire to 'lick' him the next opportunity. On the former occasion they only licked his shoes. But, we suppose Dickens would no more dream of showing himself in Broadway, than Haynau of revisiting London.

Mrs. Gamp, the virtual heroine of this tale, achieved a tremendous success. The United Kingdom pealed and repeated with laughter, though we suspect that the mothers of England looked upon a monthly nurse as too sacred a character to be jested with. Mrs. Harris was a glorious creation, or rather conception. Only the numerous and respectable persons who bear that name must feel themselves aggrieved, for their very existence is now made a matter of doubt. By one breath of the magician the solid flesh-and-blood of all the Harries has been volatilized into a hypothetical phantom.

Talking of phantoms brings us to the Winter Tales, now five in all—the *Carol*, the *Chimes*, the *Cricket*, the *Battle of Life*, and the *Haunted Man*. One might have expected that, *à propos* of this genial season, this time of immemorial saturnalia, we should have been treated to a duodecimo of pure fun, and riot, and frolic, like *Blindman's-buff*, or *Hunt-the-slipper*. The reverse, however, is the case; in spite of a few comic touches, the tone of these tales is sad and solemn. They seem to have been inspired by the night-winds wailing without, and not at all by the Yule-logs roaring within. In consequence, these tales are the least popular of all his works. Besides, the metaphysics and the ghosts do not harmonizè. There is a natural antipathy between the two. They cannot be co-existent. Each class feels itself to be an anachronism in the presence of the other. We cannot conceive Aristotle or Archbishop Whately being haunted. Therefore, in this false position, the metaphysics grow hazy, and the ghosts prosy; which, indeed, ghosts are always apt to be. *Darins*, and *Hamlet* the elder, and the *White Lady*, were obviously, none of them, on speaking terms with *the soul of wit*.

Dickens's ghosts, however, are animated by the best motives, and come from below to enforce the angels' message—Peace and goodwill. He who lies awake of a winter's night to listen to the music of these chimes will rise in the morning, if a sadder, yet a wiser and better man. They ring, as Tennyson would have his Christmas Bells ring,—

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress for all mankind.

* * * * *
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

May the time come—we trust that it is even now coming—when a peal like this shall ring out from every town, every village, and every lonely upland church, frightening away, as of old, the evil spirits from men's souls! Let the night-winds howl never so loud, or the earth be muffled never so deep with snow, that chime shall be heard by all with the mind's ear, and the burden of the music shall be, Peace and Goodwill, Goodwill and Peace—the old words still.

While upon the subject of the minor works we ought not to omit all mention of the *Pictures from Italy*, which was the result of a Continental tour, and, we have no doubt, paid the expenses of the same. Like all that has ever come from that pen, it is pleasant, amiable, and readable; but still we are of opinion that such success as it had was due rather to the established reputation of the author than to the intrinsic merits of the book. Italy, 'cradle of the arts,' and all the rest that Corinne says it is, might be covered throughout its length and breadth with the sheets which have been written and printed about it during the present century. We have had Classical Tours, Artistic Tours, Mediæval-antiquities-and-Machicolated-battlements Tours,—all more or less dull and valuable. There is still room for a Manners-and-customs-of-the-lower-orders Tour, such as we expected, and did not find, in Mrs. Stisted's *Highways and Byeways*. Now Dickens, we should suppose, is not profoundly versed either in old Latin or modern Italian, and he is too honest to pretend it; he has nosterling knowledge of art, and despises the spurious cant of connoisseurship, so his observation was necessarily confined to the *still life* of Italy; and his 'Pictures' are mere flower and fruit pieces, pretty enough in their way, but far inferior to those larger 'Pictures from England,' which are executed with all the humour of

Ward, the pathos of Redgrave, and the brilliance of Mnlready. To them we return with a feeling of pleasure, akin to the pleasure of coming home.

Dombey and Son has been out so long that everybody must have read it, and so lately that nobody can have forgotten it. We therefore pass over it, not without a tearful glance at little Paul's coffin, and a smile of recognition for Toots and Captain Cattle; and proceed to the examination of our new friend, *David Copperfield*, who, after many trials, was at length happily settled for life on the 31st of October. This, the last, is, in our opinion, the best of all the author's fictions. The plot is better contrived, and the interest more sustained, than in any other. Here there is no sickly sentiment, no prolix description, and scarcely a trace of exaggerated passion. The author's taste has become gradually more and more refined; his style has got to be more easy, graceful, and natural. The principal groups are delineated as carefully as ever; but instead of the elaborate Dutch painting to which we had been accustomed in his backgrounds and accessories, we have now a single vigorous touch here and there, which is far more artistic and far more effective. His winds do not howl, nor his seas roar through whole chapters, as formerly; he has become better acquainted with his readers, and ventures to leave more to their imagination. This is the first time that the hero has been made to tell his own story,—a plan which generally ensures something like epic unity for the tale. We have several reasons for suspecting that, here and there, under the name of David Copperfield, we have been favoured with passages from the personal history, adventures, and experience, of Charles Dickens. Indeed, this conclusion is in a manner forced upon us by the peculiar professions selected for the ideal character, who is first a newspaper reporter and then a famous novelist. There is, moreover, an air of reality pervading the whole book, to a degree never attained in any of his previous works, and which cannot be entirely attributed to the mere form of narration.† We will extract one of the passages which seem most unquestionably autobiographical, and

which have, therefore, a double interest for the reader (the 'book,' in all probability, was *Pickwick*):—

I laboured hard at my book, without allowing it to interfere with the punctual discharge of my newspaper duties; and it came out and was very successful. I was not stunned by the praise which sounded in my ears, notwithstanding that I was keenly alive to it, and thought better of my own performance, I have little doubt, than anybody else did. It has always been in my observation of human nature, that a man who has any good reason to believe in himself never flourishes himself before the faces of other people in order that they may believe in him. For this reason, I retained my modesty in very self-respect; and the more praise I got, the more I tried to deserve.

It is not my purpose, in this record, though in all other essentials it is my written memory, to pursue the history of my own fictions. They express themselves, and I leave them to themselves. When I refer to them, incidentally, it is only as a part of my progress.

Having some foundation for believing, by this time, that nature and accident had made me an author, I pursued my vocation with confidence. Without such assurance I should certainly have left it alone, and bestowed my energy on some other endeavour. I should have tried to find out what nature and accident really had made me, and to be that, and nothing else.

I had been writing, in the newspaper and elsewhere, so prosperously, that when my new success was achieved I considered myself reasonably entitled to escape from the dreary debates. One joyful night, therefore, I noted down the music of the parliamentary bagpipes for the last time, and I have never heard it since; though I still recognize the old drone in the newspapers, without any substantial variation (except, perhaps, that there is more of it), all the livelong session.

David Copperfield the Younger was born at Blunderstone, near Yarmouth—there is really a village of that name. We do not know whether Charles Dickens was born there too; at all events, the number and minuteness of the local details indicate an intimate knowledge of, and fondness for, Yarmouth and its neighbourhood—which are anything but charming at first sight, or on a slight acquaintance. We have reason, however, to believe that the sons of the land are as honest and true-hearted Englishmen as you will find

anywhere. We are indebted to one of them for the information that the local details in *Copperfield* are singularly accurate, only in one place he says 'the sands' where he ought, in Yarmouth phrase, to have said 'the deens.' Our friend also says that he has detected many Norfolk provincialisms in Dickens; for instance, he talks of 'standing anything up,' where in current English one says 'setting' or 'placing.' Our author probably uses such phrases wittingly, in order to recommend them for general adoption.

Dickens is always great on the subject of childhood—that sunny time, as it is conventionally called, but which, as Dickens represents it, and as we recollect it, is somewhat showery withal. Little David is quite as successful a portrait as little Paul. Who cannot confirm, from his own earliest recollections, the exquisite truth of the following passage?—

There is nothing half so green that I know anywhere, as the grass of that churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it; and I see the red light shining on the sun-dial, and think within myself, 'Is the sun-dial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time again?'

Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and is seen many times during the morning's service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and he makes faces at me. I look at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but muttoun—half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me

then? I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain; and if so, how he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit; and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up; and, from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty.

And now I see the outside of our house, with the latticed bedroom-windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling air, and the ragged old rooks'-nests still dangling in the elm-trees at the bottom of the front garden. Now I am in the garden at the back, beyond the yard where the empty pigeon-house and dog-kennel are—a very preserve of butterflies, as I remember it, with a high fence, and a gate and padlock; where the fruit clusters on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since, in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing in the winter twilight, daucing about the parlour. When my mother is out of breath, and rests herself in an elbow-chair, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straitening her waist, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty.

On the whole, these early numbers, for their freshness of tone, their naturalness, and their quiet pathos, are perhaps superior to all the rest. One is tempted to make in favour of Dickens's fictitious children the wish which in our own childhood we fondly expressed in reference to kittens and lambs, namely, that they might never grow up into cats and sheep respectively. *Diis aliter visum.*

Further on, how well the petty tyrannies and manifold meannesses of Salem House are contrasted with the mild and manly régime of Dr. Strong!—a broad hint 'to parents

and guardians,' who turn away from the good old grammar-schools, with their endowed masters (endowed in more senses than one), and send their children and wards to some ignorant charlatan, who by dint of shameless puffing induces a gullible public to try his newly-invented hotbed for young minds. We should like to send those schoolmasters abroad.

Miss Trotwood, the kind-hearted ogress of an aunt, *fortiter in modo, suaviter in re*, is excellent throughout, though her admiration for Mr. Dick passes the bounds of probability. About the husband, too, there is a mystery ending in nothing. The Micawbers, both Mr. and Mrs., are glorious, with their long speeches, reckless improvidence, everlasting troubles, and hearty appetites; they must be of Irish extraction, though the author does not say so.¹ We never read anything more deliciously absurd, more exquisitely ludicrous, than the following:—

'We all came back again,' replied Mrs. Micawber. 'Since then, I have consulted other branches of my family on the course which it is most expedient for Mr. Micawber to take; for I maintain that he must take some course, Master Copperfield,' said Mrs. Micawber, argumentatively. 'It is clear that a family of six, not including a domestic, cannot live upon air.'

'Certainly, ma'am,' said I.

'The opinion of those other branches of my family,' pursued Mrs. Micawber, 'is, that Mr. Micawber should immediately turn his attention to coals.'

'To what, ma'am?'

'To coals,' said Mrs. Micawber. 'To the coal trade. Mr. Micawber was induced to think, on inquiry, that there might be an opening for a man of his talent in the Medway Coal Trade. Then, as Mr. Micawber very properly said, the first step to be taken clearly was, to come and see the Medway. Which we came and saw. I say 'we,' Master Copperfield; for I never will,' said Mrs. Micawber, with emotion, 'I never will desert Mr. Micawber.'

I murmured my admiration and approbation.

'We came,' repeated Mrs. Micawber, 'and saw the Medway. My opinion of the coal trade on that river is, that it may require talent, but that it certainly requires capital. Talent, Mr. Micawber has; capital, Mr. Micawber has not. We saw, I think, the greater part of the Medway; and that is my individual conclusion. Being so near here, Mr. Mi-

cawber was of opinion that it would be rash not to come on, and see the Cathedral. Firstly, on account of its being so well worth seeing, and our never having seen it; and, secondly, on account of the great probability of something turning up in a cathedral town. We have been here,' said Mrs. Micawber, 'three days. Nothing has, as yet, turned up; and it may not surprise you, my dear Master Copperfield, so much as it would a stranger, to know that we are at present waiting for a remittance from London to discharge our pecuniary obligations at the hotel. Until the arrival of that remittance,' said Mrs. Micawber, with much feeling, 'I am cut off from my home (I allude to lodgings in Pentonville), from my boy and girl, and from my twins.'

One of the finest passages to be found in this, or indeed any, book, is that description of the storm at Yarmouth, which flings the dead body of the seducer on the shore, to lie amid the wrecks of the home he had desolated. The power of the artist impresses such an air of reality upon it all, that we do not think of questioning the probability of such poetical justice.

We have said that in *David Copperfield* there was scarcely a trace of exaggerated passion. But for Rosa Dartle, we should have said there was no trace. Her character we must think unnatural, and her conduct melodramatic. A wound, even on a woman's cheek, inflicted by a child in a fit of passion, is not a sufficient cause to turn all the tenderness of that woman's nature to bitterness.² It is impossible that any woman could have behaved as she did when David brought to Mrs. Steerforth the news of her only son's death:—

'Rosa!' said Mrs. Steerforth, 'come to me!'

She came, but with no sympathy or gentleness. Her eyes gleamed like fire as she confronted his mother, and broke into a frightful laugh.

'Now,' she said, 'is your pride appeased, you madwoman? Now has he made atonement to you—with his life! Do you bear?—His life!'

Mrs. Steerforth, fallen back stiffly in her chair, and making no sound but a moan, cast her eyes upon her with a wide stare.

'Ay!' cried Rosa, smiting herself passionately on the breast, 'look at me! Moan, and groan, and look at me! Look here!' striking the scar, 'at your dead child's handy-work!'

The moan the mother uttered, from time to time, went to my heart. Always the same. Always inarticulate and stifled. Always accompanied with an incapable motion of the head, but with no change of face. Always proceeding from a rigid mouth and closed teeth, as if the jaw were locked and the face frozen up in pain.

'Do you remember when he did this?' she proceeded. 'Do you remember when, in his inheritance of your nature, and in your pampering of his pride and passion, he did this, and disgraced me for life? Look at me, marked until I die with his high displeasure; and moan and groan for what you made him!'

'Miss Dartle,' I entreated her. 'For Heaven's sake——'

'I will speak!' she said, turning on me with her lightning eyes. 'Be silent, you! Look at me, I say, proud mother of a proud false son! Moan for your nurture of him, moan for your corruption of him, moan for your loss of him, moan for mine!'

She clenched her hand, and trembled through her spare, worn figure, as if her passion were killing her by inches.

'You, resent his selfwill!' she exclaimed. 'You, injured by his haughty temper! You, who opposed to both, when your hair was grey, the qualities which made both when you gave him birth! You, who from his cradle reared him to be what he was, and stunted what he should have been! Are you rewarded, now, for your years of trouble?'

'O Miss Dartle, shame! O cruel!'

'I tell you,' she returned, 'I will speak to her. No power on earth should stop me, while I was standing here! Have I been silent all these years, and shall I not speak now? I loved him better than you ever loved him!' turning on her fiercely. 'I could have loved him, and asked no return. If I had been his wife, I could have been the slave of his caprices for a word of love a-year. I should have been. Who knows it better than I? You were exacting, proud, punctilious, selfish. My love would have been devoted—would have trod your paltry whimpering under foot!'

With flashing eyes, she stamped upon the ground as if she actually did it.

And so she continues for a page more, with still increasing violence. Similarly, that scene where she seeks out the poor unfortunate Emily, to trample upon and triumph over her, shocks us by its unfeminine violence. Even were such a scene ever so natural, ever so probable, it would be wearisome from its length. Whatever conveys to the reader's mind

unmingled pain and horror, should be dispatched as quickly and as lightly as possible, not dwelt upon. Rosa Dartle is not a being cast in the same mould of humanity as those around her; and she destroys the harmony of the picture. Such a character is as incongruous and out of place as one of the tragedy queens from a minor theatre would be parading the Strand in full costume in common daylight. Fortunately Miss Dartle is not one of the most prominent characters, and only parades a back street, not the main thoroughfare, of the story. Mrs. Dombey, in the former tale, was a blemish of the same kind, only more conspicuous. We hope the genus is becoming extinct, and that the next fictitious world of our author's creation will contain only the familiar animals, and be free from the visitations of any similar Mastodon. Such creatures are common in the Radcliffian formations. If resuscitated in our era, they can be nothing but galvanized fossils, salient anachronisms, frightful to all men.

This last paragraph of ours, which began in English, has slid somehow into Carlyle; which brings us to the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* in general, and No. II. in particular—that on Model Prisons—which has an immediate connexion with our present subject, inasmuch as our author has consigned his two villains-in-chief, Heep and Littimer, to one of these establishments, with the double purpose of punishing the former and satirizing the latter. Fourteen years ago he exposed (by means of the resolute Pickwick) our system, if system it could be called, of Imprisonment for Debt; now he assails our system, systematized to the last degree, of Imprisonment for Crime. Then, we left our debtors to rot unheeded, as if they had been the most hopeless of criminals; now, we cherish the malefactors, as if they had been the benefactors, of society. Then, we persecuted Misfortune, now, we pamper Vice. We have rushed from extreme to extreme, missing in our haste that most precious of all things, the golden mean. Our Humanity has sickened, died, and been corrupted into Humanitarianism. We admit that the error is not wilful, nay, that it may arise

from the kindest and noblest motives; but for all that, the actual damage inflicted on society may be, we believe *is*, great. Our kind and noble-hearted pilots, being not over-skilled in navigation, in their fear that the ship might strike upon Scylla, have put her head round and run her into Charybdis; which notable whirlpool swallows up a vast amount of the crew's bread and other stores, without much chance of our being able to find them after any assignable number of days.

Let us hear Carlyle's description of a model prison, as given in No. II. the pamphlet before alluded to:—

Several months ago, some friends took me with them to see one of the London Prisons; a Prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings; cut out, girt with a high ring-wall, from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some Thousand or Twelve-hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings, within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments, sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts or special and private; excellent all, the *ne-plus-ultra* of human care and ingenuity; in my life I never saw so clean a building; probably no Duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness.

The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking-places, we tasted; found them of excellence superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work, picking oakum, and the like, in airy apartments with glass-roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs: others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean flagged courts: methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort reigned everywhere supreme. The women in other apartments, some notable murderesses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing: in long ranges of washhouses, drying-houses, and whatever pertains to the getting up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us; and

we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to 'cherish their vanity,' when visitors looked at them. Schools too were there; intelligent teachers of both sexes, studiously instructing the still ignorant of those thieves.

Now let us hear Dickens, who follows as junior on the same side. (We ought to premise, for the benefit of those who have not yet read *Copperfield*, if such there be, that Mr. Creakle was the tyrannous school-master who nearly bullied little David's incipient manliness out of him, and is a Middlesex magistrate, and leading Humanitarian. Not that the Humanitarians are all Creakles, by any means.)

As we were going through some of the magnificent passages, I inquired of Mr. Creakle and his friends what were supposed to be the main advantages of this all-governing and universally over-riding system? I found them to be the perfect isolation of prisoners—so that no one man in confinement there knew anything about another; and the reduction of prisoners to a wholesome state of mind, leading to sincere contrition and repentance.

Now, it struck me, when we began to visit individuals in their cells, and to traverse the passages in which those cells were, and to have the manner of the going to chapel and so forth, explained to us, that there was a strong probability of the prisoners knowing a good deal about each other, and of their carrying on a pretty complete system of intercourse. This, at the time I write, has been proved, I believe, to be the case; but, as it would have been flat blasphemy against the system to have hinted such a doubt then, I looked out for the penitence as diligently as I could.

And here, again, I had great misgivings. I found as prevalent a fashion in the form of the penitence, as I had left outside in the forms of the coats and waistcoats in the windows of the tailors' shops. I found a vast amount of profession, varying very little in character: varying very little (which I thought exceedingly suspicious), even in words. I found a great many foxes, disparaging whole vineyards of inaccessible grapes; but I found very few foxes whom I would have trusted within reach of a bunch. Above all, I found that the most professing men were the greatest objects of interest; and that their conceit, their vanity, their want of excitement, and their love of deception (which many of them possessed to an almost incredible extent, as their histories showed), all

prompted to these professions, and were all gratified by them.

However, I heard so repeatedly, in the course of our goings to and fro, of a certain Number Twenty-Seven, who was the favourite, and who really appeared to be a Model Prisoner, that I resolved to suspend my judgment until I should see Twenty-Seven. Twenty-Eight, I understood, was also a bright particular star; but it was his misfortune to have his glory a little dimmed by the extraordinary lustre of Twenty-Seven. I heard so much of Twenty-Seven, of his pious admonitions to everybody around him, and of the beautiful letters he constantly wrote to his mother (whom he seemed to consider in a very bad way), that I became quite impatient to see him.

I had to restrain my impatience for some time, on account of Twenty-Seven being reserved for a concluding effect. But at last we came to the door of his cell; and Mr. Creakle, looking through a little hole in it, reported to us, in a state of the greatest admiration, that he was reading a bymu-book.

There was such a rush of heads immediately to see Number Twenty-Seven reading his hymn-book, that the little hole was blocked up, six or seven heads deep. To remedy this inconvenience, and give us an opportunity of conversing with Twenty-Seven in all his purity, Mr. Creakle directed the door of the cell to be unlocked, and Twenty-Seven to be invited out into the passage. This was done; and whom should Traddles and I then behold, to our amazement, in this converted Number Twenty-Seven, but Uriah Heep!

He knew us directly; and said, as he came out, with the old writhe,—

‘How do you do, Mr. Copperfield? How do you do, Mr. Traddles?’

This recognition caused a general admiration in the party. I rather thought that every one was struck by his not being proud, and taking notice of us.

‘Well, Twenty-Seven,’ said Mr. Creakle, mournfully admiring him, ‘how do you find yourself to-day?’

‘I am very umble, sir,’ replied Uriah Heep.

‘You are always so, Twenty-Seven,’ said Mr. Creakle.

Here another gentleman asked, with extreme anxiety,—

‘Are you quite comfortable?’

‘Yes, I thank you, sir,’ said Uriah Heep, looking in that direction. ‘Far more comfortable here, than ever I was outside. I see my follies now, sir. That’s what makes me comfortable.’

Several gentlemen were much affected; and a third questioner, forcing himself to

the front, inquired with extreme feeling, ‘How do you find the beef?’

‘Thank you sir,’ replied Uriah, glancing in the new direction of this voice, ‘it was tougher yesterday than I could wish, but it’s my duty to bear. I have committed follies, gentlemen,’ said Uriah, looking round with a meek smile, ‘and I ought to bear the consequences without repining.’

A murmur, partly of gratification at Twenty-Seven’s celestial state of mind, and partly of indignation against the contractor who had given him any cause of complaint (a note of which was immediately made by Mr. Creakle), having subsided, Twenty-Seven stood in the midst of us, as if he felt himself the principal object of merit in a highly meritorious museum.

The inference at which Dickens hints is identical with that which Carlyle draws; that is to say, an entire condemnation of the whole system. When from points of view so widely different two independent observers have come to the same conclusion, we have the strongest presumption that the said conclusion is right. When a fortress, or bastille, is attacked by strong bodies from opposite quarters at the same time, the said fortress, or bastille, is in imminent danger. If the garrison do not forthwith bring some cogent arguments, or some practical proofs to bear upon the foe, their cause is lost.

The coincidence of opinion between the two authors is the more remarkable, as they are probably divided in opinion upon every other subject, secular or sacred. We even remember a passage in *Dombey and Son* which looks like an overt declaration of war against the great priest of Hero-worship.

However this may be, it is certain that no one has been more instrumental than Dickens in fostering that spirit of kindly charity which impels a man to do what he can, however narrow his sphere of action may be, to relieve the sufferings and to instruct the ignorance of his brethren; while Carlyle, on the other hand, treats all such efforts with lofty disdain, and would call them mere attempts to tap an ocean by gimlet-holes, or some such disparaging metaphor. But that is neither here nor there. What we are concerned with just now is, that we

have two men, shrewd observers both, who, starting from the opposite poles of opinion, have for once coincided on a practical question. Fortunately both these gentlemen have front seats on the platform, and are sure of a hearing; we in the body of the room, though sorely incommoded by stouter and taller men, can yet manage to raise our humble voice and cheer both the speakers as they denounce the grievous injustice of taxing the honest labourer to support the lazy thief, and the grievous impolicy of making the gaol more comfortable than the cottage.

The moral duties of every individual are threefold in their aspect; they have relation, first, to the God who is everywhere; secondly, to his fellow-men who are around him; and, thirdly, to the devil that is within him. And similarly the social duties of every government have relation, first, to the Eternal Justice; secondly, to the community; and, thirdly, to the criminal. Considerations of the first must determine the *degree* of punishment to be inflicted, considerations of the second and third must determine the *kind*. If a government (and by government we mean all constituted authorities), out of sympathy for the criminal, does not inflict the punishment which it believes the crime to deserve, that government fails in its first and greatest duty, and violates the divine conditions of its appointment by 'bearing the sword in vain.' Again, if a government inflicts punishment of such a kind as is not likely to deter the criminal from a repetition, or others from an imitation, of his offence, that government fails in its second duty, its duty to the community. When these two primary obligations are satisfied, then we may think about the third; which means, practically, that we are to reform the said criminal if we can. Whatever efforts are made to reform him, they should be always preceded or accompanied by some punishment terrible in proportion to the magnitude of the offence; but terrible always, both to him who suffers and to those who hear of it. Our new-fangled schemers ignore the first two

duties, and thus take up a false position in setting about the third. What wonder if they fail in it? We should like to know why those sentenced to transportation for a short term are not sent? If sent to the Antipodes, they might fall on their feet in their new world. As it is, they are returned, after a brief coddling in prison, to their old haunts, their old associates, and their old associations. Of course the old habits of crime recur too, with double force, for they have tried the punishment, and find it rather pleasant than otherwise. If they are in want now, they reflect on the plenty of the gaol; if they are ragged, filthy, and obliged to sleep in a ditch, they look back with regret to the clothes, bed, and baths, of the privileged felon. In the barren wilderness, they long for the flesh-pots of Egypt. For it is, as it was three thousand years ago, only too natural for men to prefer bondage with plenty to freedom with privation.

But this is not a subject which can be discussed at the rag-end of an article destined to light literature. We leave it, knowing that the cause is in right good hands. Only, we trust that it may be argued temperately and without acrimony. We would do all honour to the motives of those good souls who stickle for the reformation of the criminal; we merely differ as to the means. We would have the State begin the work earlier—in the lanes, and alleys, and byeways, not in the prisons; we prefer *formation to reformation*, prevention to cure. We would take the possible felons of six years old by the forelock, and lead them to church and to school, that the earliest lessons impressed on the little heart might not be the lessons of vice, selfishness, and brutality, but the lessons of reverence, self-respect, and duty.

We take leave of Charles Dickens with a thankful acknowledgment of the great services he has rendered to society, and a sincere hope that he may outlive by many years these new model-prisons, strong as they look, and may long enjoy health and strength to aid in putting a score of such nuisances down.

* We had purposed to include in our examination two other periodical novels, — *Pendennis* and *The Ladder of Gold*; but our summing up on *Copperfield* has been so lengthy, that we must remand them till next month.

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